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HOME & SCHOOL

The Fall of Babylon.

The city of Babylon was the most famous of ancient times. It is said to have been built upon the site of the tower of Babel, whose abortive structure became one of the monuments of the future city.

Babylon owed its chief greatness to Nebuchadnezzar, who describes it as "the great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom of my power, and for the honour of my majesty."

The Euphrates traversed the city from north to south. From each of the twenty-five gates on each side ran a broad street to the opposite gate, dividing the city into 625 squares, each about 2½ miles in circumference. The river bank on each side was guarded by a wall with gateways at the foot of each street, and steps leading down to the river. The usual means of crossing was by boats; but a single bridge was thrown over. This consisted of stone piers sunk in the bed of the stream, connected by wooden platforms, which were removed at night. It is said, but apparently on no good authority, that there was also a tunnel under the bed of the river. The famous hanging-gardens do not seem to have attracted the attention of Herodotus. According to other writers, these were built by Nebuchadnezzar to gratify his wife, Amyitis, a native of Media, who longed

for something in this flat country to remind her of her mountain home. They consisted of an artificial mountain, 400 feet on each side, rising by successive terraces to a height which overtopped the walls of the city.

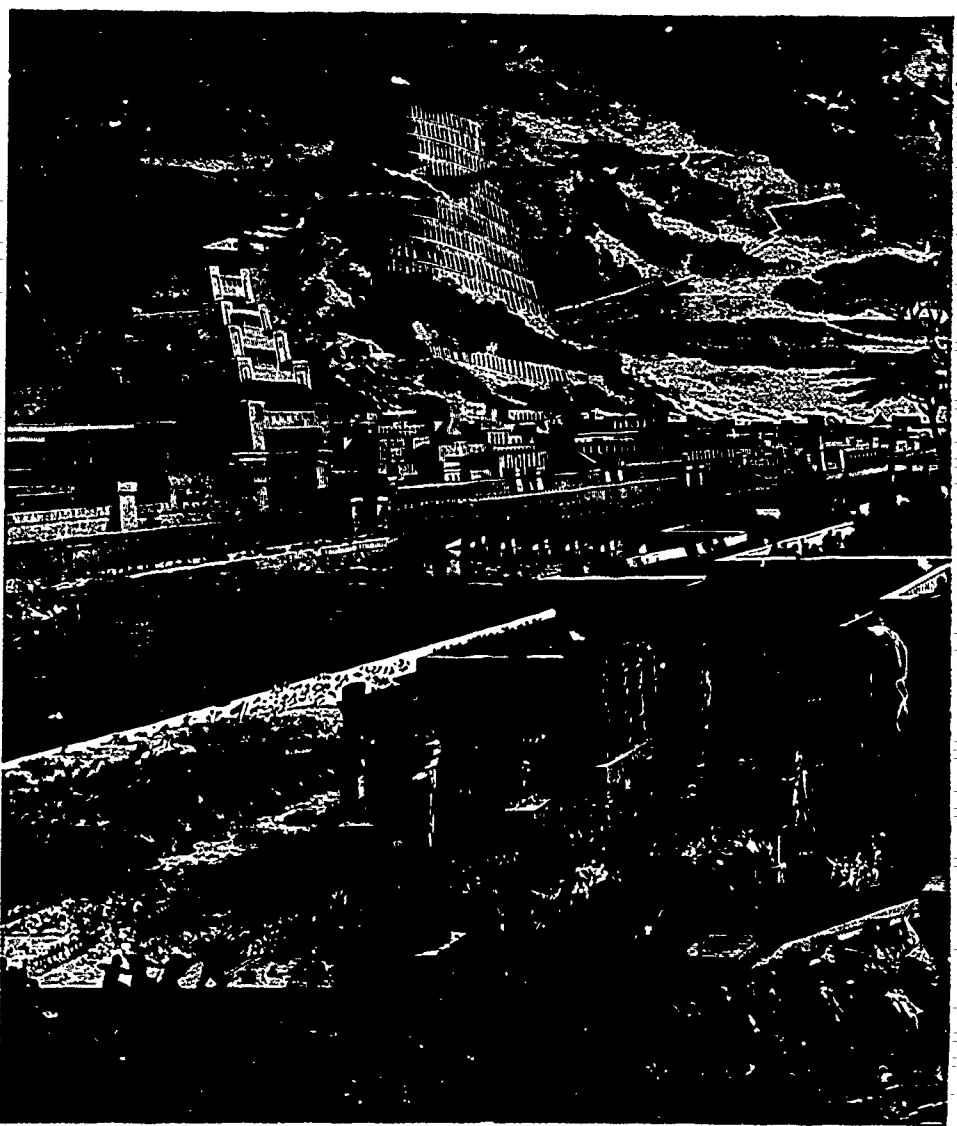
Upon this solid pavement earth was heaped, some of the piles being hollow, so as to afford depth for the roots of the largest trees. Water was drawn

formed to check the threatening power of Persia. This brought upon him the invasion by Cyrus. Having associated with himself in the government his

The city was provisioned for a long siege, and the strength of its walls defied direct assault. It was taken only by the stratagem of diverting the

river from its course, and marching in through its dry bed. Zenophon says that Cyrus drained the bed by two new cuttings of his own, from a point above the city to another below it. If we suppose that the river was not the Euphrates itself, but a bayou or side-branch, shallower than the river, the whole operation becomes perfectly comprehensible. He had only to dam up the mouth of the bayou above the city, and deepen the channel below by which it re-entered the Euphrates. In an hour after cutting away the bulkhead below, the channel would be dry. This was done in the dead of night. It was a complete surprise. So confident were the besieged in the impregnability of their outer defences, that they neglected to close the water gates which fronted the river at the foot of each street, and Belshazzar and his court passed the night in revelry. When morning dawned the inner defences had all fallen into the hands of the besiegers (B.C. 538).

The artist has, in the engraving, endeavoured to picture the horrors of that fatal night described so vividly in the fifth chapter of Daniel—the tower of Babel—the stately architecture, the rolling flames and smoko, the blazing altars, the flying multitudes, the invading Medes, the futile defence. In the following poem Byron has vividly paraphrased the Biblical account of that night of terror and affright:—



THE FALL OF BABYLON.

from the river to irrigate these gardens, which thus presented to the eye the appearance of a mountain clothed in verdure.

The last successor of Nebuchadnezzar, Naponadius, joined the league

son, Belshazzar, Naponadius, leaving him in command of Babylon, advanced to meet Cyrus. Being defeated in the field, he threw himself into Borsippa, while Cyrus advanced to the siege of Babylon.

and smoko, the blazing altars, the flying multitudes, the invading Medes, the futile defence. In the following poem Byron has vividly paraphrased the Biblical account of that night of terror and affright:—

Vision of Belshazzar.

The king was on his throne,
The straps thronged the hall,
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah's domed dome
Jehovah's scepter held,
The goddess' heathen's wine
In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote us if on sand
The fingers of a man—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand
The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice.
"Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of feat,
Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldean's seers are good,
But here they have no skill
And the unknown letters stood
Unfold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night—
The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom passed away,
He, in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay
The shroud, his robe of state;
His canopy, the sky
The Mele is at his gate
The Persian on his throne."

Does It Pay?

They had a Sunday-school Festival the other day in Scrambleton. Mr. Slocum from another church was present, and while everybody else was beaming with joy, he counted the candles and the varied decorations, the number of children present, and the gifts, and calculated what the affair cost at seventy five cents a head. The next day in his office, for he is president of a Savings Bank, he was rejoicing with the cashier over the large dividend of a certain railroad company, of which he is a director, and determining how many thousands to invest in a new Colorado Silver Mine Company, when Miss Earnest came in to collect a bill for the tuition of the three young Slocums in her day-school. Mr. S. at once spoke of the scene of the night before, for Miss Earnest is a teacher in that Sunday-school, and expressed himself very plainly as to the needless expenditure. "I have been in the Sunday-school forty years," said he, "and was a superintendent twenty years; and I can conduct a school for less than fifty dollars a year. The old-fashioned Bible and Catechism are good enough for me. All this money for lesson papers and concert exercises and all this stuff doesn't pay."
"Mr. Slocum," replied Miss Earnest, "do you conduct your business as you did forty years ago? Have you gained all your real estate, and your bank and railroad stocks, in proportion to an investment of fifty dollars per year? Or do you not believe that if men would employ their business talent to the Lord's work, He would bless them just as freely as He does in secular affairs?"

"Well, well—perhaps so; but that is not the point. The point is, does a Sunday-school need anything more than Bibles and Catechisms, and a place to meet in? If you can prove to me that it does, I will agree to buy a library for our Sunday school. But you must give me your proof in writing."

The challenge was promptly accepted, and in due time the following paper was sent to Mr. Slocum:—

HOW TO MAKE IT PAY.

Make large investments if you expect large returns. Of the unbounded amount of prayer, faith, and study needed for a successful school, I need not speak to one of such experience. The challenge which I accept has reference to the money principle involved, upon which point you, as a successful business man, ought to be enlightened. The question is, What besides Bibles and Catechisms will pay in the Sunday-school?

It will pay to keep your Sunday-school out of a basement or a back room. Let God's pure sunlight and fresh air come in. Don't expect children to pray and praise where a dog would be overcome with sleep. Have a bright, cozy room, with little seats for an infant class, easy of access and well-ventilated. The Sunday-school should have a separate building, with rooms for Bible classes, training class, infant class, reading-room for teachers, and the whole adapted for social gathering of school and parents with pastor and officers of the church, and always room and welcome for the stranger. Don't have blank, bare walls.

If home has a strong hold on young affections for the influence of pure and elevating pictures, so much the more should the Sabbath home be made beautiful. Let the pictured charm of sacred story there speak through the eye to the heart.

Have illuminated texts so arranged that their beautiful colours and holy words will be gilded upon the soul. If a heathen philosopher had the golden rule in letters of pure gold on his study walls, should not Christians paint the inspired text on the heart by every embellishment of art?

Have maps in variety; superior ones, too; not little indistinct muddles without form or comeliness, but those so large and clear that all may have a distinct idea of the shores and mountains of ancient story.

Have a cabinet. Have specimens of historic rock, of sacred wood; cedar from Lebanon, olive from Gethsemane, shells from Jordan and Galilee, ancient lamps and coins, sandals and robes. All these, and such as are unmistakably genuine, can be procured with money. Let the scholars see and handle them, and know that they are real, and not mentioned as the adornments of some fairy tale of ages gone by. Have some heathen idols, too, in your cabinet, and pictures of pagan worshippers performing their unmeaning ceremonies.

A library is of course expected; but let it be constantly supplied with only the best of suitable books.

Have a library for your teachers. Those who work most in His vineyard may be rich towards God, but are oftentime poor among men, and cannot afford an extensive library. Furnish a room in your Sunday-school building with taste, make it inviting, and place in ample book-cases encyclopedias,

commentaries, history, travels, everything which can help to explore the mines of Bible study.

Subscribe liberally for papers for your school—not those so dry the boys threaten to boil them down for herb tea—but something alive and sparkling. Don't forget to give the wee ones easy print and glowing pages. Subscribe for all your teachers for some sterling periodicals, and read the same yourself. No Egyptian task-master was ever more exacting than the public sentiment of that church or society which expects teachers to charm and instruct their children, and offers them no assistance or co-operation. Send the periodicals to your pastor, too. He probably is no richer than your teachers, and he needs to be well read in all such literature.

If you don't approve of Christmas-trees and picnics, provide something better. Let there be times when, without the restraint of school discipline, scholars, teachers, and parents may meet in unconstrained social fellowship. If all this is needed for healthful growth in the church school, much more in the mission school. The poorer the child's week day home—the better should be his Sabbath home.

A little orphan-refugee boy, one of the waifs of war who was taken to a mission-school, said, "I thought it was heaven, it was so warm, and so bright, and such happy music. I looked to find my mother."

If music is to be the language of heaven, let it be as good as possible here. Have plenty of choice books, with hymns of real devotion, and such skillful leaders and good instruments as shall secure the highest order of praise to God.

Don't have all the good singing in the church, like that congregation in the church of the Holy Innocents, which pays three thousand dollars a year for music, and have an instrument in the Sunday-school room which would drive a street organ-grinder to desperation. That is one of the schools that has been "run" (down-hill) for less than fifty dollars a year.

Have a generous fund, under proper care, in reserve for your superintendent and teachers to use. If you can trust them with the souls and characters of your children, trust them with a little money. If they find a child who does not own a Bible, let them give it one. If a special book—often a power for good—ought to be in a family, let them place it there. If any are sick, let there be angels of mercy, with means of bearing blessing and relief.

When teachers visit, let them be well armed with persuasive tracts, picture cards, and embellished Scripture texts. These are some of the ways in which large investments will bring large returns. May God open your eyes to see—your hands to work—your heart to give—and spare you to see golden dividends before many days.

Hopefully yours,

AN EARNEST TEACHER.

The new library has already been ordered for Scrambleton, and good Mr. S. says he has concluded to invest his extra thousands nearer home than Colorado. But before work is commenced on the new building for his Sunday-school, he wishes to send a copy of Miss Earnest's letter to all his Slocum relatives—and they are many and widely scattered.—*National Sunday School Teacher.*

Mado Whole.

She only touched the hem of His garment,
As to His side she stole,
Amid the crowd that gathered around Him,
And straightway she was whole.

CHORUS.

Oh, touch the hem of His garment,
And thou, too, shalt be free,
His saving power, this very hour,
Shall give new life to thee

She came in fear and trembling before Him,
She knew her Lord had come;
She felt that from Him, virtue had healed her.
The mighty-deed was done.

He turned with, "Daughter, be of good comfort,
Thy faith had made thee whole;"
And gave that passeth all understanding,
With gladness filled her soul.

Madagascar.

THROUGH the recent aggressive movements of the French, Madagascar has been brought again prominently before the world. The following furnishes some account of the island and the conversion of the Queen and many of her people:

Madagascar is an island on the south-east coast of Africa, in length about 950 miles, and in breadth, in its widest part, 350 miles, with an area of about 225,000 square miles. It is about 300 miles from Africa. It was first visited by Europeans in 1506, under Almeida, the Portuguese Viceroy of India. The population at the present time is about 2,500,000. The inhabitants of Madagascar, though living so close to Africa, are not Africans, but are allied to the Malays. Their physical appearance, habits, and language all prove this.

In the persecution of the native Christians in Madagascar, beginning in 1836, it is estimated that between sixty and eighty suffered martyrdom. Many hundreds died from privation and severe labour imposed upon them. Now Christianity triumphs. More than a thousand congregations have been formed, and a number of a thousand native agents are engaged in various kinds of Christian work. The schools are numerous; there are seven or eight hundred in connection with the London and Friends' Societies alone, and there are three Mission printing-presses at work, which issue about two hundred thousand volumes a year.

It is supposed that at least half a million avow themselves to be Christians; and the monarch and highest nobles and officers of the Government are Christian professors. Sunday, Feb. 21, 1869, the Queen and her husband were publicly baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. In September the image of the Keimmalah, the chief idol of the Malagasy, was publicly burned in the sacred village of Ambohimambola. An officer was sent to the village, who dragged the idol from its shrine, and exposed it to the people. "Whose idol is this?" he asked. "It belongs to the Queen," replied the bystanders. To which the officer made answer, "If this idol be mine, saith Ranavalona-majika, 'I need it not; let it be burned.'" This was followed by an immediate burning of all the idols throughout the central provinces, and as far as the Hova dominion was practically extended.—*Sunday Magazine.*

It is not calling your playmate names that settles a question.

Vote it Out.

There is an evil in the land,
Rank with age, and foul with crime,
Strong with many a legal band,
Money, fashion, use, and time;
'Tis the question of the hour,
If we shall vote the wrong or power?
Vote it out!
This will put the thing to rout
Vote it out!
Let us rise and vote it out.

We have begged the traffic long,
Begged it both with smiles and tears
To abate the flood of wrong,
But it answered us with sneers:
We are wearied with the scourge—
Vote it out!
Loyal people raise the shout.
Vote it out!
Let us rise and vote it out.

'Tis the battle of the hour,
Freedmen show your strength again;
If the ballot is your power,
This will bring the foe to pain:
We have preached against the wrong,
We have plead with words of song,
Vote it out!
Vote and pray with heart devout,
Vote it out!
Let us rise and vote rum out.

It Was the Drink that Did It.

BY MRS. LUCAS, SISTER OF RIGHT HON. JOHN BRIGHT.

Last January I held a mission in a great drink-troubled town in the North. The last night I was standing at the edge of the platform, when a poor, thinly dressed woman came up to me and held out her hand. She was trembling for joy, and her care-worn face was lighted up with a beauty that only a great happiness can give. "God bless you!" she said; "I've suffered for thirty years from the drink. Oh, God only knows how much! But look, my husband is signing to-night. He's been here all this week, and he has had nothing to drink. But I know what my poor man is; if he signs the pledge he'll keep it. When I looked at her, and saw how in a moment she had forgotten all the starvation and cruelty, and neglect that had so darkened and saddened her life, I thought to myself that there was nothing in all the world so wonderful as this strange deep love in a woman's heart—a love that thirty years of drunkenness had never blotted out, but that was ready in a moment to spring forth and cast over that poor drunkard the glory of a faithful woman's love and devotion.

A few weeks before that man had been arrested for ill-treating his wife. You can fancy the scene. She stands in the police-court. What for? To condemn him! to show the poor half-broken arm! Oh, no! The tears are slowly trickling down her face, and the eyes of all the court are fixed upon her as she pleadingly says to the astounded magistrate, "He could not help it, sir; it was the drink that did it; he is very kind when he is sober." And she makes excuse after excuse, till he is let off with simply a fine. The Bench says it is a mystery. The people declare it a "strange thing that such down-trodden women should shield their cruel husbands." But there is no mystery at all; that woman sees a hundred little love traits in him, of which no one there can see a gleam, and she knows were it not for the drink they would all blossom and bud forth.

This is not a fanciful picture—I am putting before you—it is a true story; and I am thankful to say that poor woman's faith has been realized and blessed. Last April I saw them both—the man so wonderfully changed that I

scarcely knew him; but I shall never forget him when he drew a little behind his wife, and, looking proudly at her, gently touched her dress and said, "I bought this for her last week, and she has made it for you to see. Thank God, we are happy now, and my wife has got her great wish, a pew in church, and we go together every Sunday." For years that man spent a greater part of his handsome wages for drink, and seemed to care nothing at all about his shabbily-dressed wife, but when he became sober all his old tenderness and love returned. I ask you, ladies and gentlemen, whether such a fact as this, which is only one amongst many, is not enough to elevate total abstinence so high that it is no wonder if it seems to us second only in importance to the Gospel itself? Cannot you pardon us if we are a little fanatical and enthusiastic in the cause of temperance? May God hasten the day when every ambassador for Christ, every single member of the Church—seeing their brother's need, their sister's danger, their nation's peril—shall come over to our aid. With the whole army of Christians on our side, we should band ourselves into a league so holy and irresistible that not only drunkenness, but other evils would flee away. Once more we could call our dear country "Happy England," and on the soft evening air as we listen there would arise from ten times ten thousand happy homes and peaceful hearts a song like this:—
"Sing, oh, heavens, and be joyful; oh, earth, and break forth into singing, oh, mountains, for the Lord comforted His people, and will have mercy upon His afflicted."

An Appeal.

For Christ's sake, touch it not, that sparkling wine!
Harmless to you, perhaps; yet—Christians hear!
Thousands are drinking it who drink their death,
And hearts are breaking to whom they are dear.

Hearts that have watched, with agony untold,
Their loved ones going to a drunkard's grave,
With spirit, soul, and body, ruined—wrecked—
Like shattered bark engulfed in ocean's wave.

Of all the woe our earth has ever seen,
Can there be greater than the slow decay
Of hopes we cling to through the weary years,
While poison works with slow, relentless sway?

To see the dear one slowly change and change;
The firm, true hand, once linked with our own,
Losing its power—a feeble, nerveless thing,
That long before its time has useless grown.

Daily to mark the once clear, active brain
Grow clouded and confused beneath the spell;
To see the memory fail, and then to miss
The comprehension quick, we knew so well.

And the dear lips we trusted so of old,
That falter promises we dare not take;
Or wretched falsehoods, that can never hide
The truth, which goes well nigh our hearts to break,

Those that we deemed so noble and so pure,
Sunken in a degradation deeper far
Than the brute beasts, till only our true love
Can bear to touch them, loathsome as they are!

Now and anon, faint gleams of what they were

Revive the hope that lives through all our fears;
And so we try again to win them back,
But only meet with piteous floods of tears;

Those fits of weeping, uncontrollable,
That are but half-remorse and half-
ease—
Ah! how they baffle us, God only knows!
As we sob out the story on our knees.

May He forgive us, that our bleeding hearts
Can only half-believe His power to stay
The fatal downward progress that we see
Our poor lost darlings making day by day!

And of the end we do not dare to speak,
Beyond the "gulf" God's mercy draws
the veil;
But here are broken hearts and blighted lives,
And solitary hearths to tell their tale.

• • • • •
"All gifts of God are good;" yet there are some
Which man has turned to one unending curse,
Christians! can you receive with thanks that one
Which changes men to demons—aye, and worse?

"All things are lawful" for you, even this,
The poison that has laid its millions low!
Yet surely it is "not expedient"
That you should use it, knowing what you know.

Of all the sin that darkens this fair earth,
None, none has left a darker, fouler blot—
Still men, for gain, pass round the poison-draught,
O! Christians, for Christ's sake, touch,
taste it not!

Dissipated Young Men.

I do not feel so sorry for young men who were born in the city and who have had all these temptations described before them until they know what they are. I am not so sorry for them as I am for those who come from country homes and are easily betrayed and easily overthrown. Oh, young man from the farmhouse among the hills, what did your parents do to you that you should do this to them? Why will you by going into a life of dissipation break the heart of her who gave you birth? Look at her hand, so distorted are the knuckles. Why? Working for you. Look at the back so bent. Why? Carrying your burdens. Oh, dissipated young man, write home by the first mail to-morrow, cursing your mother's gray hair, cursing the chair in which she sits, cursing the cradle in which she rocked you. "Oh," you say, "I cannot." You are doing worse than that. There is something on your forehead now. What is it? Run your fingers over your forehead. What is it? It is red. It is the blood of a broken heart.

I am in sympathy with such persons who have come from the country life to the city life because I was a country lad myself, and saw not until fifteen years ago a great city. O! how stupendous New York seemed to me that morning I arrived at Courtland Street Ferry. I came to the city, my soul all awake, or more sympathetic with all the sports and amusements of life than my soul was, and I have sometimes thought it was quite strange I was not captured of evil and dragged down. I was talking with a man of the world about it some time ago, and though he pretended to be only a man of the world, he said: "I guess, sir, there must have been some prayers hovering over your head—prayers that have been answered!"

I was on the St. Lawrence River and the current was very swift, and I

said: "Captain, why, how swift the river is." "Oh," he replied "not much here, but seventy miles on further it is ten times swifter, and we employ an Indian pilot, and we give him a thousand dollars a summer to take us through between the Thousand Islands and between the rocks." Every man who comes from the country to the city life comes from smooth waters into the rapids. There are thousands of islands of enchantment and many rocks of peril. Oh, I wonder if you are going to have good pilotage.

Do you know, my brother, that the report of your dissipation has already got back to the old homestead? "Oh, no," you say, "that isn't possible." It is possible. There are always people ready to carry bad news, and of these people that desire to carry bad news there is an accursed old gossip wending her infernal step toward the old homestead. She has been there. She sat down in a chair and she wriggled about for awhile and said she could not stay a great while. But she said to your parents: "Do you know your son gambles? do you know your son drinks?" And the old people got very white about the lips, and your mother said, "Just open the door a little, so we may have fresh air." And after this bad messenger went away your mother came out and sat down on the steps where you used to play, and she cried, and cried and cried, and took off her spectacles and with her apron wiped off the mist of tears.

After a while she will be very sick and the old gig of the country doctor will come up the country lane, and the horse will be tied at the swinging gate, the prescriptions will fail, and she will get worse and worse, and in her last delirium she will talk about nothing but you. And then the farmers will come to the funeral. They will tie their horses to the rail of the fence, and they will talk over what ailed the departed, and one will say it was intermittent, and another will say it was congestion, and another it was premature old age. Oh, no. It will be neither intermittent, nor congestion, nor premature old age; but it will be recorded in the book of God Almighty that you killed her!

Our language is very fertile in describing crime. Slaying a man, that is homicide; slaying a brother, that is fratricide; slaying a father, that is patricide; slaying a mother, that is matricide. But you go on in that way, oh, wandering and dissipated soul, and it will take two words to describe your crime—patricide and matricide. Oh, come home to thy God, come home to thy father's God, thy mother's God. Just fold your hands to-day and say with another:

"For sinners, Lord, Thou earnest to bleed,
And I'm a sinner vile indeed;
Lord, I believe Thy grace is free,
O! magnify that grace in me"

Do not let the world destroy you.
Do not get swindled out of heaven.—
Dr. Talmage.

At a school examination a clergyman was descending on the necessity of growing up loyal and useful citizens. In order to give emphasis to his remarks he pointed to a large flag hanging on one side of the school-room, and said: "Boys, what is that flag for?" An urchin who understood the condition of the room better than the speaker's rhetoric, exclaimed: "To hide the dirt, sir."

Hymn of Union.

BY JOHN BOWMAN.

[The following true hymn was written for the Dundas Centre Methodist Sabbath School Anniversary, 1883.]

ETERNAL God! Thee we adore,
Thy name we'll praise from shore to shore.
Within Thy Church, O Lord, this hour
Thy light and love be ours—O power,
On every heart that bears Thy name
Kindle the Spirit's living flame.

From rock-bound Scotia's stormy strand,
To where Pacific waves expand,
By surging tides flowing free,
From shores of every inland sea,
Thousands of hearts shall beat as one
And sing the glory of the Son.

O Lord! this heritage divine,
We claim as promised land of Thine.
Gird every toiler with Thy might,
Surround his path with heavenly light,
Inspire each heart, eternal Lord,
With the rich glories of Thy word.

Hundreds of temples then shall rise,
And loving hearts bring sacrifice;
Immortal hope—vast hosts inspire,
While all shall thrill with love's desire,
And joy's pure, living fountains flow
Within Thy glorious Church below.

The Atlantic's waves shall clap their hands,
The billows roar on western strands;
The winds across the prairie sea
Swell with triumphant songs to Thee.
While vale, and hill, and rock-bound coast,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 2, 1884.

The Toronto Railway Disaster.

There is deep grief in many homes in the city on account of the terrible railway accident that occurred on the Grand Trunk. It has been a sad ushering in of the new year. Little did the unfortunate fellows who lost their lives think that their end was so near. They started off to work with happy hearts to begin the new year, and of those on board the train nineteen were killed and as many were wounded. The scenes at the accident are described as being of the most terrible character. It is painful even to think of fellow beings, in the full enjoyment of life and health, being driven to death in this terrible manner. They went out with their dinner pails in the early morning, before the great mass of the merchants and tradespeople were astir, and before they reached the place of their labours, the

end to many of them had come. What a transformation in a few short hours! What a solemn admonition to be also ready, for there is but a step between us and death!

January 2, 1884.

GOODBYE to the wife and children—a kiss to the baby last,
As into the cold grey morning the husband and father passed—
For the holiday is over, and the workday is begun—
So goodbye to the happy home, till the daily toil is done

But the earthly toil was over, altho' he knew it not,
And a train to a far, far country, unwittingly he sought,
While above the fiery chariot the pitying angels wait
To carry each faithful spirit up to the golden gate!

A shout, a shock, a crash!—and over the pure, white snow
Is scattered a mass of ruin,—with human forms below,
And, oh! for the wives at home, and the children that no more
Shall welcome home the father when the daily toil is o'er!

Oh, earth, thou art full of sorrow! Oh, life, thou art dark and sad,
Save for the light from Heaven that has come to make us glad
With the hope of the life immortal that holds the key of this,
So the joy of the coming meeting may thrill through love's parting kiss!

And perchance the angels heard the songs of the other shore
Blend with the mortal music of the goodbye at the door.
Goodbye to the wife and children—a kiss to the baby last,
As into the spirit world through the cold grey morn he passed.
—Fidelis, in *The Week*.

A Melancholy Funeral.

NOT since the burial of the volunteers who fell at Ridgeway has there been such a funeral in Toronto as when eighteen of the victims of the railway accident were buried in one day. Floating from the cupola of St. Lawrence market and other buildings in the neighbourhood were flags, all at half-mast, with not a breath of wind to unfurl their folds. Twenty thousand human beings were crowded together on Front, Esplanade, and East and West Market streets. Here came an Orange band with drums muffled and their banner decked with the sombre emblems of mourning. Close in rear followed some Roman Catholic organization, their emerald green sashes fringed with crape. How true it is that death breaks down all barriers and levels all differences. Here for once, orange and green met beneath the broad banner folds of one common brotherhood—that of man—to pay the last tribute of respect to a brother. A stranger passing through the immense crowd could easily see it was no holiday turnout for pleasure or sport. Men with solemn faces spoke in low tones of the terrible disaster that has thrown a pall over the glad New Year, and of the destitute condition in which the families of many of the victims have been left. A firing party from the Grenadiers, with arms reversed, passed with slow and measured step through the crowd. Their tall bearskins towered above the heads of the dense throng as they moved along, followed a few paces in rear by the gun carriage bearing all that was mortal of their late comrade. Cold and brilliant the sunlight streamed on the bright trappings of their artillery horses and

their drivers, a striking contrast with the black pall which hung in sombre folds over the iron-mouthed cannon and swept the pavement on each side of the carriage. Then on the unwonted stillness rose the grand awe-inspiring strains of "The Dead March in Saul." Heads were bared and bowed as the gun carriage passed, while minute bells pealed from every tower in the city. Slowly the procession advanced, then with slow and measured stride, playing that tune forever wedded to Mrs. Adams' beautiful hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," came the Grenadiers' band. At every step their playing seemed to meet with a response in the hearts of the people, and although the words were not there, still it seemed as if the instruments fairly spoke out—

Then let the way appear
Steps up to heaven,
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

A chord was struck that vibrated through all hearts; women sobbed aloud, while men reverently bared their corners and brushed the tears from the corners of their eyes as the mournful cortege passed by.

Mission to the Jews, New York.

We take the liberty to quote from a letter from the Rev. Jacob Freshman, New York, the following interesting facts about this mission:—"The Lord is leading us wonderfully; without salary, without anything substantial to depend upon, we have now lived through nearly two years, and our work is extending on all hands. Not only ourselves, but three missionary assistants have to be sustained; and, to the glory of God, let me say, that I have been able to hand them sufficient to live every week. Our trust is in the living God. We have opened a second hall for services every Saturday. The place is crowded with Jews. We have commenced also a second Sunday-school, with 50 Hebrew children."

JEROME, writing of the children of Christians, says: "Let the child be accustomed, early in the morning, to offer prayer and praise to God; and at evening again, when the day is past and gone, let him end his labour by bringing his evening offering to the Lord." This beautiful exhortation bears primarily and chiefly on parents working within the family circle—"that fairy ring of bliss"—but the Sunday teacher, in talking to his pupils on points of Christian duty, can assist their parents by impressing upon the children the idea that the proper way to greet the morning light and to close the evening hour is to do both with praise, thanksgiving, and prayer.—S. S. Journal.



PLUGHING IN THE EAST.

Ploughing in the East.

In Egypt and Syria, barley is merely thrown on the surface, and then pressed into the ground by means of a log of wood, which is dragged over it. For wheat, small furrows have to be made, either with a broad, heavy hoe or a plough.

The ploughs are of the same make now as they were probably 3000 years or more ago, being entirely of wood, and still drawn by oxen. Wheat is never sown on wet land, and it does not require much irrigation. The man who drives the plough has in his hand a goad, something like an English farmer's spud, having a point at one end, and a kind of hoe at the other. With the point he goads on the oxen, and with the spud cleans the plough. This explains the passages about "kicking against the pricks," "having put his hand to the plough."

A new feature has been introduced into the Wednesday evening service at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, in the shape of a "question drawer." A number of papers containing queries on topics bearing upon Christian life are flung promiscuously together into a receptacle, and are then answered by the pastor. This interesting feature promises to be very attractive, and induces a large attendance on Wednesday evenings.

There is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly, if he visits Sweden at the time of the year when the days are the longest, than the absence of night. There is a mountain at the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, where on the 21st of June, the sun does not go down at all. It only occurs one night. The sun goes down to the horizon, you can see the whole face of it, and in five minutes it begins to rise again.

Like most garments, like most careers, everything in life has a right side and a wrong side. You can take any joy, and by turning it around, find troubles on the other side; or, you may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around, find joy on the other side. The gloomiest mountain never casts a shadow on both sides at once, neither does the greatest of life's calamities.



THE COCKCHAFER.

The Cockchafer.

The Cockchafer is a beetle of the family *lamellicornes* (or plate-horned), and a section *phytophages* (leaf-eaters), very common in England and most parts of Europe, comparatively rare in Scotland, famous for the ravages which it commits, both in the grub state and in that of a perfect insect—the winged beetle-feeding on the leaves of fruit-trees, and of many forest-trees, as the sycamore, lime, beech, and willow; the grub devouring the roots of plants, particularly of pasture-grasses and corn. The cockchafer is fully an inch in length, of a pithy black colour, with a whitish down, giving a sort of powdered appearance; the sides of the abdomen marked by a range of triangular spots; the abdomen terminating in a point; the antennae short, terminating in a club formed of six or seven leaflets; the grub is about an inch and a half long, thick, whitish, with a red head and six legs. The cockchafer does not live long after it has passed into its perfect state, but it lives nearly four years in the grub or larva state. The female cockchafer deposits her eggs in the earth. The ravages of cockchafers were so great in some of the provinces of France in 1785, that the government offered a premium for the best mode of destroying them. The whole grass of a field has often been destroyed in a short time by their grubs, and the beetles themselves strip off the foliage of trees like locusts. They have sometimes appeared in prodigious numbers in some places in England; the river Severn is said to have been so filled with their bodies in 1574, that the water-wheels of the mills were clogged, and in 1688, they so abounded in the county of Galway, in Ireland, that they hung in clusters on the trees and edges like bees swarming; the noise of their countless jaws at work was

heard by every traveller, and was compared to that of the sawing of timber. Rooks and other birds render great service by preventing the excessive multiplication of cockchafers. In Scotland they are called *clocks*.

The American species are closely allied to the English cockchafer and are very numerous. The several kinds of pine-bugs, the vine-chafer, and the rose-chafer or rose-bug, being perhaps the most familiar of these allies, though not the most closely related. In their habits, however, the June bugs closely resemble the cockchafer, and they have at times proved very destructive of vegetation. There is a species of "scarred-chafer" which is a nearer relative of the European insect. It resembles the insect in our engraving, in the very large leaf-like expansions at the end of the feelers. In each of these expansions there are seven leaves, while in our common June bug there are only three.

One of the curiosities of insect history, was the attempt in France, to turn cockchafers to account by extracting oil from them. The oil obtained was said to be valuable, but the manufacturer, as might have been expected, from the uncertainty of the supply, was unsuccessful.

Book Notices.

Surveyor-Boy and President. Young People's Life of George Washington. By William M. Thayer. Elzovir edition, 466 pages, briefer type, leaded. With illustrations. Extra cloth, 50 cents; half Russia, red edges, 65 cents.

Mr. Thayer, the author of the present work, just published, has proved by his world-famous lives of Lincoln, "From Pioneer Home to the White House," and of Garfield, "From Log Cabin to the White House," a writer

whose pen is wonderfully suited to its theme. He writes with an enthusiasm worthy of his subject, with vividly drawn pictures of the times and scenes through which Washington passed, quoting the language of his friends and contemporaries, and crowding the pages with appropriate illustrative anecdotes, he makes the times and the characters seem present realities to the reader. His book will at once be accepted as one of the best of the lives of Washington, not for young people only, but for older folks as well. It is not sold by dealers, but only direct by the publisher, who will send a 100-page descriptive catalogue of his attractive and famously cheap publications free on request. John B. Alden, publisher, 18 Vesey St., New York.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1884 is an elegant book of 150 pages, 3 Coloured Plates of Flowers and Vegetables, and more than 1000 Illustrations of the choicest Flowers, Plants, and Vegetables, and directions for growing. Price 10 cents, postage paid. Address—James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

With the Poets. By Canon Farrar. New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 25 cents.

Every poet, from Chaucer to Browning, is here represented by the best that he has added to English poetry. The collection has evidently been with the noted author a work of love. His preface of twenty pages is alone worth the price of the volume. To add that not a line of impure verse appears, is superfluous.

The *Continent Magazine* has been signaling its removal to New York by the issue of several unusually attractive numbers. A wonderfully illustrated article on Tennyson, entitled, "The Princess and its Author," derives interest from the recent elevation of the poet to his Baronial dignity. The career of "Robin Hood" is handsomely illustrated by Howard Pyle. An early number will contain an elegantly illustrated article on the picturesque Capital of the Dominion. To subscribers to the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, the *Continent*, a large 82-page weekly, will be given for \$3, instead of \$4, the full price.

Promoting the Church Attendance of Scholars.

THERE is a widespread and a growing interest in systematic efforts to promote a voluntary attendance at, and an intelligent interest in, the ordinary services of the church, among scholars in the Sunday-school. The methods employed to this end are various. Some of them are worthy of special attention, from both their immediate value and their suggestiveness.

Mr. W. M. Patton, superintendent of the Tabernacle Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school of Camden, New Jersey, has been peculiarly successful in this line of effort. His latest plan of working includes a card, having the thirteen Sundays of the quarter noted on the margin of its face, after the style here illustrated (as reduced in size):

March 2	March 9	March 16	March 23	March 30
Jan. 6	Jan. 13	Jan. 20	Jan. 27	Feb. 3
Feb. 10	Feb. 17	Feb. 24		

Tabernacle Methodist Episcopal Sabbath School,
CAMDEN, N. J.

CHURCH ATTENDANCE RECORD
FIRST QUARTER, 1884.

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."—DAVID.

..... SCHOLAR
..... TEACHER.

The Scholar will bring this card each Sabbath, and the Secretary of the School will note church attendance by punching the date on margin of card.

On the reverse of this card a space is given for the morning text of each of the thirteen Sundays, and for the name of the preacher (as filled in herewith for one Sunday), thus:

January 5.
Book, 1 Cor.
Chapter 5.
Verse 17.
Mr. Heiler.

The card is five and a half inches long by four and a half wide. In explanation of it, Mr. Patton writes:

"I enclose you a card which we propose to use in our school next year, calling it our 'Church Attendance Record,' as you see it is meant to encourage attendance at the preaching of the Word; it is simple, and requires no machinery to work it. When a scholar comes to school if he has attended preaching service in the morning, he hands his card to the secretary of the school, who punches the date on the margin, either then or during the session, and returns the card to the scholar. The reverse side, with spaces for the morning texts and name of preacher, I think of real value, and will be prized by all who use it, and it will be an interesting record to refer to in years to come."—*S. S. Times*.

Big Boy, a Wichita chief who was in Washington the other day, thus described Secretary Teller: "Big man, good heart, give Injun heap of maps, but no land."

WHAT is there so beautiful as lovely old age? What does it matter if the hair is white and the cheek has lost its glow, if the eyes shine with a triumphant light, and one can fairly feel that faith that lends a sweetness to the glance, a cadence to the voice?

"How do you contrive to amuse yourself?" "Amuse!" said the other, startling: "do you know I have my household work to do?" "Yes," was the answer, "I see you have it to do, but as it is never done I conclude you must have some other way of passing your time."

An advertiser of very cheap shoes recently blurted out the real truth in mistake, thus: "N. B.—Ladies wishing those cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long."

One Step at a Time.

BY MAY H. VALENTINE.

I'm glad to night that 'tis only a step that we have to go at a time,
And though the way may look dreary to us,
And the hill may be hard to climb
That leads up to the golden city, and the
wayside flowers may be few
If we only can look beyond the clouds,
there's a glorious land in view.

One step at a time, and the journey of life
may take perhaps, threescore years.
Or it may be only a very short time ere the
glory of heaven appears:
There are sheaves of wheat to be garnered
in; let us gather them while we may:
Let us try to scatter the sunshine in the
desolate homes on the way

At every step there's something to do; though
we may not have silver or gold,
There are sorrowing hearts who are glad to
hear the story that never grows old:
We can tell of the dear loving Father, of
the blessings His hand has bestowed,
Of the wonderful way He has led us, how
with mercy our cup has overflowed

If the mists do thickly surround us, we know
that we'll not go astray.
If we follow wherever He leads us, though
clouds may overshadow the way:
If we cannot gather the largest sheaves, for
to some is that blessing denied,
We can give a cup of cold water to the
weary who walk at our side.

I'm glad, though it may be only a step, we
never need take that alone
For we know He has faithfully promised to
tenderly care for His own:
And every day, as the hours roll on, let us
work till the sun goes down,
For if we're not willing to bear the cross,
we never can wear the crown.

"I Am Here, Papa."

On the steamboat on which I returned to Naples from Iachia, on Friday, there were five victims disinterred after one hundred and twenty hours of a living tomb, but still alive. A boy of twelve had just been found, not hurt, but wandering among the ruins looking for the spot where his home had been. I asked him whom he had lost. "They're all gone," he said, "father and mother and everybody." Two girls, who had been buried for three days, said, when they were dug out, "Ah! you do not know what it is to be buried in the dark for ten hours." They had no idea of the real time which had elapsed. One of the most touching incidents which came under my knowledge was that of a father distractedly urging on the work of the excavators on the spot where he had lost his little son. He was calling the child's name in hoarse and trembling tones, when suddenly a little voice was heard from amidst the broken masonry. "I am here, papa. Don't be afraid! take courage."—*Naples Letter*

Business Success.

Young Canadian merchants will be much interested in reading the following summary of the "experience of a merchant," being a paper read by Mr. John Macdonald, who is probably the most eminent and successful wholesale dry goods dealer in Western Canada: The paper was read at a meeting in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, and dealt with the elements that were necessary for success in business, among which were enumerated strict attention to business, economy, prudence in management, and temperance, which should be combined with a good character, and the whole combination was needed to secure success. It was not too much to say that a man who made a good merchant would make a successful clergyman, lawyer, physician

or mechanic, for he would throw into his business that earnestness which was necessary to ensure success in any calling. Mr. Macdonald dwelt upon the necessity of temperate business habits in all business men. Intemperance swept away men who did not leave a trace behind them, and who, if it had not been for drink, would have been ornaments to society and a power in the land. After speaking of the necessity of strict honesty in business and prudence in its management, he said there were many who were not content to let well enough alone, but wanted to get rich quickly and embarked in speculation and ruined themselves and their business. He pointed out the necessity of business men living more to God, and, concluding, said he had often heard ministers in the pulpit speak of tricks of trade, as if dishonesty and trade were twin sisters. There were no more honest men in the world than business men, and their merchants had done much to build up Canada to what it was to-day.

Then and Now.

When first I heard of Jesus
It seemed some mystic tale,
A root of barren dryness
No fragrance could exhale;
But as I came to know Him,
His precious name grew sweet,
And, like a perfumed rainbow,
Love arched the Mercy Seat.

At first I saw no beauty,
No captivating spell,
Felt no divine emotion
In my cold bosom swell;
But when, through bars of glory,
God shone in Jesus' face,
All other objects vanished
Before His matchless grace.

I read that He was wounded,
And bruised upon the tree,
Yet felt no thrilling wonder,
As though He died for me.
But since—oh, since I knew it,
And saw Him bear my load,
I cannot cease from praising
My great Redeeming God.

O Rose of rarest odour!
O Lily white and pure!
O chiefest of ten thousand,
Whose glory must endure!
The more I see Thy beauty,
The more I know Thy grace,
The more I long, unhandcuffed,
To gaze upon Thy face!

Selected

Make Home Happy.

The long evenings afford time for good work and pleasant recreation. If the chores are done, supper over, and the family circle gathered by seven o'clock, there is an hour before bedtime for the younger ones and two or three hours for the others. This is often a very stupid time in the family. Father is tired and dull, and nods over his newspaper; mother is busy in sewing, the older children are studying their lessons, the monotony is wearisome. A little thought may relieve this tediousness. It is not best to attempt too much; a very little freshening will break up the stagnation. One evening there may be a song or two; the next, the reading of a short story or poem or an extract from longer works. Then it may be worth while to plan for reading aloud on successive evenings, in order to get through with more pretentious books. If a fairly good reader begins to read aloud Sir Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," for instance, we venture to say that his auditors will insist on hearing the whole poem. The longer narratives in the Bible may be selected for other evenings, as the life of Joseph, or of David or Samson, and read not

specially as devotional exercises, but in the same way as extracts from any other history or biography might be rendered. An occasional popping of corn or making of molasses candy, in the old-fashioned way, may not be amiss as a variation. Make the evenings bright and cheerful for the young folks, and the older folks as well; then, no matter how stormy the weather may be without, there will be a delightful atmosphere of peace and comfort within. From such homes children will not be prone to wander out upon street corners or into saloons.—*S.S. World*.

Creeping up the Stairs.

Is the softly falling twilight
Of the weary, weary day,
With a quiet step I entered
Where the children were at play.
I was brooding o'er some trouble
That had met me unawares,
When a little voice came singing,
"No is creepin' up the stairs."

Ah, it touched the tender heart-strings
With a breath and force divine,
And such melodies awakened
As no words can e'er define,
When I turned to see our darling,
All forgetful of my cares,
And I saw the little creature
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

Step by step she bravely clambered
On her little hands and knees,
Keeping up a constant chattering
Like the magpies of the trees;
Till at last she reached the topmost,
And then o'er her world's affairs,
She delighted, stood a victor
After creeping up the stairs.

—*Boston Times*.

Samuel's Little Coat.

In *The Westminster Teacher* for September Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler writes most admirably about the "little coat" which Hannah made for her son every year. After making it the text for some utterances against "fashion, finery and frivolity," he speaks of character under the Bible idea of dress which is to be put on, and proceeds:

"Now we parents not only clothe our little ones; we also provide, in no small degree, the habits of their hearts and lives. We help to clothe them in garments of light and loveliness, or else in garments of sin and shame. Our children put on the example set before them by parents and by Sunday-school teachers. Not only what we say but what we do will be repeated in their words and conduct. Our character streams into our children. During the few hours that teachers spend with their classes, as well as during the many hours of parental contact every week, the young hearts are taking photographs constantly which come out in character and behaviour. Our irritations irritate them. Our unseemly jests on sacred occasions breed irreverence in them. A trifling teacher of God's book on God's day produces a class of frivolous contemptors of sacred things. 'Teacher says so,' 'teacher did so' has, unhappily, left an indelible ink stain on many a child's memory."

* * * * *

"Long after we parents or teachers are in our graves, our children will be clothed in the characters we helped to form.

"Mr. A— has always regarded it as quite the right thing to offer wine at his table. His sons have tasted it and learned to love it. They became bitten by the 'serpent' in the glass and soon took to stronger and deadlier

drinks. How does the father like the coat now which he made for his boys?"

"Brother B— tells his family at the table that the theatre is not so bad a place as the Puritanical folk make it out; so he goes occasionally when some 'star' is shining there. His young people go too and soon become sensualized by the unclean sights and sounds. By and by a daughter begins to show streaks of coarseness and the young men follow up the exciting scenes of the play house over a bottle, or in the chambers that lie hard by the doors of hell! When the mischief has been wrought, how does that father fancy the habits he wove for his own children?"

"Madame C— is fully persuaded that a dancing-hall is the one only place to acquire elegant manners. So she equips her daughters for the ball-room—even though a 'round dance' be the last gasp of expiring delicacy.' The poor girls become 'society girls'—one of the feeblest and most contemptible types of womanhood. If that infatuated mother shall look back from her dying pillow upon the moral (or immoral) apparel she made for her own children, she may well feel that in casting away the 'ornament of a meek and godly spirit' for the tawdry fineries of 'the flesh,' she has clad them in the garments of shame.

"This little text about the little coat is full of the most vital suggestions. Teachers as well as parents must remember that they are weaving character and the fabrics will last into eternity. We perform this weaving process stitch by stitch, and we do it by little actions and by unconscious influences. Mother Hannah's tunics went to rags and moth and dust; but the boy Samuel's character shines in the Bible gallery as a raiment of light. The coats we make for the immortal souls committed to our teachings will outlast the firmament; and may God help us to construct such garments as shall grow brighter and brighter among the white robes around the throne. 'He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; I will confess his name before my Father and before His angels.' Be careful, fellow-teachers in school or in home, how you slight the little coats."

WHAT to him was love or hope? What to him was joy or care? He stepped on a plug of Irish soap the girl had left on the topmost stair; and his feet flew out like wild, fierce things, and he struck each stair with a sound like a drum; and the girl below with the scrubbing things laughed like a fiend to see him come.

Dumrsey went hunting the other day and took Johnny with him. They saw a rabbit, and Dumrsey drew up and shot. The cap exploded and there was a long splutter, and finally just as Dumrsey took his gun down, the charge went off. When they got home the folks asked Johnny what luck they had had. "Oh," said Johnny, "papa saw a rabbit, but his gun stammered so he couldn't hit it."

The Duke of Wellington was a good courtier. When George the Fourth, after describing, as he sometimes allowed himself to do, how he led the British cavalry at Waterloo, appealed to him as a witness, with a "Didn't I, Arthur?" the great General bowed politely and answered, "I have often heard your Majesty say so!"

God's Financial System.

ONE-TENTH of ripened grain,
One-tenth of tree and vine,
One-tenth of all the yield
From ten-tenths' rain and shine.

One-tenth of lowing herds
That browse on hill and plain;
One-tenth of bleating flocks,
For ten-tenths' shine and rain.

One-tenth of all increase
From counting room and mart,
One-tenth that science yields,
One-tenth of every art

One-tenth of loom and press,
One-tenth of mill and mine;
One-tenth of every craft
Wrought out by gifts of Thine.

One-tenth of glowing words
That glowing guineas hold;
One-tenth of written thoughts
That turn to shining gold.

One-tenth! and dost thou, Lord,
But ask this meagre loan,
When all the earth is Thine,
And all we have Thine own?

Was He a Coward?

A GROUP of boys had stopped upon the sidewalk. To the left of them were extensive grounds, laid out in walks, and thickly dotted with shrubbery. It was surrounded by an ornamental fence of iron, and the boys stood just beside the wide gateway.

Three of them were richly clad, but the fourth boy was poorly dressed, and stood apart from the others, his face flushed, his hands thrust into his pockets.

He was a sturdy, close-knit fellow, with mild blue eyes and a resolute mouth. There had been a quarrel, and the three boys had taken sides against him.

"Ben Greenleaf, you are a coward," one of them said.

"Well, now—may be not," he replied, his blue eyes sparkling.

"Why don't you prove that you are not?" was the retort. "Dick called you by some ugly names."

"He will be sorry for it sometime," replied Ben.

"Is that a threat?" asked Dick Carson, loftily.

He was a tall, slightly-built boy, with a bright red scarf around his neck. He wasn't a match for Ben, either in muscle or endurance, though conceit led him to believe that he was.

"Knock his hat off," suggested one of Dick's companions. "See if he'll stand it."

"Why don't you fight?" asked the third boy, glaring at Ben. "You shall have fair play. We are Dick's friends, but we'll not interfere."

"Oh! I wouldn't want you to," rejoined Dick Carson. "I'm quite able to handle him. Will you fight?"

"No."

"You are afraid."

"You would get the worst of it, Dick."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Dick. "You don't want to hurt me,—oh? Well, now, that's considerate in you! I'll see what sort of stuff you're made of."

As he spoke he stepped forward and struck Ben a blow on the cheek with his open hand. It was not a stinging blow, but it was a cantalizing one.

Ben Greenleaf's blood surged into his face, and his eyes snapped. He had a fierce struggle with himself, but it was of short duration. He was a little

Christian, and know where to look for strength.

"You have concluded to pocket the insult,—oh?" Dick asked, with a sneer.

"You're made of putty," said the second boy.

"You're a coward," declared the third.

"I am brave enough to walk away," Ben said in a slow, hurt tone. "The Bible says that he who ruleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city."

"Just listen!" cried Dick Carson. "Let's call him the little parson," suggested one of the boys, at which the others laughed.

A young lady came from behind some lilac-bushes, and walked close to the iron fence. She had overheard and witnessed all.

When Dick Carson saw her, the blood rushed to his face. She was his Sunday-school teacher, and he knew how meanly he had acted.

"Greenleaf, come here," she said. "Wait, boys."

She spoke quietly, but there was something very positive in her manner.

The poorly-clad boy walked nearer with an humble, embarrassed air.

"Dick," Miss Webb asked, "your little sister Nelly was nearly drowned at Atlantic City last summer?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"She was in bathing?"

"With mamma. The under-tow carried her off."

"Who saved her?"

"Some boy, Miss Webb."

"You never learned his name?"

"No, ma'am."

"Was he a coward?"

"A coward! I should think not, Miss Webb! It nearly cost him his life."

"Strong men looked helplessly on!" "They were too much frightened to stir, Miss Webb."

"It was a heroic act, Dick. The guests at the hotel made him up a sum of money, and presented him with a medal. He was errand-boy about the bath houses at the time. Master Greenleaf, have you the medal with you?"

"Yes ma'am," stammered Ben.

"Show it."

"Oh! never mind it, ma'am," he said, his face reddening.

"Show it," insisted she.

He produced the medal, his embarrassment increasing.

Miss Webb took the medal.

"Presented to Master Benjamin Greenleaf, for his heroic conduct in saving, etc. She went on reading.

"Miss Webb," asked Dick Carson, with wide-open eyes and fluttering cheeks, "is this the—the—boy who saved our little Nelly from drowning?"

"Yes, Dick. Is he a coward?"

"No!" cried Dick, explosively.

"You said he was."

"I am the coward, and am heartily ashamed of myself, besides. Ben Greenleaf, I am sorry I struck you, and called you names; I take it all back. Will you not believe that I am in earnest?"

"Yes," replied Ben.

"If you knew how meanly I feel about it, you'd forgive me right heartily. I want to be friend to a boy who has so much pluck as you have, and who can so well control his temper under such gross insult."

"I am just as sorry," the second boy said.

"So am I for everything I said," declared the third.

"Miss Webb, I have been taught a lesson," Dick Carson said humbly. "I have a better idea of what real bravery is."

"It seems we don't always know," remarked Miss Webb, with a quiet but very significant smile.—*The Sunday School Times.*

Beyond.

NEVER a word is said,
But it trembles in the air,
And the truant voice has sped
To vibrate everywhere:
And perhaps far-off in eternal years
The echo may ring upon our ears.

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the soter need.

Never a day is given,
But it tones the after years,
And it carries up to heaven
Its sunshine or its tears:
While the to-morrows stand and wait,
The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
And the stars are everywhere,
And time is eternity,
And the here is over there; [day
For the common deeds of the common
Are ringing bells in the far-away.
—Henry Burton.

A Boy's Leisure Hours.

WHAT a boy does with his leisure is most important; what he gets in school is mainly drill or exercise; it is a gymnasium to him; he must eat elsewhere. What he does with his spare hours determines his destiny. Suppose he reads history every day, or scientific books; in the course of a few years he becomes learned. It matters very little what he undertakes, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Sanscrit, all disappear if he uses his spare time on them.

A boy was employed in a lawyer's office, and had the daily paper to amuse himself with. He commenced to study French, and at that little desk became a fluent reader and writer of the French language. He accomplished this by laying aside the newspaper and taking up something not so amusing, but far more profitable.

A coachman was often obliged to wait long hours while his mistress made calls. He determined to improve the time; he found a small volume containing the Eclogues of Virgil, but could not read it, and so purchased a Latin Grammar. Day by day he studied this, and finally mastered all its intricacies. His mistress came behind him one day as he stood by the horses waiting for her, and asked him what he was so intently reading.

"Only a bit of Virgil, my lady."
"What, do you read Latin?" "A little, my lady." She mentioned this to her husband, who insisted that David should have a teacher to instruct him. In a few years he became a learned man, and was a useful and loved minister in Scotland.

A boy was hired to open and shut the gates to let the teams out of an iron mine. He sat on a log all day by the side of the gate. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he employed so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention. He

began with a little book on English history that he found in the road; having learned that thoroughly, he borrowed of a minister Goldsmith's History of Greece. This good man became greatly interested in him and loaned him books, and was often seen sitting by him on the log conversing with him about the people of ancient times.

All of these show that in this country any one can learn that wants to. If he is at work he still has three hours he can call his own. Let him use those wisely and he can fill his mind with stores of knowledge.—*Scholars' Companion.*

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in last Number.

71.—Winsome. Gladstone.
72.— Z L
R E D F I T
Z E R A H L I G H T
D A N T H E
H T

NEW PUZZLES.

73.—DECAPITATIONS.

To dispense with. Beheaded, to trim, a verb, a coin, a letter.

74.—Behead the plural of an animal, and leave an article formed from water.

75.—ENIGMAS.

My 1, 2, 5, 6, is to stoop; 9, 7, a preposition; 3, 4, 10, 11, to destroy; 8, 10, 6, aged. My whole we should all be.

My 1, 5, 10, is a vessel; 3, 6, a preposition; 8, 2, 7, killed a queen; 9, 4, 3, 6, a precious stone. A seaside resort.

76.—CROSS-WORD.

In sheep, not in goat;
In ship, not in boat;
In skate, not in walk;
In hear, not in talk;
In frighten, not in scare;
In ruddy, not in fair;
In alone, not in birch;
In looking, not in search.
My whole a famous general.

77.—CHARADES.

A parent, an animal, one. A beautiful hard wood.

A seed from which oil is extracted, the prevailing fashion. An American statesman.

CUSTOMER—"How much are these eggs a dozen?" "Twenty-five cents," replied the German grocer. "Why, how's that? Jones sells them at twenty cents." "Und vy don't you buy of Jones, den?" "Because he hasn't any this morning." "Vell, I will sell dem for twenty, too, ven I don't got any."

AN estimable citizen of Raleigh, N. C., is the father of so many children that there would have been difficulty in providing them all with names if he had not with uncommon sagacity foreseen the necessity of the future and devised an original plan for avoiding that embarrassment. One of his sons is Iowa Wisconsin Royster, another is Vermont Connecticut Royster, another is Oregon Minnesota Royster, and still another is Arkansas Delaware. Virginia Carolina is the name of one daughter, and Georgia Alabama is another.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

THE CONVERSION OF LYDIA.

A. D. 52.] LESSON VI. [Feb. 10

Acts 16. 11-24. Commit to mem. vs. 13-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul.—Acts 16. 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Gospel brings blessing both to the soul and to the body.

TIME.—A. D. 52. Paul had spent nearly a year in Asia Minor.

PLACE.—Philippi, in Macedonia, on the spot where 84 years before Augustus Caesar had fought the great battle with Brutus and Cassius.

PAUL.—Aged 49, on his second great missionary journey.

THE PHILIPPINIANS were a nobler race of men than most in Asia Minor, and women were held in more independent position, and were held in higher honour.

CONTEMPORARY EVENTS—Claudius Caesar, emperor of Rome, Cumanus, governor of Judaea, was deposed, and Felix took his place. An edict banishing all Jews from Jerusa. Passover, April 2. Pentecost, May 23. Tabernacles, Sept. 27.

INTRODUCTION.—Paul and Silas, after spending about a year among the churches of Asia Minor, led by a vision at Troas, crossed over to Europe and began their work at Philippi.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—11. Same place.—An island in the Aegean. Neapolis.—The seaport of Philippi, ten miles distant. 12. A colony.—i. e. A military city, in a conquered country, planted by Roman citizens who still held their citizenship and rights to vote at Rome, and governed the city after the manner of Rome. 13. Where prayer was wont to be made.—At proeseche, or prayer-house, enclosed, but open to the sky, and used by the Jews in places where there was no synagogue. 14. Purple.—Either the dyo or the cloth. 16. Demetrius possessed with a spirit of divination.—Or fortune telling. She was really possessed of an evil spirit. Brought.... much gain.—People paid for the advice or fortune telling of one supposed to be taught by a spirit. She was a mixture of fraud, clairvoyance, insanity, and devil. Soothsaying.—Fortune telling, sooth-saying, future reatity. 19. When her masters saw.—Their real motive was the interference of the Gospel with their unrighteous gains. 21. Teach customs.—This was the motive by which they stirred up the people. 24. Inner prison.—The dark, damp, close prison within a prison.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Paul's journey—Philippi—The Philippinians—Places of prayer—Lydia's conversion—A spirit of divination—How the Gospel interferes with the gains of had men—The opposition of the world to Christ—Inner prison—Stocks.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTION.—In what missionary journey was Paul now engaged? Who were with him? In what year after Christ? Name the contemporary events. Why did Paul leave Asia Minor? How long was it since he started on this tour?

SUBJECT.—THREE EFFECTS OF THE GOSPEL.

I. FIRST EFFECT.—CONVERTING THE SOUL (vs. 11-15).—From what place did Paul sail? Trace his journey on the map. At what place did he first land in Europe? In what city did he first preach the Gospel there? What can you tell about Philippi and the Philippinians? What great battle was once fought at Philippi? Where did Paul first preach the Gospel? Who were his audience? Who was his first convert? What can you tell about Lydia? Meaning of God opened her heart? How does God open our hearts? Contrast her conversion with that of Paul. Why are people led to Christ in such different ways? Are such conversions as Lydia's as real as those which are more violent? What lessons can you learn from her conversion? How did she profess her faith? How did she prove her faith? Should every Christian do the same?

II. SECOND EFFECT.—RELIEVING OUR DISTRESSERS (vs. 16-18).—What unfortunate girl met the apostles at Philippi? What was the matter with her? How did her masters make money through her mis-

fortunes? Was this a wicked way to get gain? Why? Was she to blame? What did she say about Paul? Was this a sign that she wished to get rid of the demon? At what was Paul grieved? How did he effect a cure? In what way is the Gospel a blessing to our bodies? Did Christ prove that he could help the soul by helping the bodies of men? Should we work on the same plan?

III. THIRD EFFECT.—AWAKING THE OPPOSITION OF BAD MEN (vs. 19-24).—How did the slave's masters feel about this cure? Give a similar example in Christ's time. (Luke 9. 26-37.) Another: Paul's experience. (Acts 18. 23-27.) Why did this show a mean spirit? Give illustrations in our day of men who oppose the Gospel for the same reason. Is the Gospel opposed to all unjust and selfish gains? Is this the real reason why men oppose it? What was done to Paul and Silas? What was the charge brought against them? Was this the real reason of the persecution? What three forms of suffering were inflicted on Paul and Silas? Does he ever mention this again? (1 Thes. 2. 2.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. Mark the usefulness and power of woman in the Church? The great church at Philippi grew out of a little prayer-meeting of women.
2. By using the privileges we have, our hearts are prepared for greater.
3. God opens the heart (1) by smaller measures of grace; (2) by his spirit; (3) by his providence; (4) by sincere worship.
4. Those who believe should confess Christ publicly.
5. Bad men make money out of the misfortunes and to the injury of others.
6. The Gospel opposes all unjust gains.
7. Therefore bad men oppose the Gospel.

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

6. Where did Paul first preach in Europe? ANS. At Philippi, in Macedonia. 7. Who was the first convert there? ANS. Lydia, a seller of purple. 8. Whom did Paul next help? ANS. He cured a demoniac slave girl. 9. What was the effect of this? ANS. It aroused the opposition of those who had made money out of her misfortune. 10. What did they do? ANS. They beat Paul and Silas, and put them into prison.

A. D. 51.] LESSON VII. [Feb. 17

THE CONVERSION OF THE JAILER.

Acts 16. 25-40. Commit to mem. vs. 29-34.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.—Acts 16. 31.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The first great question for all to answer, What must I do to be saved?

TIME.—A. D. 51. Immediately after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Philippi in Macedonia (now Turkey in Europe).

PAUL.—Aged 49, on his second great missionary journey.

INTRODUCTION.—In our last lesson we saw Paul and Silas cast into prison because they had interfered with the bad business of bad men by healing a poor slave girl. In this lesson we find them in the inner dungeon, with their feet in the stocks, in too-much pain to sleep.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—26. The doors opened.... hands loosed.—Not directly by the earthquake, which could not shake off chains, but by the power that brought the earthquake. 27. Would have killed himself.—Because he would be subject to imprisonment or death if the prisoners escaped. 30. What must I do to be saved?—Not from Roman punishment, for he was already saved from that, the prisoners not having escaped; but from the guilt and punishment of his sins. He probably had heard of Paul's teaching, in connection with the events just passed. 31. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.—Belief not only of the head, but of the heart. Faith saves (1) by accepting God's promises of salvation; (2) by receiving Christ as our teacher and leader; (3) it fills the heart with love of God and of Jesus, which makes us hate sin; (4) it makes us live as if spiritual and

eternal things were real and true. 33. He took them, etc.—The jailer's nature was changed by his faith. 35. The magistrates sent, etc.—They had heard of the earthquake, and were afraid, or they saw, on second thought, that there was no justice in keeping them in prison. 37. Being Romans.—Paul was a Roman citizen by inheritance, and it was a very grave offence the magistrates had committed. Come themselves.—To show to all Philippi that these Christian teachers were good men, and not wicked.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Paul and Silas in prison—Songs in the night—The jailer about to kill himself—Why he trembled—The jailer's question—Paul's answer—How faith saves—The change in the jailer—Paul a Roman citizen—The release.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTION.—In what city were Paul and Silas? How came they to be in prison? How were they situated there?

SUBJECT.—WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?

I. THE GREAT QUESTION (vs. 25-30).—What were Paul and Silas doing while in prison? How could they sing praises when in such pain? Are there any circumstances when we cannot find something to be thankful for? Why is thankfulness in trouble better than murmuring? How did their prayer and praise do good? How is good done by those who trust and praise the Lord in sickness and trouble? What followed their praises? How did this affect the jailer? Why did he intend to commit suicide? How did Paul assure him? Why did the jailer tremble? Would all men tremble for their sins if they felt the power of God? What is it to be converted of sin? What question did the jailer ask? Saved from what? From what do we need to be saved? (Matt. 1. 21; Rom. 5. 9; John 3. 16, 17.) Why is this question, till it is answered, the most important question of life? Have you asked this question in earnest?

II. THE QUESTION ANSWERED (vs. 31, 32).—What was Paul's answer to the question? What is it to believe on Christ? How does faith in Christ save us from sin? (1 John 3. 9.) How does it save us from the punishment of sin? (Repeat the promises.) In what way did Paul strengthen the faith of the jailer?

III. THE FRUITS OF BELIEVING IN JESUS (vs. 33-40).—(1) In the jailer. What act showed that the jailer was made better by his faith? Does religion always make us more loving and tender? How did the jailer confess his faith? How was his family benefited by it? What made them rejoice? (2) In Paul. What offer of release was made? What led the magistrates to do this? Why would not Paul accept it? When should Christians insist on their rights? Of what had the magistrates been guilty? Where did Paul and Silas go after they were set free? How many fruits of faith do you find in Paul in this lesson?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. We can proclaim the Gospel wherever we are.
2. Christ in us can give us peace and joy under the most trying circumstances.
3. In trouble it is far better and happier to sing praises than to murmur.
4. A praising heart in the night is the harbinger of the morning.
5. God is mightier than kings or prisons.
6. Contrast Paul singing, and the jailer wanting to kill himself.
7. The great question.—What shall I do to be saved?
8. The answer—that of Paul.
9. True faith is manifested in changed character and life.

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

6. What did Paul do in prison? ANS. He prayed and sang praises. 7. What followed? ANS. A great earthquake, the prison doors opened, the prisoners' bonds loosed. 8. What did the jailer do? ANS. He came trembling and fell down before Paul and Silas. 9. What question did he ask? ANS. Sirs, what must I do to be saved? 10. What was Paul's answer? Repeat the Golden Text. 11. What was the result? ANS. The jailer was converted, and Paul and Silas released.

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