

HOME SCHOOLS.

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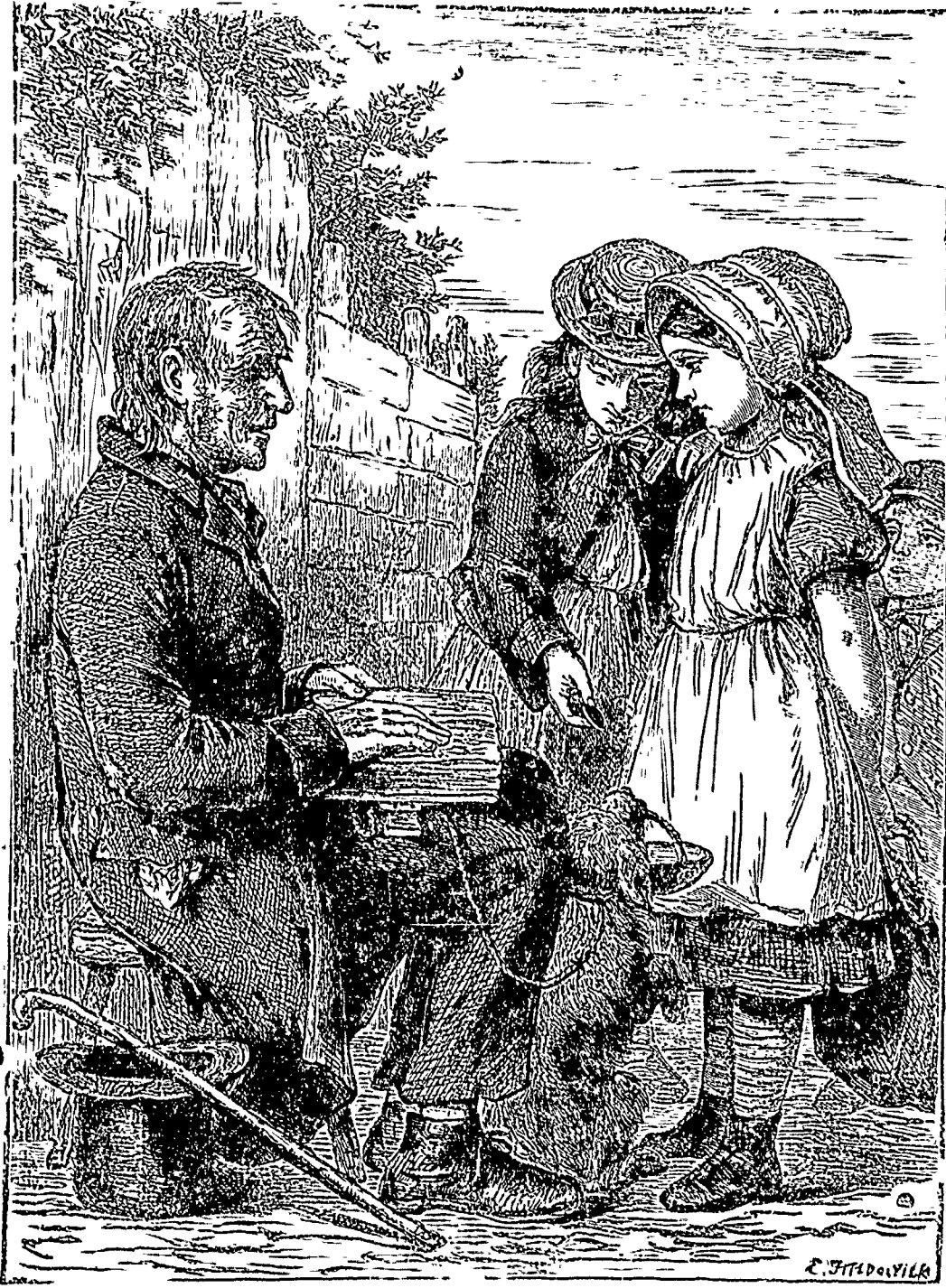
One Week in Heaven.

One week in heaven! Oh, who can say,
 What joys, what wonders were revealed,
 When through the pearly gates the day
 Of endless joy her eyes unsealed!
 'Twas Sabbath when she passed away;
 Gently was loosed the "silver cord,"
 The angel more in heaven that day
 Entered the mansion of our Lord;
 'Twas the same day her Saviour rose,
 Fittest for death of all the seven;
 Now His fond care and love she knows
 One week in heaven!

Another harp and golden crown,
 Another robe of spotless white,
 Another angel voice floats down
 From heavenly hosts in realms of light.
 Larger she joins the heavenly choir
 In praises to the eternal Son;
 But our sad voice can rise no higher
 Than meekly cry, "Thy will be done."
 To call her back we would not pray,
 Though 'tis our mother given;
 Her night's exchanged for endless day—
 One week in heaven!

What the Blind Can Do.

Did you ever see a Bible for the blind? Here is a picture of a blind man reading one with the tips of his fingers. Fifty years ago there was not one in the world who could do that, for it was not till 1836 that the New Testament was printed for the blind in any language. Since that time the New York Bible Society alone has printed thirteen thousand three hundred and sixty-three Bibles, and parts of the Bible, in the raised type which the blind can read; and there have been many other works printed in it—histories, geographies, and other school-books, "Pilgrim's Progress," Lockens' "Old Curiosity Shop," Milton's poems, and many, many more. But these books in large raised letters like ours have been found to take up a great deal of room, and besides, when one has used them a while, the tips of his fingers grow calloused, and cannot feel out the shape of letters so easily as he could at first; so now those who love and care for the blind have made another alphabet for them, which they think will



WATCHING THE BLIND MAN READ.

suit them better. Shall I tell you about it? It is called the "Point Alphabet," and the blind, by pricking points through paper, can write it as well as read it. If you will imagine that these dots are raised points, I will show you some of the letters. Here is a b c d e f g, etc. For and

this is the sign :: and for the, this, . . . I will write out for you the words "God is love," and you can prick them on a piece of paper, and then shut your eyes and see if you can feel out their sweet meaning. Where are they to be found in the Bible? You must be sure to prick backward—i.e., from right to

left—so that when you turn the paper over you can read them from left to right.

These five points which come at the end mean *period*; sometimes a space of the same length is left instead. When a blind boy wishes to write this language, he has a little frame like a slate which holds his paper, and over this is fitted a sort of wire screen, which divides four lines at a time into four lines of little squares, all of the same size. He does not use pencil or pen, but with a blunt awl pricks one, two, three, or four little holes, as the case may be, in the corners of the wire squares. When he has written four lines, he moves the screen on which his hand rests down the page till two little pegs at its edges drop into two little holes in the frame, made expressly for them. Then he writes some more. A good deal harder work than yours with the copy-book, is it not? But he is very proud and happy to find that he can not only write this way, but can read what he has written. When he studies arithmetic, he has a slate with little square hollows all over it, and little pegs to put in them. Turned one way, this peg means 1; give it another turn, it means 2; another, 3; another, 4. Now turn its other end up for 5, 6, 7, 8, and take the two ends of another peg for 9 and 0. Now, you see, he can "do sums" without seeing them; but isn't that a curious way to cipher?

Blind people can learn many things besides book knowledge. Basket-weaving can be beautifully done by them, and they can make the cane seats of chairs. There are thousands and thousands of blind mechanics. God has given blind people a keen sense of touch, which makes them able to do many wonderful things.

A blind man named John Metcalf lived in England about a century ago, and though "Blind Jack" could not see at all, he planned and built more than two hundred miles of roads, and often served as guide for strangers

along difficult highways near his Yorkshire home.

The late Pro. Fawcett, who was at the head of the Post-office arrangements of Great Britain, was a blind man and perhaps some of you have heard the Rev. Wm. H. Milburn, "the blind preacher," preach. I have, and a very good sermon he gave us, too.

At least six of the superintendents of the institutions for the blind in America are blind themselves, so that they know how to sympathize with their pupils.

Do you know any blind persons? If you do, I hope you will be very kind and helpful to them. What Bible character, speaking of the good he had tried to do, said, "I was eyes to the blind?" What did Jesus mean when he said the Pharisees were "blind guides" for the people? (See Matt. xxiii. 16.)—*Sunday School Gem.*

The Resurrection.

BY REV. B. COPELAND.

'The traitor and the coward serve you well,
False Pharisee and Sadducee!
Immortal is your infamy;—
This deed exceeds the ancient craft of hell.

Relentless as the council is the cross;
The Nazarene is bruised and torn.
Mourn! ye despised disciples, mourn!
Priest, scribe, and elder triumph in your loss.

What think ye, now, of Him whom ye call
Lord?
His cause is overwhelmed with scorn:
Was it to this that He was born?
Ah, then, how vain your coveted reward

The watch is set,—the sepulchre is sure
Death and the Grave and Rome unite—
Triumvirate of matchless might!
To make Sin's vaunted victory secure.

Secure? With sudden awe the aged Earth
Feels Him alive within the tomb;
And lo! emerging from the gloom,
The brightest morning since creation's birth!

The nations see the day-spring from on high,
And greet the mighty miracle
With songs that shake the gates of hell,
And animate the anthems of the sky.

What think ye, now, of Christ? Whose Son
is He?
The ages sound His name abroad!
"The wonderful the mighty God!"
Who was, and is, and shall forever be.

A Sad Lesson.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

OFFICER M— has just come into court with a good-looking, well-dressed young man in charge. His honour, Justice H—, says to the prisoner, "Well, sir, what are you accused of?"

The officer at once says, "I found him intoxicated on the street, and so kept him in the cooler last night."

"How is that?" said his honour to the prisoner.

"Well, sir," said the man, "I am a commercial traveller. I neglected to go to dinner at the proper time yesterday, as I was very busy, making a good sale. So, to keep myself braced up, I took a glass of whiskey. It went straight to my head, I suppose because my stomach was empty. Then I took another glass, and here I am."

"Well, sir, your sentence is this," said the court, "You must either pay a fine of six dollars, or go up for ten days."

"I can't go up," said the man. "It would ruin me; I should lose my situation, and I have a family dependent upon me for bread. I have not money enough to pay such a fine. Last night I had thirty dollars and a note for two hundred dollars in my pocket-book. It

is all gone now. I don't know how or where it went."

The prisoner was a well-dressed, clean looking man, with a bright, pleasant face, a very different person in appearance from the common drunkard, who don't care very much if he is sent up.

"Your case looks a little hard," said the justice.

"Can't you pawn something till you can pay the fine? If you can do that, I will release you, and let you go about your business."

The man drew from his pocket a silver watch. "There," said he, "I will leave that with you till I can raise money enough to redeem it." Very soon he left the office, glad to escape the disgrace and discomfort of ten days in jail at any price.

That man must redeem his watch or he will lose it forever. But he has something more to redeem than his watch. He has weakened his power to stand up against temptation, and he has lost his own self-respect.

Many of our boys have good situations. Have any of them sown the seeds of an appetite whose gratification may place them where they will have to pawn their watches to keep their places? As that man went out, sad, humiliated, ashamed, I could not help thinking how fortunate he would have been had he learned to say "NO" when a boy, and then kept up the habit whenever any friend said to him, "Won't you take something?"

A Canadian Chautauqua.

IN 1874, on the shores of Chautauqua Lake was held a Sunday-school Assembly, which has developed into proportions little less than marvellous. During the first four or five years the work was largely confined to normal training as applied to Sunday-school teachers. It has long seemed anomalous that while for our day schools a standard, ever growing higher, is placed before those who aspire to teach the elements of an ordinary education, with 25 hours or more in each week to do it, Churches have been content to accept, and thankfully too, the services of volunteers, generally raw ones too, to impart religious truth, even though they have only a brief half hour per week in which to make impressions, and fix truth in the mind. To remedy this state of affairs, then, has from its inception been a prominent feature in the Chautauqua scheme. But in 1878 the fertile brain of the originator of the movement brought forth the scheme of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, designed to bring many of the benefits of a college training within the reach of the masses. With what success this has been accomplished may be inferred from the multitudes who have availed themselves of the advantages offered. Only in the seventh year of its existence, it counts its students by more than half a hundred thousand strong, and the number is increasing in rapid proportion. Growing out of this, the latest development of the movement is the Chautauqua University, with its charter from the Legislature and a full staff of professors. A non-resident University with a curriculum equal to the highest, and whose degrees are intended to be such as shall be coveted by college men. The teaching is to be done, of course, by the correspondence method, with a summer session at Chautauqua for

those who choose to avail themselves of it.

At many points scattered over the continent, local Chautauquas have sprung up in response to the demand on the part of Chautauquans who could not visit the Mecca of the movement. The latest project in this line is that of the gentlemen who are promoting the establishment of a summer assembly at Niagara. The proposition involves the acquisition from the Dominion Government of the piece of land known as Paradise Grove, containing about 80 acres, situated upon the bank of the Niagara River just outside the town of Niagara. The property is held on lease by the M. C. R. Co., for a pleasure resort. The Company, however, has signified its willingness to consent to the transfer of the lease to the company to be formed, and to assist in other ways to make the thing a success. The Old Capital is also thoroughly aroused to the importance of the movement, so much so that at a very largely attended public meeting called to discuss the matter a few days since, the citizens pledged themselves almost unanimously to give a bonus of ten thousand dollars to the company. In addition to this, promises of stock subscriptions have been made to at least as much more. It is easy to see that, if carried out, this project will prove a great boon to the old town. Already a large number of persons on both sides of the line have signified their intention to erect cottages and make it their summer home.

From its proximity to this city and the easy means of communication between the two places, the Niagara Assembly project has great interest to Toronto and a large tract of country traversed by the railroads meeting here. Already there are in this Province not less than one thousand students of the C. L. S. C., more than three hundred of whom are located in Toronto. Here we have the nucleus, constantly increasing, of a constituency of actual Chautauquans who, with their friends, may be expected to take an active interest in the matter. There again is presented another solution of the difficulty felt by business men in going far from home for their summer vacation. With a cottage or house at Niagara in which to lodge their family, and the ease with which they can be reached on Saturday, returning to business, if necessary, on Monday morning, it would doubtless attract many of our citizens to it as their summer home.

The advantages to our city must not be overlooked either.

Doubtless thousands will come from the adjacent States, and these will be certain to visit Toronto, as they are fond of doing at every convenient opportunity. Certainly no place in the Province can be better adapted for the purposes contemplated, and as the property is already devoted to purposes of recreation it would seem that the Government might be reasonably expected to consent to the transfer sought. The project has already received the cordial approval of a large number of prominent educators and others and at a meeting held lately, presided over by Dr. J. G. Hodgins, Deputy Minister of Education, approving resolutions were passed, and an influential deputation appointed to press the matter before the Government—*Globe.*

"That's My Boy!"

"I REMEMBER," says Rev. Dr. C. H. Fowler, "standing by the surging billows all one weary day, and watching for hours a father struggling beyond his breakers for the life of his son. They came slowly toward the shore on a piece of wreck, and as they came, the waves turned over the piece of float, and they were lost to view. Suddenly we saw the father come to the surface and clamber alone to the wreck, and then saw him plunge into the waves, and thought he was gone; but in a moment he came back bringing his boy. Presently they struck another wave, and over they went; and again repeated the process. Again they went over, and again the father rescued his son. By and by, as they swung nearer the land, they caught on a snag, just out beyond where we could reach them, and for a little time the waves went over them till we saw the boy in the father's arms, hanging down in helplessness, and know they must be saved soon or be lost. I shall never forget the gaze of that father. As we drew him from the devouring waves, still clinging to his son, he said, 'That's my boy! that's my boy!' And so I have thought, in the hours of darkness, when the billows roll over me, the great Father reaching down to me, and taking hold of me, crying, 'That's my boy!' and I know I am safe."

God loves the trusting heart, and the trusting heart loves God. They that dwell in love must, in every state and condition, dwell in God; for God is love.

Preaching to Three People.

It is not easy to tell by outward circumstances what will be the ultimate results of labour in the cause of Christ. The efforts which we esteem least may be most signally blessed, and when circumstances may appear most forbidding, blessing may most abound.

A Christian friend informed us that a number of years ago an earnest preacher, named John Holmes, had an appointment to preach one evening at Castlebar, in Ireland. On arriving at the place he found a congregation of three, to whom, not daunted or discouraged, he preached the words of everlasting life, doing his work for God in faith and zeal. One of the persons present was converted—a young man, who grew in grace, and was subsequently called to the ministry of God and greatly used of the Lord in his service. It was a good hour's work when John Holmes preached the Gospel of Christ to the congregation of three at Castlebar. One soul saved is worth a life of labour, and especially when that soul becomes a soul-winner, and gathers others to the ark of God, as has that Castlebar convert, since known throughout the world as William Arthur, author of "The Tongue of Fire."—*The Christian.*

"I HAVE four good reasons for being an abstainer—my head is clearer, my health is better, my heart is lighter, and my purse is heavier."—*Dr. Guthrie.*

THAT was a noble reply which the Madagascar ambassadors gave to an English deputation during their recent visit to England: "Although this drink is a source of wealth, our Government never rejoices in the money which comes from it. We would rather have a small exchequer than a degraded people."

Centennial Poem.

1784 AMERICAN METHODISM - 1884

BY REV. ALFRED L. HOPKIN.

IN seventeen hundred eighty four,
To Lovely Lane, in Baltimore,
With letters fresh from Wesley's pen,
The Bishop Coke and sixty men;
Some, bearing marks cruel mobs had made
On cheek and brow, because they prayed,
And huted at sin, alone, unawed,
The red hot thunderbolts of God.
No coward heart beat in that train—
Time serving, trimming, soft, inane—
The staff for sixty martyr fires
Rode singing by the city spires.

These sixty heroes, young and strong,
With hearts attuned to holy song,
The vanguard of a countless host
Illumined by the Holy Ghost,
In General Conference gathered there,
And saintly Coke sat in the chair.
That twenty-fourth December morn,
Big with the fate of souls unborn,
The outline of a church was wrought—
The masterpiece of Wesley's thought.
For at that Christmas Conference then,
Out from the hearts of sixty men
A church was born, destined to mould
The young Republic's life, and hold
Her true to God, through stormy years,
Baptized in blood and blind with tears.

The world saw as that old year died
A people scattered far and wide
In bands and factions, torn and rent,
Nor ordinance nor sacrament,
One heaving mass of discontent.
The new year looked from heaven and saw
A church, held by one sovereign law,
In lines compact, North, South, East, West,
By ordained pastors served and blest.

A Bishop, born of power divine,
In the true apostolic line,
His sainthood shining like a star,
Led on the host to glorious war.
The church for which a Wesley prayed,
A Fletcher intercession made,
To which a Coke gave his best years,
And Asbury nourished with his tears—
What could she other be than grand,
The strength and glory of the land?

From the wilderness she came
With eye of fire and sword of flame;
That march of victory begun,
Unparalleled beneath the sun.
She had no wealth, no prestige she,
No voice of cultured melody;
The power of God was all she knew;
She had but rams' horns—these she blew,
And strange, unearthly, startling tones
Swept o'er the valleys of dry bones,
And dead hearts with a new life beat,
And dead men started to their feet.
A sweet, reviving, heavenly breath,
Rushed on the barren fields of death.
Amazed the cultured pastors heard
From unlearned men the mighty Word.
They preached in barns, school-houses,
groves,

In cottage homes, by kitchen stoves,
And cried aloud to dying men,
"Ye must, ye must be born again."
They forded streams, trod pathless woods,
Upon their backs their earthly goods;
Their saddle-bags held to their brims
John Wesley's prose and Charles' hymns.
Their study was the open air,
The horse's back their study chair;
And so God taught them how to think
Without the aid of pen and ink.
The theme, by day, on horseback wrought,
A master-piece of holy thought,
Was preached at night in startling tones,
And answered by the cries and groans
Of souls in seas of anguish tossed,
Lost, without Christ—forever lost!
And this is how the fathers spread
The Gospel story, sweet and dread.

Their money came in scanty doles;
God paid their salaries in souls;
And never men since earth was made
Were so munificently paid.
A soul! a soul for which Christ died,
Standing redeemed at His dear side,
Appeared of greater worth to them
Than gold or glittering diadem.
They loved, more than men love their lands,
A great revival on their hands.
They fasted, wept, and bowed in shame
Before the Lord until it came,
And seeing souls saved by the score
Bowed down again and asked for more.
Nothing of earthly good they craved,
But souls they must and would have saved.
They poured their lives for Jesus out,
Then went to glory with a shout.
No churches stood with stately spires
To welcome them; no fractious choirs,

As changeful as the changing moons
Married their hymns to godless tunes.
They read, full-voiced, a verse or two,
Then started in and sang them through,
And for a rest amidst the strain
They shouted, and sang on again.
A poorer, happier, holier band
Never lived this side the promised land;
And every where they stood to preach
A heavenly fire flashed from their speech,
Revealing sin's eternal shame,
The great white Throne, the lake of flame.
And careless souls viewed with surprise
Eternity before their eyes—
Its heights of rest all glories crowned,
Its depth of doom where hope is drowned,
And straightway sought the anxious seat,
Fell down as list at Jesus' feet;
Then rose, redeemed, and with a shout
Told all their new-found glory out,
With holy ardor onward pressed
To Beulah lands of perfect rest.
And this is how the young church grew—
Men were converted through and through,
Knew just the place, the day, the hour,
When God came down in awful power,
Remembered all the bitter tears,
The deep distress, the dreadful fears,
Till Jesus stood revealed to save,
And full and free forgiveness gave.
And this is how the young church rose
Superior over all her foes.
The Pentecostal glory ran
From heart to heart, from man to man.
She stood a bush, a bush illumed,
A bush on fire, and unconsumed.

Then, later, glory to her name,
When all the land was wrapped in flame,
And God His thundering mandate gave
To strike the fetters from the slave,
Her Simpson came to Lincoln's aid,
Inspired his heart, his hands upstayed,
When faith was dim and hope was dumb,
Till victory came and martyrdom.
Her pastors on the battle-field
Beside the wounded soldiers kneeled
When shot and shell rang through the air,
Breathing for dying men a prayer,
Listening for words they fain would say
To wife and mother far away,
And to love's longing gaze replied:
"I'll write and tell them how you died."

Away with doubts! away with fears!
Safe, through a hundred checkered years
Our God hath led her people on,
Till, lo! the tender breaking dawn
Of a new century's morn beheld
Her thousands into millions swelled.
The church Coke formed in Lovely Lane,
Too humble even for disdain,
Homeless and friendless, priestless, bann'd
And ostracized on every hand,
Marching through all the earth abroad,
The leader of the hosts of God!

If spirits aught of this world know,
Behold above their work below—
The harvests springing from the seeds
That slumbered in their words and deeds—
Can heaven a fuller joy reveal
Than that immortal sixty feel
To see the church for which they laid
Their great hearts down, and wept and
prayed,
Standing, with college, hall, and tower,
Supreme in numbers and in power,
Stretching away from shore to shore
Destined to live forevermore?

To those who stand within the veil,
From fields of strife we cry—All hail!
Church in the light, with crowned brow,
The church below salutes you now!

O mighty, flaming, Holy Ghost,
Fall on her ministerial host,
Crown them with more than mortal power
The tongue of fire, love's awful dower—
A zeal that never weary grows,
A faith that bright and brighter glows,
A might in prayer the fathers knew—
O sanctify us, through and through,
And make our spirits clean and sweet,
And blow the chaff out from the wheat,
And purge Thy tree from branch to root,
That it may bear more, better fruit;
And in the century now begun,
Bless every land beneath the sun!

THE sense of sight is injured by alcohol. It is a well-known result of excess in drinking that the drunken man "sees double." This is, however, due to the action of alcohol on the muscles which move the eye, in consequence of which the two eyes do not move together as in a sober state.

The Closing Incident.

THERE was something unconsciously dramatic and touching in this incident, which took place at the close of the Centenary Conference love-feast. Gen. Clin on B. Fisk was speaking within the chancel, with Dr. McFerrin sitting by him. Pacing his hand on the Doctor's shoulder he said:

"It will take two hours for me to tell all that is crowding upon my heart. This meeting is the remarkable hour of my life. First, I am happy in the Lord, I am glad I am a Methodist. I am glad to see the work of this meeting. It will be twenty years in a few months since, when at the close of the 'great struggle,' when the smoke and flame had died away, to my quarters in Nashville, where I was clothed with more responsibility than generally comes to me, or than I desired, there came two men; one of them was J. B. McFerrin and the other was A. L. P. Green. At the mention of the last name how many hearts throb with gratitude to God that ever such a good man lived. We sat down and talked together, and the talk was a religious one. We talked about Methodism—not about organic union just then, but about a better state of things and about fraternity. And I said to him, 'Do you think the time will ever come when there shall be a better state of feeling?' and this good old man turned to me and said: 'Why, bless you, you will see them all sitting down together in a love-feast yet,' and here we are. I was in a difficult place, and with most difficult work on my hands, out there in that portion of the country, and from the President down no man ever gave me so much help in my perplexing work and trying position as this good man upon whose shoulders my hand now rests."

With deep feeling the Conference then sang:

Together let us sweetly live,
Together let us die,
And each a starry crown receive
And reign above the sky.

Always at School.

MICHAEL ANGELO was one of the great artists of Italy. One day, when old and feeble, he was found walking among the ruins of Rome. "Where are you going?" he was asked. "To school," said the old artist, "to try to learn something."

This brief reply showed the nature of the man and the secret of his great success. Though he lived to old age, yet he was never too old to learn. His great genius was linked to industry, and therefore he was able to enrich the world with so many works of art. His mind was active, and his hand busy, until death closed his long and glorious career.

Many boys and girls are anxious to get through their school-days, and do something in the world. They say their lessons are hard and dry, and they chafe under the restraints of the school-room. Nor must we censure them too harshly. The life of a student is not all sweetness, but there are some bitter drops in the cup, and it is a pleasant moment when school-days are numbered. It is sad to part with loved school-mates; it is pleasant to be out in the world, and to feel that you are to some degree your own master.

But what we want to say is this—do not cease to learn. Use your eyes and ears, and do not let any rust

gather on your mind to dull the bright polish which school has given it. The world is a school, and he must be either a prodigy or a dunce who cannot be taught by it. Contact with others, in business and in social life, may teach us, and if we know how we may extract some information from all kinds of people, as bees get honey from all kinds of flowers. To the real student the world is a school, and increasing years bring increasing wisdom.

Keep up your habit of reading, and if you read many books be sure to study a few. Above all, let the Bible be your daily guide, and let its lessons be the lessons of your daily life.

That Light!

Ho, ho, keeper of the light-house at the bar!

The night is coming—coming so black—and the breakers are roaring. Is your lamp, in the tower above, trimmed and burning? Some sailors on the lonely, cruel, wrecking sea will be looking for your light.

Ho, ho, children!

Are you children of the light, following the Saviour? Then, with your prayers, your kind words, your pure lives, you are God's light-house at the bar. Let the lamp be trimmed, and then let it shine, shine all the time, sending out the light of a true, pure example. Some poor fellow may be guided by you into a harbour of safety.

Nelson's Famous Signal.

SOME correspondence has recently been published as to the exact words of Nelson's famous signal at the battle of Trafalgar. Mr. J. W. Thompson, grandson of the lieutenant who actually gave the signal, writes from Cardiff to a daily contemporary: "What actually happened before the action was this: The admiral gave the order to telegraph to the whole fleet—'Nelson expects every man to do his duty.' This order was given, not to the signalling-lieutenant of the *Victory*—who had been disabled, I believe—but to my grandfather, the late George Lewis Browne, who was then serving on board the flag-ship. My father had more than once heard him relate the incident which then occurred—the young lieutenant's suggestion, half hint, half request, that 'Erg'send' should be substituted, as that word was in the signal code-book, and could be run up at once, whereas 'Nelson' would require six sets of flags, displayed one after the other, and Nelson's prompt and hearty reply, 'Right, Browne; that's better!' This officer was paid off, as were so many others, in consequence of the war being virtually ended, so far as naval operations were concerned, by the victory of Trafalgar, and it was while he was practising as a barrister on the Western Circuit that he got his promotion as commander. Long afterward he was given post-rank. I have once or twice seen a curiously-garbled version of this little bit of history, in which Nelson is made to carefully adapt his words on this occasion to the requirements of writers of popular songs."

Dr. PECK has stated that a caravan of eighty-two crossed the great African desert from Algeria to Timbuctoo; sixty-seven drank liquors and wines to ward off disease. Arriving at Timbuctoo, all were taken sick; sixty-six of the sixty-seven died, while every one of the fifteen total abstainers survived.

Hereafter.

BY REV. R. M. OXFORD.

A GLORIOUS hereafter,
My soul, there is to be,
Where light and life and laughter
Shall reign eternally,
Where songs shall be for sighing,
Where God's hand stays the crying;
Where there shall be no dying;
But ceaseless jubilee.

And though the way be weary
That leads thee to that shore,
And though the heart be dreary
And smitten oft and sore;
Though countless foes surrounding,
Though troubles still abounding,
Though perils most astounding,
Press onward evermore.

Though darkness deep beset thee
And earthly comforts fail,
Though mortal friends forget thee,
And hell itself assail;
Though low thy lot and humble,
Though oft thy feet may stumble,
Though loud the thunders rumble,
Let not thy fears prevail.

That land of joy and gladness,
Thy home that is to be,
Shall give for grief and sadness
Eternal ecstasy.
Cease, then, all thy repining,
E'en now its glory shining,
Doth set with golden lining
The cloud that covers thee.

—N. Y. Observer.

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TORONTO, APRIL 11, 1885.

Prince and Premier.

The following correspondence passed between Prime Minister Gladstone, of England, and the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, Prince Albert Victor, on the latter's attainment of his majority. The Premier's letter is noble and worthy of him, and the Prince's reply is exceedingly creditable.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, Jan. 7, 1885.

SIR:—As the oldest among the confidential servants of her Majesty, I cannot allow the anniversary to pass without notice which will to-morrow bring your Royal Highness to full age, and thus mark an important epoch in your life.

The hopes and intentions of those whose lives lie, like mine, in the past, are of little moment, but they have seen much, and what they have seen suggests much for the future.

There lies before your Royal Highness in prospect the occupation, I trust, at a distant date of a throne which to me at least appears the most

illustrious in the world, from its history and associations, from its legal basis, from the weight of the cares it brings, from the loyal love of the people and from the unparalleled opportunities it gives, in so many ways and in so many regions, of doing good to the almost countless numbers whom the Almighty has placed beneath the sceptre of England.

I fervently desire and pray, and there cannot be a more animating prayer, that your Royal Highness may ever grow in the principles of conduct and may be adorned with all the qualities which correspond with this great and noble vocation.

And, Sir, if sovereignty has been relieved by our modern institutions of some of its burdens, it still, I believe, remains true that there has been no period of the world's history at which successors to the monarchy could more efficaciously contribute to the stability of a great historic system, dependent even more upon love than upon strength, by devotion to their duties, and by a bright example to the country. This result we have happily been permitted to see, and other generations will, I trust, witness it anew.

Heartily desiring that in the life of your Royal Highness every private and personal may be joined with every public blessing, I have the honour to remain, Sir, your Royal Highness's most dutiful and faithful servant,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

H. R. H. Prince ALBERT VICTOR, etc.

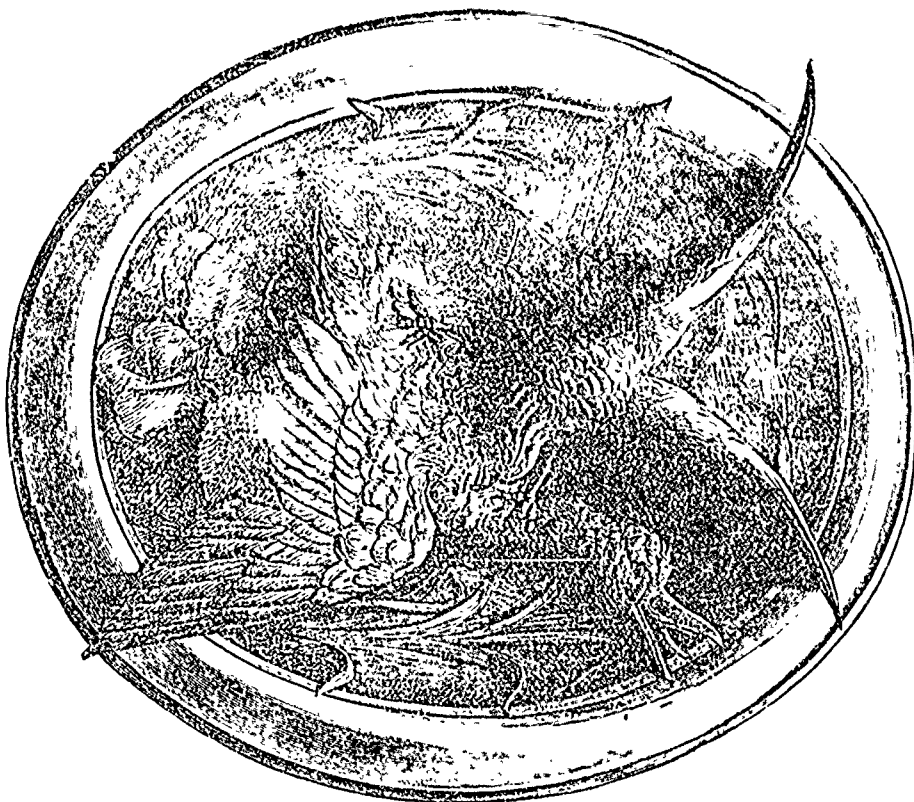
Mr Gladstone has received the following letter from Prince Albert Victor, with permission to publish it:

SANDRINGHAM, NORFOLK, Jan. '85.

DEAR MR. GLADSTONE:—I wish I were better able to answer your very kind letter, conveying, as it does, not only the best of good wishes, but carrying with them reflections on the past and advice for the future, for which I wish to thank you. I assure you the letter shall have that attention which words from your self must deserve. It admirably describes much which demands my most earnest thought on this, perhaps the most important birthday of my life. Believe me, I am very grateful for your remembrance of me this day, and that among the many offerings which have reached me I prize nothing more than the letter you have so kindly written, for which pray accept my most sincere thanks. I am glad to believe that your health is restored, and I trust your many friends will have no cause for renewed anxiety on your behalf. With my most kind remembrances to Mrs. Gladstone, believe me, yours very sincerely,

ALBERT VICTOR.

Littell's Living Age. The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending February 14th and 21st, contain Prince Bismarck, *London Quarterly*; Sydney Smith, *British Quarterly*; English Character and Manners as Portrayed by Anthony Trollope, *Westminster*; Caesarism, *Nineteenth Century*; Dr. Johnson, *Contemporary*; Della Crusca and Anna Matilda: an Episode in English Literature, *National Review*; The Summer Palace, Peking, *Belgravia*; Whitty, *Good Words*; The Religion of Hamlet, *Month*; Outside London, *Chambers'*; Coptic Monas-



THE MURDEROUS EAGLE.

The Murderous Eagle.

WHAT mingled savagery and terror is in our picture here! See how murderous is the look on the eagle's face, what a triumphant gleam is in his eyes as he fixes deep his talons into the poor screaming and terrified duck's back. I am very sure the sympathy of all our young readers will be with the poor duck, who will soon be torn in pieces. And whilst there are birds of prey who live by plunder and murder, we would like our young people never to forget that Satan has murderous designs on them, and will try to put them into execution. He does not always pounce down suddenly and swiftly on a young person, but takes a longer time about it, in that way often working surer work, and bringing sad havoc into many lives. The sly way in which he comes to the youthful mind is often a blind to them, and many are unconsciously being steadily drawn down towards eternal ruin by him in this way.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4.00 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

MR. JULIAN HAWTHORNE has recently finished two stories, "*The Countess Almara's Murder*," and "*The Trial of Gideon*." The scenes in the plot of the former are in New York City, and of the latter near the hills of Moab, in pre-historic times. Both stories will be published in one volume. (Funk & Wagnalls)

MESSRS. FUNK & WAGNALLS have in press a new and revised edition of "*A Library of Religious Poetry*," edited by the eminent scholar and teacher, Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., and Arthur Gilman, A.M. The work covers over 1,000 pages, and warrants popular favour. This edition will be ready in April.

"*The Stars and Constellations*," by Royal Hill, is the name of a work about to be issued from the press of Funk & Wagnalls. It is something wholly new, being a complete chart of the heavens, doing away with "star maps," and making the location of every important star and constellation easy without instruments or globes. It is intended both for private use, and for use in Schools, Academies and Colleges.

WE should not forget that "the kingdom of heaven is within;" that it is the state and affections of the soul, the answer of a good conscience, the sense of harmony with God, a condition of time as well as of eternity.—*Whittier.*

So, boys and girls, you must watch, be sober and vigilant, else he will take advantage of you and destroy your life's usefulness and happiness. The best men are the most watchful and prayerful, and the men and women whose lives are partially a failure are those who are subjects of carelessness and allow evil influences like birds of prey to entrap and destroy them. Therefore, dear young readers, look above to God for help and deliverance, and you will get along safely and well.

A CURIOUS thing connected with the Servian army is the manner in which nearly all the regiments carry the big drum. Instead of being slung in front of the man who plays it, this instrument is put upon a small two-wheeled cart drawn by a large dog, the latter being so trained that he keeps his place even through the longest marches. The drummer walks behind the cart and performs on the instrument as he goes along. A correspondent says that each regiment has two or three drums, but that there is not a single band in the whole army.



THE CHAMELEON.

A Pause by the Way.

A MAN, I stand upon the spot
Where, when a boy, I played,
And gaze upon the changed scene
Which passing years have made.
Oh, sweet, sweet time, what pain—
It ne'er will come again.

What though I think of name attained,
Of wealth and fame achieved,
And ask myself: "Have I not won
More than my hopes believed?"
Oh, sweet, sweet time, what pain—
It ne'er will come again.

Ah, vain, how vain! the heart will know
No joys like those of youth:
And name and fame can ne'er restore
The soul once white with truth.
Oh, sweet, sweet time, what pain—
It ne'er will come again.

Fond visions of those other days
Into my memory roll,
And all their wealth of hope and love
Pour full across my soul.
Oh, sweet, sweet time, what pain—
It ne'er will come again.

Ah, could I be a boy once more
Beneath these azure skies,
Where first my infant feet were set
And all my treasure lies!
Oh, sweet, sweet time, what pain—
It ne'er will come again.

O, hopes and loves that have their graves
In far-off happy years,
My heart is sad and bows itself
Above your mounds in tears!
Oh, sweet, sweet time, what pain—
It ne'er will come again.

—John C. Wallie, in *Chicago Current*.

The Chameleon.

THERE is a curious little lizard, the name of which is so coupled with fable that many believe it has never even existed. We mean the chameleon, which, though never seen on this continent, abounds in the Old World. It is generally imagined that the reptile is capable of changing its colour at will to the brightest of rainbow hues; and there is a widespread popular belief that it lives on air; both of which ideas, though naturally arising from the peculiar appearance and habits of the animal, are far from the truth. The chameleon measures from five to eight inches in length, and has a curious pyramidal-shaped head apparently separated from the neck. Its body is short and thick, and ends in a prehensile tail of medium length. The ears are concealed under the skin, the mouth is large, and the eyes, which are very prominent and full, are covered by a circular lid, in which is a small round perforation just in front of the pupil. The legs are long and slender, and terminate in a hand formed of five toes, divided into two bundles, so as to resemble one broad finger and thumb. By the aid of these members, and by winding their tails around the branches, the lizards climb about shrubs and trees

in search of insects. Their motions are, however, very slow, and their habits sluggish in the extreme. They will cling to the bars of their cages for days at a time, giving not the slightest sign of life, except perhaps the occasional twinkle of one eye. Handling them does not seem to disturb their equanimity, as they rarely struggle as long as they are permitted to cling to a finger; while they are perfectly harmless.

The strange peculiarity of the animal, however, is its faculty of changing its colour, not in bright tints, but from a pale gray to light green, yellow, brown, reddish, and violet shades; all, however, dusky and undecided. These changes sometimes occur very rapidly, and are apparently provoked by anger and fear. In handling the lizard we have noticed that although it would, as we have already intimated, show no signs of uneasiness, the clear light tint which covered its whole body would give place to dark brown blotches, some of which shaded curiously into black; resembling in form the spots of a leopard.

Another curious feature of the chameleon is the independence of its eyes. It moves them separately; and when the animal sleeps it seems as if but one half of it were awakened at a time. If a light be placed before one eye, the half of the corresponding side of the body becomes of a different colour from the other side; but tint becomes uniform all over when the light is carried before the other organ. It would seem from this that the reptile has two distinct luminous perceptions.—*Scientific American*.

Mrs. Moody's Anniversary—Four Score Years.

BY S. E. BRIDGMAN.

FORTY EIGHT years ago this February 5, 1885, a chubby little lad crossed the threshold into existence here. This was on his mother's thirty-second birthday. We never tire of the story of conflict with the bitter realities of life when one comes off conqueror. We catch a new inspiration from every heroic soul that overcomes all obstacles and wins success by consecrated energy. It has been our privilege to-day to see Mr. Moody surrounded by his cousins, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, mother, seeking to honour the aged saint, who, on this her coronation day, receives her friends. It was fitting that the first public use of the elegant Marquand Hall, at Northfield, Mass., should be to give a reception to this bright, cheery old patriarch, who retains at four score the vivacity and brightness of a much younger lady.

On entering this home of eighty lady

students, we were led into a room where we found the coat-of-arms of the Moody-Holton families, giving a peerage of more than royal dignity—a trowel, spinning-wheel, reel, swift, cards for flax, churn, worn by use along many a weary year in providing for a hungry household something to eat and something to wear, told of honest toil and honest labour. To live a lifetime in a country town, rising from the lowliest station to the highest honour, and bearing all with perfect simplicity and self-forgetfulness, is even a rarer thing than the winning of such honours. One of the most touching sights to-day was the inpouring of the citizens, old and young, who came bearing tributes of love to the dear old mother and her boy, who sat side by side as lovingly as in the far-away years. This tribute was even more dear, we doubt not, to these recipients than the telegrams, cable despatches, letters, flowers, books, silver, arm-chairs, and the precious gifts which came from various parts of the world. Four sons and one daughter are here to grace the occasion, while Lemuel and Samuel J. Holton, of Boston; Cyrus Holton, of Northfield, are also present to gladden their aged sister with their love. The floral offerings are profuse; the collation prepared for the guests ample; the letters read from Rev. James H. Brooks, of St. Louis, and Rev. Theodore Cuyler, of Brooklyn, exceedingly bright; the pleasant addresses by Hon. B. G. Northrop, Mr. Holton, brother of Mrs. Moody; and by Dwight L. himself, fade away before the vision of two hundred earnest, noble young ladies and a hundred joyous lads, who are gathered here from all parts of the world. These are the crown jewels of the hour. These are the result of Mr. Moody's labours, outside his great evangelistic work. These six hundred acres of hill and valley; these massive buildings of brick and granite at Gill and at Northfield, "built to stay," are a grander sight than even the outpouring of affection and honour from the high circles of earth. These enthusiastic souls tell of a world's redemption; of the speeding on of Christ's Kingdom; of influences set in motion which shall outlive old earth's history. No wonder that our eyes filled with tears when the choir of young ladies, standing before the saint, sang with touching sweetness:

"God bless thee, dear mother! God bless thee, dear friend!
His mercy be o'er thee, His goodness defend.
We join thee in praising,
Our grateful hearts raising
To Him who hath loved us, who loves to the end."

The King's Jewels.

WHAT are you doing with the King's jewels?

"The King's jewels," asks some one. "What have we to do with the King's jewels?"

Much; and what if He should come and ask about them, ask what you do with them on the street and at school?

"On the street? at school?" is another surprised question.

Yes; what are you doing with the King's jewels on the street and at school? You say you have confessed Christ in your youth, and what are patience and love, the peace-making spirit and the self-denying spirit, qualities He has produced within you by His Spirit, but jewels that He, the great King, has intrusted to you? Do

others see them in your lives? Do your schoolmates and playmates acknowledge you as Christ's because they see such Christlike qualities in you? These are the royal stones He plucks out of His diadem, and with them marks you as His. Do your friends see these marks? They can tell a mean bit of glass from a diamond. There are no eyes quicker to tell the false from the real. What about your example at school? Does every one say of you, "That boy, or that girl, is a Christian indeed!" Another school-year has opened, and, O youthful wearers of the King's jewels, see that no tarnish is on them; see that they are not hidden, and so the world deny that you belong to the King.

What One Little Worm Did.

A NUMBER of people were once assembled in a grand park; and the owner pointed to a magnificent sycamore-tree, which was dead and decayed to the core. "That tree," said he, "was killed by a single worm."

Two years before it was as healthy as any tree in the park; but one day a worm about three inches long was seen to be forcing its way under the bark. A naturalist who saw it told the owner that, if left alone, it would kill the tree. The master of the park scarcely believed it possible; but next summer the leaves of the sycamore fell very early, and in the following year it was a dead, rotten thing. One worm can kill a whole tree. One sin or evil habit persisted in can ruin a child for whom Christ died.—*Children's Bread*.

An Engineer's Story.

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen us," said the engineer, as he pried his oil-can about and under his machine. "Queer thing happened to me one day about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt, either, wouldn't you? Well, I did, and I can almost cry every time I think of it. I was running along one afternoon pretty lively when I approached a little village where the track cuts through the streets. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl, not more than three years old, toddled on to the track. You can't even imagine my feelings. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop, or even slack much, at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over; and after reversing and applying the brake, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more. As we slowed down, my fireman sucked his head out of the cab window to see what I'd stepped for when he laughed and shouted to me: "Jim, look here!" I looked, and there was a big black Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny, and kept on laughing, but I cried like a woman. I just couldn't help it. I had a little girl of my own at home."—*Chicago Herald*.

A PINT of beer contains as much spirit as half a pint of claret, a quarter of a pint of port or sherry, or a wine-glassful of gin, whisky, or brandy.

Easter Bells.

DAY by day, from my window high,
I watched a lonely warder,
For a budding bird in the garden trees,
Or a flower in the sheltered border.

But I only heard the chilly rain
On the roof of my chamber beating;
Or the wild sea wind to the tossing boughs
Its wail of wreck repeating:

And said, "Ah me! 'tis a weary world
This cheerless April weather,
The beautiful things will droop and die,
Blossom and bird together."

At last the storm was spent—I slept,
Lulled by the tired wind's sighing,
To wake at morn with the sunshine full
On floor and garden lying;

And lo! the hyacinth buds were blown;
A robin was softly singing;
The cherry blooms by the wall were white,
And the Easter bells were ringing!

It was long ago, but the memory lives;
And in all life's Lenten sorrows,
When tempests of grief and trouble beat,
And I dread the dark to-morrow,—

I think of the garden after the rain;
And hope to my heart comes singing,
At morn the cherry blooms will be white,
And the Easter bells be ringing!

—*Youth's Companion.*

"Help Me Across, Papa."

THERE was anguish in the faces of those who bent over the little white bed, for they knew that Baby May was drifting away from them, going out alone into the dark voyage where so many have been wrested from loving hands; and as they tried in vain to keep her, or even to smooth with their kind solicitude her last brief sorrows, they too experienced in the bitter hour of parting the pangs of death. They only hoped that she did not suffer now. The rings of golden hair lay damp and unstirred on her white forehead; the roses were turned to lilies on her cheeks; the lovely violet eyes saw them not, but were upturned and fixed; the breath on the pale lips came and went, fluttered and seemed loth to leave its sweet prison. O, the awful, strength of death, the weakness, the helplessness, of love! Those who loved her better than life could not lift a hand to avert the destroyer; they could only watch and wait till the end should come. Her merry, ringing laugh would never again gladden their hearts; her little feet would make no more music as they ran pattering to meet them. Baby May was dying, and all the house was darkened and hushed!

Then it was, as the shadows fell in denser waves about us, that she stirred even so faintly, and our hearts gave a great bound as we thought, "She is better! She will live." Yes, she knew us! her eyes moved from one face to the other, with a dim, uncertain gaze! O, how good God was to give her back! How we could praise and bless him all our lives. She lifted one dainty hand—cold—almost pulseless, but better, better—we would have it so—and laid it on the rough, browned hand of the rugged man who sat nearest her. His eyelids were red with weeping, but now a smile lighted all his bronzed face like a rainbow as he felt the gentle pressure of his little daughter's hand—the mute, imploring touch that meant a question.

"What is it, darling?" he asked, in broken tones of joy and thanksgiving. She could not speak, and so we raised her on the pretty lace pillow, and her wee white face shone in the twilight like a fair star or a sweet woodland flower.

She lifted her heavy eyes to his—

eyes that even then had the glory and the promise of immortality in them, and reaching out her little wasted arms said, in her weary, flute-like voice:

"Help me across, papa!"

Then she was gone! We held to our breaking hearts the frail, beautiful shell, but she was far away, whither we dare not follow. She had crossed the dark river, and not alone.

"Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another, the household pet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark."

O, infinite Father! When we weary and disappointed ones reach our pleading hands to thee, wilt thou take us even as the little child, and help us across over the mountains of defeat and the valleys of humiliation into the eternal rest of thy presence, into the green pastures and beside the still waters, into the city of the New Jerusalem, whose builder and maker is God?—*Presbyterian.*

Moral Heroes.

GEN. GORDON was a hero of no ordinary type. Throughout his career of fifty-two years in the Crimea, in Central Africa, in China, he never feared death. Says the *New York Tribune*, in speaking of this element of his character: "When he was in Abyssinia, King Johannes said to him: 'Do you know that I could kill you on the spot if I liked?' 'Well,' replied Gen. Gordon, 'I am ready!' 'What! ready to be killed?' 'Certainly, I am always ready to die; and so far from fearing your putting me to death, you would confer a favour on me by so doing, for you would be doing for me that which I am precluded by my religious scruples from doing for myself—you would deliver me from all the troubles and misfortunes which the future may have in store for me.'" The treacherous black who stabbed him in the back as he was leaving the palace to rally his troops at Khartoum, did what King Johannes, abashed by the patience and fortitude of his prisoner, was ashamed to countenance. The life of Gen. Gordon is without a parallel in history. He had a will as imperious as Napoleon's; he had a nature as inflexible as Cromwell's; he had Clive's genius for war and fertility of resource; he had Gen. Lawrence's capacity for governing semi-civilized races; he had Francis Xavier's overmastering love of humanity. With these traits were combined a chivalrous devotion to the races for whom he laboured, a contempt for the statesmanship of Europe, an unquestioning reliance upon the law of his own conscience, and an intense religious nature that reflected at once the mysticism of the middle ages, the austere virtues of Puritanism, and the fatalism of the East. A man of commanding genius in achieving great results by means of insignificant instrumentalities, in conciliating the prejudices and overcoming the resistance of barbarous hordes, he was at once a hero among men and a solitary figure removed from them by unique characteristics." Who shall say that it is not the duty of a great nation to execute the severest judgment upon the treacherous slayers of such a man? He counted his life of but little or no account; but for that reason his life is worth hundreds of common lives.

In this relation it is worth while to point to another conspicuous character, W. E. Gladstone. He is a Christian

statesman who aspires to infuse into British rule a more profound sense of New Testament law. He has done for Ireland what no other premier dared to do. He has aimed to make England a truly Christian power as well as a mighty power. To take the position which he has done, however, required moral courage of the highest kind. The great powers of Europe, trusting in their vast armies, have expressed the belief that England was in a state of decadence. Mr. Gladstone has gone serenely on when his friends have threatened in parliament to desert him, yielding to outside clamor, he had risen and, single-handed and almost alone, confounded his enemies by his eloquence and his argument, and inspired his friends to rally round him again with enthusiasm. If the heroism of Gordon is a new phenomenon, if the universal demand of a nation for vengeance upon his murderers is a thing not paralleled, so are the victories of Mr. Gladstone over the fears of his followers and the hatred of his enemies. What England will do with Mr. Gladstone will be as significant of her civilization as what she has proposed to do for Gordon. Those who can discern the signs of the times will watch with the keenest interest the approaching meeting of parliament and the course which it shall take.

A Prosperous Church.

THE service in the Elm Street Methodist Church on Sabbath evening last was of a most impressive character. Rev. Mr. Laird, the pastor, preached a sermon suitable to the occasion before a very large congregation, after which 16 adults were baptized, and more than 250 persons who had completed the allotted term of probation were received into full membership with the Church. This large company of people of all ages from 16 to 60 gathered around the altar and adjacent aisles in response to the pastor's request, and after taking upon themselves vows of fidelity to Christ and the Church which they were joining, received from him the right hand of Christian fellowship.

How to Hear the Gospel.

ROLAND HILL paid a visit to an old friend a few years before his death, who said to him, "Mr. Hill, it is just sixty-five years since I heard you preach, and I remember your text and a part of your sermon. You told us that some people were very squeamish about the delivery of different ministers who preached the same gospel. You said, 'Suppose you were attending to hear a will read, where you expected a legacy left you, would you employ all the time in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would not; you would be giving all your ears to hear if anything was left to you, and how much it was. That is the way I would advise you to hear the gospel.'" Good advice remembered sixty-five years.

FAITH is a divine, supernatural sight of God; chiefly in respect of His mercy in Christ. This faith is the foundation of righteousness, the support of godliness, the root of every grace of the Spirit.—*J. Wesley.*

THE Rev. Dr. J. E. Clough intends to sail from Boston this week to India, where he has baptized as many as 100,000 converts to Christianity.

An Arab Household.

HE was a grand looking old man and looked all the more so in his picturesque Arab costume. Following him through a small lobby, we ascended a dark and narrow staircase. At the top of it we found ourselves in a arched gallery running round a small court. Here a few gods were wandering about, and from behind curtained doorways numerous dark faces were peeping at us. The principal lady of the household received us at the door of the sitting room, and soon we were surrounded by at least a dozen women and lots of children, no two of them alike. The poor children were all perfectly laden with bracelets, anklets and nostril-rings. Indeed, many of them looked queer little objects, with patterns painted on their faces in scarlet, yellow or white. Some of the women, too, had white spots painted round their ears. I thought these extremely ugly, for they strongly resembled rows of teeth. One exceedingly smart baby was dressed in a yellow silk dress with a bright crimson border, and a little cap surmounted by a tuft of feathers all the colours of the rainbow. His arms and legs were perfectly laden with jewels, and his little neck smothered by rows and rows of beads, from which are suspended all sorts of charms and talismans. Several of the women were afraid to shake hands with me, and one little fellow with an enormous nose-ring screamed most lustily. This led to our discovering that they were afraid of my dark hands, for I had on a pair of brown gloves; and the whole party were very much astonished when I took them off to find that my hands were white. Miss Allen produced a scrap-book, and handed it first to the old gentleman. He commenced looking at it at the wrong end, as Arabs always do, and evidently enjoyed the pictures quite as much as the children. Shortly after our arrival the servants brought in a gilt tray with two large goblets full of sweet syrup; and we had to drink a little of this as well as three small cups of coffee, the old gentleman particularly wishing me to understand "that it was an Arab custom to drink not less than three."—*Harpur's Weekly.*

A Brave Little Daughter.

THERE is a very pretty little story by Miss Strickland, in her "Queens of England," of a little girl who saved her father's life.

It was in the time of Queen Mary and Lord Preston, the father of the child, was condemned to death for conspiring to bring back the exiled King James to the throne. Her name was Lady Catherine Graham, and she was only nine years old. The poor child was, during the trial of her father, left in the queen's apartments in Windsor Castle. The day after the condemnation of Lord Preston, the queen found little Lady Catherine in St. George's gallery, gazing on the whole-length picture of James II., which still remains there. Struck with the mournful expression on the young girl's face, Mary asked her hastily what she saw in that picture which made her look on it so particularly.

"I was thinking," said the innocent child, "how hard it is that my father must die for loving yours."

The queen, pricked in conscience by this artless reply, immediately signed the pardon of Lord Preston.

The World is Moving On.

BY REV. R. LOWRY

A SONG, a song to day,
For those who meet the fray,
Where sunshine struggles with the night;
The cloud of Error's reign
Is lifting from the plain,
And brave hearts battle for the right.

CHORUS.

Oh, the world is moving on,
The world is moving on,
From lowland and from valley,
On mountain tops to rally;
The battle-bow is strung,
The banner is out-flung,
And great Wrong no more is strong,
For the world is moving on.

The Truth, in durance long,
Is coming forth with song,
The nations catch the swelling tide;
Oppression, Crime, and Greed,
And Superstition's creed,
Are stricken, drivon out to die.

Then shout and sing again
The new evangel strain,
That ushers in the rising day;
The coming ages wait
At freedom's golden gate,
And brave hearts throng along the way.

Khartoum.

"THE Land of the False Prophet" is the title of the opening illustrated article in the *March Century*, by General R. E. Colston, who was formerly a B y in the Egyptian service. From it we quote the following: "Khartoum is a city numbering between fifty and sixty thousand people. Several European consuls reside there. The American consul was Azar Abd-el-Melek, a Christian Copt from Esneh, and one of the principal merchants. The European colony is small and continually changing; for Khartoum is a perfect graveyard for Europeans, and in the rainy season for natives also, the mortality averaging then from thirty to forty per day, which implies three thousand to four thousand for the season. Khartoum is the commercial centre of the Soudan trade, amounting altogether to sixty-five million dollars a year, and carried on by one thousand European and three thousand Egyptian commercial houses. Drafts and bills of exchange upon Khartoum are as good as gold in Cairo and Alexandria, and vice versa. From official sources I learned that the city contained three thousand and sixty houses, many of them two-storied, each having from ten to one hundred and fifty occupants. Stone and lime are found in abundance, and the buildings are, after a fashion, substantial, the houses belonging to rich merchants being very spacious and comfortable. There are large bazaars, in which is found a much greater variety of European and Asiatic goods than would be expected in such distant regions. In the spacious market-place a brisk trade is carried on in cattle, horses, camels, asses, sheep, as well as grain, fruit, and other agricultural produce. Many years ago an Austrian Roman Catholic mission was established and liberally supported by the Emperor of Austria and by contributions from the entire Catholic world. It occupies a large parallelogram surrounded by a solid wall. Within this inclosure, in beautiful gardens of palm, fig, pomegranate, orange, and banana, stand a massive cathedral, an hospital, and other substantial buildings. Before the people of Egypt and the Soudan had been irritated by foreign interference, such was their perfect toleration and good temper that the priests and nuns, in their distinctive costumes, were always

safe from molestation, not only at Khartoum, but even at El Obeid and the neighbourhood, where the majority are Mussulmans and the rest heathens. It was stated some months ago that Gordon had abandoned the Governor's palace and transformed the Catholic mission into a fortress, its surrounding wall and massive buildings rendering it capable of strong resistance."

Gordon the Hero.

THE hero never dies.

Whether General Gordon lives at this moment on the earth or above the skies makes little difference to the feeling in which he is cherished and in which he will continue to be cherished. In the mould, quality, and proportions of his manhood he is as near an approach to the hero race, "those ever living men of memory," as this age is likely to witness.

The like of his solitary watch in the desert has never been. He is himself a new achievement for our race, and as such elevates the ideals of our common humanity. His impression on the imagination and memory of men is just so much moral force added to the influences that work in their breasts to lift them up from the life of gain and gainful emulation to the higher plane on which heroism begins in some practical working out of the divine maxim, "except a grain of corn fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

It is not genius that we honour in him, but heroism; and this is the ideal that is worth most in life. Genius is a special gift, and is neither to be asked for nor hoped for. The elements of the heroic character are the common ideals that shine in all true hearts. If it is the prerogative of genius to give "the touch of nature which makes all the world akin," it is the higher prerogative of the hero to touch nature itself and develop some new powers from its very springs.

Gordon's English heart and English faith did not narrow or confine him. His manhood was of the universal type. Place him in China, in Abyssinia, in the Soudan, or among English roughs, this slight, delicate, and almost effeminate-looking man became a king in whom men trusted. He is the most striking example of the universalism of the hero character in the whole range of biography. He had some force in him that was intelligible to everything that had in it the passions and the perceptions of a man.

The world will wait long for another such career, and longer yet, perhaps, for another such example of simplicity in character and in action. England has had heroes who loved duty better than life, but never one before who, while he loved life little, and never cared for it at all as an end, crowded its days and nights, in un pitying rigour, with the service which makes it most worth living.

The national hero of England in all these modern times is the Iron Duke; but the iron of Wellington has its counterpart in the firm, hard steel of Gordon. He was tender as he was true, and it is easy to match in his life the action of Wolfe, who, just before he was shot through the body, above Quebec, stopped in his rush to death and victory to take the hand of a captain sorely wounded, to whisper words of comfort in his ear, and promise to remember him to the king.

But Gordon was to his inmost core a man of steel, and a yet stranger instrument to execute the inefficient gentleness of his plan for Egypt.

But great as is his contrast with Gladstone, it is yet greater with our whole age—with its temper and with the spirit that pervades it. We cannot endure hard doctrine. Gordon looked steadily at the power that rules the world and saw there an Electing Grace that gave a tinge of fatalism to his theology. He was as rigorous in his daily spiritual exercises as in military vigilance. He lived on the Word of God and prayer. The elements of his character were a transfusion of faith and prayer and Holy Scripture. He did not quail before the dogmas of a stern faith. He looked on life with a mind firm enough in its texture to keep its edge. The work he had to do required a man of steel. He could do it, and did do it, because he was not fashioned as other men are, but on the grand models of an age that could face with serene heart the hard realities of truth and life.

This is the way with heroes; but it is not the temper of our age. In all this Gordon won his imperishable fame by being strangely and yet gloriously in contrast with his times.

The grandeur of England's history lies largely in her roll of martyrs and of heroes. It is a roll with an immense store in it of the moral force that gives our race its upward progress. But there is no page in it all that will prove richer in this ideal inspiration than that Gordon has just closed at Khartoum. The best thing to be hoped for the policy to be adopted by England in the case is that it be such that she need not be ashamed to remember Gordon.—*The Independent*.

A Practical Help.

ABOUT five years ago one cold Sunday morning, a young man crept out of a market house in Philadelphia into the nipping air, just as the bells began to ring for church. He had slept under a stall all night, or rather lain him there in a stupor from a long debauch.

His face, which had once been delicate and refined, was blue from cold and blotched with sores; his clothes were of a fine texture, but they hung on him in rags covered with mud.

He staggered faint with hunger and exhaustion; the snowy streets, the gaily-dressed crowds thronging to church, swam before his eyes; his brain was dazed for want of usual stimulant.

He gasped with a horrible sick thirst, a mad craving for liquor which the sober man cannot imagine. He looked down at the ragged coat flapping about him, at his brimless hat, to find something he could pawn for whiskey, but he had nothing. Then he dropped upon a stone step, leading, as it happened, into a church.

The worshippers were going in.

Some elegantly dressed women, seeing the wretched sot, drew their garments closer and hurried by on the other side.

One elderly woman turned to look at him, just as two young men of his own age halted.

"That is George C——," said one. "Five years ago he was a promising young lawyer in P——. His mother and sister live there still. They think he is dead."

"What did it?"

"Trying to live in a fashionable set

first, then brandy. Come on. We shall be late for church."

The lady went up to George C—— and took his arm.

"Come inside," she said sternly, with a secret loathing in her heart. "The Gospel is for such as you. Come and pray to God that perhaps at this late day he may lead you to redemption."

He stared stupidly at her.

She lectured him for some time, sharply, trying to compress the truths of Christianity into a few terse sentences.

But that young man's brain did not want truth or the gospel, it wanted physical stimulant. His head dropped on his breast; she left him, going with a despairing sigh into the church.

A few minutes later a gentleman came up, who had different ideas of teaching Christ. He saw with a glance the deadly pallor under the bloated skin.

"You have not had breakfast yet, my dear friend," he said briskly. "Come, let us go together and find some."

George C—— muttered something about "a trifle," and "tavern."

But his friend drew his arm within his own, and hurried him trembling and resisting down the street, to a little hall where a table was set with strong coffee and a hot, savory meal. It was surrounded by men and women as wretched as himself.

He ate and drank ravenously.

When he had finished his eye was almost clear, and his step steady, as he came up to his new friend and said:

"Thanks. You have helped me."

"Let me help you farther. Sit down with me and listen to some music."

Somebody touched a few plaintive notes on an organ, and a hymn was sung, one of the old, simple strains with which mothers sing to their children and bring themselves nearer to God. The tears stood in George C——'s eyes. He listened while a few of the words of Jesus were read. Then he rose to go.

"I was once a man like you," he said, holding out his hand. "I believe in Christ; but it is too late now."

"It is not too late!" cried his friend. It is needless to tell how he pleaded with him, nor how for months he renewed his efforts.

He succeeded at last.

George C—— has been for four years a sober man. He fills a position of trust in the town where he was born, and his mother's heart is made glad in her old age.

Every Sunday morning the breakfast is set, and wretched men and women whom the world rejects are gathered into it. Surely it is work which Christ would set His followers upon that day.—*Truth*.

"Upsettin' Sins."

PRESIDENT McCOSH, of Princeton College, tells the story of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and his coloured brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sins."

"Brudder," said one of his friends at the close of the meeting, "you ain't got de hang ob dat ar word. It's 'be-settin', an' not upsettin'."

"Brudder," replied the other, "if dat's so, it's so. But I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin ob intoxication; an' if dat ain't a upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER

A.D. 60-61; LESSON III. [April 19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Acts 28. 1-17. Commit to mem. vs. 5-6.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

He thanked God, and took courage.—Acts 28. 15.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 25. 1-15. Th. Luke 10. 17-24.
T. Matt. 10. 32-42. F. James 5. 13-20.
W. Ps. 91. 1-16. Sa. Rom. 1. 1-16.
Su. John. 1. 1-9.

TIME.—Winter of A.D. 60-61. Paul was wrecked about Nov. 1, A.D. 60, and left Malta for Rome about Feb. 8, A.D. 61, and arrived at Rome about March 1.

PLACE.—Malta, an island near the centre of the Mediterranean Sea, 60 miles south of Sicily, and 200 miles north of Africa. The inhabitants were of Phœnician origin, from Carthage. The island is 17 miles long, and 9 wide.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—In our last lesson Paul and his 275 companions were wrecked off the shore of Malta. They had reached the land to them unknown; the storm had not entirely ceased, for it was raining, but the wind had become less violent. We find them to-day drenched and cold on the shore, with the wreck not far away on the sand-bar.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Melita*—The modern Malta. 2. *Barbarous people*—The natives. The Greeks called all who were not Latin or Greek, barbarians. 3. *Paul gathered*—He did his part of the work like any good man. *A viper*—A small deadly serpent concealed in the wood. The heat warmed it into activity. 5. *Felt no harm*—As Christ had promised, Mark 16. 18. 7. *Chief man*—Probably the governor. 8. *Fever*—And dysentery. *Prayed*—To receive the favour if God willed, and to show them the source of his power. 9. *Others*—The rest, all the sick who came to him. God did this probably to endorse Paul as a true man of God; for he came to them as a prisoner, and they had no means of knowing his character. He doubtless preached the Gospel at this time. 11. *Whose sign*—The designation of the vessel, and showing that they trusted on these heathen divinities of the sea. Castor and Pollux were twin brothers, sons of Jupiter, whose goodness was said to be rewarded by placing them in the sky as a constellation. 12. *Syracuse*—80 miles from Malta. The chief city of Sicily. 13. *Rhegium*—At the southern point of Italy. *Puteoli*—A town at the head of the Bay of Naples, 140 miles from Rome. 14. *Went toward Rome*—By land, chiefly by the famous Appian Way. 15. *Appii Forum*—A place 40 miles from Rome. The next delegation came as far as *The Three Taverns*, 30 miles from Rome.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The escape.—Malta.—Paul gathering sticks.—The viper.—God's promise fulfilled.—Paul's miracles at Malta.—Why more here than at other places.—The journey to Rome.—The disciples coming out to meet him.—His need of encouragement.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did we leave Paul and his companions in our last lesson? How many escaped? Was the storm over?

SUBJECT: ENCOURAGEMENT.

I. PAUL ENCOURAGED BY THE KINDNESS OF THE PEOPLE (vs. 1, 2).—In what country were the shipwrecked company? In what state of need were they? What people inhabited this island? How did they help those who were cast among them? Why were they called "barbarous"? What lesson do we learn from their kindness?

II. ENCOURAGED BY GOD'S CARE OVER HIM (vs. 3-6).—What did Paul do to help the company? Was this worthy work for an apostle? What happened to him? What did the natives think of this? How far were they right in thinking that special suffering was a proof of sin? What was the effect on Paul? What promise was fulfilled for him? (Mark 16. 18.) Will God always do this for us? How is the promise sometimes fulfilled? (Rom. 8. 28.) What did the natives now think of Paul? How far were they right in this opinion? How would this incident help Paul to preach the Gospel to them?

III. BY GOD'S WONDER-WORKER THROUGH HIM (vs. 7-10).—Who entertained Paul? How was his kindness rewarded? What other miracles were wrought by Paul? Is there any other account of Paul's working so many miracles? What reason can you think of why so many were wrought now? What is a miracle? How do they attest the truth? Did Paul preach the Gospel in Malta? How long did he remain there?

IV. BY BRINGING HIM SAFELY TO HIS JOURNEY'S END (vs. 11-14).—When did Paul leave Malta? Trace the journey on the map. Give a brief account of the places named. How long was he in reaching Rome?

V. BY THE LOVE AND FAITHFULNESS OF THE CHURCH AT ROME (v. 15).—What two delegations came out from Rome to meet Paul? How far did they go? Along what famous road? How did their coming encourage Paul? Why did he thank God for what men did?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. God often blesses us more by letting trouble come upon us, and then saving us from it, than he would by preventing it altogether.
2. God rewarded the unselfish kindness of the people, both in their bodies and in their souls.
3. The commonest service for love's sake is worthy of the greatest man.
4. As Paul shook off the viper, so should we all sin.
5. The danger of misjudgments of men, by looking only at outward circumstances.
6. God uses worldly wealth, commerce, inventions, as this heathen ship, for spreading the Gospel.
7. Sympathy and expressions of love bring great encouragement.

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

11. On what island was Paul wrecked? Ans. On the island of Malta.
12. How did God encourage Paul, and aid the Gospel here? Ans. By saving Paul from harm by a viper.
13. In what other way? Ans. By working many miracles of healing through him.
14. How long did he remain here? Ans. Three months, and then he went on to Rome.
15. How was he encouraged again? Ans. By Roman Christians coming 40 miles to meet and greet him.

A.D. 61.] LESSON IV. [April 26.

PAUL AT ROME.

Acts 28. 16-31. Commit to mem. vs. 28-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The salvation of God is sent unto the Gentiles.—Acts 28. 28.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 28. 16-31. Th. Matt. 13. 1-17.
T. Phil. 1. 1-24. F. 2 Tim. 1. 1-18.
W. Eph. 3. 1-21. Sa. Rom. 11. 1-36.
Su. 2 Tim. 4. 1-18.

TIME.—Paul arrived at Rome about the first of March, A.D. 61, and remained a prisoner two years.

PLACE.—Rome, in Italy, the capital of the Roman empire, the central city of the world.

PAUL.—Aged 59.

RULERS.—Nero, emperor of Rome (8th, 9th.) Festus, governor of Judea till Nov. 20, A.D. 61. Albinus, his successor. Seneca and Burrhus, the best statesmen of the age. Burrhus dies and Seneca retires early in A.D. 62.

INTRODUCTION.—In our last lesson we left Paul on the Appian Way, drawing near to Rome. To-day we welcome him into the city.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—16. *The centurion*—Julius. *Soldier that kept him*—He was chained to a soldier all the time by one hand. 20. *For the hope of Israel I am bound*—Because he preached the Messiah the Jews hoped for, and the kingdom they expected, and this Messiah would bring the triumphs which they hoped for. 23. *Persuading out of the law of Moses, and out of the prophets*—He laid the predictions of their Scriptures beside the life of Jesus, and showed that Jesus exactly fulfilled the prophecies. 25. *Esaias*—Greek form of Isaiah. 27. *For, etc.*—Their prejudices and sinfulness would not let them understand the real meaning of the words they read and heard. 30.Hard heart.—He was probably sustained by the Christians. 31. *From being the kingdom*—He was protected from the Jews' soldiers were always with him and would hear the truth, and many would come to visit the note prisoner.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Rome—a place for preaching the Gospel.—Paul's relation to the Jewish religion.—Why he sent for the Jews.—Proving that Jesus was the Messiah.—The meaning of the words quoted from Isaiah.—What hinders people from becoming Christians.—Paul's two years in Rome.—How his position helped him to preach the Gospel.—His subsequent life.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where was Paul in our last lesson? Who were accompanying him? When did he arrive at Rome? By what road?

SUBJECT: THE LAST DAYS OF A GREAT AND GOOD MAN.

I. PAUL'S ARRIVAL AT ROME (v. 16).—What account can you give of Rome at this time? Where was Paul taken when he arrived there? What special favour was granted him? How would this help his work? How was he guarded?

II. PAUL'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH THE JEWS (vs. 17-22).—What was Paul's first work after his arrival? Why did he hold this interview? What misrepresentation might have been made? How did he speak of those who had treated him so hardly? What was "the hope of Israel"? How was this the occasion of his being a prisoner? Had the Jews heard any report of him? What did they say of the Gospel? Why was it everywhere spoken against? Is this true still?

III. PAUL'S SECOND INTERVIEW WITH THE JEWS (vs. 23-29).—Where was the second interview held? For how long? What was the object? How did Paul try to convince the Jews? What was the result? Why did some refuse to believe? What explanation does Paul give? Do Paul's words about Isaiah prove that he was an inspired prophet? How can people see and not perceive? Does such a thing occur in our day? What would have been the result if they had believed? To whom did Paul preach from that time?

IV. PAUL'S LIFE AT ROME (vs. 30, 31).—How long was Paul a prisoner at Rome? How long was it since he was first imprisoned? Where did he live these two years? What was he doing? In what way would his position help him to preach the Gospel? What Epistles did Paul write during these years?

V. SUBSEQUENT HISTORY.—When was Paul released? How many years did he live after this? Where did he go? When was he imprisoned a second time at Rome? What letter did he write during this imprisonment? How was he martyred? When? What great event took place soon after?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. God brings good out of evil; every trial and event aided Paul in preaching the Gospel.
2. Paul practised his own law of charity in speaking of his countrymen.
3. The best things will be evil spoken of by wicked men.
4. God desires all men to turn and be saved.
5. If any are not saved, it is because they will not see and believe.
6. If we cannot reach some men, let us go after others.
7. "God buries his workmen, but carries on his work."

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

16. Where did Paul live when he reached Rome? Ans. In his own hired house, guarded by soldiers.
17. How long was he a prisoner? Ans. For two whole years.
18. What was he doing? Ans. Preaching the Gospel to the Jews first, and then to the Gentiles.
19. What letters did he write in prison? Ans. The Epistles to the Ephesians, the Colossians, the Philippians, and to Philemon.
20. When was he released? Ans. About March, A.D. 63.
21. How long did he live after this? Ans. Three or four years, spent in missionary work.
22. What were his last days? Ans. He was again sent a prisoner to Rome, and beheaded for Christ's sake.

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