



# WELCOME AND VISITORS SCHOOL

Do unto others  
As ye would  
That they  
Should  
Do unto  
You.

ROBPH SMITH - CO. TORONTO.



THE ELEPHANT.

## The Elephant.

The elephant is the most intelligent creature next to man that God has made; and has from the dawn of historic time been an object of curious study. The distinguishing feature of the elephant is his proboscis, or trunk, which is not only the elephant's nose, but also his hand; for there is a kind of finger at the end of the trunk and a thumb-like thickening under the finger with which the great animal can pick up a single straw, while, twining his trunk about a tree, he can uproot it with ease. We all know that elephants

are valuable because of their tusks, but perhaps not many of us realize their value in India and Africa as beasts of burden. They are remarkably sagacious animals and very affectionate, an elephant many times proving a careful nurse for the children of its *mahout*, or driver.

Elephants have a great dislike to camels; though, if laden, they will travel with them without fighting. Nothing distresses an elephant more than to be followed by a horse, especially at a canter or any quick pace; but, of all animals, the rhinoceros is his special aversion, for he can hardly be induced to approach within sight or smell of one, even if the rhinoceros be dead.



It is very dangerous to get upon soft ground with an elephant. As soon as the animal feels himself sinking he seizes the first thing he can reach and puts it under his feet to keep himself up. The first thing is generally the *mahout*, or driver, and next he drags the *howdah*, on which the riders sit, to support him. The moment the *mahout* cries "*Fuss-gya!*" every rider scrambles or tumbles off the elephant's back as soon as possible.

#### "I'll Do What I Can."

"I'll do what I can," said a bright-eyed girl,  
And she gathered a fresh bouquet  
Of the sweetest buds and flowers, and placed  
In the room where her sick mother lay;  
And at night when the angel of sleep came  
round,  
He tucked under May's head a pillow of  
down.

"I'll do what I can," said a thoughtful boy,  
And brought out the rake and hoe;  
Cleared out the potatoes, the beans and  
peas,  
And the onions, row by row.  
And the shower came on and the warm,  
bright sun,  
And finished the work which the boy had  
begun.

"I'll do what I can," said a wayside flower;  
"I'm a tiny thing, to be sure,  
But my cup is as deep as some others I know,  
And the dew that I hold is as pure;  
So I'll catch what I can for the bee that  
comes nigh,  
And scent the rough gale as it passes me by."

"I'll do what I can," a streamlet said,  
As it ran on its pebbly way;  
"I will scatter life on every side,  
And bring up the flowerets gay;  
I will sing to the mountain, the meadow, the  
vale;  
Give drink to the thirsty, and strengthen the  
frail."

So they did what they could, each one in its  
way,  
And the world was the happier by it;  
And if any of you little children doubt  
What I say, I ask you to try it;  
And you'll find that through life 'tis an  
excellent plan,  
In every condition to do what you can.

#### Deep-Sea Wonders.

BY EMMA J. WOOD.

I BELONG to the great turtle family, and am a little related to all the back-boned animals. And my back-bone is by no means a common one, but is something worth having; for it spreads out into an arch all over my body, thus making a very comfortable house to live in. To be sure, I am fast shut up in it, and not able to step out of doors even for a minute; but then I can stick my head out, and see everything that is going on, and when tired of one place can travel off, house and all, to some other.

But maybe you have seen some member of our family crawling along the dusty road, or in the green fields, and so think we turtles do not belong to the wonders of the deep sea. If so, you are mistaken, for I and some of my nearest relatives live down in the very deepest part of the ocean. Do you know, these cousins of mine that you have seen on land have not

the least right to the name turtle. You see, our whole family used to be called tortoises, but almost three hundred years ago some of the first settlers in this country caught my great-grandfather and some of his brothers and sisters, and for some reason called them turtles; so the name by right belongs only to us, and the rest are tortoises just as they were before.

But here I have been talking all this time and never told you my name. I am Mr. Green-turtle. Now, do not think that I live in that kind of a house; for it is from my fat, which is of a delicate green colour, that I take my name. When the spring comes I choose a mate, and some still moonlight night we go on the beach to lay our eggs. With our feet we dig a trench in the sand, from one to two feet deep, and in it put our eggs. After covering them up with the sand, we leave them for the sun to hatch. The shells of our eggs are pretty tough, so each baby turtle has a hard spot on the top of his head to make a hole with, else he could never get out. In two, three, or four months there they are—little fellows—with soft shells, crawling about in the sand. Our children do not grow very fast, but then we often live to be a hundred or two hundred years old, so there is no need to hurry much about anything. After a time they start off to the ocean, but they are pretty sure to remember where they were hatched, and come back to that very place to lay their eggs.

You ought to see us try to walk on land. We waddle about in a queer way. As I have said, our home is in the ocean, so instead of having real feet with toes and claws, they are flattened out like oars, with folds of skin coming down almost over them. You see, our shells are boats, our front legs are oars, our hind limbs and tails, if we have any, are rudders; so, when in the water, we are willing to try a race with almost anybody. We make the best kind of soups, so when a party of us goes on land the people on shore are pretty sure to hear of it, and down they come to the shore to catch us. They go around and turn us on our backs till they get all they want. Our legs are so short that we cannot get back, so there we lie upside down till they come and pick us up. However, all turtles are not caught in this way. Some are caught asleep with their heads sticking out of the water, and are taken before they get their eyes open. Sometimes divers go down to the bottom where they are feeding, and pick them up, and sometimes they are caught with harpoons and nets. Do you remember the sucking-fish—that fish with the plate on its head by which he fastens himself to anything he wants to? These fish are used for catching us, and this is how it is done. To one of these a line is fastened, and he is let down into the ocean where the fishermen think we turtles are likely to be found. As soon as the sucking-fish

comes where we are, he fastens himself to one of us, and when the men pull up the line there we both are. When we are caught they keep us till we are needed, sometimes feeding us, and sometimes not taking that trouble. Of course we do not like this kind of treatment very well, but then we can live quite a while without eating. It is not so very easy to kill us anyway. Once on a time one of my relatives had his head cut off. Over twenty days after this head was picked up, and it tried to bite, for it was still alive. People say that turtles are not very wise. Well, maybe that is true, but we are smart enough to be fond of our mates, and to know the person who feeds us, and be glad when we see him coming.

The trunk-turtle is a cousin of mine. If he were only a different colour he would look like the half of a great musk-melon, for he has seven rolls, or ridges, extending lengthwise of his shell. This is leathery, and not hard like the shells of most other turtles. He is the giant of the whole turtle family. He sometimes grows to be eight feet long, and weighs a ton. His shell has been used for a boat, a child's bath-tub, a drinking-trough, and many other things.

Mr. Hawk's Bill is another cousin. We are all proud of him because he lives in such a fine house. It is worth a good deal of money. It is covered on the top with thirteen bright coloured plates, lapping the one over the other like the scales of a fish. This shell when polished is used for making all those tortoise-shell ornaments that people are so fond of having. The old Roman women, hundreds of years ago, used these shells to rock their babies to sleep in, while the men, when they went to war, held them up as shields in front to protect them from the enemy. Mr. Hawk's Bill has a mouth like the beak of a hawk; indeed, every member of our family has a horny mouth. We must have something of this sort, for we have not a tooth in our heads, and how could we eat sea-weeds and hard shell-fish without something to bite with?

#### Sermon Enough for Sunday.

A LITTLE shoe-black called at the residence of a certain man and solicited a piece of bread and some water. The servant was directed to give the child bread from the crumb-basket, and as the little fellow was walking slowly away and sifting the gift between his fingers for a piece large enough to chew, the man called him back and asked him if he had ever learned to pray. On receiving a negative answer from the lad, he directed him to say, "Our Father," but he could not understand the familiarity.

"Is it our father—your father—my father?"

"Why, certainly."

The boy looked at him awhile and

commenced crying, at the same time holding up his crust of bread, and exclaiming between his sobs, "You say that your father is my father; aren't you ashamed to give your little brother such stuff to eat when you have got so many good things for yourself?"

That was a short sermon, but it was full of meaning. There was enough in it to think about.

#### Adrift on the Ice.

CAN you not see those men stepping from the wild wintry shore of a Siberian bay out upon that field of white ice reaching seaward? They strike across the ice, desiring to reach the other shore of the bay and save all possible steps. But near their journey's end, what is the meaning of that narrow strip of water between the ice and the shore? They go back that they may go round the water, but it widens! Ah, while they have been carelessly tramping, the whole field has broken loose from its icy anchorage, and is now bearing them seaward! Horrible truth! Without shelter, without fire, without water, with only dried fish for food, a wintry sky above them, the night ahead, the ocean beneath—they are adrift!

But that noise—a boom—what is it? That moment, they see a rapidly widening crack in the ice not many rods away. There are other reports like some battery of death going off, and everywhere extend fissures! The ice-field is breaking up! Clinging to their fragment, tormented by thirst, stung by the wind, for four awful days and nights they drift. At last, on the fifth day, they seem to be reaching a point of land. Will the wind take them there? Will the current drift them? Yes, the wind is blowing right, the current drifts toward the point, and the latter was reached. O, with what joy must they have sprang ashore, rushing out of that prison whose floor was the ice, its walls the freezing, winter atmosphere, and its roof the arctic sky! Saved, though, by the wind and that current!

Is any one adrift through the impulse of some perilous temptation? Do you feel discouraged, driven from sin to sin, adrift, adrift, with no promise of help? There is hope, there is help. Remember there is a current below to help you, those good surroundings of right associates, right books, the Sunday-school, the Church. Get into that current. Have the help of its drift. And then pray. Look up. There are influences from heaven, like winds blowing in safe directions. Call them down. Yield yourself to them. Thus, wind-wafted and current-drifted, you are safe.

THERE is no knowledge for which so great a price is paid as a knowledge of the world; and no one ever became an adopt in it except at the expense of a hardened and wounded heart.

## A Grand Old Poem.

Who shall judge a man from manners?  
Who shall know him by his dress?  
Paupers may be fit for princes,  
Princes fit for something less;  
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket,  
May beclothe the golden ore  
Of the deepest thought and feeling—  
Satin vests could do no more.  
There are springs of crystal nectar  
Ever welling out of stone;  
There are purple buds and golden,  
Hidden, crushed and overgrown,  
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,  
Loves and prospers you and me,  
While he values thrones the highest  
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,  
Oft forgets his fellows then;  
Masters, rulers, lords, remember  
That your meanest hind is a man;  
Men by honour, men by feeling,  
Men by thought and men by fame,  
Claiming equal rights to sunshine,  
In a man's ennobling name.  
There are foam embroidered oceans,  
There are little weed-clad rills;  
There are feeble inch-high saplings,  
There are cedars on the hills,  
God, who counts by souls, not stations,  
Loves and prospers you and me;  
For to him all famed distinctions  
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders  
Of a nation's wealth or fame;  
Titled laziness is pensioned,  
Fed and fattened on the same;  
By the sweat of others' foreheads,  
Living only to rejoice;  
While the poor man's outraged freedom  
Vainly lifteth up its voice.  
Truth and justice are eternal,  
Born with loveliness and light;  
Secret wrongs shall never prosper  
While there is a sunny right;  
God, whose word-heard voice is singing  
Boundless love to you and me,  
Sinks oppression with its titles,  
As the pebbles in the sea.

## My Dead Scholar.

He was a bright eyed, merry little fellow, and in spite of his mischievous ways, every one loved him. He had a keen eye for the humorous side of things, and was known occasionally to upset the gravity of the class by some comic utterance that he did not appear able to repress. When he was thirteen years of age he was taken away from day school and put in a situation as errand boy at a cheese-monger's shop in the neighbourhood. He still came as regular as ever to Sunday-school, and though at times his pranks were sadly perplexing to me, it was impossible to withhold forgiveness when he was so evidently sorry that he had hurt my feelings. It was about six months after his first appearance as shop boy that, as I took my seat one Sunday afternoon, I saw by the solemn looks on the faces of several lads in my class that something unusual had happened.

"Teacher, do you know G— is dead?" was the first question that greeted me, and it was asked in a half-puzzled kind of way, as though the speaker himself could scarcely believe the words he was uttering. "Dead!" I exclaimed, "why, he was at the school last Sunday." "Yes, he was aken ill on Tuesday and died on Friday," was the answer. "Something

the matter with his head," added one of the boys. Just then G—'s brother, who was a teacher in our school, came in and explained to me in a few words the cause of his brother's death. "He complained of pains in his head, and was treated for sick headache. The doctor did not discover the mistake until the pains became so intense as to produce insensibility. It was then ascertained by the symptoms that G— was suffering from acute inflammation of the brain tissues. He lingered in great agony for two days, and then passed away while in an unconscious state."

Dead! I pressed my hand to my temples, and sat like one bewildered. Last Sunday, full of health and spirits, for he did not appear to be ailing—today, the merry voice silent, the loving heart cold and still. There was a very solemn feeling in the class that afternoon, but it was not easy work to teach, with the ever present remembrance that, in a little house hard by, there lay wrapped in a shroud the merry little fellow, whose curly hair and laughing eyes made him a prominent member of the class. When the school was over, several of the boys went round to the house to look for the last time on the loved features of our young friend. There was one thought that oppressed me then, and it has haunted me ever since. I did not know for certain that G— had given his heart to Christ. His brother could not tell me, and we had to comfort ourselves as best we might with the remembrance that he had always been a good natured little fellow, that he displayed an intelligent interest in the Sunday-school lessons, and that he was willing to do anything for anybody. For my own part, as we stood by that little coffin and looked with tearful eyes at the pale face with its pain curved lips, I felt self-condemned. Though years have passed since then, I can never recall the scene without a choking feeling of remorse. It might be that God in his mercy had taken him home, we could not tell, we could only hope for the best. No sermon that I have ever heard has affected me so powerfully as the voice that seemed to sound from the lips of the dead. It was true that he was very fond of me, and I of him, but it seemed to me then that in seeking to gain his affection for myself, I had forgotten to make sure that his love was given to Christ. It was a bitter cup to drink, but as I looked at the living I tried then and there to fix the thought of my heart in their young minds, while inwardly I prayed for grace to help me to work more earnestly than I had ever done before to secure the conversion of my scholars.

"It is a solemn fact that, of every three persons walking on this vast globe we have never heard of the Saviour, have never seen a Bible, know nothing of heaven or hell."

## The Last Walk in Autumn.

I know not how, in other lands,  
The changing seasons come and go;  
What splendours fall on Syrian sands,  
What purple lights on Alpine snow!  
Nor how the pomp of sunrise waits  
On Venice at her watery gates;  
A dream alone to me in Arno's vale,  
And the Alhambra's halls are but a traveller's tale.

At times I long for gentler skies,  
And bathe in dreams of softer air,  
But homesick tears would fill the eyes,  
That saw the Cross without the Bear.  
The pine must whisper to the palm,  
The north-wind break the tropic calm;  
And with the dreamy languor of the Line,  
The North's keen virtue blend, and strength to beauty join.

Home of my heart I to me more fair  
Than gay Versailles or Windsor's halls,  
The painted, shingly town-house, where  
The freeman's vote for freedom falls!  
The simple roof where prayer is made,  
Than Gothic groin and colonnade;  
The living temple of the heart of man,  
Than Rome's sky-mocking vault, or many-spired Milan.

More dear thy equal village schools,  
Where rich and poor the Bible read,  
Than classic halls where priest-craft rules,  
And learning wears the chains of Creed;  
Thy glad thanksgiving, gathering in  
The scattered sheaves of home and kin,  
Than the mad license following Lenten pains,  
Or holidays of slaves who laugh and dance in chains.

And sweet homes nestle in these dales,  
And perch along these wooded swells;  
And blest beyond Arcadian vales,  
They hear the sound of Sabbath bells!  
Here dwells no perfect man sublime,  
Nor woman winged before her time,  
But with the faults and follies of the race,  
Old home-bred virtues hold their not un-honoured place.

Then let the icy north-wind blow  
The trumpets of the coming storm;  
To arrowy sleet and blinding snow;  
Yon slanting lines of rain transform,  
Young hearts shall hail the drifted cold,  
As gaily as I did of old;  
And I, who watch them through the frosty pane,  
Unequivocal, live in them my boyhood o'er again.

And I will trust that he who heeds  
The life that hides in mead and wold,  
Who hangs yon alder's crimson beads,  
And stains these mosses green and gold,  
Will still, as he hath done, incline  
His gracious ear to me and mine;  
Grant what we ask aright, from wrong debar,  
And, as the earth grows dark, make brighter every star!

—J. G. Whittier.

## Caoutchouc.

BY MARY LOUISA BUTLER.

THERE were gossamers large and small, rubber boots large enough to fit a giant, and small ones just right for three-year-old Ernest; overshoes of all sizes, some heavy and thick, others thin enough to be rolled up and put in your pocket. There were tiny ones too, just right for Miss Dolly, who stood in the corner dressed in a small gossamer with the hood over her head.

There were rubber dolls, rubber rattles, rubber rings, rubber balls, belts, bags for hot water, air-cushions, tubes, hose for firemen's use, crasers,

pencil-tops, suits for divers, tires for wheels, and—well, it did seem to Mamie Kennedy, as she stopped at the rubber department of the Exposition, there was no end to things made of rubber.

The gentleman in charge of this department had such a kind face that Mamie ventured to ask a few questions. Seeing something marked "Caoutchouc," she wanted to know what it was. "That," he said, "is another name for India-rubber, out of which all these things are made. This sample came from South America and is there called 'koo-chook.'"

"Does it grow hard and dry like this?" asked Mamie.

"No," said the gentleman; "there are certain trees in Africa and the East Indies, as well as South America, that yield a liquid caoutchouc from which this is made.

"Basins made of clay and leaves are placed near the lower part of the trees. A hole is cut in the tree a little higher up, out of which the juice flows into the basin. In a few hours the basin is filled, and the yellow-coloured juice is poured into larger vessels where it soon thickens.

"As the liquid part evaporates, it becomes solid but not entirely dry. To be thoroughly dried, it is suspended over a fire in such a way as to receive the smoke, as well as the heat, and this gives it a blackish colour.

"When thus dried, it is ready for market, and large quantities are sent to England and America. When it reaches the manufactories it must be mixed with different kinds of chemicals and pass through many processes before it is ready to be made into all these things you see. For instance, these overshoes. After the rubber is made into sheets the right thickness for both uppers and soles, it is passed, with cloth for lining, through heavy rollers heated with steam. After the heat and pressure have fastened the cloth to the rubber, it is passed through the cutting machines. In these are fitted sharp moulds of many sizes and shapes that cut out the different parts of the shoe. These parts are then taken to the makers, who in about five minutes cement them together and a pair of overshoes is made. After being varnished, they are placed in heating-ovens to harden the cement in the seams. When taken from these ovens they are ready for all the merchants who want to buy them.

"These cups, combs, chains, bracelets, boxes, pen-holders, paper-knives, buttons, and knife-handles are made of vulcanized rubber, and"—Just then a crowd of boys from the High School pushed Mamie out of the way and she could hear no more, although she was anxious to know what vulcanized meant. However, when she reached home, with dictionary and encyclopedia, she learned all about it and read many other things about caoutchouc that the kind gentleman had not time to tell her.

**An Evening Prayer.**

BY E. M. GRIFFITH.

LIGHT hath faded all away,  
 Watchful stars their vigils keep,  
 Weary with the cares of day  
 "Now I lay me down to sleep."  
 Foes unseen may linger near,  
 Beneath thy sheltering wings I creep;  
 From all danger, from all fear,  
 "I pray thee, Lord, my soul to keep."  
 Should for me the summons come,  
 Before another morning break;  
 Oh, bear me to thy heavenly home,  
 "If I should die before I wake."  
 To the heavenly mansions fair,  
 "I pray thee, Lord, my soul to take."  
 Thou wilt surely hear my prayer,  
 "For this I beg for Jesus' sake. Amen."

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**Home and School**

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 22, 1887.

**\$250,000**  
**FOR MISSIONS**  
**FOR THE YEAR 1887.**

**C. L. S. C. Figures.**

GODFREY says, somewhere, that if figures do not rule the world, they do show how it is ruled. Figures do not rule Chautauqua, but they show clearly how it is going. Here are a few, and they do not need comments to make them forcible.

The programme of the recent session has cost over \$25,000.

The class of '87 of the C. L. S. C. graduated 5,000 persons, 687 of whom were present at Chautauqua. Over 300,000 copies of C. L. S. C. books are printed each year.

Nearly \$30,000 have been expended in improvements on the buildings and grounds of Chautauqua in the last year.

Over sixty different lecturers have appeared on the platform this season.

The session included fifty-eight days, averaging four public entertainments per day, or two hundred and thirty-two in all, excepting Sundays. The

number of people who have been on the grounds this year is estimated at over 100,000. From the beginning till now there has been enrolled in the C. L. S. C. nearly one hundred and twenty thousand persons. Of those pursuing C. L. S. C. study, there is a large number in addition to that figure, perhaps seventy-five thousand more. These facts we know from the reports of circles to the office, from the sale of C. L. S. C. books, and from the circulation of *The Chautauquan*. At this time, including this year's graduating class, there are from seventy-five to ninety thousand reading the course.

There is a growing *esprit de corps* here and everywhere. I find enthusiastic Chautauquans all over the country. You would be surprised to hear the testimonies I get from pastors as to the help they derive from the C. L. S. C. in their church work.

In some instances, as in Chicago and Boston, we have had meetings of C. L. S. C. members alone with as many as eight hundred present.

President Lewis Miller says: "The solid educated people of the country are recognizing Chautauqua as a power. They see that it is in no way letting down the standard of education. The fact is the colleges are beginning to understand that this work is helping them. The trend of the C. L. S. C. is to promote higher education. These fathers and mothers taking the course will be ten times more anxious to give their children the best educational advantages. Then, too, I am glad and encouraged when I see how people from great distances show their appreciation of our work by cheerfully incurring the expense of a long journey to get here, and go away to return next year, and to speak good words for us in the meantime. No doubt Chautauqua will be better appreciated near and far when everybody knows the spirit of the institution, that there is no mercenary motive here, but everything is for the welfare of humanity."  
 —Chautauqua Herald.

**How the Scott Act Works.**

At a recent meeting of the Ontario Alliance, Mayor Howland said: "The consumption of beer, wine and spirits in Canada was 3 1/2 gallons per head per annum, the smallest of any country in the world. The people of British Columbia consumed 7 1/2 gallons, more than twice the average for the whole of Canada, because they were a rum-ridden community. In Ontario the average was 4 1/2 gallons. In Quebec, which was largely under parish Prohibition, it was 3 1/2 gallons. In Manitoba and the North-West it was 2 1/2 gallons, the North-West being subject to a Prohibitory law. In New Brunswick, where 10 out of 18 counties had adopted the Scott Act, it was 1 1/2 gallons. In Nova Scotia, still more largely under the Scott Act, it was 1 1/4 gallons, and in Prince Edward Island, wholly



CRUELY CHECKED.

under the Scott Act, it was a little over three-quarters of a gallon. Here was another piece of evidence from the counties in which the Scott Act went into operation on May 1st, 1885—Bruce, Dufferin, Dundas, Stormont and Glengarry, Huron, Norfolk, Oxford, Renfrew and Simcoe. The convictions for drunkenness were as follows: In 1884, under license, 211; in 1885, under half a year of Scott Act, 74—a decrease of 150 per cent.; in 1886, 81, or nine for each county. In the counties where the Scott Act went into operation on May 1st, 1886, there were 500 convictions in 1884, 399 in 1885, the year in which the agitation was going on, and in the next year, with half a year of Scott Act, there were only 200. On the other hand, in the counties under license the convictions had increased from 2,248 in 1884 to 2,346 in 1885 and 2,314 in 1886. He did not think these figures left any room for the contention that there was more liquor drunk with the Scott Act than without it. Common sense told him that "the less you have of a thing the less you have of it."

**Fruits of Missionary Labour.**

THE Rev. John McDougall writes thus of a missionary service in the far North: "Truly, it was good to be there and witness the fruit of earnest missionary toil. Yonder sits John Hunter, once the savage, and in my knowledge of him was forcibly deterred from killing his own mother; now he is one of our most consistent local preachers. Over there sits A-pou, who, when I first struck the Wood Cree Camp, was the most inveterate gambler in it. Today he is Pa-kan's "Sweet singer in Israel" and the missionary's standby. Why, here is Pa-kan himself. When I first saw him he was the wildest-looking Indian on the plains, and here he sits before me, his whole being moving with emotion as we tell of "Jesus and his love." All over the church I can recognize men and women who, when I first saw them, were decked out in all the paraphernalia of heathenism and barbarism, and the

outside was but a feeble index of the worse inside. How changed to-day! how earnestly they listen, how fervently they sing. How manifest their appearance and present surroundings that they have turned from darkness unto light. In the presence of such



COMFORTABLE—NO CHECK.

a scene one "forgets all time, and toil and care," and we seem to breathe for a while the atmosphere of the "presence of the angels of God" as they joy over the converted sinner. Amen! Let this glorious work move on until "All the people shall praise thee, O Lord."

**The First Sight of the Blind.**

AN old negro woman in Pennsylvania, who was born blind, has recently received her sight by the removal of the cataract. When the bandage was first removed, the patient started violently, and cried out as with fear, and for a moment was quite nervous from the effects of the shock. For the first time in her life she looked upon the earth. The first thing she noticed was a little flock of sparrows. In relating her experience to a reporter she said that she thought they were teacups, although strange to say, a few moments afterwards she readily distinguished a watch which was shown her. It is supposed that this recognition was owing to the fact that she heard its ticking. The blaze from the lamp excited the most lively surprise in her mind. She had no idea what it was, and when it was brought near her wanted to pick it up. When night approached upon the day when she first used her eyes she was in a fright, fearing that she was losing the sight which she had so wonderfully found after sixty years of darkness.

PROHIBITION as a principle is now, we are glad to say, larger than any political party. It will crystallize soon. The party which carries it, it will carry, and the party against whom it arrays itself will be ground to powder; and it will be no great loss.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.



NATURAL AND BEAUTIFUL.

### The Temperance Banner.

UNFURL the temperance banner  
And fling it to the breeze,  
And let the glad hosanna  
Sweep over land and seas.  
To God be all the glory  
For what we now behold,  
And let the pleasing story  
In every ear be told.

The drunkard may not perish  
In Alcohol's domain,  
But wife and children cherish  
Within his home again.  
With sober men, repenting,  
He bows at Jesus' feet,  
His iron heart relenting  
Before the mercy-seat.

The blaze is brightly burning  
In this and every land,  
And multitudes are turning  
To join the temperance band.  
The light of God comes shining  
To many a soul unblest:  
Ere long its beams combining  
With stream from east to west.

Soon will a brighter morrow  
Succeed this glorious day,  
When drunkenness and sorrow  
Far distant fly away.  
Then lift the temperance banner  
And fling it to the breeze,  
And let the glad hosanna  
Sweep over land and seas.

### The Cruel Over-Check Rein.

THE main obstacle to a speedy reform in the cruelty now practised by the use of the over-check rein is that for the most part its stronghold is among the wealthy and fashionable classes. Without bestowing a moment's attention on the welfare of the poor animals, people who have been taught to regard a restless champing of the bit, an impatient tossing of the head and pawing of the forefoot as signs of breed and elegance, never stop to consider how these results are produced.

And the poor animals in charging their position from a stationary to a moving one, though the change itself may bring momentary relief, their sufferings are in no wise really changed. They only pass from one form of torture to another. This can be seen by any one who will watch the unnatural gait into which the high over-check forces them. They undoubtedly step high enough, and so would a man whose head was pulled backward till it rested between his shoulder-blades

and he could see nothing lower than the house-tops. But it is a most unnatural sort of gait, brought about by a most brutal cause. Every particle of grace of movement which a well bred horse shows in action has disappeared, and in its place there is an outward flinging of the hoofs and an uncertainty of footing that is a positive danger to those



UNNATURAL—CRUEL.

riding behind. The horse in such cases cannot stop with certainty; he feels himself deprived of his strength and self-confidence and a very few months of constant work under a rigid system of high over checking will injure his gait to such an extent as to seriously affect his value. These effects make the horse uncomfortable, and he becomes restless and irritable; in fact his head aches and pains him, and he gets many a violent jag and blow just because the driver cannot understand the cause of his restlessness.

### Prohibition in Georgia.

TAKE the famous case of Atlanta. Here was a city of 60,000 inhabitants that boldly entered this contest, and while not at all regardless of consequences, was yet willing to meet them. Perhaps as much as a million of dollars were invested in the liquor trade by her citizens, among whom were men of most exemplary character and high respectability. The houses for dribbling out the pestilence numbered, probably, 150; and liquor selling and liquor drinking had about as fair prospects in Atlanta as one would easily find in any other city of like population. The nerves and faith of temperance men were severely tried by the predictions of the ruin that was to "follow fast and follow faster" upon the triumphs of sobriety and the suppression of that chief boon among "human rights," the privilege of becoming intoxicated whenever it so pleased. Notwithstanding these fearful vaticinations, the friends of temperance took the risk of all the harm that was to come of doing right, and making men better, and rendering unhappy women and children more resigned to their lot. The victory achieved at the polls did not end by any means the labours of the Atlanta prohibitionists. For months after the contest closed, these wearied toilers

were kept busy answering inquiries from every part of the Union as to the extent of the material damage which followed the city's exclusion of the liquor traffic. The old argument, killed as it had been by the facts of the case, was constantly resurrected, and was made to do service in many a succeeding temperance campaign. The tale of Atlanta's downfall, Atlanta's expelled capital, her empty stores, and her coming desolation was dinned into the ears of the friends and foes of temperance reform until men's patience was exhausted. —*Senator Colquitt in New Princeton Review for September.*

### A Balloon Experience.

FROM an article on "Amateur Ballooning" in the *Century* we quote as follows: "As nearly as could be judged, I was more than a mile high, and all sounds from the earth had ceased. There was a death-like silence which was simply awful. It seemed to my overstrained nerves to forebode disaster. The ticking of the watch in my pocket sounded like a trip-hammer. I could feel the blood as it shot through the veins of my head and arms. My straw hat and the willow ear snapped and cracked, being contracted by the evaporation of the moisture in them and by the fast-cooling temperature. I was compelled to breathe a little quicker than usual on account of the rarity of the atmosphere. I became sensible of a loud, monotonous hum in my ears, pitched about on middle C of the piano, which seemed to bore into my head from each side, meeting in the centre with a pop; then for an instant my head would be clear, when the same experience would be repeated. By throwing out small pieces of tissue paper I saw that the balloon was still rapidly ascending. While debating with myself as to the advisability of pulling the valve-rope (I was afraid to touch it for fear it would break) and discharging some gas, the earth was lost sight of, and the conviction was forced upon me that this must be the clouds! It made me dizzy to think of it. Above, below, and upon all sides was a dense, damp, chilly fog. Upon looking closer, large drops of rain could be seen, silently falling down out of sight into what seemed bottomless space.

"I was alone, a mile from the earth, in the midst of a rain-cloud and the silence of the grave. Moreover, I had sole charge of the balloon; if it had not been for this fact I could have taken a little comfort, as I had no confidence in my ability to manage it. A rain-storm upon earth is accompanied by noise; the patter of the rain upon the houses, trees, and walks always attends the storm; while here, although the drops were large, they could not be heard falling upon the balloon or its belongings. Silence reigned supreme. The quiet spoken of by Dr. Kane and other Arctic explorers as existing in the northern regions, was a hubbub be-

side this place. More tissue-paper was thrown out; seeing that it seemed to ascend, I knew that the apparatus was slowly descending, being brought down by the weight of rain upon it. Soon the earth was in view. How peaceful and quiet it looked! Immediately the whistling of railroad trains could be heard.

"Now mountains could be distinguished from valleys, and the cawing of frightened crows, and the shouting of men could be heard. I passed immediately over Tallecott Mountain tower, where there were some two hundred people enjoying the day. I could plainly hear one of them blowing a horn. As the balloon slowly descended men could be seen running from all sides towards the place of landing. Now the hum of insects could be heard, and the grapnel, with a hundred feet of rope attached, was thrown out; it soon struck the ground, and dragged lazily along through the turf and over the stones without getting a secure hold. I approached a man weighing three hundred pounds, who was sitting upon a stone wall all out of breath from running. Without the formality of an introduction I asked him to 'catch on to that anchor and stop the business.' With a woe-begone look upon his honest face and an ominous shake of the head he replied: 'It's no use, young fellow; I can't work my bellows.' But as the rope twitched along near him, he fell upon it, and my journey was ended."

### The Breton Sailors' Prayer.

How beautiful is that simple prayer which, it is said, the Breton sailors are wont to utter when launching out upon the heaving ocean: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small, and Thy ocean is so wide!" For God is just the same upon the waters as he is upon the land; the sea is his and he made it; though tempests come and in the wilderness of fierce floods death yawns blackly on every side, his power that stilled the turbulent sea of Genesaret can deliver his children from the wildest war of winds and waves. The prayer of the Breton mariner becomes the prayer of every soul that has learned to revere, to obey, and to trust: "Keep me, my God; I am so weak and thou so mighty; put underneath me thine everlasting arms and I shall be upheld!"

*The Voice* sends forth no uncertain sound touching the great issue before the nation. In an article, "Shall we give High License a Trial?" the editor closes thus: "Let us all, with one voice, and that a stentorian one, give the nation to understand that the temperance agitation will not be allowed to crystallize itself around any point short of outlawry for the saloon. Let us give them to understand once for all that we propose to hit license wherever we see it, and however we see it."

## King Alcohol.

BY THOMAS ELMES.

PREPARE! for I come on sirocco wing;  
I come, I come, saith the Alcohol King,  
From the fiery bed of the hottest hell,  
To revel awhile where mankind do dwell;  
The last of my feast I will make the best  
In the far-famed realms of this smiling west.  
For oh! rich and rare shall the banquet be  
On which I will feed in this land, saith he.

I come as a blast of the hot simoom,  
To wither the flowers in their youthful bloom,  
To level the heads of the homes of state,  
To affix a hand on each castle gate.  
High halls shall ring with my loud alarm;  
I will ruin the son in his mother's arms;  
And the father's heart, in its lone despair,  
Shall ask the Alcohol King for its heir!

I will wreath the snare of my blandest smile  
In the taverns dark, and saloons vile,  
I will creep along through the dwellings lone,  
Where sorrow and famine and filth are  
known,  
Where the hungry mother with bloodshot eye  
Mourns not that her starving child should  
die;  
The child shall die, but my fiendish hate  
Shall dance on its grave by the churchyard  
gate.

From there will I where love-cords are  
strong,  
And snap them asunder, though woven so  
long;  
I revel in cursing the human race,  
And bringing all to the lowest disgrace,  
Till I bring many through the fiery gates.  
And Satan and I will close the gates,  
Prepare! for I come on sirocco wing—  
I come, I come, saith the Alcohol King,  
PRINCETON, ONT.

## THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

## XIII.

THESE last weeks have been full of events. Uncle Beauchamp died rather suddenly two months since. The shock of his death brought on a slight attack of paralysis on Aunt Beauchamp, which has disabled her from entering any more into society.

Cousin Evelyn is left in possession of a large fortune, bequeathed for her sole use, on her father's death, by the will of her paternal grandmother. She has announced her intention of paying us a visit. Aunt Beauchamp keeps recurring, like a sick child, to a promise mother made her of coming to nurse her if ever she should need it. And since it is impossible for mother to leave home, the doctors (Evelyn writes) think that difficult as the journey is, the most probable chance of recovery is for her mother to come for a time to us if we can receive her. Mother's tender and quiet nursing may restore her shattered nerves, or at least soothe them. Betty's anticipations of this visit are not bright. A fine London man and maid, and an old madam, who (she has heard) paints her face (which no one ever did in the Bible except Jezebel), are very serious apprehensions to Betty.

Indeed, she said to-day, it was quite enough, in her opinion, to account for all the evil signs and tokens; so that, she admits, there is some comfort even

in such an upset as this, for such sights and sounds might have boded worse.

Betty's spirits are much relieved, now that our visitors have come, by discovering that the "London man" turns out to be a Methodist collier lad, promoted by Evelyn to the dignity of groom; that my aunt's woman, Mrs. Sims, is entirely engrossed with her mistress; that my poor aunt herself has relinquished the rouge; and that, in a very short time, the whole party are to emigrate from our place to the parsonage.

For Evelyn has bought the next presentation of the living for Hugh, for which, she says, we owe her no thanks, as she intends ruthlessly to rob us of the parsonage, and to convert it, with the exception of such rooms as she and her mother want, into an orphan-house for some destitute little girls she has discovered in London, for whom she believes the great hope is to take them quite out of reach of their bad relations, into such a new world as this will be to them.

We, she says, are to struggle on as we can in the old house. She insists, however, on repairing or rebuilding the fallen side of the old court, in which are situated the rooms formerly appropriated to us. The masons and carpenters are at work already.

Evelyn is altogether graver and gentler and more peaceable than I ever saw her. Her strong will seems to find its true element in action, and no more drives her restlessly against other people's wills, merely by way of exercise. At the same time she seems to me more of a queen than ever; and I delight to watch how instinctively every one yields to her control—every one except poor Aunt Beauchamp; and in her sick-chamber I love to watch Evelyn better than anywhere else. The paralytic stroke, bereavement, and change of circumstances have brought a vague irritation and sense of helpless opposition into my poor aunt's brain, very sad to see; and this chiefly vents itself on Evelyn. She seems to feel as if something, she knows not what, were always preventing her doing what she wishes; and when Evelyn appears, this tyrannical something seems to represent itself to her as poor Evelyn's will. At times she blames and reproaches Evelyn as if she were a wilful child. At other times she weeps and wrings her hands, and entreats as if she herself were the child and Evelyn the harsh guardian, to be allowed to do some impossible thing or other. And Evelyn, so strong and commanding elsewhere, by that sick-bed is tender and yielding and patient with every sick fancy. Now and then, after a paroxysm of fretting and complaining, she is rewarded by a few tender words of love and thanks, as a gleam of clearer light breaks over the poor troubled brain. And at such times it is always as to a little child Aunt Beauchamp speaks to her, calling her old, tender

nursery names, long disused, at which poor Evelyn's eyes fill with tears.

The doctors say this form of the disease will probably pass; and already mother's presence and firm, kind nursing, seems to have exercised a soothing influence.

The time for Hugh's arrival is come. Any day may bring us tidings of his ship. Evelyn is hastening the preparation of the parsonage for the reception of her mother and the orphans. Two rooms, looking on the garden, she has fitted up with every luxury her mother is accustomed to: China vases and images on golden brackets, caskets of aromatic woods, soft carpets and leopards' skins; mirrors, with little china cupids peeping round at their own reflections from the garlanded frame: everything to make poor Aunt Beauchamp feel as much at home as if her windows looked on Great Ormond Street, instead of over a patch of garden sheltered with difficulty from the storms of the Atlantic.

The rest of the house is a strange contrast. In Evelyn's own rooms the only luxuries are books and flowers, and a view, through an opening in the valley, of the sea. The furniture is nearly as simple as that of the dormitories and the school-room for the orphans, to which the remaining portion of the house is devoted.

"Cousin Kitty," she said suddenly, as we were walking home across a reach of sandy shore, "I know Mr. Wesley thinks riches the meanest of God's gifts, but I do think they are a grand gift when one is young and free. So few possess riches until their wants and habits have grown up to them, so that after all they are only enough to supply their wants, that is not riches to them at all. Now with me it is different. My tastes are as simple as possible. I have no pleasure in splendour, and no need for luxuries. God has given me riches in my youth and health; and, moreover," she continued, in a trembling voice, "he has given me to see something of the great poverty and misery there are in the world. And also he has brought me, at the threshold of my life, face to face with death. And there is nothing in the world I should like so much, I mean really like or enjoy so much," she repeated emphatically, "as, unentangled with any personal interests or cares, to give myself up, that is, all I have and am, to helping, and cheering, and serving the sorrowful and neglected and destitute people around me, all my life long, leading them to feel all the time that the love and help they found in me was only a little trickling from the great love and power of God."

While Evelyn and I stood together by the seaside that evening, I noticed at one point a bank of clouds just rising slowly above the horizon.

As we walked home the wind rose in those strange, fitful gusts, which father says are like flying skirmishing parties sent out to clear the way before the main forces of a storm.

As the wind rose all through that evening, I began to feel terribly anxious; and I knew they all felt as I did, because everyone made such lively efforts not to let the conversation flag. They talked about Evelyn's alterations at the parsonage, about the renovations in our old house, about father's old military days—about every one except Hugh, about everything except the tempestuous wind, which had now ceased to be gusty, and kept surging up the valley in great deafening waves, as regular and almost as strong as the billows it had been urging on in its course, and whose salt spray it kept dashing against the windows, mingled with great splashes of rain.

Evelyn wished me good-night in an easy, careless tone, as if it was quite an ordinary night, and no one we cared about were on the sea; and mother made no attempt to come to my chamber or to invite me to hers, as she does in any common anxiety. Only father's voice betrayed his feelings by its nervous abruptness, as he came back from an exploration of the weather, and said, as we separated for the night,—

"This weather is nothing sudden. It cannot have taken any good seaman by surprise. It has been brewing since yesterday; and no doubt any one who knows this coast is either far enough from it or safe in port."

But not long afterwards, I heard mother's closet door close, and low voices conclude what I felt had been an earnest parley; and with every sense quick as it was that night, I heard Evelyn's soft step glide stealthily past my chamber to her own.

Only Betty ventured to speak to me. She knocked at my door, and came into my chamber from her own, while I was still standing at the window, listening to the storm.

"Mrs. Kitty, my dear!" she said, in her old tone of authority, which carried me back to my childhood, and made me feel submissive at once. "Mrs. Kitty, my dear lamb, you mustn't stand staring like that;" and she began quietly to unfasten my dress, as when I was a little child. "There's nothing folks can't see and hear, if they hearken on nights like this, my dear," she continued. "I've heard the wind *creusle*, and moan, and scream in that way; I would have sworn it was folks in mortal trouble; and in the morning, when I came to ask, nothing had happened out of the way. So take heart, my dear, take heart!"

How thankful I felt to Betty for the want of tact which made her full heart come blundering out with all its sympathy, so that I could just lay my head on her shoulder and cry like a child and be comforted!

"I'm not out of heart, Betty," I sobbed. "Why should I be? His ship may not have left America yet, you know. It may be in port, quite safe; close at hand—close at hand!"

"It may, my dear, it may," she said; "but it isn't the *maybes* that'll comfort you, my lamb. You must trust the Lord."

"I do," I said; "indeed I do. But he promises us no security from danger—none from any danger, does he?"

"Well, Mrs. Kitty," she said, "I can't say I think he do; but he promises to care for us; and he tells us to trust; and we must—my dear, we must!"

And when Betty had gone I did kneel down, and I proved what she said to be true. I proved that all possible promises are included and absorbed by that one, "I will never leave thee" that all hopes of deliverance are weak to sustain, compared with simple trust in the Deliverer.

I would not blot out the lessons of that night for twice its pain. For, at last, I was able to put out the light and lie down in the darkness, without shuddering, alone with the storm; although the rush of wind up the valley, as gust after gust broke against the house, made the branches of the old elms strain and groan like a ship's timbers, and the windows rattle, and the old house tremble to its foundations. For the tones of an enemy's voice had passed from the tempest. I could take refuge with the arm that wielded it, for me and mine. And this is something to prove; for it would, doubtless, have been easier to have been at sea by Hugh's side than in that quiet chamber; far easier to have been tossing helplessly, as I thought he might be, from the crest of one wave to the trough of another, feeling the ship stagger at every blow of the waves, than to lie there, safe and sheltered, listening to the winds as it surged up the valley after lashing the sea into fury.

In the morning Betty came to me as I was dressing, her face white, and her eyes large with fear. Toby, she said, had just come down from the cliffs, and had said there was a dismantled ship, of British build, out of her course and quite unmanageable, making as fast as she could the fatal rocks at the entrance of the little bay. He was going back to his cottage, with two or three of his class, to pray for the crew; and then they were to keep watch on the points of the coast from which help was most practicable, ready to throw ropes, or to render any possible assistance.

None of us could rest in the house with such a catastrophe at hand. Father and Roger went up on the cliff to join the old seamen and the fishermen already there. Evelyn and I tried to accompany them, but we could not stand before the wind; and it was arranged that we, with mother and Betty, should remain in Toby's cottage, keeping up the fire—taking thither blankets and warm wraps and all kinds of restoratives, in case any of the shipwrecked crew could be rescued.

But that moment on the cliffs had

been enough to imprint the terrible sight on our hearts forever.

Dismasted, helpless, full, we knew, of our countrymen driven on our own shores—the shore they had been eagerly looking for so long—to perish!

Not one of us spoke a word as we busied ourselves in making every possible preparation, or in the still more terrible moments of inaction which followed, when every possible preparation had been made.

Then Toby came for an instant to the door and shouted: "There is hope! There is hope! Don't give over praying! She is jammed in between two rocks. If she can hold together till the ebb, there is hope!"

A sob of relief broke from us all, and we knelt down together. But no one could utter a word.

Soon Toby came again.

"They are making signals!" he said. "We have made signals to them to wait. But either they don't make us out, or she won't hold together. One of them is tying a rope round him to throw himself into the sea. We can see him from the beach. We could make him hear if it wasn't for the roar of the wind and the sea."

Then we could remain in the cottage no longer. Evelyn and I went back with Toby to the point on the beach nearest the wreck.

"He hopes to reach us, and get the rest in by the rope," said Toby; "but he'll never do it—the sea is too wild."

And then, in a low tone,—  
"He must know the coast. He is climbing the slippery rock at the only point it can be climbed, where Master Hugh and I used to hunt for gulls' nests."

He stopped. His eye met mine. "Oh, Mrs. Kitty, take heart, take heart!" he said; "Master Hugh knows what he is about, and the Lord'll never let him be lost."

The form we were watching plunged from the rock and disappeared beneath the waves. There was a shout among the fishermen. Again another; he had reappeared above the breakers. Then again a terrible, breathless silence.

What happened next I did not see. A mist came before my eyes, blotting out sound and sight.

And the next thing of which I was conscious was waking up in Toby's cottage, with my head on mother's bosom, and seeing some one stretched on Toby's little bed beside the fire, but not too close; while Toby and Betty, on each side, were chafing the hands and feet, and the face was motionless and pale as death.

But slowly, almost before I was fully conscious, his breast heaved slightly; the eyes feebly opened and met mine; and the next instant I was kneeling beside Hugh.

They had been chafing and rubbing, and trying every means of restoration for an hour; and it was only just before I recovered consciousness that the first faint gasp, the first pale flush of colour, gave any signs of returning life.

But, as I knelt there beside him, his eyes opened again, and rested with such rest on mine, and he rather breathed than said, so faint was his voice,—

"Aro the rest saved?"  
And Toby answered,—

"They're all saved—all. The Lord bless you, Master Hugh. The waves which dashed you, a drowned man as we thought, on the beach, did not break the rope which bound you to the wreck. Three of the boldest clung to that and were saved at once, and all the rest when the tide went out."

Then Hugh was satisfied, and asked no more questions, but kept firm hold of my hand and closed his eyes. His lips moved, tears pressed slowly out from under his closed eyelids, and an expression of unutterable peace settled on his face.

Before night we were all kneeling there beside him, the shipwrecked crew around the door, while in feeble, but distinct tones, he was thanking God whose mercies are "new every morning," whose "mercy endureth for ever."

That is the way in which God has answered a thousand prayers at once.

Life was given back to the perishing by Toby's fireside, and through his hands. The wrecker's house of death became a threshold of life. The den of thieves became a house of prayer.

And Hugh is given back to me. That was the first service in which Hugh led the prayers and praises of his flock. A "prosperous journey" had indeed been given him—such as was given to St. Paul of old—beyond all we could have dared to ask.

He had reached his native shores in a nobler triumph than if he had been convoyed by all the King's fleet, and greeted by a royal salute, cast on the beach a shipwrecked man, all but dying for those he had plunged into the waves to rescue.

The "amens" of his first thanksgiving service had been sobbed from the lips of those whose lives he had risked his own to save.

We accept it as a token.  
When "the storm of life is past;" when we wake to our first thanksgiving service on the other shore, will there (oh, will there not?) be such a company of rescued men and women around us then?—rescued from wreck more fatal—pouring out their praises, not indeed to us, but to him who loved us all and redeemed us all to God by his blood; not at the risk of his life only, but, by giving it up, redeemed us not from hell to heaven only, but from sin to God.

For the storms never cease on earth. And even when Mr. Whitefield, and the Wesleys, and John Nelson, and Silas Told, have passed from this world, with all the noble men and women who work with them, rescuing wrecked souls from destruction, and chafing fainting hearts into life, Hugh says the storms will still continue, and the wrecks. For till heaven and earth

shall pass away, the work of rescuing the lost will have to begin again, generation by generation, and day by day.

But there is no fear, Hugh is sure, but that with the storms God will send the deliverers; the new workmen for the old work of rescue from the old perils, waking the new song of redemption, fresh as the first, in every heart that learns it fresh from heaven.

THE END.

### Which is the Mother.

You have all heard of the judgment of Solomon—what he did when two mothers claimed the same baby.

Curiously enough, the same idea seems to have suggested itself to a Chinese mind in a similar dilemma.

This is the story:

Two women came before a mandarin in China, each of them protesting that she was the mother of a little child they had brought with them. They were so eager and so positive that the mandarin was sorely puzzled. He retired to consult with his wife, who was a wise and clever woman, whose opinion was held in great repute in the neighbourhood.

She requested five minutes in which to deliberate. At the end of that time, she spoke:

"Let the servants catch me a large fish in the river," she commanded: "and let it be brought me here alive."

This was done.  
"Bring me now the infant," she said; "but leave the women in the outer chamber."

This was done, too. Then the mandarin's wife caused the baby to be undressed, and its clothes put on the large fish.

"Carry the creature outside now, and throw it into the river in the sight of the two women."

The servant obeyed her orders, flinging the fish into the water, where it rolled about and struggled, disgusted, no doubt, by the wrappings in which it was swaddled.

Without a moment's pause, one of the mothers threw herself into the river with a shriek. She must save her drowning child.

"Without a doubt, she is the true mother," she declared. And the mandarin nodded his head, and thought his wife the wisest woman in the "Flowery Kingdom."

Meantime, the false mother crept away. She was found out in her imposture; and the mandarin's wife forgot all about her, in the occupation of dressing the little baby in the best silks she could find in her wardrobe.—*Jewish Free Press.*

It is the habitual thought that frames itself into our life. It affects us even more than our intimate social relations do. Our confidential friends have not so much to do in shaping our lives as thoughts have which we harbour.—*F. W. Teat.*



A Charm.

EVERY gentle deed you do
One bright spirit brings to you
One more angel, watch to keep
By your pillow while you sleep;

Every gentle word you say
One dark spirit drives away:
Makes the clover in the grass
Whisper greetings as you pass;

—Virginia B. Harrison.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

A. D. 28] LESSON V. [Oct. 30

THE HARVEST AND THE LABOURERS.

Matt. 9: 35-38; 10: 1-8. Memory verses, 36-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Freely ye have received, freely give. Matt. 10: 8.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Harvest.
2. The Labourers.

TIME.—28 A. D.

PLACE.—The country of Galilee and Capernaum.

RELIGI.—Same as in Lesson I.

CONNECTING LINKS. We are now almost at the end of the second year of Christ's ministry. After the events of the last lesson, Jesus had once more gone to the home of his childhood, and there had attempted again to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom.

EXPLANATIONS.—Went about. Journeyed on foot, making the last tour of his loved province. Teaching. ... preaching. ... and healing. His work was one of use to some one wherever he went. Moved with compassion. Filled with compassionate, loving pity, since he knew so well their needs. They faint. They were jaded and worn, physically and spiritually. Sheep having no shepherd—Without a nation; without religious teachers; without the salvation which he would so gladly have given. The harvest. The spiritual harvest; the multitudes were ready if only they could be reached; he could not reach them, for his work was to die. Last sheep of the house of Israel. See Jer. 50: 6. The nation had for six centuries been called a nation of lost sheep.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Harvest.

In what respect were these multitudes like the ripening harvest?

What was their danger, except labourers were sent forth?

By what had they been prepared for spiritual ingathering?

Who were to be the reapers that the Lord of the harvest would send forth?

Why were the twelve, or the disciples, close at hand to pray for labourers?

What should be the effect of prayer on those who utter it?

On what other occasion had Jesus said, "The fields are white to the harvest?"

Did the harvest which Jesus had in mind end with his life?

What fact in the early history of the Church shows that this was a true saying of our Lord?

2. The Labourers.

Who were the first labourers?

How had these twelve been heretofore known?

Now that they are "sent," what does their historic name become?

To what did their number correspond?

What was, therefore, their first great mission?

What is there in the lesson that indicates the direction of their journey?

What power was given to them?

Was the power to raise the dead ever used?

What success attended this mission? Luke 10: 17.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

In this lesson is our model. Tireless, earnest, helpful, pitiful, he went about doing good.

Here, also, is our mission. Behold the harvest. Pray for aid. Go. Work. Give. Here is my talisman for memory, "Freely ye have received."

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. There are four lists of the apostles: Matt. 10: 2-4; Mark 3: 16-19; Luke 6: 14-16; Acts 1: 13.

2. Commit to memory the list as given in Matthew.

3. Study the movements made by Jesus and the apostles from Lesson I. of this quarter to the present time. "This is important, for Jesus is now leaving Galilee."

4. Write the names of all who had come into such contact with Jesus that they ought to have been his firm disciples.

5. Find the first account of Peter, James, Andrew, and John meeting Jesus. Also the second account. Is this the third commission to these four?

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION. The missionary spirit.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

5. Is that the only lesson?

No; we learn the blessed truth that God is love; for it was his love that provided the Saviour for men.

John iii. 16. For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life.

A. D. 28] LESSON VI. [Nov. 6

CONFESSING CHRIST.

Matt. 10: 32-42. Memory verses, 37-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. Matt. 10: 32

OUTLINE.

- 1. Our Confession of Christ.
2. Christ's Confession of Us.

TIME.—28 A. D.

PLACE.—In Galilee.

RELIGI.—Same as in Lesson I.

CONNECTING LINKS. This lesson follows immediately upon the last, being part of the discourse at the sending forth of the apostles.

EXPLANATIONS.—I shall confess me. Shall acknowledge me as Messiah and Saviour. Shall deny me. Shall refuse to acknowledge my claim. To send power. He is the Prince of peace, and through him peace shall come, but only after fierce conflict with sin. Sword. Christ's Gospel is aggressive, and must overthrow existing forms of unbelief and wickedness. For I am come to set a man at variance. Not as an actual purpose for the mere sake of making trouble; but that will be the natural result of my coming. That taketh not his cross. A figure borrowed from the familiar Roman punishment by which he was himself to die. He that findeth his life. He who preserves his earthly life. Shall lose it. Shall lose his spiritual life, if the former was saved by unfaithfulness. A prophet. Any religious teacher. One of these little ones. Referring to his disciples. Cup of cold water. The very smallest act of Christian love.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Our Confession of Christ.

What does our Lord lay down as the principle upon which his recognition of us in heaven must depend?

What gain is implied as a result of Christ's confession of us before his Father?

What loss will attend the denial?

What does our confession make necessary for us to do?

How is Christ confessed in practical life?

How is Christ denied also in daily life?

What is to be the end for those to whom Christ says, "I never knew you?"

2. Christ's Confession of Us.

What is the Christian's confession, as found in the Apostles' Creed?

What is the absolute promise of Christ to him who confesses before men?

What do the Scriptures declare that Christ shall be at the last day?

What is meant by sending a sword on earth?

What has the history of Christianity been?

How will Christ show to those who serve his cause that he appreciates the service?

What parable further illustrates this thought? Matt. 25: 31-46.

What is one of the reasons why a believer should join the Church?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

What a privilege to be introduced at the last day to our heavenly Father by our friend Jesus of Nazareth. We can be.

How terrible to be compelled to turn away unrecognized. Some will be. Where will they go?

Can you solve the problem here suggested—loss and gain, here and there? How easy to serve Christ! Only a cup of cold water in the name of his disciple. And for little ones. O think of the little ones everywhere, every day; and Christ will accept the little gift to them. He has said it who is faithful.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Try to picture the scene where Jesus shall stand at the throne of God, and present, one by one, those who have confessed him. Get this as a real thing before your mind.

2. Write ten different ways in which Christ may be confessed in daily life: by the school-boy, the school-girl, the clerk, the traveller, the merchant, the father, the mother; think of three other illustrations.

3. Study all the warnings which Jesus gave his disciples in this charge. There are seven warnings. Can you find them?

4. If this lesson seems hard to understand, mark everything that is hard, and ask some one about it: father, mother, teacher, pastor. Ask till your want is satisfied.

5. Apply this lesson as a test to your own life, honestly, fearlessly, prayerfully.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The judgment.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

6. Does the death of Christ then prove both the justice and the mercy of God?

Yes; in a most wonderful way the cross shows us God's hatred of sin and love to justify the sinner.

Isaiah liii. 10. Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief; when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand.

Psalms lxxxv. 10. Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

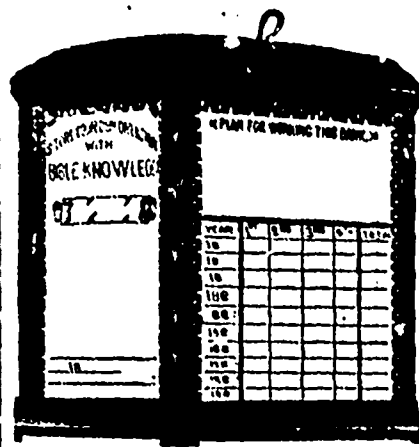
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