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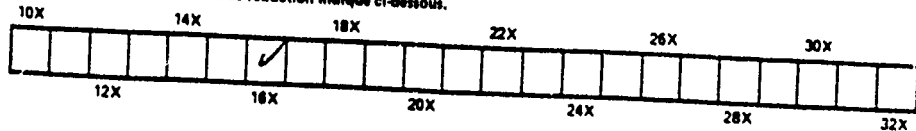
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HOME & SCHOOL.

Vol. IV.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13, 1886.

[No. 4.

Winter in the South.

BY THE EDITOR.

Our bracing winter weather in Canada, while it gives tone to the nerves and vigour to the frame of those who are well, is often very trying to those who are in delicate health. Such are often compelled to seek the more genial atmosphere of a Southern clime. Indeed, many owe their prolonged life and restored health to their winter migration, like the swallows, to the South.

The present writer derived much benefit from a visit to Florida last winter, while recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

It was a very striking change from the cold and blustering March morning, on which I left Toronto, to the summer-like weather in which, three days later, I was able to write by an open window, and was glad to seek the shade when out of doors. As I rode over the Credit Valley, and Canada Southern Railway through Western Ontario, the fields were covered with snow. As I passed through Michigan and Ohio the snow gradually disappeared. At Cincinnati I took the comfortable buffet sleeping car of the Louisville and Nashville road, and in twenty-six hours passed from the domain of winter to that of summer. To an invalid just recovering from a serious illness it was a most delightful experience.

Pensacola, on the Gulf of Mexico, is the first Florida port at which we stop. It has a noble harbour, and sometimes floats more square-rigged shipping than any port in the United States. It is a favourite sail down the harbour to the historic Fort Pickens, Fort McRae, and the U. S. Navy-yard. The principal exports are timber and naval stores. All through Alabama and Northern Florida are vast "turpentine orchards" of the long needled pitch pine. The trees are scarfed with chevron-shaped gashes through which exudes the resinous sap. This is collected and in rude forest stills is manufactured into turpentine, tar, and resin. A very picturesque and rather uncanny sight it is to see the night fires of these stills and the gnome-like figures of the blacks working amid the flames.

There are few more striking evidences of the growth of the Chautauqua movement than the existence of a successful Chautauqua Assembly at De Funiak Springs in the heart of Florida. It was a genuine surprise to find such a

well-equipped institution in what was till recently a primeval wilderness. The lake, which is situated in the centre of the grounds, is one of the most remarkable bodies of water that I know. It is a perfect circle with uniformly sloping shores. It has no inlet or outlet, and its waters, sixty

the lovely lake of which we have spoken. At night, when illuminated with a score of blazing camp fires, it looks like fairy-land. The programme covers over a month, and embraces lectures, concerts, readings, stereopticon entertainments, illustrations in costume of oriental life, etc., and compares not

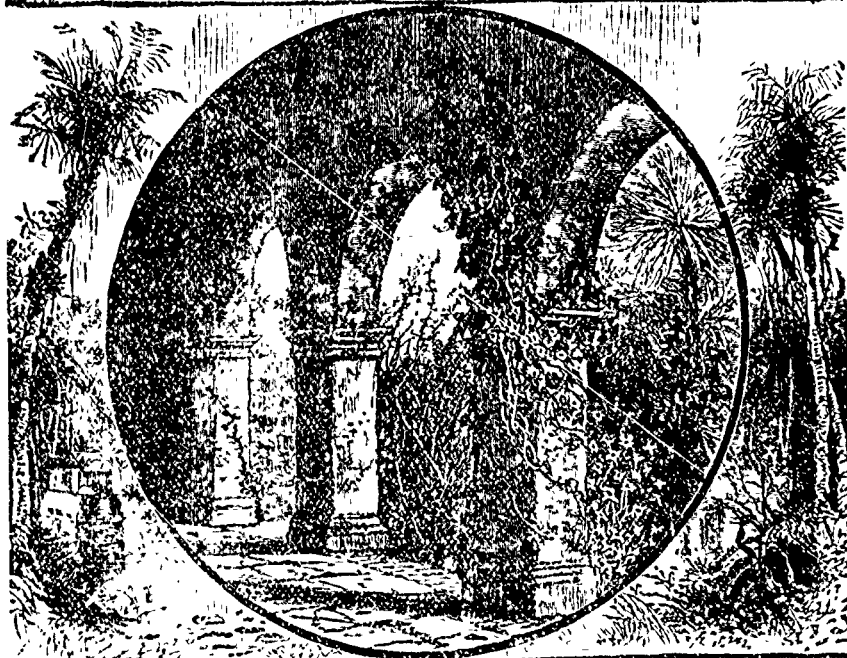
present writer had the honour to take part in the programme. The great bulk of the visitors were from the North, and a great attraction it is to exchange our wintry winds for out-of-door amusements and pleasant company in the sunny South.

The pleasant cities of Tallahassee and Jacksonville are reached by the Florida Key Line Railway. Jacksonville is the great rendezvous of tourists and health-seekers in the South. It is the largest city in the State, its resident population being about 16,000, but probably 100,000 tourists pass through it during the winter months. It is always a surprise to the Northern visitor. On one side of the car is the St. John river, with its palmetto-fringed shore, and on the other side an almost metropolitan city greets his eyes. Fine buildings, crowded streets, and the rush and bustle of a Northern city are something unexpected in a region long considered almost a wilderness.

About thirty-three miles north of Jacksonville is the interesting old sea-port of Fernandina. It was founded by the Spaniards in 1632, and has the finest harbour on the coast south of Chesapeake Bay. The ocean beach affords a remarkably hard smooth drive of nearly twenty miles. From Fernandina the Florida Transit Railway extends directly across the State to Cedar Keys, on the Gulf Coast, through some of the most picturesque scenery of the peninsula, and another division penetrates the rich orange belt of the southern part of the State.

This is one of the greatest lines in the South, controlling about 500 miles in the State and a million acres of its best land. It traverses in its Northern section the oldest and best settled parts of the State. Upon it are situated Tallahassee, the capital, and Jacksonville and Fernandina, its largest towns. Almost every place of importance, Cedar Keys, Leesburg, Tampa, etc., is reached by its Southern extensions, which penetrate the best orange-growing region.

Orange growing is one of the great industries of the State. One scarcely knows the taste of an orange till he has eaten the rich, pulpy Florida fruit, fresh from the tree. At Fort Harlee, on the Key Line Railway, stands the celebrated "oldest orange tree in Florida." This noble tree measures nine feet in circumference about the trunk, is thirty-seven feet high, and has borne 10,000 oranges in a single year. Its age is unknown, but its existence as



HARBOUR, SPANISH HOUSE, AND OLD GATE, ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.

feet deep at the centre, are crystal clear. It is surrounded by forests of pitch pine, whose resinous odours are said to be exceedingly beneficial to weak lungs. The salt sea breezes, tempered by blowing through twenty miles of this pine forest, have a remarkable tonic effect. The grounds are magnificent, 260 acres surrounding

unfavourably with that of the mother Chautauqua of the North. Among the host of speakers and preachers were Governor Perry, General C. B. Fisk, Col. Cowden, President Hopkins, Col. Bain, Prof. Sherwin, Dr. Deems, Bishop Walden, Mrs. Alden—"Pansy"—and many others of less or greater reputation. In such good company the

the only tree in the State of its age and size demonstrates the fact that this region is at least the safest for orange culture.

Cedar Key is the Gulf terminus of the Key Line Railway, and is situated upon one of a series of small islands or "keys" lying close to the main land and surrounded by the deep waters of the Gulf of Mexico, forming a capacious and excellent harbour. The neighbouring island, Depot Key, is principally occupied by the extensive "cedar-mills" of A. W. Faber & Co, where immense quantities of cedar wood of the finest quality, brought from various localities up and down the coast, are cut into suitable shapes for the manufacture of the celebrated "Faber" pencils, and shipped thence to the manufacturing factories. The sponge trade is also a prominent feature of the commerce of the place, the vessels of the sponging-fleets which operate along the Gulf Coast in either direction making the harbour and city a depot of supplies as well as a market for their product.

From Jacksonville one goes everywhere in Eastern Florida. A favourite trip is up the St. John river and by rail to St. Augustine on the Atlantic Coast. The railroad traverses barren pine flats where not a house or sign of life meets the eye. St. Augustine is the oldest settlement in the United States, and its history carries one back almost to the middle ages. It was founded by the Spaniards in 1565, more than half a century before the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth. It still retains much of its Spanish aspect, strangely quaint and in harmony with its romantic history. The mediæval fort and gateway, the narrow crooked streets, the Moorish bell tower, the shovel-hats and black gowns of the priests, the gliding figures of the nuns, and the dark brown and black eyes and hair of the people seem like a chapter from life in old Spain. The indolent, sweet-do-nothing air of the natives complete the resemblance. The most interesting feature of the town is the old fort San Marco, now Fort Marion. It was captured from Spain by the British, and was said to be the handsomest fort in the king's dominions. Its castellated battlements, its frowning bastions, bearing the royal Spanish arms; its portcullis, moat, and draw-bridge; its commanding look-out tower and time-stained, moss-grown massive walls impress the observer as a relic of the distant past; while its heavy casements, its gloomy dungeons suggest still darker memories. Anything more thoroughly quaint and unfamiliar to Canadian eyes it would be hard to conceive.

In the town, the central point of interest is the plaza—as the Spaniard would say—or public square. You have no more than time for a glance at the old alaya-market, and at the bay beyond, before your interest in the cathedral hurries you across the street to the north side. Everything in the interior—the pictures, the pews, the domes, the altar—all suggest an age long gone by.

The grand tour in Florida, which no visitor should fail to make, is the trip up the St. John and Ocklawaha rivers. For a hundred miles or so the St. John is too wide to be picturesque. It is rather a chain of lakes from one to three or four miles wide. But the steamers shoot shuttlewise from side to side, calling at the many plantations and winter resorts on either side. Many

of these are charming spots, embowered amid foliage of live oak, magnolia, and cypress, and as we approach the air is fragrant with the breath of the orange blossoms, and, like apples of gold, gleam the yellow fruit amid their glossy leaves. Among the places that may be thus visited are Beauclerc, which, it is claimed, is the oldest settlement on the river; Mandarin, the winter home of Mrs. Stowe, surrounded by a beautiful orange grove; Magnolia, with its magnificent hotel; and Green Cove Spring, where is situated what is claimed to be the original "Fountain of Youth," the object of the vain quest of Ponce de Leon, three hundred years ago. This is a sulphur spring of surprising clearness, in which I bathed in the open air in the middle of March.

The Upper St. John is far more interesting than its lower reaches. It is much narrower, and is exceedingly sinuous in character. It is one of the few rivers in the world running north, so that while going up the river you are going down the country to ever more Southern and tropical regions.

The trip, however, better worth making, if one cannot make the two, is the sail on the Ocklawaha. The best way is to take the train by the Key Line Railway from Palatka, on the St. John to Ocala and Silver Springs. This run is made in three or four hours—by the steamer it takes twenty. The descent of the river is made in fifteen hours, and chiefly in daylight. The river can scarcely be said to have any banks—the channel being for the most part simply a navigable passage through a cypress swamp. It is exceedingly narrow and tortuous, the overhanging branches often sweep the deck, and the guards of the boat rub bare in many places the trunks of the trees. In one spot the passage between two huge cypress trees is only twenty-two feet wide, and the steamer *Okahumkes* is twenty-one feet beam.

The greatest marvel of the trip is the famous Silver Springs. For nine miles one sails through waters clear as crystal, the bottom, at the depth of from ten to fifty feet or more, being distinctly visible. Shoals of fish glide by us in a vast natural aquarium, every motion, hue, and play of colour being vividly exhibited. At last this crystal stream flows into the discoloured Ocklawaha, and assumes its turbid character. Palms, palmettes, black ash, water oaks, magnolias, and cypresses fringe the banks from most of which hang funereal plumes of Spanish moss, waving like tattered banners in the air. It is an utter solitude, save when a single crane or heron, or a flock of snowy-winged curlews flit across the forest vista.

The chief excitement of the tourist is watching for alligators. One sharp-eyed girl counted twenty-five in a couple of hours. I did not see so many, but one was a huge fellow, ten or twelve feet long. They lie basking in the sun till disturbed by the approaching steamer, when they quickly "wink their tails" and glide into the water. The pilot at the wheel ever and anon calls out "Gator on the right," "Turtle on the left," "Snake on a log," as the case may be. The mud turtles are of huge proportions, and in numbers so great that one might suppose that a grand convention of all the turtles in the country was being held.

The most wonderful aspect of the river is at night. Then on the top of the pilot house is kindled in an iron

vessel a fire of pitch-pine knots which throws a lurid glare far ahead on the river and into the abysmal depths of darkness on either side. The cypress trees thrust their spectral arms, draped with the melancholy moss, out into mid-stream, as if grasping at the little steamer as we pass. Anything more weird and awesome it is hard to conceive. Then the coloured deck hands and waiters gather at the bow of the boat and chant their strange, wild camp-meeting hymns and plantation songs, and one's memories of a night's sail on the Ocklawaha become among the most striking and strange of a lifetime.

The Three Bidders.

An Incident in the Life of Rowland Hill.

REVISED BY E. P. M.

JUST listen a moment, young friends,
And a story I'll unfold—
A marvellous tale of a wonderful sale,
Of a noble lady of old.
How hand and heart in an auction mart
Her soul and her body she sold.

'Twas in the king's highway so broad,
A century ago
That a preacher stood of noble blood,
Telling the poor and low
Of a Saviour's love and a home above,
And a peace that all might know.

A crowded throng drew eagerly near,
And they wept at the wondrous love
That could wash away their vilest sins,
And give them a home above;
When lo! through the crowd a lady proud,
Her gilded chariot drove.

"Make room! make room!" cried the
haughty groom,
"You obstruct the king's highway;
My lady is late and their majesties wait,
Give way there, good people, give way!"
But the preacher heard and his soul was
stirred,
And he cried to the rider, "Nay."

His eye like the lightning flashes out;
His voice like a trumpet rings:
"Your grand fetes days, your fashions and
ways,
Are all but perishing things;
'Tis the king's highway, but I hold it to-day
In the name of the King of Kings."

Then he cried, as he gazed on the lady fair,
And marked her soft eye fall:
"Now here in His name a sale I proclaim,
And bids for this fair lady call;
Who will purchase the whole, her body and
soul,
Her coronet, jewels and all?"

Three bidders already I see—
The World steps up as the first,
'My treasures and pleasures, my honors, I
give,
For which all my votaries thirst;
She'll be happy and gay through life's bright
day,
With a quiet grave at the worst.'

Next out speaks the Devil and boldly bids,
'The kingdoms of earth are all mine;
Fair lady, thy name with an envied fame,
On their brightest tablets shall shine;
Only give me thy soul and I give thee the
whole,
Their glory and wealth to be thine.'

And what wilt Thou give, O sinner's true
friend;
Thou Man of Sorrows unknown?
He gently said, 'My blood I have shed,
To purchase her for Mine own:
To conquer the grave and her soul to save,
I trod the winepress alone.

I will give her My cross of suffering here
My cup of sorrow to share;
Then with glory and love in My home above,
Forever to dwell with Me there;
She shall walk in light in a robe of white,
And a radiant crown shall wear.'

Thou hast heard the terms, my lady fair,
Offered by each for thee;
Which wilt thou choose and which wilt thou
lose,
This life, or the life to be?
The figure is mine, but the choice is thine,
Dear lady, which of the three?"

Nearer and nearer the preacher's stand
The gilded chariot stole;
And each head is bowed as over the crowd,
The gospel accents roll;
And every word which the lady heard,
Burned into her very soul.

"Pardon, good people," she kindly said,
As she rose from her cushioned seat;
As the crowd made way, you might almost
say,
You could hear her pulses beat;
And each head was bare as the lady fair,
Knelt low at the preacher's feet.

She took from her hand the jewels rare,
The coronet from her brow;
"Lord Jesus," she said as she bowed her
head,
The highest bidder art Thou;
Thou hast died for my sake, and I gratefully
take
Thy offer—and take it now.

I know the pleasures—'tis treasures of earth,
At best they but weary and cloy,
And the Tempter's gold but his honours of
gold

Prove ever a fatal decoy.
I long for Thy rest—Thy bid is the best;
O Lord, I accept it with joy!

I turn from the pride and ambitions of earth,
I welcome Thy cross now so dear;
My mission shall be to win souls for Thee,
While life shall be spared to me here;
My hope ever found with Thee to be crowned,
When Thou shalt in glory appear.

"Amen!" said the preacher with reverent
grace,

And the people all wept aloud;
Years have rolled on and all have gone,
Who around that altar bowed;
Lady and throng have been swept along,
On the wind like a morning cloud.

But soon, O how soon, the glory and gloom
Of the world shall pass away;
And the Lord shall come to His promised
throne,
With His saints in shining array;
May we all be there with the Lady fair,
On that Coronation day!

A Word of Caution.

WE do not want to be hard on the young folks, as regards rightful exercise, and recreation, and social intercourse with one another; but how about these roller-skates that are rolling away with so many precious hours of leisure and the silver dimes? Have you looked into the matter carefully—ay, prayerfully? Is there not danger of their rolling away with our good common sense? In fact, coming right down to what seems the truth of the matter, are we not being carried into an excess of "recreation" that is bordering somewhat upon dissipation? Where are the reading-clubs that flourished so before this skating-rink furore took possession of us? Where are the social "sings" and the "students' night," where the eager young minds sought for crumbs of knowledge? And more than that, where are the young people's prayer-meetings? As we said at the start, we do not mean to be hard on the young people, with hearts bounding with fresh life-blood, but when we find universal apathy creeping over our strongest bulwarks of society, we feel bound to throw out a word of caution. When recreation touches upon dissipation it smells the smell of scorched flame. We have but one life to live here; we cannot go back to make more of it when we see that we have handled it too lightly. We want our young folks cheery and light-hearted and happy, but we want also them to be constantly growing.—*Gracious Words.*

He will not forget you, for that would be ceasing to be got. If God were to forget for one moment, the universe would grow black—vanish—rush out again from the realm of law and order into chaos and night.

"Even this shall Pass Away."

Once in Persia reigned a king
Who upon his signet-ring
Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which, if held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance
Fit for every change and chance.
Solemn words, and these are they:
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to match with these.
But he counted not his gain
Treasures of the mine or main;
"What is wealth?" the king would say;
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court,
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried: "Oh, loving friends of mine!
Pleasure comes, but not to stay;
Even this shall pass away."

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield.
Soldiers, with a loud lament,
Bore him bleeding to his tent.
Groaning from his tortured side,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried,
"But with patience, day by day,
Even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue carved in stone.
Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing meekly, "What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay—
Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sore and old,
Waiting at the Gates of Gold,
Said he, with his dying breath,
"Life is done, but what is death?"
Then, in answer to the king,
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray,
"Even this shall pass away."

The Harbor Master's Lesson.

BY H. C. PEARSON.

It was a bitter cold night. The ferry boats, fearing the arctic ice, had ceased running. An occasional tug, white with frozen spray, crossed from one pier to another carrying belated passengers, or bearing messages that would not admit of delay. The wind swept around the deserted storehouses and down the long reaches of wharf, rattling the blocks and whistling through the rigging of the vessels lying in the harbor. The few who were on the wharves transacted their business as rapidly as possible, and hurried away with stinging ears and half-frozen faces. Loafers, "water rats," hawkers, and curiosity seekers had long since left the piers. The watchmen trotted their rounds, and settled themselves between times before blazing fires, glad that they had shelter on such a night. Suddenly, above the howl of the wind, came a cry, a loud, despairing cry, from the water. The harbor master, with his small crew, heard the call and listened. Again it came.

"Help! Help!"

Running to the side of the pier from whence the call came, the men looked down to the black waters. The thick darkness that had settled like a cloak over the harbor basin covered any floating object from view. Peering through it, intently listening, they first heard a faint splashing that was altogether different from the regular hiss and shock of the waves against the piles, and then one of the keen-eyed among them descried the figure of a man clinging to an ice-coated pile, and faintly calling to them for help.

Although near, the wind swooping under the wharf snatched the words from the quivering lips, and confusing them with its own wild shrieks, swept them out to sea.

Bred to constant peril, the gray-haired "master" gave brief, energetic directions for the rescue. Swiftly the men hurried to execute his orders. With the surface of the water full twenty feet below the icy wharf, with the eager waves caused by the wind and the incoming tide leaping up and covering the massive piles, till the icy columns looked like great columns of alabaster, there was no slight risk in descending to the help of the drowning man. Yet no one hesitated. A ladder brought from a storehouse not far away was lowered to the water's edge. The "master," his gray hair blowing in the wind, had been leaning over the edge of the platform, calling down into the darkness words of encouragement and hopefulness, and receiving back occasional moans and shivering cries that told of rapidly weakening powers, — of the fast approaching death chill.

"Boys, we must save him," said the old man, the tears raining down his cheeks. "Oh, that pitiful, pitiful voice!"

Among the crew was one, a giant in size, a man noted for his muscular strength. Winding his sinewy legs about a granite "stay" he held the ladder in a grip of iron, close to where the periled soul faintly struggled to keep his head above the icy water. Only a man of marvellous endurance could by any means have kept alive in that freezing element, swift though his rescuers were.

When the ladder was in position, the harbor master, motioning the rest away, threw aside his heavy coat, and bare-headed and bare-handed, in his shirt sleeves, descended into the blackness. Straining every nerve the giant stood holding the ladder, knowing that two lives hung on his endurance. The biting cold numbed his fingers till it seemed as if they grew big and unwieldy, yet still he held on; the ladder rocked too and fro by the exertions of the rescuer, and seemed as if alive and struggling to free itself from his grasp. With prayer on his lips he clung the more firmly, the blood starting from under the nails of his frost-bitten fingers.

Below, half in the freezing water, half in the cutting air, was the harbor master. He had reached out just in time to grasp the sinking man by the collar and draw him to the ladder. Then came the struggle. Amid the leaping waves that wet him with their stinging spray that stiffened on his clothing till he was clad with a cumbersome armor of ice, he put forth all his energies to raise the now unconscious man and carry him up to safety. A powerful man had the master been in his youth, and now that occasion demanded, his former strength seemed in a measure to return. Echoing the petition that his helper at the top had uttered, he raised the drooping figure in his arms, and step by step bore him up to the eager, outstretched hands of the crew.

Around the blazing fire in the watch-room they gathered, trying by every possible means to resuscitate the figure that lay without the least motion on the floor. Forgetful of their own frost-bites, they worked and rubbed to bring back life and warmth. At length they were successful. A faint,

tremulous sigh announced the return of breath to the body.

"Thank God!" murmured the master.

Before long the rescued man, a thick-set, robust fellow, rapidly recovering, sat up and looked around. At first he seemed confused and said nothing. When he did speak it was to break out into frightful curses at those who had saved him. With returning strength came such torrents of blasphemy that the crew, though accustomed to the roughest language, were fain to cover their ears. At length, seeming perfectly well, and attired in dry clothing, he started for home, accompanied by one of the crew.

"Boss," said one of the men, "if you had known what a vile, drunken scoundrel that feller was, never even thanking you for risking your life, cursing Walter for holding the ladder, swearing at us all as though we had done him an injury rather than good,—if you had known all this, would you have saved him?"

"Ingratitude is a mean trait, Jack," replied the old man.

"The meanest," was the emphatic assertion.

"The least that a man can do is to thank one for such a risk as we ran," continued the master.

"Thank one! Thank one! What do thanks amount to? That wretch owes his life to you. Why, had it not been for your risk, your exertions, he would at this minute have been thirty feet under water, a dead man. Talk of thanks! he owes more! Anything that he can do would not pay the debt, let alone a few words of thanks."

"Jack," replied the master, a flush rising to his cheek, still pale with over-exertion, "there was One who years ago ascended the cross at Calvary and died for you; have you thanked Him? Are thanks enough to cancel that debt? The life of the soul, infinitely more precious than the life of the body, is made yours by the Saviour's death. Your whole life spent as His servant cannot begin to discharge that obligation. All He asks is your heart, and you refuse it. All that He claims is your affection, your service, and you make no response. Is not this ingratitude much greater than that we have just witnessed? You wonder that I was not angry with this poor drunken wretch. Was the Lord angry with me when for years I went my way, refusing His love, crucifying Him afresh? O lad, when I reflect on what the Lord has done for us, and how little we appreciate it, my heart bleeds with a sorrow that my tongue cannot express. To-night I have had a lesson; so have you. Let us each take it home to ourselves. Let us awake and give our lives to Him who suffered and died for us."

In the silence that followed, a silence in spite of the noisy wind and the dashing waves, one heart at least ceased its rebellion, crushed its selfish ingratitude, and became reconciled to God.

DR. BOYNTON recently related that, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts his shell when he has outgrown it, he said: "What do you do when you've outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside; don't you?" "O no!" replied the little one; "we let out the tucks!" The doctor confessed that she had the advantage of him there.

Do You Think to Pray?

Has you left your room this morning,
Did you think to pray?
In the name of Christ, our Saviour,
Did you sue for loving favour
As a shield to-day?

When you met with great temptations,
Did you think to pray;
By His dying love and merit
Did you claim the Holy Spirit
As your guide and stay?

When your heart was filled with anger,
Did you think to pray?
Did you plead for grace, my brother,
That you might forgive another
Who had crossed your way?

When sore trials came upon you,
Did you think to pray?
When your soul was bowed in sorrow,
Balm of Gilead did you borrow
At the gates of day?

—Presbyterian.

The New Year's Call.

A YOUNG man called, in company with several other gentlemen, upon a young lady. Her father was also present to assist in entertaining the callers. He did not share his daughter's scruples against the use of spirituous drinks, for he had wine to offer. The wine was poured out, and would have been drunk, but the young lady asked, "Did you call upon me or upon papa?"

Gallantry, if nothing else, compelled them to answer, "We called upon you."

"Then you will please not drink wine; I have lemonade for my callers."

The father urged the guests to drink, and they were undecided. The young lady added: "Remember, if you called upon me then you drink lemonade; but if upon papa, why, in that case, I have nothing to say."

The wine-glasses were set down with the contents untested. After leaving the house one of the party exclaimed: "That is the most effectual temperance lecture I have ever heard."

The young man from whom these facts were obtained broke off at once from the use of strong drink, and is now a clergyman. He still holds in grateful remembrance the lady who graciously and resolutely gave him to understand that her callers should not drink wine.—Selected.

Hard to be a Christian.

HARD to be a Christian! Of course it is. But whether you will believe it or not, it is a great deal harder not to be one—that is to say, you have a harder time than if you were. You have at least as many cares and trials as if you were a Christian, and as many temptations. Every sad and trying element of human life is manifested in your experience as often and as signally as it would be if you were one of Christ's followers; you thrust yourself inevitably upon many sharp points of evil habits which you might in that case escape; and you lack what a Christian, however feeble and imperfect his success as yet may be, always possesses—the consciousness that his Creator and he are no longer working at cross-purposes; that he is in harmony with God's will and plan for him; that Omniscience, and Omnipotence, and Infinite Love are occupied in shaping his circumstances, so that, however painful they may be to-day, they are sure to be full of blessing in the end. You may not think this consciousness a very solid advantage, but if you had it in the sense that a Christian has it, you would.

"Think of It."

THINK of the curse of it, if you can bear
Thinking of all it has done in the past,
Blighting the bloom of all life with its blast.
Then drink of it—drink if you dare.

Think of the sorrow, the suffering, the wrong,
The bleeding, the ruin of innocent hearts,
The house altars shattered, the love that
departs
As the demon comes bearing his fury along.

Think of its treachery, cunning, deceit,
How it has fettered the weak and the strong;
Think of the dear ones, the old and the
young,
Trampled remorselessly under its feet.

Think of the manhood burned out of the
man,
Think of the hearts shrivelled into a stone,
Think of the noblest of creatures o'erthrown,
Then drink of it—drink if you can.

Think of these things, but be not content,
Thinking will never roll back the stern tide;
Men must to action at once, side by side,
And lives in the rescue of men must be spent.

Noble the work, and if lovingly done,
The humblest of efforts are never all lost;
So be the poor victims and count not the cost,
Till the worst and the last have been won.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13, 1886.

\$250,000

**FOR MISSIONS
For the Year 1886.**

How to Raise the Money

THE best way to get money is to tell
the people what has been done with
what they have been giving all these
years. The story of the India mission,
the mission in China, Japan, or Mexico,
will satisfy every giver that money
contributed to the Missionary Society
will be transmuted into glorious spiri-
tual harvests ripening for the garner of
God. Tell the people that. Prove it
to them. Make them see it.

It will represent a vast aggregate of
toil, suff'ring, and sacrifice. There will
be widows' mites as precious to the
Master as those He saw dropped into
the treasury at Jerusalem. There will
be gifts of poor little boys and girls, and
offerings from labouring men whose
scanty wages are scarcely sufficient to
put the bread on the table three times
a day for the hungry group of growing

children that gather around it. It will
be sacred money. Let not a dollar be
wasted. Let it not be detained. By
the shortest, swiftest route, let the help
reach the need.

**Metropolitan Sunday School,
Toronto.**

As a result of untiring research on
the part of Mr. J. B. Boustead, superin-
tendent of the Metropolitan Sunday-
school, the school has been put in
possession of a list of its superintendents
since its organization in the year 1818.
The list, the years of the services of each
superintendent being given, is in a very
handsomely illuminated form, and hangs
on the north wall of the school-room.
At the top is given a photograph of the
first scholar, the late Rev. Dr. Carroll,
who died last winter. On one side
appears the wooden building in which
the congregation first worshipped, on
King Street. On the other side is
given the building on Adelaide Street,
to which the congregation removed in
1832, and below is a view of the Metro-
politan "church," which dates from
1872. From 1818 to 1822, the superin-
tendents were Messrs. Wm. P. Patrick,
Jesse Ketchum, and T. D. Morrison.
The succession continued in the follow-
ing order:—1823, Wm Carfrae; 1830,
Alex. Hamilton; 1834, George S Bil-
ton; 1836, John Beatty; 1843, James
Hodgson; 1847 James H. Lawrence,
John Parry; 1850, M. Lavell, M D.;
1854, Arch. McCollum, John Holland;
1855, John Murphy; 1860, Wm.
Blight; 1861, Fuller Smith, Dr. Frank
Bull, W. H. O. Kerr; 1862, C. W.
Coates; 1865, J. P. Butler; 1866,
Thomas Nixon; 1872, Thomas Patter-
son; 1879, James B Boustead.

Rejecting a Kingdom for Christ.

A most thrilling story comes from
the dark land of India. A young man
has lately been converted to the Chris-
tian religion, of royal blood. This was
through the efforts of the Welsh mis-
sionaries. The convert has been stand-
ing in full view of most dazzling
worldly prospects. He is the heir to
the throne of the kingdom in which
he resides. He was informed that by
renouncing the religion of his fathers,
he would forfeit his right to the throne.
But he remained in the faith of Jesus,
willing to await events. Eighteen
months afterwards the ruler died. The
chiefs of the tribes assembled in council,
to determine upon the successor. They
unanimously decided that this young
Christian was the rightful heir to the
crown. But they also affirmed that
his new-found religion stood in his way
to the royal palace. Messenger after
messenger was despatched to him, in-
sisting on him to recant. The mission-
aries were urged to have him withdraw
from their worship, that he might
enjoy his earthly reward. A general
council was then held; he was invited
to be present. He attended. The
president put the questions to him.
He still cleaved to the Lord Jesus.
He was vehemently exhorted to be
discreet, and fall in line with his heredi-
tary honours and duties. "Put aside
my Christian profession!" said he. "I
can put aside my head-dress or my
cloak, but as for my covenant with my
God, I cannot for any consideration."
He was dismissed, as one determined
on his own disgrace; threatened with
prosecution and persecution. Firmly
and joyfully he went forth from their
midst; turned his back upon the crown;



WINTER HOME IN THE SOUTH.

endured the despoiling of his property;
accepted the reproach of his country-
men; faced the threats of imprisonment
and bonds.

How much like the history of the
departure of Moses from the royal
chambers of Pharaoh! How refreshing
to hear of such marvels of grace in our
own day! Examples of faith and
courage are to be found in the far-away
ages. But we scarcely expect to see
the like in our own times. The heart
rejoices in the display of such triumphs
of the gospel. The truth is still
mighty to uplift souls, so that they
will utterly scorn the promises and
splendors of earth, when put in
conflict with an interest in Christ.
The life of this hero should be heralded
to the world. Do our young men thus
prize Christ?—*Exchange.*

Good Sunday School Books.

*Katie Robertson; or, Shall Thy Ways
Acknowledge Him.* A Tale of Factory
Life. By M. E. Winslow. Pp 338.
Illustrated. Boston Congregational
S. S. and Publishing Society.

Three Years at Glenwood. Pp. 362.
Same Author and same Publishers.

These are companion books, many of
the same characters appearing in both.
Katie Robertson describes factory life

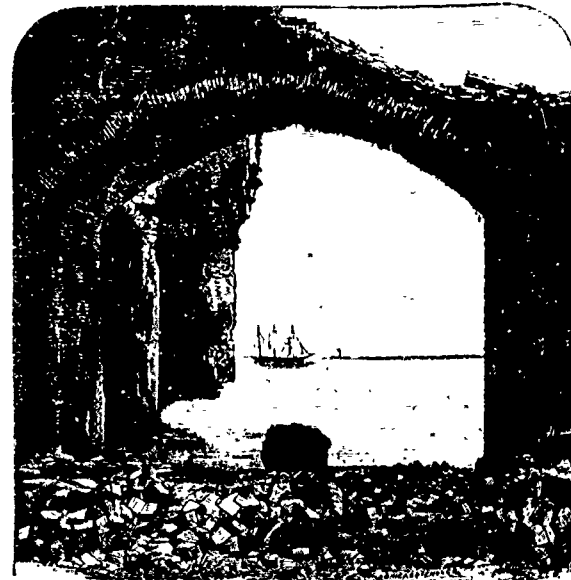
in a New England pa-
per mill. It shows the
temptations to which
young people who have
to earn their living are
exposed, and it shows
also the unfailing source
of strength by which
those temptations may
be overcome. The char-
acter of Mr. James, the
young Christian manu-
facturer, is, we believe,
a sketch from real life.
Indeed, we are assured
that nearly all the inci-
dents in both volumes
are real ones, only the
names being changed.
Glenwood is an account
of a real educational
institute. It describes
the school life, and a
gracious school revival.
Through changed for-
tune, Katie Robertson

becomes a pupil at this school, only to
find that here, as well as at the mill,
there are trials and temptations, but
that the same gracious Saviour is strong
to deliver everywhere.

Cheap Books.

MESSRS. CASSELL & COMPANY begin
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ment which they believe will attract
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volumes, which will follow each other
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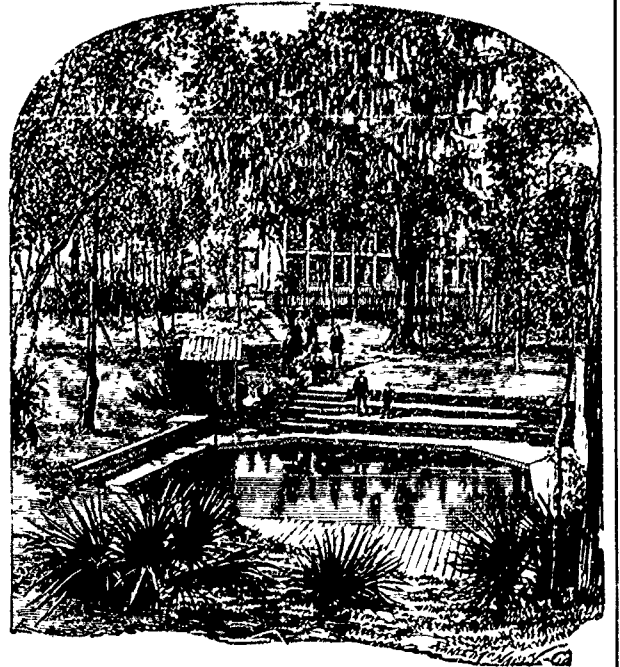
BLESSED is the home where Jesus
loves to dwell.



RUINS OF FORT McRAE, NEAR PENSACOLA.



ON THE OKLAWAHA, FLORIDA.



GREEN COVE SPRING, FLORIDA.

Our Influence.

GET a boy to sign the pledge,
And he will ask another;
The second then will seek a third,
The third find friend or brother,
The fourth boy for the fifth will go,
The fifth with sixth will plead;
The sixth will find a seventh one,
The seventh to the eighth will lead.

Thus are the links of influence strong
For good, and each should try
To do his work and others bless,
And bring the good time nigh,
When all for temperance shall stand,
The children, women, men,
When peace and joy shall reign on earth;
We shall see a good time then.

Lost! Lost! Lost!

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"I WISH you would come in with me, Harry," said Walter Pratt, meeting his fellow office clerk just at the church entrance one Sunday morning in summer.

"I would if I thought I should hear anything that I could understand or that would do me good, but I am not very well up in my foreordination and predestination, and they always happen

to hit upon something of that sort when I go to meeting."

A middle-aged man, who was half-way up the steps, caught these foolish, thoughtless words, and turning his head, gave his young friend and parishioner a friendly nod and meaning glance which that young man rightly interpreted.

"Bring your companion in, and I will answer for it that he shall hear only what he is able to understand."

Laying his hand firmly on his young friend's arm, Walter said,—

"Our minister is not one of that kind. I know you will be interested in whatever he has to say," and before Harry had decided whether he would accept the invitation, he was sitting decorously in the Pratt family pew, trying to remember how many years it was since he had been in a church before.

The pastor's eye was on him, though he had no idea of it, and the services began before he had time to feel uneasy or out of place.

The sexton was surprised by this into wondering what had got into the minister's watch to make him begin the services three minutes earlier than ordinary. The choristers wondered why the pastor changed the hymns just at the last moment. The good man's wife was so struck with astonishment when the text was given out, that she forgot how tired she was, and drank in every word with the avidity of a stranger, and a good many of the congregation wondered what the pastor could be thinking of to put so much power and pathos into a sermon on a sultry summer morning, and the minister himself wondered if in following the leadings of the Spirit, the soul he sought had been reached and touched.

"You spoke the truth about your minister, Walt," said Harry, as the two young men went into the street. "Even I could understand that sermon."

"I should think so," replied Walter. "Lost! Lost! Lost! anybody could understand that; but didn't he keep the

drowsy ones awake! There could be no nodding under such preaching as that."

"Lost! lost! lost!" repeated Harry, as he walked on down the street alone, and all day long he could not dismiss those words from his mind. "I shall get rid of them as soon as I go about my work at the railway station in the morning," he said, but all the forenoon on Monday, amid the click, click, click in the telegraph office, and the writing of messages, which was his especial work, and the answering of questions and selling of tickets by his friend Walter, there was something lost continually. A stylograph pen, a piece of silver money, and at last, an express package.

"I will acknowledge that it is mislaid," said the station-agent, "but it is not lost; nothing is ever lost on the New London Northern Railway."

"Admitted," replied the gentleman whose property the package was, "as far as anything in a business way goes, but there is but one way in this world where sooner or later souls are not lost, and what are all the losses the world ever knew in comparison to a lost soul?"

Henry glanced up at the voice and the words, and coloured to find the clear, kind eyes of the minister, whose sermon of yesterday would not be forgotten, attentively regarding him.

"I will make up a circus party for this evening, the gayest crowd I can get together," he said to himself, "and

see if I can drive that sermon out of my mind!" and he shrugged his shoulders as if freeing himself from an incubus. He was on the street by that time, hurrying to his boarding-place for his dinner. On a corner he passed a woman talking vehemently to a man who was deaf—her husband, evidently. "Johnnie," she said, "has strayed away in the crowd and is lost!"



CYPRESS SWAMP, FLORIDA.



THE ALLIGATOR AT HOME.

It was only the impatient, excited cry of a nervous woman, but it cut poor Harry's soul like a knife. "The Lord is in it," he said, "His voice of condemnation is certainly following me." He said again, "The Lord is in it," when further on, he came upon Walter Pratt standing by the parsonage gate, talking earnestly with the pastor.

Harry never knew what he said in greeting them, and I doubt if either of them could have repeated his words an hour later, but they all three turned away from the busy street into the quiet of the pastor's study, and there, on their knees before the throne, the assurance came that the lost soul was found.

"I have changed my sermon at the last moment a number of times, under just such a strong impression that I must speak the words the Lord was thrusting forward into my heart," said the minister, relating this incident in a confidential talk with a friend, "and every time the reward for following the Spirit's leadings has been almost immediate."—*Watchman.*

She Will Sleep To-Night.

SMOOTH the braids of her silken hair
On her queenly brow with tender care;
Gather the robe in a final fold
Around the form that will not grow old;
Lay on her bosom, pure as snow,
The fairest, sweetest flowers that blow.
Kiss her and leave her, your heart's delight;
In dreamless peace she will sleep to-night.

A shadowy gleam of life-light lies
Around the lids of her slumberous eyes,
And her lips are closed as in fond delay
Of the loving words she had to say;
But her gentle heart forgot to beat,
And from dainty head to dainty feet
She is strangely quiet, cold, and white,
The fever is gone—she will sleep to-night.

Put by her work and her empty chair;
Fold up the garments she used to wear;
Let down the curtains and close the door,
She will need the garish light no more;
For the task assigned her under the sun
Is finished now, and the guerdon won.
Tenderly kiss her, put out the light,
And leave her alone—she will sleep to-night.

O blessed sleep! that will not break
For tears, nor prayers, nor love's sweet sake;
O perfect rest! that knows no pain,
No throb, no thrill of heart or brain;
O life sublime beyond all speech,
That only the pure through dying reach!
God understands, and His ways are right;
Bid His beloved a long good night.

Weep for the days that will come no more,
For the sunbeam flown from hearth and door,
For a missing step, for the nameless grace
Of a tender voice and a loving face;
But not for the soul whose goal is won,
Whose infinite joy is just begun—
Not for the spirit enrobed in light,
And crowned where the angels are to-night.

Why He Quit It.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New York Sun* thus relates the circumstances under which Secretary Garland abandoned the use of intoxicating liquors: He was asked one day how it happened that he, coming as he did from a part of the country where liquor was believed to be used as commonly as coffee, was a teetotaler. "Well, it was this way: I used to drink as regularly and as frequently as any one; but one day some years ago I was walking through our cemetery at Little Rock and I saw the grave of one bright man who would have been my age, and then I saw another, and another, until suddenly I realized that almost all the young men with whom I began life had gone, and I, almost alone was left, and I knew what had carried them away. Well, as I had been spared, it occurred to me that I had certainly had my share of

alcohol, so I made up my mind that I wouldn't drink anybody else's share; that wouldn't be fair. So I just stopped right then and there."

Diary of a Rumseller.

Monday.—Took Ragged Bill's last dime for whiskey.

Tuesday.—Had a visit from Charlie Piper, who swore off three months ago and signed the pledge; gave him three drinks on tick.

Wednesday.—That poor fool Dick Plaster, who gets wild and nervous after one drink, came in to-day; sold him a quart.

P. S. Hear he killed his wife in a drunken rage.

Thursday.—Johnny Slogan's wife begged me never to sell another drop to him. She cried till I promised.

P. S. Sold him enough this very day to make him smash furniture and beat his children. Ha! ha! ha! Business is business.

Friday.—Phil Carter had no money; took his wife's wedding-ring and silk dress for an old bill; sent him home gloriously drunk.

Saturday.—Young Sam Chap took his third drink to-day. I know he likes it and will speedily make a drunkard, but I gave him the value of his money. His father implored me to help break up the practice before it became a habit, but I told him if I didn't sell to him some one else would.

Sunday.—Pretended to keep the Sunday law to-day, but kept open my back door. Sold beer and wine to some boys, but they'll be ashamed to tell of it. Bet my till is fuller to-night than the church baskets are.

N. B. My business must be respectable, for real gentlemen patronize my bar. And yet I guess I won't keep a diary, for the facts look very queer on paper.—*St. Louis Presbyterian.*

The Unused Umbrella.

A YOUTH was lately leaving his aunt's house after a visit, when, finding it was beginning to rain, he caught up an umbrella that was snugly placed in a corner, and was proceeding to open it, when the old lady, who for the first time observed his movements, sprang towards him, exclaiming, "No, no; that you never shall! I've had that umbrella twenty-three years, and it has never been wet yet; and I'm sure it shan't be wetted now."

Some folks' religion is of the same quality. It is none the worse for wear. It is a respectable article, to be looked at, but it must not be damped in the showers of daily life. It stands in a corner, to be used in case of serious illness or death, but it is not meant for common occasions.

We are suspicious that the twenty-three years' old gingham was gone at the seams, and if it had been unfurled it would have leaked like a sieve. At any rate we are sure that this is the case with the hoarded up religion which has answered no useful turn in a man's life.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

A LADY who has been abroad was describing some of the sights of her trip to her friends. "But what pleased me as much as anything," she continued, "was the wonderful clock at Strasbourg." "Oh, how I should love to see it!" gushed a pretty young woman in pink. "I am so interested in such things. And did you see the celebrated watch on the Rhine, too?"

As the Wind Blows.

THE wind blows north, the wind blows south!
The wind blows east and west;
No matter how the free wind blow,
Some ship will find it best;
Some one out on the wide, wide sea,
Shouts with a happy air,
Ho! shipmates, ho! set all the sails,
The wind is blowing fair.

One ship sails out into the east,
Another to the west,
One has to struggle fierce and hard,
By winds and waves oppressed.
Under bare masts, tossed to and fro;
By rain and soft spray wet:
The other flies before the gale
With all her white sails set.

"O wind, O wind, why dost thou blow,
And out to ocean roar,
When I would steer my little bark
Towards some pleasant shore?
What honour will it do to thee
If down beneath the wave
My simple craft and I shall find
A cold, forgotten grave?"

"O foolish one, why wilt thou steer
Against the mighty gale?
There are ten thousand ships afloat
Beside thy tiny sail.
If you would float o'er pleasant seas
Oppose my will no more—
When I blow shoreward, then do thou
Sail also to the shore.

"Yet if thy will with mine must strive,
Do thou the best thou can;
Against my might set all thy skill,
And fight me like a man.
Keep by the wheel, steer steadily,
Keep watch above, below:
Such hearts will make the ports they seek
No matter what winds blow."

Lowering the Lights.

THE train was taking us rapidly along the Richmond and Alleghany railroad, where it hugs the cliffs of North River, following the old tow-path of the now disused canal. It was past midnight.

"We are passing through some of the most picturesque scenery in the United States," said my companion, and by pressing my face against the car window, I could see the outline of grand mountains, their cedar-covered slopes lighted by the mid-summer moon.

But it was a very unsatisfactory and tantalizing glimpse; I only saw enough to make me long to see more.

"It we only could get rid of these bright lamps in the car," I fretted, "we might have such views."

My kind fellow-traveller sought the conductor and asked him to put out the lights, and let us enjoy the wild scenery. Other passengers joined in urging the request.

"I can't ezactly put 'em out," said the accommodating fellow, "but I'll put 'em next to out," and he left only a small unobtrusive point of light burning behind each globe.

And what a world of beauty opened before us! Every car window framed bits of landscape that in beauty, or wildness, or grandeur, or silver tinting, would have been the despair, or the making of a landscape painter.

"How the Creator must love beauty!" I sighed, intoxicated with the scene.

But my design is not to share with you those enchanting views, even if that were possible. Rather, I wish to offer, for your own following out, a little parable suggested by the incident.

We were in danger of losing all this exhilarating beauty, by reason of six coal-oil lamps, which made the car cheerfully bright within. And how many of us turn on the earthly lights of home, and society, and business, and pleasure, and success, and prosperity, until God's higher and nobler purposes of truth and righteousness, of wide

charity to a suffering world, of deep heart communion with Himself, are entirely lost to us.

These earthly lights are necessary? Ay, so were the coal-oil lamps, but it is our business to keep them turned low! The godless, who are living only for this world, naturally secure for themselves as bright a blaze as they can compass; they know nothing of the glories beyond this earthly house of our tabernacle, and will believe nothing.

But oh! the pity and wrong that a Christian, whose soul's east window opens upon the garden of the Lord, should increase his paltry earth-lights, until they have power to blind him to the far outreaching importance of spiritual things.

The remedy? We must lower the lights. Some of Christ's professed servants are planning and scheming to be rich, to add house to house, and field to field, and the glare of such an aim shuts out from their view most of the time the claims of their Master upon them.

Another wants public office, and sacrifices fortune and peace to the hope of fame. Alas, he too often sacrifices also that purity of soul which is the promise that we shall see God.

Many an anxious, self-denying mother puts her whole self into "advancing her children;" is she sure it is the upward road along which she is advancing them? If the jet of worldly prosperity were lower, her eyes would be clearer to mark the safe path for them.

And oh! the young Christians, our hope for a better and holier age—what can be said to warn them that if they keep the garish lights of pleasure at full blaze, missing all the opportunities of morning work for Jesus, then out between the lights when they begin to fade, as fade they must, will come the handwriting, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting!" It we could only be persuaded to divide by two, or by twenty, or by a hundred, our earthly ambitions and desires, we should receive a hundred fold more (of true joy) in this present life, and in the life to come an abundant entrance into the joy of our Lord!—*Elizabeth P. Allen, in Episcopal Recorder.*

Get Up and Try Again.

WHAT does Johnny do when he stubs his toe and falls—just lie there on the ground? No, indeed! He is up and off again in a moment, and very careful is he not to stub his toe on that stone again, or any other like it. That is the way to do when we stumble in sin—in disobedience, anger, the use of bad words, or anything. Because little Christians do wrong, and feel guilty and that God is displeased, they should not give up all, and stay just there in sin and away from God. Why, that would be as though Johnny, when he fell, should stay flat on the ground and crawl after that, instead of walking. We should go right back to God, tell Him how sorry we are, ask Him to forgive us, and then try not to stumble on that stone again.—*Seb.*

A YANKEE, who had never paid more than a shilling to see an exhibition, went to a New York theatre one night to see the "Forty Thieves." The ticket-seller charged him three shillings for a ticket. Passing the pass-board back, he quietly remarked: "Keep it, master; I don't want to see the other thirty-nine," and out he marched.

Will You Be There?

Beyond this life of hopes and fears,
Beyond this world of grief and tears,
There is a region fair;
It knows no change and no decay
No night, but one unending day.
Oh, say, will you be there?

Its glorious gates are closed to sin,
Naught that defiles can enter in
To mar its beauty rare;
Upon that bright, eternal shore,
That bitter curse is known no more;
Oh, say, will you be there?

No drooping form, no tearful eye,
No heavy head, no weary sigh,
No pain, no grief, no care;
But joys which mortals may not know,
Like a calm river ever flow;
Oh, say, will you be there?

Our Saviour, once a mortal child—
As mortal man, by man reviled,
There many crowns doth wear;
While thousand thousands swell the strain,
Of glory to the Lamb once slain;
Oh, say, will you be there?

Who shall be there? The lowly here,
All those who serve the Lord with fear,
The world's proud mockery dare;
Who by the Holy Spirit led,
Reject the narrow way to tread—
These, these shall all be there.

Those who have learned at Jesus' cross
All earthly gain to count but loss,
So that His love they share;
Who, gazing on the crucified,
By faith can say, "For me He died"—
These, these shall all be there.

Will you be there? You shall, you must,
If, hating sin, in Christ you trust;
Who did that place prepare;
Still doth His voice sound sweetly, "Come,
I am the way, I'll lead you home;
With Me you shall be there."

Why he Came Home so Late that Night.

"MAGGIE, put the tea on and set the table; he will be here soon," said a glad-looking woman as she put the last stitches into a garment.

"Yes mother, and I'm going to make him a buttered toast; he likes it so much with his tea," and the girl looked glad too, for she was thinking how good it seemed to have father come home sober from his work.

"Just think, mother, it is nearly six weeks since he touched a drop. It is almost too good to be true."

"The results prove it, my dear. How different our life is already," replied her mother.

"The best of all is, mother, I shall not need to wear my old dress to school next term," said Maggie, casting loving glances at the dress her mother was making. "No one will call me—her voice trembled—a drunkard's daughter. The boys too will have new clothes. Poor fellows! they suffered all last winter terribly with the cold."

"Poor children! how much you all have suffered. I trust we leave behind forever those dark days. We will try to help those who suffer, we know how to pity them. There is Mr. Foster, he spends nearly every day at Brown's. To think a town will license the sale of intoxicating beverages where such men are."

"Mother, why do they? Bell told me the other day that 'things grow worse and worse, and unless her father changed his course they should have to apply to the town for help.'"

"I suppose the town would rather support just such wretched families than have a law of prohibition enforced and carried out to save the fathers to care for their own families. Maggie God grant, and I say it reverently, that we shall never go back to those terrible days! We will try and find some way to help Bell and her mother."

The clock struck six. The mother folded her work and the boys rushed in from their play.

"Mother, we're so hungry, when will supper be ready?"

"Just as soon as father comes."
"Goody, goody, he don't get drunk now," said little Charlie.

"Hurry, hurry for new overcoats and boots this winter! We shan't freeze, Charlie," cried Harry.

Such a tussle as they had for the next few moments, then they rushed to the door to see if father was in sight.

"Guess our clock is slow," said Maggie. "The toast will get cold before he comes."

"Never mind, he won't scold, for I'll tell him how hard you tried to keep it hot, that will please him."

Thus the impatient family waited and watched.

"Seems as though he'll never come," said little Charlie.

"Of course he will," said Harry. "What's to keep him now, he doesn't drink?"

The clock ticked on and still he came not. The mother looked anxiously out of the window. She thought of Brown's. She was very sure that he wouldn't stop there. Only that morning he said, "I never felt so strong." She would have faith in him. The clock struck seven. She started back. Maggie's face grew strangely white. By and by the girl rushed to the door then down the pathway. He was nowhere in sight. She leaned over the gate. Did she believe that he would break his pledge? Who among all his acquaintances would urge him to drink? Oh it must not be!

Her mother met her at the door. "Maggie, he has stopped at Brown's!" "Mother, I'd rather die than have that happen."

A silence fell over the little group; that silence which is so helpless yet expectant. It came at last, that unsteady step along the walk. The mother thought of her boys. "Go to bed, you will be safer there; and Maggie too. There is no telling what he may do."

"No mother, I'll stay with you."

The gate opened and swung back on its hinges, the pathway gave back its dull sound, the door opened and closed and he came in.

Maggie felt as though all the bright hopes of her life had been snatched away, it looked like one deep sea of despair. Last night her father was a gentleman, to-night a fiend. Why did he not wish any supper? The rum had taken away his appetite. Why did he throw toast, dish and all to the fiend? Because the demon that was in him was a terrible one. Why did he speak such cruel words and threaten to take the life of his wife and children? Because his life blood was poisoned by the enemy alcohol and his brain crazed.

Late that night mother and daughter wept in each other's arms.

"Mother, this would never have happened if the voters of our town had given us true prohibition. Why don't they let the poor women and girls vote? We would save ourselves. Mother! mother! why should we suffer so much when there might be a law that would free us?"—*May L. Moreland, in Union Signal.*

"I'll see you later," said a persistent and threatening collector to a delinquent debtor. "Not if I see you first," was the reply.

Sealed Orders.

Out she swung from her moorings,
And over the harbour bar,
As the moon was slowly rising,
She faded from sight afar—
And we traced her gleaming canvas
By the twinkling evening star.

None knew the port she sailed for,
Nor whither her cruise would be;
Her future course was shrouded
In silence and mystery.
She was sailing beneath "sealed orders"—
To be opened out at sea.

Some souls, cut off from moorings,
Go drifting into the night,
Darkness before and around them,
With scarce a glimmer of light;
They are acting beneath "sealed orders"—
And sailing by faith, not sight.

Keeping the line of duty
Through good and evil report,
They shall ride the storms out safely
Be the passage long or short;
For the ship that carries God's orders
Shall anchor at last in port.

Those Clever Greeks.

If you turn a book upside down and look at the letters, every s will seem much smaller at the bottom than at the top, although, when the book is properly held, both halves appear the same size to the eye.

The upper part of the type that prints the letter s is made smaller than the lower half to correct the fault of the eye, which always slightly exaggerates the former. When the letter is turned over this same trick of the sight makes the difference seem greater than it really is; and, of course, were it of the same width all the way, it would still look uneven.

In greater matters, the false report of the eye is greater. If a tapering monument, like that on Bunker Hill or like the Obelisk in Central Park, were made with perfectly straight sides, it would look to us—for, you see, we really cannot trust our own eyes—as if it were hollowed in a little; or, as we should say in more scientific language, its sides would appear concave.

Those clever Greeks, who did so many marvellous things in art, thought all this out, and made their architecture upon principles so subtle and so comprehensive that we have never been able to improve on them since. They found that their beautiful Doric columns, if made with straight sides, had the concave effect of which I have spoken; and so with the most delicate art in the world, they made the pillar swell a little at the middle, and then it appeared exactly right.

This swelling of the column at its middle was called *entasis*. Of course it had to be calculated with the greatest nicety, and was actually so very slight that it can only be detected by delicate measurements; but it added greatly to the beauty of the columns and to their effectiveness.

Then the lines which were to look horizontal had to receive attention. If you look at a long, perfectly level line, as the edge of a roof, for instance, it has the appearance of sagging toward the middle. The Greek architect corrected this fault by making his lines rise a little. The front of the Parthenon, at Athens, is one hundred and one feet three and a half inches long and, in this, the rise from the horizontal is about two and one-eighth inches. In other words, there is a curvature upward that makes it a little more than two inches higher in the centre than at the ends, and the effect of this swelling upward is to make the lines appear perfectly level.

Indeed this same Parthenon—the most beautiful building in the world—when delicately and carefully measured was found to be everywhere made a little incorrect, so that it may appear right, which is certainly what may be called an architectural paradox. The graceful columns, which seem to stand so straight, are made to lean inward a little, since, if they were perfectly true and plumb, they would have the effect of leaning outward. The pillars at the corners slant inward more than the others, and everywhere the corners are made to look square by being in truth a little broader angled, and lines are curved in order that they shall appear straight to the eye.—*Arlo Bates, in St. Nicholas for October.*

THE State of Maine has been greatly enriched by prohibition. General Neal Dow told us last August that a week before he met a gentleman who, forty years before, had left Maine for the West, and who had returned for a time, and he said he did not know Maine. When he left many houses had broken windows and old clothes in them, fences were broken down, and farms and other places in a state of neglect and dilapidation, and the people dressed in rags. Poverty appeared everywhere! Now the people were well off. They had good houses, which they owned. They were well clothed, and lived well, and had money to lend to the western people. They now saved \$24,000,000 yearly—which they before spent on the liquor traffic, \$12,000,000 directly as the expenses brought on the people as the result of the traffic—and all that, though Maine is naturally a poor State, and has but a small population. Now, similar saving would represent a much larger sum to Ontario.

The Hyena's Prey.

A HYENA found a trumpeter, who had been drinking, lying upon the ground near Cape Town, sleeping off the effects of his excess, and mistook him for a dead body.

This is not surprising, for such creatures know nothing of intoxication; they eat and drink only till they are satisfied, not till they become senseless.

The hyena seized the unconscious man, and began to drag him off toward Table Mountain.

Fortunately the motion quickly brought the drunkard to a sense of his position, and grasping his trumpet, he blew such a horrible blare that the terrified beast instantly let go, and made off at full speed.

Profane Language.

It is related by Dr. Scudder, that on his return from his mission in India, after a long absence, he was standing on the deck of a steamer, with his son, a youth, when he heard a gentleman using loud and profane language. "See, friend," said the Doctor, accosting the swearer, "this boy, my son, was born and brought up in a heathen country, and a land of pagan idolatry; but in all his life he never heard a man blaspheme his Maker until now." The man blurted out an apology, and looked not a little ashamed of himself.

A NEPHEW of the late King Cetewayo has been studying in Stockholm during the last six years, and is now returning to his native country as a missionary.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY,

B.C. 536.] LESSON VIII. [Feb. 21.

THE SECOND TEMPLE.

Ezra 1. 1-4; 3. 8-13. Commit to mem. v. 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They praised the Lord because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid.—Ezra 3. 11.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God disciplines, but never forsakes his people.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Ezra 1. 1-8. Th. Ezra 2. 1, 64-70. W. Ezra 3. 1-13. Th. Ezra 4. 1-24. F. Ezra 5. 1-17. Sa. Ezra 6. 1-22. Su. Haggai 1. 1-15.

DATES.—The Jews returned from exile B.C. 536. The second temple was begun May, 534, and completed after 19 years, in March, 515.

PLACE.—Babylon and Jerusalem.

RULERS.—Cyrus, king of the Persian empire, 558-529. He began as sole ruler of Babylon in 536.

EZRA.—A Jewish scribe who lived in Babylon, and came to Jerusalem for a time 80 years after the return.

BOOK OF EZRA.—(1) It is a continuation of Chronicles. (2) The first part was compiled by Ezra, the latter written by him.

THE CAPTIVITY.—It began in 604, 5, and lasted 70 years. It was caused by the idolatry of the people. Their trials in captivity rooted out idolatry forever from the Jews; as soon as this was settled, they were allowed to return. It produced a selected stock with which to begin anew, for (1) the best of the people were made captives, and (2) of these and their descendants the most religious and heroic would return. The captivity led to new study of the Scripture, and better education in religion, and deeper spirituality.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Jeremiah fulfilled*—Jer. 25. 12; 29. 10. *The Lord stirred up Cyrus*—Probably through Daniel, who may have showed him the prophecies of Isaiah (44. 26-28; 45. 1-4). 2. *Charged me*—See Isa. 44, etc. 4. *Who-soever remained*—The heathen population were to aid the return. *Freewill offering*—The vessels of the temple which Cyrus gave (Ezra 1. 7-11).

THE RETURN.—About 50,000 people returned (see Ezra 2. 1, 64, 65) with 8136 beasts of burden. They took with them 5400 gold and silver vessels of the temple (1. 7-11). Their leader was Zerubbabel of David's royal line. Their journey would require more than four months (7. 9). On their arrival they made a great offering of 61,000 gold darics=\$275,000, and 5000 minas of silver=\$135,000.

8. *Second month*—May. 10. *Trumpets*—For calling assemblies, like our church-bells. 11. *By course*—Responsibly. 12. *Wept*—Because there was little hope of making as beautiful a temple as the former one. The temple was not complete for 19 years (6. 15).

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The captivity, its cause and length.—Its effect on the people.—The prophecy of Jeremiah (25. 12; 29. 10).—The prophecy of Isaiah (44. 26-28; 45. 1-4).—Cyrus.—The proclamation.—The numbers who returned.—The gift of Cyrus (1. 7-11).—The journey from Babylon to Jerusalem.—The rebuilding of the temple.—The delays and hinderances.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—In what country did the events of our last lesson take place? What people were captives here? Who was now king of Babylon? Who was Ezra? What can you tell about the book of Ezra?

SUBJECT: A GREAT REVIVAL OF RELIGION.

I. THE CAPTIVITY OF GOD'S PEOPLE.—When were the children of Israel carried captive to Babylon? Why did God allow this evil to come upon them? (2 Chron. 36. 14-20.) What was the effect of this affliction on the people? How long did the captivity last? (2 Chron. 36. 20, 21.)

II. GOD MOVING ON THE HEARTS OF MEN (vs. 1-4).—Who was Cyrus? What had been foretold of him? (Isa. 44. 26-28; 45. 1-4.) Was Daniel alive at this time? (Dan. 10. 1.) May he have showed these prophecies to Cyrus? What had Jeremiah foretold? (Jer. 25. 12; 29. 10.) Had God been moving upon the hearts of the people? What proclama-

tion did Cyrus make? Who were to help those who would go? What was Cyrus's freewill offering? (1. 7-11.)

III. THE RETURN TO THE PROMISED LAND.—How many persons returned to Judea? (Ezra 2. 64, 65.) How many beasts of burden did they take? (Ezra 2. 66, 67.) What treasures did they carry? (Ezra 1. 7-11.) How long was the journey? (Ezra 7. 9.)

IV. REBUILDING THE HOUSE OF GOD (vs. 8-13).—What offering was made soon after their arrival? (2. 69.) When did they begin to rebuild the temple? What was their first work? (3. 2-5.) What were the ceremonies of laying the foundation? Why did the old men weep? Why did the younger rejoice? Were both right? What glory did the old have that the new lacked? What greatest glory came to the new? (Hag. 2. 7-9.) How long was it before the temple was finished? (6. 15.) What two prophets gave great aid?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. God has power over nations and events.
2. God's promises will all be fulfilled in due time.
3. When God's people have learned the lessons their trials are intended to teach, he will bring them again to peace and prosperity.
4. Those who remain at home should give freely to sustain those who go forth to preach the Gospel.
5. The best power of song should be used in the service of God.
6. In all progress there are some things to regret, as well as much to rejoice in.
7. Let us build up the temple of God in our hearts.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

16. Where were the Jews in captivity? ANS. In Babylon. 17. How long were they captive? ANS. 70 years. 18. What was the effect of this affliction? ANS. It wholly cured them of idolatry. 19. Who was moved to aid their return? ANS. Cyrus, king of the Persian empire. 20. How many returned to Jerusalem? ANS. About 50,000. 21. What was their first work? ANS. To rebuild the temple.

B.C. 445.] LESSON IX. [Feb. 28.

NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.

Neh. 1. 1-11. Commit to mem. vs. 3, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Give us help from trouble; for rain is the help of man.—Ps. 108. 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God helps his people in answer to prayer.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Ezra 7. 1-28. Th. Ezra. 9. 1-15. W. Neh. 1. 1-11. Th. Neh. 2. 1-20. F. Neh. 4. 1-23. Sa. Neh. 5. 1-19. Su. Neh. 6. 1-19.

DATE.—B.C. 445. 70 years after completion of the second temple, and 90 years after the return.

PLACE.—Susa (Sushan), the chief capital of the Persian empire, 250 miles east of Babylon. Daniel was here part of the time (Dan. 8. 2), and Queen Esther lived here.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—The second temple was finished B.C. 515 (see last lesson). Then comes an interval of 57 years, in which occurred the story of Esther. Then Ezra the Scribe came to Jerusalem, B.C. 457, with 1500 more men from Babylon (over 5000 including women and children) (Ezra 8. 1-20). He made great reforms. After 13 more years Nehemiah went up to Jerusalem, according to his prayer in this lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Chisleu*—9th month, Nov.-Dec. *Twentieth year*—Of Artaxerxes. 2. *Hananiah*—Probably brother of Nehemiah (Neh. 7. 2). 3. *Walls broken down*—By Nebuchadnezzar, 140 years before this. They had been partially rebuilt (Ezra 4. 12), and were destroyed again (Ezra 4. 8-24; Neh. 2. 11-15). 4. *Certain days*—Three or four months, December to April. (Compare cha. 1. 1 with 2. 1.) *Fasted*—(1) to express his deep sorrow, and (2) to keep the mind clear for devotions. 5. *Terrible God*—To his enemies. Able to overcome them. *Keepeth covenant*—His promises to them if they would obey. 7. *We have dealt corruptly*—Wickedly; their wickedness was the cause of their captivity (2 Chron. 36. 14-17; Ezra 9. 1; Neh. 5. 1-7). 8. *If ye transgress*, etc.—Lev. 26. 27-39; Deut. 28. 45-52, 62-67. 9. *But if ye turn*—See Lev. 26. 40-45; Deut. 30. 1-10. 11. *Cup-bearer*—One of those who pressed the wine and brought

it to the king. It brought him in close contact with the king, and gave him great power and wealth.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The intervening history.—Nehemiah.—The state of Judea at this time.—The qualities of true prayer found in the prayer of Nehemiah.—How the good man could say "we have dealt corruptly."—The answer to the prayer.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How much time intervenes between the last lesson and this? What were some of the events during this time? To what date do we now come? Who was king of Persia? What great men lived about this time?

SUBJECT: A PRAYER AND ITS ANSWER.

I. THE NEED OF PRAYER (vs. 1-3).—How long was it since the Jews began to return to Jerusalem? Where did Nehemiah live? How did he learn about the state of things in Judea? What was the condition there? (2 Kings 25. 10; Ezra 4. 8-24; Neh. 2. 11-15.)

II. THE SPIRIT OF PRAYER (v. 4).—What was the effect of this report on Nehemiah? In what other ways did he show his sorrow? What is the meaning and use of fasting? What does Christ say about fasting? (Mark 9. 29; Matt. 6. 16-18. (See also Matt. 4. 1, 2.)

III. THE CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS PRAYER (vs. 5-11).—(1.) ADORATION. What qualities does Nehemiah here ascribe to God? When is God terrible? Meaning of "that keepeth covenant." With whom? Who alone have a right to expect his good gifts? (2.) CONFESSION. Whose sins did Nehemiah confess? (vs. 7, 8.) What were some of these sins? (2 Chron. 36. 14-17; Ezra 9. 1.)

(3.) PLEADING THE PROMISES. Of what words of God were the present condition of the Jews a fulfilment? (v. 8; Lev. 26. 27-39; Deut. 28. 45-52, 62-67.) How would the fulfilment of this give assurance that the promises would also be fulfilled? What promises had been made to them? (v. 9; Lev. 26. 40-45; Deut. 30. 1-10.) Name some of God's promises that we can plead in prayer?

(4.) ASSURANCE FROM FORMER MERCIES. To what in their past history does Nehemiah refer? (v. 10; Ex. 12. 51; Joshua 3. 15, 16; Heb. 11. 32-34.) How do God's former mercies give us assurance in present need?

(5.) PETITION. What did Nehemiah ask of God? (v. 11; See chap. 2. 3-5.)

(6.) PERSISTENCE. How long did Nehemiah pray before the answer came? (Compare 1. 1 with 2. 1. See *Helps*, v. 4.)

IV. THE ANSWER.—How was the prayer first answered? (2. 1-6.) Through whom did it come? What did Nehemiah do toward the answer? (2. 7-9.) What did he do when he arrived at Jerusalem? (2. 11-15.) Should churches make a like examination of the needs around them? How did the people help? (4. 6.) In what way did they work? (3. 28.) What command of Christ did they fulfil? (Chap. 4. 15-22.)

LESSONS FROM NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.

1. There is need of much prayer on account of the sins and troubles of the world, of the Church, of ourselves.
2. The only source of help is in God.
3. In the hour of need we should (1) repent, (2) fast and consecrate ourselves, (3) pray.
4. The qualities of true prayer are adoration, confession, pleading the promises, definite petitions, perseverance.
5. The effectual, fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much.
6. The answer may be delayed, but it is sure to come.
7. The answer comes (1) by means of the prayer, (2) by willingness to do our part, (3) by new consecration, (4) by surveying the field, (5) by each one doing his part, (6) by working each one against his own house, (7) in spite of enemies, (8) by watching as well as working, (9) by the favour of God.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Who was Nehemiah? ANS. A Jew of the captivity, and cup-bearer to Artaxerxes, king of Persia. 2. What news did he hear from Judea? ANS. That the people were in great poverty and distress. 3. What did Nehemiah do? ANS. He wept, and fasted, and prayed. 4. What were the characteristics of his prayer? ANS. Worship, confession, faith, earnestness, and perseverance. 5. How was his prayer answered? ANS. He was sent to Judea, and he built the walls of Jerusalem.

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