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HOME & SCHOOL

Vol. II.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 6, 1884.

[No. 25.]

What Geometry will do for a Boy.

BY PROF. W. A. HOWRY.

Now, boys, let us have a little talk about geometry. You know it has been a famous study for boys for many ages. Euclid was an old Egyptian, who lived about three hundred years before Christ. His treatise on geometry has been the foundation for all modern works upon the subject. Plato, who lived a century earlier, founded a noted academy at Athens, and it is related that over its entrance he placed the celebrated inscription, *Let no one ignorant of geometry enter here.*

This branch has been considered an important part of a good education for two thousand years. Yet I hear many boys in these days saying, "I don't like geometry. I wonder what good it will do me."

I once heard a very interesting story about Abraham Lincoln, which may help you to understand the "good." Before Mr. Lincoln was a candidate for President, he made a tour through New England and lectured in many cities and towns. Among other places he spoke in Norwich, Ct. A gentleman who heard him, and was struck with his remarkable logical power, rode the next day in the cars with Mr. Lincoln to New Haven. During the ride the following conversation took place:

"Mr. Lincoln, I was delighted with your lecture last evening."

"Oh, thank you, but that was not much of a lecture; I can do better than that."

"I have no doubt of it, Mr. Lincoln, for, whoever can do so well must inevitably be able to do better."

"Well, well, you are a good reasoner, aren't you? That is cute."

"But that reminds me," continued the gentleman, "to ask how you acquired your wonderful logical power. I have heard that you are entirely self-educated and it is seldom that I find a self-educated man who has a good system of logic in his reasoning. How did you acquire such an acute power of analysis?"

"Well, Mr. G., I will tell you. It was my terrible discouragement which did that for me."

"Your discouragement—what do you mean?"

"You see," said Mr. Lincoln, "that when I was about eighteen years of age I went into an office to study law. Well, after a little while I saw that a lawyer's business was largely to prove things. And I said to myself, 'Lincoln,

and they brought half a dozen respectable men who swore that they saw the prisoner commit the crime. 'Vel, replied the prisoner, 'vat of dat? Six men schwears dot dey saw me do it. I prings more nor two tozen goot

it up, and left the office and went back home, over in Kentucky."

"So you gave up the law?"

"Oh, Mr. G., don't jump at your conclusions. That isn't logical. But really, I did give up the law and I thought I should never go back to it. This was in the fall of the year. Soon after I returned to the old log cabin, I fell in with a copy of Euclid. I had not the slightest notion what Euclid was, and I thought I could find out. I found out, but it was no easy job. I looked into the book and found it was all about lines, angles, surfaces, and solids. But I could not understand it at all. I therefore began, very deliberately, at the beginning. I learned the definitions and axioms. I demonstrated the first proposition. I said, that is simple enough. I went on to the next and the next. And before spring I had gone through that old Euclid's geometry and could demonstrate every proposition like a book.

"I knew it all from beginning to end. You could not stick me on the hardest of them. Then in the spring, when I had got through with it, I said to myself, one day, 'Ah, do you know now when a thing is proved?' And I answered right and loud, 'Yes, sir, I do.' 'Then you may go back to the law shop.' And I went."

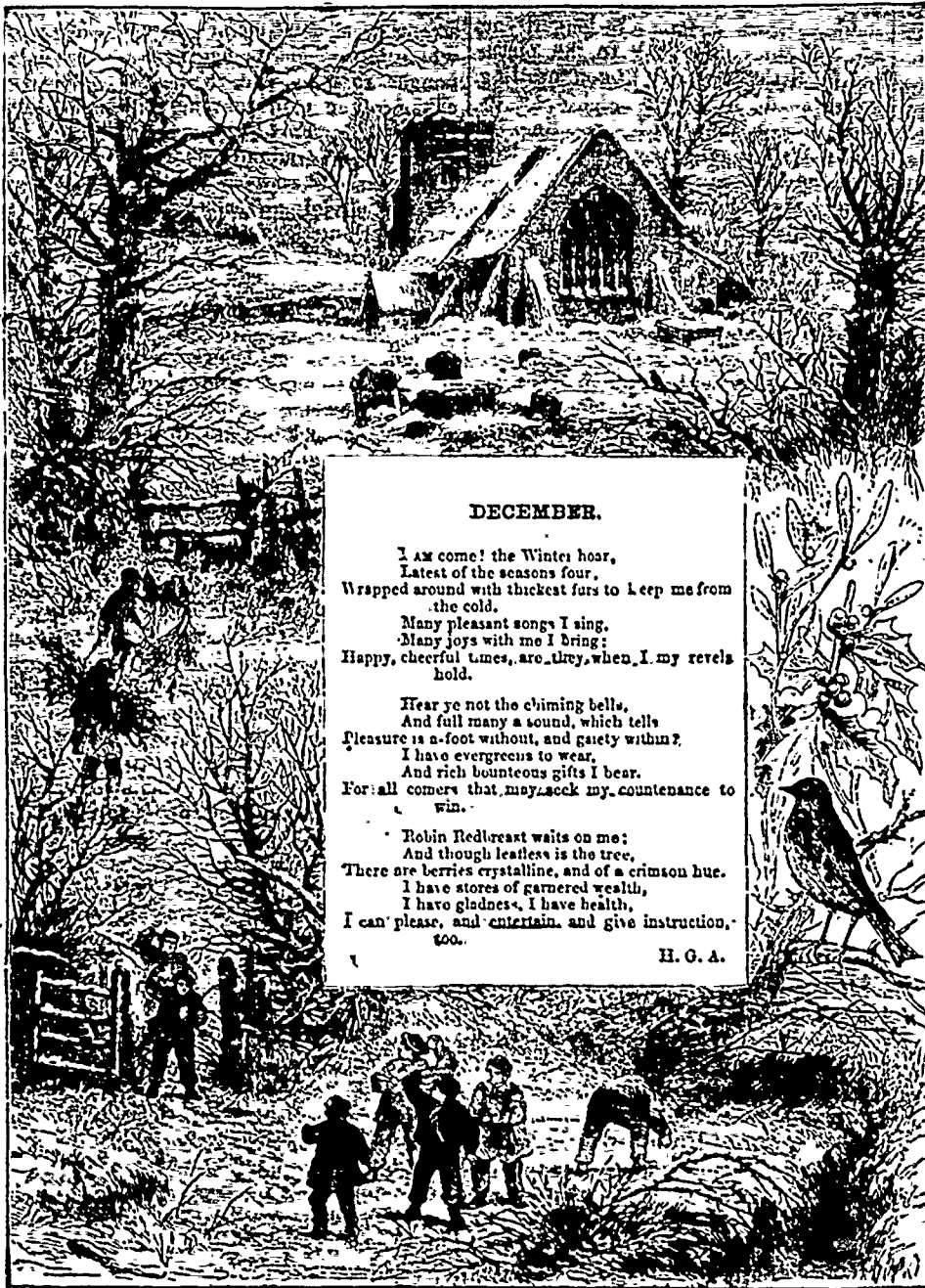
"Thank you, Mr. Lincoln, for that story. You have answered my question. I see now where you find your logical acumen, you dug it out of that geometry."

"Yes, I did, often by the light of pitchpine knots. But I got it. Nothing but geometry will teach you the power of abstract reasoning. Only that will tell you when a thing is proved."

Said Mr. G., "I think this a remarkable incident. How few men would have thought to ask themselves the question, When is a thing proved? What constitutes proof? And how few young men of eighteen would have been able to master the whole of Euclid in a single winter, without a teacher. And still fewer, after

they had done so much, would have realized and acknowledged what geometry had done for them; that it had told them what proof was."

So, my young friends, you may perhaps see by this incident what geometry will do for a boy.—*The Congregationalist.*



DECEMBER.

I am come! the Winter hoar,
Latest of the seasons four,
Wrapped around with thickest furs to keep me from
the cold.
Many pleasant songs I sing,
Many joys with me I bring:
Happy, cheerful times, are they, when I, my revels
hold.

Hear ye not the chiming bells,
And full many a sound, which tells
Pleasure is a-foot without, and gaiety within?
I have evergreens to wear,
And rich bounteous gifts I bear.
For all comers that may seek my countenance to
win.

Robin Redbreast waits on me;
And though leafless is the tree,
There are berries crystalline, and of a crimson hue.
I have stores of garnered wealth,
I have gladness, I have health,
I can please, and entertain, and give instruction,
too.

H. G. A.

when is a thing proved? That was a poser. I could not answer the question. What constitutes proof? Not evidence, that was not the point. There may be evidence enough, but wherein consists the proof?

"You remember the old story of the German, who was tried for some crime,

men who schwears dey did not see me do it."

"So, wherein is the proof? I groaned over the question, and, finally said to myself, 'Ah, Lincoln, you can't tell.' Then I thought, 'What use is it for me to be in a law office, if I can't tell when a thing is proved?' So I gave

Books of the Bible.

In Genesis the world began ;
'Twas then that God created man.

In Exodus the law was given,
As Israel's guide from earth to heaven.

Leviticus, from Levi's name,
The tribe from which the priesthood came.

Then Numbers falls about the way—
What God would have us do and say.

Deuteronomy, which means "twice told,"
The truth, once learned, must ne'er grow old.

Then Joshua came, in Moses' place,
When Law had failed, God brought in Grace.

He next by Judges Israel ruled ;
His love toward them never cooled.

And then, the story sweet of Ruth
Foreshadows very precious truth.

In Samuel First we read of Saul—
The people's King—his rise and fall.

In Second Samuel then we hear
Of David—man to God so dear.

In First of Kings the glory filled
The temple Solomon did build.

And Second Kings records the lives
Of prophets, kings, their sons and wives.

In First of Chronicles we're shown
The house of David and his throne.

And Second Chronicles records
King Solomon's good deeds and words.

Then Ezra builds God's house again,
Which had for long in ruins lain.

And Nehemiah builds the wall
Round Judah's city, great and tall.

Then Esther, Jewish maid and wife,
Raised up to save the people's life.

And Job—his patience sorely tried—
At last God's dealings justified.

Then come the Psalms, whose sacred page
Is full of truth for every age.

The Proverbs, which the wise man spake,
For all who will their teachings take.

Ecclesiastes show how vain
The very best of earthly gain.

The Song, how much we need to prize
The treasure set above the skies.

Isaiah, first of prophets, who
Foretells the future of the Jew.

Then Jeremiah, scorned by foes,
Yet weeps for faithless Israel's woe.

The Lamentations tell in part
The sadness of this prophet's heart.

Ezekiel tells, in mystic story,
Departing and returning glory.

Then Daniel, from the lion's den,
By power Divine is raised again.

Hosea shown the Father's heart
So grieved for sin on Ephraim's part.

And Joel tells of judgment near ;
The wicked nations quake and fear.

Then Amos, from the herdmen sent,
Calls hardened sinners to repent.

In Obadiah, Edom's fall,
Contains a warning word to all.

Jonah, though prophet of the Lord,
Yet fled to Tarshish from His word.

Then Micah sings in sweetest lays
The glory of millennial days.

And Nahum tells the fear and gloom
Of Nineveh and of her doom.

Habakkuk—though the fig-tree fail,
His faith and trust in God prevail.

Then Zephaniah tells of grace,
And love that comes in judgment's place.

And Haggai in the latter days
Repeats: "Consider well your ways."

In Zechariah's wondrous book
We find eight visions, if we look.

Then Malachi, the last of all,
Speaks sadly still of Israel's fall.

A Canadian Celebration, and a Page of International History.

BY A. M. MACHAR.

Just above the old city of Kingston, where the St. Lawrence receives into its noble river-channel the waters of the wide Ontario—and where, some two hundred years ago, the gallant La Salle built his trading fort of Catarqui—a pretty bay is formed by a long fertile tongue of land that extends from the western shore of the lake and shuts in this quiet reach or arm of Ontario. Along its green and tranquil shores scarcely a vestige of the original forest is to be seen, while the rich green fields, with spreading elms and maples here and there, make a cool and grateful shade for the browsing cattle, and the snug, pleasant homesteads tell of generations of peaceful husbandry and rural home life. As on a summer evening, when the sunset tints light up the landscape and the cool slanting shadows grow longer and longer, you sail up this quiet bay to the picturesque little town of Picton nestling under shadowy green heights at its head, associations with any time of conflict or struggle seem remote indeed from the Arcadian scene. Yet its early history is very closely associated with the sharp conflict which rent from England the greater portions of her possessions in the New World and created the United States of America. To that issue these well-tilled shores owed the first settlers; and during the recent celebration of the landing of these settlers a hundred years ago their landing-place has been styled the "Plymouth Rock" of Canada, because—*mutatis mutandis*—these refugees came thither in a spirit and with aims very much akin to those which animated the Pilgrim Fathers, and because the character of these sturdy yeomen did much to mould what was then the infant colony of Canada, just wrested from the French regime. It was, therefore, fitting enough that the centenary of the landing of the "U. E. Loyalists," as they are called, should not be allowed to pass without some national recognition.

Some of them had fought under the old flag and could not brook the thought of living under another. None of them could feel the new republic a home for themselves and their families. Ties of home and of friendship, even of kindred, were severed. Fertile fields and pleasant homesteads in the rich valleys of Massachusetts and Southern New York, were sorrowfully abandoned; and with only their families and such movables as, in those days of difficult transportation, they could carry with them, these staunch "United Empire Loyalists" set out in true pilgrim fashion to make new homes as best they might in the wild Northern wilderness, still protected by the flag they held so dear.

Some of the refugees found their way on foot across New York State, near the head of the Adirondacks, to the long fertile stretch which bounds the St. Lawrence on both shores, just south of the frontier line. Some colonized part of New Brunswick, and one party put themselves under the leadership of a captain who had once been a prisoner in old Fort Frontenac, and remembered its vicinity as a desirable place for set-

tlement. Instead of attempting to cross the trackless wilderness that then lay between New York and Catarqui—a distance now comfortably traversed in eight hours by rail—they came round by the circuitous route of the St. Lawrence, leaving their families at Sorel—between Montreal and Quebec—while the men alone made their way up the noble, but difficult river till they reached, as La Salle had done a century earlier, the banks of the Catarqui and the land-locked bay beyond.

The party returned to Sorel for the winter, getting through it as best they might in that bitter climate, surrounded by a French population, with only the British flag to make them feel at home amid the sounds of an alien tongue. But as soon as spring set free the blue waters of the St. Lawrence and unfurled the snowy bloom of the "shad-bush," their batteaux were on their way to take possession of the new homes on the grants of land made to them at Catarqui and its vicinity. A few French and Indian families still clung to the neighbourhood of the ruined Fort Frontenac, but the new settlers were the first permanent colonists. Their strong arms soon cleared virgin fields where forest giants had spread their boughs so long, and their loyal zeal changed the name of the settlement Catarqui, or Fort Frontenac, to Kingston. Westward up the Bay of Quinte, already described, the homesteads of the loyalists extended, and new parties in time arrived to swell their number.

The conditions of their life for a long time were hard and primitive enough. Some had been soldiers, whose unpractised hands and clumsy axes found "clearing" slow and toilsome work. For lack of a mill in their vicinity they had at first to grind their corn with an axe on a flat stone, or with a pestle and mortar, or else to take a long tramp through the woods with a bag of wheat to the nearest mill. Coarse homespun, dyed a butternut-brown, and home-made cowhide boots had to replace the worn-out clothing of men and women, and squirrel-tail bonnets were the best head-gear the settler's wife could muster to attend the few opportunities of Sunday "meeting." A single minister had to baptize and marry all who needed his ministrations, travelling from place to place in a perpetual circuit. One such missionary, doing his endless work in a truly apostolic way—the Rev. Mr. McDowall—has left a name and memory fragrant with many associations of self-denying Christian labour.

What's Your Boy Worth?

BY GEORGE B. SCOTT.

LAST fall, with Mr. A. B. Campbell, of Topoka, I attended a temperance meeting held in a school-house in Shawnee county, Kansas. After two speeches had been made a collection was taken up to raise money to prosecute liquor-sellers in that county. A tall Kansan arose and said: "Put me down for \$20; I have six boys, and if necessary will make my subscription more; to save them, a \$100 bill would be a small amount." Yet he was a hard-working farmer; but he loved his boys, and as a consequence hated the liquor traffic.

In my late trip I asked a man, formerly a New York merchant, how it was that he had taken such an interest

in the prohibition movement. He replied: "To my astonishment I found out that my eldest boy had taken a drink of beer." That was enough. He loved him as "the apple of his eye." And now every energy of that business man is brought into active service to protect his son from the ravages of the liquor trade.

In a town in Jersey, after a public meeting, a gentleman asked me what he should do to save his two dissolute, drunken boys. A man of means, and living in a handsome country residence, he could not see why they preferred the saloon to their home of comfort. The liquor trade, knowing that he would foot all bills, was only too willing to give the boys all the poison they asked for. He said he loved them; but he never voted for home protection, as against the saloon, on election day. His boys, practically, were not worth casting a ballot for.

I came across a mother in Ohio, who loved her boy so that she would not give her husband any rest until he promised to vote for the Second Amendment. Some people thought she was only a humble, ignorant woman; but she was smart enough to know the value of her boy! You, mothers, who read this article, answer me this question: What's your boy worth? Make the price high, for he is "bone of your bone and flesh of your flesh." Ask father if he is worth a ballot next election. Put the question to him with tear-drops trickling down your cheeks, backed up with a prayer of faith. If you can do it with all sincerity the true value of his boy will appear, and all other questions sink into insignificance.

What is your boy worth?

First: He is worth asking to sign the total abstinence pledge.

Second: He is of sufficient value to be sent to a Band of Hope meeting to be instructed as to the effects of alcohol upon the human system.

Third: He is of sufficient importance for you to know where he spends his evenings and who his associates are.

Fourth: He is of more value than many household pets, and is entitled to more of your time and attention.

Fifth: To say nothing of the value of your boy's good character, he has cost you for food, raiment, and education more than what the average saloon-keeper pays for his license.

Sixth: "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." It will be of great importance to you whether your boy is a valuable citizen or a curse to you and the neighbourhood in which you reside. If he turns out good he will be worth his weight in gold; if otherwise, better he had never been born.

Seventh: Being immortal, he is worth a life's work to prepare him for a happy hereafter.

No license was ever made high enough to cover the lowest estimate that you can put on your boy if there's a spark of Christianity or humanity in your heart.

Nebraska virtually says its city boys are worth \$1,000; altogether too low. New York city puts the price of her boys at \$75; less than the price of a city railway horse. An insult to every mother!

What's your boy worth?

Tell me the value of his soul, and I'll name the price of the privilege to sell intoxicants.

What's your answer?—N. Y. *Witness.*

Just as I Am.

A VERSION FOR THE YOUNG.

Just as I am, without a care,
Finding the world so fresh and fair,
And longing still its gifts to share,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, for Thou has sought
And touched me in my secret thought,
Though I obeyed not when I ought,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, a wilful child,
With selfish aims and fancied wild;
To learn of Thee obedience mild
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: my heart will beat
To music made by dancing feet,
And yet for joys Thou holdest meet,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: I will not wait
Till years have made me more sedate;
E'en now I grieve, because so late,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: the cross a pain,
Afraid to lay it down again:
Because so sinful, weak, and vain,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: Thy grace withstood,
And asking who will show me good,—
Now to be answered through Thy blood,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: wilt Thou renew,
And let Thy grace distil like dew;
And make me good, and kind and true?
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am: wilt Thou restrain,
Keep me from grieving Thee again,
And near me be in joy and pain?
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—no more to stray,
From God and Heaven and Home away;
To give Thee Thine all's little day,
O Lamb of God, I come!

—J. C. J. Ingham, in *Sunday at Home*.

Last Hours of Sir Walter Raleigh.

An article in the *Home Journal*, by Nicholas Quackenbos, has the following sketch of the last hours of Sir Walter Raleigh, of whom he says: "It is doubtful if we shall ever see again such another man; a soldier, sailor, courtier, poet, statesman and sage; a man of rare intellect and untiring energy, who concentrated in his own person the material of a dozen modern celebrities. For Raleigh was one of the giants of the Elizabethan age; one of those geniuses who carried within themselves an almost universal excellence of gifts. As the friend of an associate of Spenser, of Ben Jonson and of Shakespeare—the favourite of a great queen—he is famous in song and story; as a representative of the faults and the virtues of his time our imagination dwells on his character with unwearying interest."

This great man, after a quarter of a century of the most distinguished service for his country and for the world, falling under the suspicions of King James, was condemned to death, and cast into prison. But after lying in prison thirteen years, he was, in 1615, set at liberty. His sentence of death still hanging over him he projected a second expedition to Guiana, and the king hoped to replenish his coffers by it. Raleigh's design was to colonize the country and work gold mines. With the wreck of his fortune he equipped a fleet of twelve armed vessels, and in 1617, the year following the death of Shakespeare, sailed, with a band of adventurers, to found a new western empire. But the ruin of the enterprise was prepared, even before the English coast was lost to sight. The plans he had confided to the king

were treacherously communicated to the Spaniards, and the scheme was miserably thwarted. His son, who accompanied him, fell fighting on the hostile strand; his confidential right-hand man, Keymis, killed himself in despair, and Raleigh returned to England broken-hearted. His letters to his wife at this period cannot be read without tears. He knew what was awaiting him; he knew that the cowardice of James the First had sacrificed him to Spanish hatred and vengeance, and that the execution of his sentence was now inevitable. He landed in his native county of Devonshire, and was soon after arrested and conducted to London; twice, on the way, he might have escaped, but he resisted the temptation.

He was again committed to the Tower: one morning he was taken from his bed, ill with fever, to hear his sentence of death. "With a voice grown weak by sickness," he used every means to avert his fate. It is a relief to know that his judges were not as brutal as Coke had been fifteen years before. The Attorney-General Yelverton said, "Sir Walter Raleigh hath been a star at which the world has gazed, but stars may fall, nay, must fall, when they trouble the sphere where they abide." The Lord Chief Justice spoke of Raleigh's great works, "I know that you have been valiant and wise, and I doubt not but that you retain both these virtues, for now you shall have occasion to use them. Your book is an admirable work; I would give you counsel, but I know that you can apply it unto yourself far better than I am able to give you." But the judge ended with saying, "Execution is granted."

On Raleigh's return to prison, while some of his friends were deploring his fate, he remarked that "the world itself is but a larger prison, out of which some are daily selected for execution."

He passed the last night of his life in writing what he called "a remembrance to be left with his lady," to let the world know his sentiments should he be forbidden to speak on the scaffold. His wife visited him that sad night, and told him weeping that she had obtained a favour of disposing of his body. He answered, smiling, "It is well, Bess, that thou mayst dispose of it dead—thou hadst not always the disposing of it when alive?"

His cheerfulness and evident fearlessness of death, excited the rebuke of the Dean of Westminster, who attended him. Raleigh in reply thanked God that he had never feared to die—the horror of death he said, was but an opinion and an imagination. "Not," added he, "but that I am a great sinner, for I have been a soldier, a sailor and a courtier." The Dean afterward declared that he found him a man as ready to receive instruction as he was able to give it, and that he died like a true Christian.

He displayed his usual elegance of dress on the morning of his execution, and on his way to the scaffold presented his richly embroidered cap to a bald-headed old man who asked him to pray God for him. With a step and countenance of serene dignity, he ascended the fatal platform and made a short speech to the numerous assembly gathered round it. Then taking off his velvet gown, he desired that the axe might be brought to him. Passing his finger lightly over the edge, he

smilingly observed, "This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases"—he kissed it, and laid it down. After embracing the executioner who begged his forgiveness, Raleigh entreated him not to strike until he himself gave the signal, "and then fear not but strike home!" When his head was on the block the executioner desired him to turn his face toward the East. "It is no great matter which way the head lies so that the heart be right," said Raleigh. After some minutes passed in prayer, he gave the signal; the executioner, perhaps frightened, did not strike, and Raleigh at last asked him, "Why dost thou not strike? Strike man!" In two blows his head fell—his body, like his mind, remaining steadfast, unshrinking. If his life was not faultless, his end was noble—the people were much affected by this catastrophe, "and it is thought," says a contemporary letter-writer, "that his greatest enemies are they that are most sorrowful for his death, which they see is like to turn so much to his advantage."

"The Drink has Done It."

BY REV. CHARLES GARRETT,

Ex-President of Wesleyan Conference.

THERE was a beautiful picture published at the close of the American centennial. The picture was full of bonny, bright faces—a wonderful variety, and a variety because created by the Almighty, for God never repeats Himself. Every child is an original, and if that is lost there never is and never will be another to take that child's place. And there they were in their wonderful variety, and I read across the bottom: "We are going to the next centennial." None of the grown-up people will be there, but some of these will be there. They were going to the next centennial, and that is true of the children around us to-day—they are going to be the fathers and mothers, the future legislators, the future church members, the future ministers. The future is within our grasp, if we are only wise enough to seize it.

Somebody told me of a man working in connection with the Band of Hope, and a friend said to him: "Why do you spend your time in talking to a lot of children? Why not talk to the adults who can understand you?" And the young fellow drew himself up, and said: "I am talking to the ladies and gentlemen of the next generation." Yes, what you make the children, the future will be. Neglect the children, and there will be dishonour, take care of the children and train them up in temperance and Christianity, and there is a future before our country that no imagination can conceive. Therefore, because of the importance of the children, I rejoice that there is such an organization as this to protect them from the dangers to which they are exposed. I speak of danger to the children; and I ask you is there any utterance that arouses the interest and emotion of any human being as the declaration that a child is in danger? Nothing will arouse a crowd like that. I was down at Hull the other day; the street was busy; it was near the time of a departure of a train; the unfortunate bridge that opens across the street was likely soon to be flung up, and unless the intending passengers got speedily across they would miss the

train. Cabs and all sorts of conveyances were hurrying past, but suddenly there was a cry—"The Boy!" Everybody stopped. They forgot there was such a thing as a train; they forgot there was such a thing as the possibility of missing it—and why? A poor little waif, running behind a gentleman's carriage, had missed his footing, and his little arm was caught in the spike, and minister and merchant forgot everything for the time save that a child was in danger. And when a fire is raging round a building, what is it that kindles the enthusiasm of all the crowd and makes heroes of everybody?

Gentlemen, the children of our country are in danger. Oh! would that I could say words that would make every one in this audience understand me. The children of our country are in danger. Do you doubt it? Then I ask you for a moment to look at those who were children with us—the children of the present generation. Where are they? Were they in no danger? Turn over the tablets of your memory. Ask for your old companions. Where are they? Go and look in the graveyard; turn over the green turf. Find the coffin lid, and there in hundreds, in thousands, aye, in tens of thousands of instances you will find out that those who were boys and girls when we were did not live out half their days. What do you read there? "Died, aged 22;" "Died, aged 23;" "Died, aged 24." The days of our years are three score and ten, but they did not live so long; they are gone. Let us look for some more of them. Go to that workhouse. There is a surging crowd waiting for relief. They were boys and girls as bright and promising as any of us. Look at their faces. Look at the dull and passionless look they bear, and at the rags they carry. They were once bright and promising little children, but there they are at the workhouse door. And turn across to the prison. There is the revolving treadmill. Miserable jrk! Look at those men in their yellow striped dress. They were once bright, bonny boys. And go down your street to-night, and there you will find the outcast, and you draw up your skirts lest the touch should be pollution. Yet even she was once the bonny girl. Once a mother blessed her, a father prayed for her. They were all as bright as any of us, but now look at that surging mass. Picture their faces if you can, and then turn round and look at these children behind; and turning from one to another is like turning from hell to heaven. Do you see it, gentlemen? Look at that crowd at the workhouse, at the prison, at the treadmill, at the lunatic asylum, and down in the graveyard, and then look at these bright and bonny faces, and remember they were once like these; and now I go with trembling, and I ask what hellish potion has transmuted fair children into beings like that? Something has done it. God has done it. Oh, no! God says, "It is not My will that one of these should perish." Then I ask, what has been the cause of this horrible transmutation? I speak to them as they hustle at the workhouse door for a night's lodging. "How is it you are here?" "O, it's the drink that has done it." I go to the man as he comes off the treadmill—I did do so—and I said, "How came you here?" "O," said he, "I was once a scholar in your school, but the drink has done it."

A Beulah Song.

For the Lord, thy God, bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of the valleys and hills.—Deut. 8. 7.

And I will give her the valley of Achor for a door of hope; and she shall sing there.—Hosea 2. 15.

God has given me a song,
A song of trust;
And I sing it all day long,
For sing I must;
Every hour it sweeter grows,
Keeps my soul in blest repose,
Just how restful no one knows
But those who trust.

O, I sing it on the mountain,
In the light;
Where the radiance of God's sunshine
Makes all bright.
All my path seems bright and clear,
Heavenly land seems very near,
And I almost do appear
To walk by sight.

And I sing it in the valley,
Dark and low;
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
Pain, and woe;
Then the shadows flee away
Like the night when dawns the day;
Trust in God brings light away,
I find it so.

When I sing it in the desert,
Parched and dry,
Living streams begin to flow,
A rich supply;
Verdure in abundance grows,
Deserts blossom like a rose,
And my heart with gladness glows,
At God's reply.

For I've crossed the River Jordan,
And I stand
In the blessed land of promise—
Beulah land!
Trusting is like breathing here,
Just as easy; doubt and fear
Vanish in this atmosphere,
And life is grand.

—India Watchman.

commit any portion of the Scriptures to memory.

IS IT DESIRABLE?

No Scripture can be so well known as that which is honestly committed to memory. Paul said to Timothy that "from a child he had known the Holy Scriptures, which were able to make him wise unto salvation." No agency has been so honoured in the salvation of souls as "the Word of God which is the sword of the Spirit." If this be learned early it will live long in the memory.

TO WHAT EXTENT?

How far should we encourage our scholars to go in this exercise? The Golden Text should be learned by every scholar in all the classes, and it would not be overtaxing the intermediate classes to induce each scholar to learn, say, two other verses. This would give three for each Sabbath, or 156 for the year.

WHAT VERSES?

The International Lessons are not always the best adapted for memorizing. Let the superintendent select the memory verses. Suppose he should begin with the first Psalm, and have all the classes who can learn, say, two verses; for the next Sabbath, two more, etc. After this the twenty-third Psalm, then the Sermon on the Mount, and subsequently other practical and easy Scriptures.

HOW TO BE DONE.

Our scholars seem unwilling to learn verses. But if they see that we are in dead earnest in our desire for them to learn, they will comply with our wishes. To help let the teacher and the superintendent learn and recite the selected verses themselves. It would popularize the work and do us a great deal of good besides. We must also secure the help of parents in this effort, for the verses must be learned at home. The parents can best be reached in this way by the pastor in the pulpit. His earnest desire that the parents should help us in seeing that the scholars learn their lessons would have a capital effect.

PRIZES?

No; not prizes. Would you say he who gets the most verses shall have a pair of skates? If it were well to have the emulation, you must see that while one boy can learn 1,000 verses in a few months, three-fourths of the scholars could not, with even more effort, learn 400. Not prizes, but reward them for what they do, after making the task such that all who wish can measure up to it. If the verses be marked to their credit, and the number be read out at the end of the quarter in the class, and at the annual meeting the whole number could be read out for the year. For smaller scholars I see no objection to merit cards or small books at the Christmas time.

PERFECT RECITATIONS.

Imperfectly recited verses are an abomination. 1. It has a bad effect on the scholar's memory. 2. It is certain to result in misquotation of Scripture passages in after life. 3. To give credit marks for verses half committed is not honest. And every teacher who allows his scholar to go through his verses by being prompted, no matter how kindly it may be meant, is really giving him a lesson in dishonesty. He has half recited his lesson and has re-



STREET ARCHITECTURE, DOBBO, ARRU ISLANDS.

ceived credit for it as though perfectly recited. What better is this in principle than a debtor offering fifty cents to the dollar when he could have obtained means to pay the honest hundred? Let us have a moderate number of verses memorized, but let us insist on perfect recitations or withhold all recognition of reward.

Our next: "The Teacher's Courage."

Sunday in Toronto.

THE Rev. W. Crafts thus writes in the *Independent*:—

Edinburgh herself, with every other considerable city, can see in Toronto [120,000 of a population], as the best Sabbath-keeping city of the world, that what ought to be done has been done yet more nearly in a nineteenth century city. Montreal, although largely composed of French Catholics, and a larger city, has a Sabbath almost as Arcadian as that of Toronto; no Sunday newspapers, no opening of groceries, bakeries or museums. Indeed, what we shall say of Toronto is largely true of all the British provinces, except Quebec, where Sabbath laws are less stringent; but I take Toronto, as, on the whole, the most perfect specimen of city Sabbath-keeping that the world affords. Not only does a majority of my replies prove this, but even Mr. Jolly, the Secretary of the Edinburgh Sabbath Alliance, heartily admits it. He says:

"Nothing impressed me more pleasantly during my whole tour than the aspect of the Lord's Day observance in such cities as Toronto, Hamilton, and even in Montreal, notwithstanding its masses of French Roman Catholics. My own feeling was that Toronto, where I at least did not observe a single open shop, where the streets were still and quiet, save where reverent multitudes were going to the house of God showing a city whose stalwart and beautiful sons and daughters were enjoying a Sabbath rest, might well put our Scottish cities in these later days to shame."

Toronto is the best proof I have ever seen that Sabbath-keeping in cities is not a "lost art;" it is a living refutation to all arguments in or out of court that it is "necessary" to keep thousands of people at work on the Sabbath in trade and transportation.

It is a conclusive answer to those who say that our complicated society requires more than that of the ancient Jews did upon the Sabbath. If it might seem plausible that some things might be "necessary" in modern New York or Glasgow that were not neces-

sary in ancient Jerusalem, nothing can really be a necessity in modern New York or Glasgow that is not in modern Toronto or Edinburgh or London.

Faith, not Feeling.

TRoubled soul, thou art not bound to feel, but thou art bound to arise. God knows thee, whether thou feelst or not. Thou canst not love when thou wilt; but thou art bound to fight the hatred within thee to the very last. Try not to feel good when thou art not good, but cry to Him who is good. He changes not because thou changeest; nay, He has an especial tenderness of love towards thee, for that thou art in the dark, and hast no light, and His heart is glad when thou dost arise and say, "I will go to my Father." For He sees thee through all the gloom through which thou canst not see Him. Will thou His will. Say to Him, "My God, I am very dull and low, and hard, but Thou art wise and high and tender, and Thou art my God; I am Thy child, forsake me not." Then fold the arms of thy faith, and wait in quietness, until light goes up in thy darkness.

Fold the arms of thy faith, I say, but not of thy action; bethink thee of something thou oughtest to do, and go and do it, if it be but the sweeping of a room, or the preparing of a meal, or a visit to a friend. Heed not thy feelings, do thy work.—Geo. MacDonald.

One Glass.

I KNEW a prominent New York lady who gave a great reception to a new pastor from across the water, four or five hundred people being present. Many of the young men, Sunday-school teachers, etc., became so boisterous that the hostess was greatly mortified, and resolved never again to offer wine at her public entertainments. A prominent New York merchant, originally an Englishman, never sat to table without his wine and brandy, and his three sons, in consequence, all grew up drunkards. One became so abandoned that his father cast him out of the house. At last some temperance people brought about his reformation, and he came to see his father on New Year's Day. The old gentleman said: "My son, I'm delighted to see you again. I'm glad you've reformed." Thoughtlessly he said: "Let's drink to your better life one glass of sherry." The young man hesitated a moment, and then thought he would drink just one glass. The old appetite revived, and that night his father found him dead-drunk in his stable.—W. E. Dodge.

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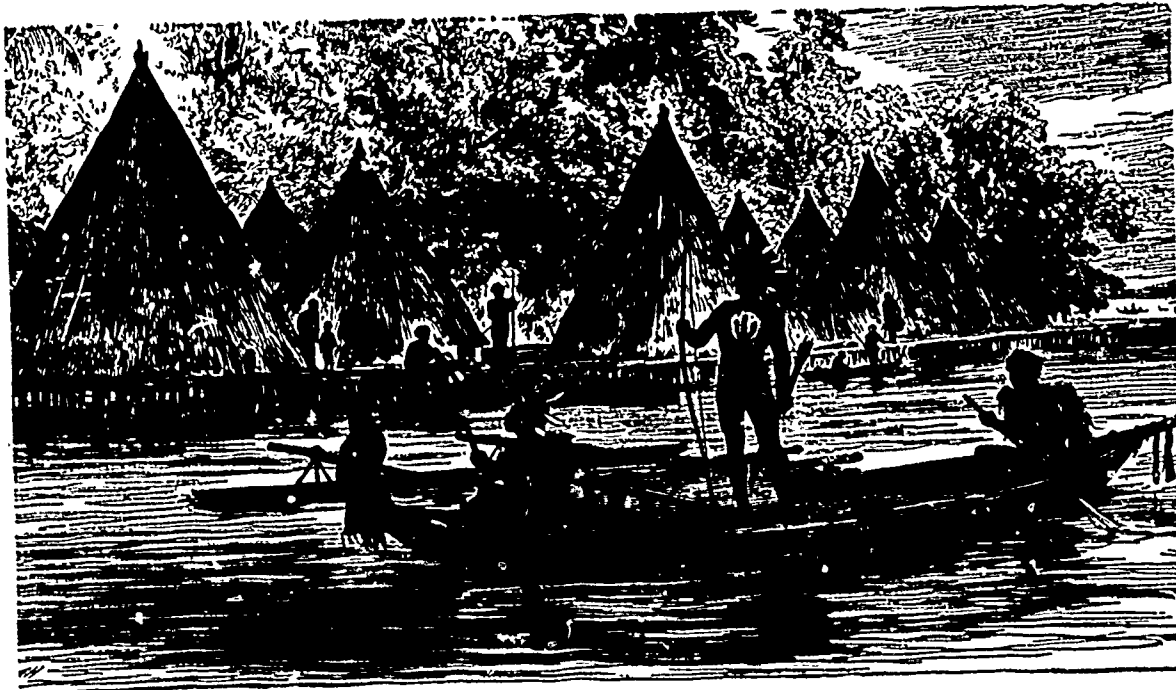
TORONTO, DECEMBER 6, 1884.

Talks with Teachers.

ON MEMORIZING SCRIPTURE VERSES.

BY THE REV. A. ANDREWS.

How easy it seems to run into extremes. In the former times the recitation of verses of Scripture formed one of the principal exercises in Sabbath-schools. Many of the scholars recited a hundred verses at once, and the teacher's time was mainly occupied in hearing these lessons. But enter any ordinary Sabbath-school of to day, and the verses that are recited are very few indeed; many of the scholars neve-



VILLAGE IN HUMBOLDT BAY—NEW GUINEA.

The Baby over the Way.

ACROSS in my neighbour's window,
With its drappings of satin and lace
I see, 'neath a crown of ringlets,
A baby's innocent face,
His feet in their wee, red slippers,
Are tapping the polished glass,
And the crowd in the streets look upward,
And nod, and smile, as they pass.

Just here in my cottage window,
Catching flies in the sun,
With a patch on his faded apron,
Stands my own little one.
His face is as pure and handsome,
As the baby's over the way,
And he keeps my heart from breaking,
All my toiling, weary day.

Sometimes, when the day is ended,
And I sit in the dusk to rest,
With the face of my sleeping darling
Tugged close to my lonely breast,
I pray that my neighbour's baby
May not catch Heaven's roses, all;
But that some may crown the forehead
Of my loved one, as they fall.

And when I draw the stocking
From his little tired feet,
And kiss the rosy dimples
In his limbs so round and sweet,
I think of the dainty garments
Some little children wear,
And frown that my God withholds them
From mine so pure and fair.

My God forgive my envy!
I know not what I said;
My heart is crushed and humbled,
My neighbour's boy is dead!
I saw the little coffin,
As they carried it out to day
A mother's heart is breaking
In the mansion over the way.

New Brunswick S. S. Convention.

THE N. B. Provincial S. S. Convention just closed was a season of deep interest.

It was brought about chiefly by members of Carleton Co. S. S. Convention, some of whose members manifest a burning zeal in this important Church work. Invitations having been sent to ministers and S. S. workers throughout the Province by J. T. Fletcher, the indefatigable Sec. of Carleton Co. Convention, 18 delegates came together at 9.30 a.m. Oct. 30. After devotional exercises, under Mr. Jas. Watts as chairman, they proceeded to organize a Provincial S. S. Convention.

The report of Sec. Fletcher showed that in most of the Counties there is much room for extension in S. S. work. In the afternoon session, the newly elected president, Mr. Sims, took the

chair, and called the first order of business, namely, verbal reports from delegates of condition of S. S. work in their respective localities.

These reports showed but little organization. They were confined to their own school, and told nothing of helping the weak, stirring up the indifferent, or opening new schools in neglected districts. This was followed by discussion "What benefits may we expect from this convention," opened by Rev. K. McKay.

In the Evening Session "The Successful Teacher" was the subject for discussion. Part 1. "preparing for his class," was opened by J. March, of St. John, reading a carefully prepared essay, followed by part 2. on "Teaching his class," opened by J. Irvine, whose lively soul-stirring address showed the deep interest of a soul-winning teacher. An earnest discussion followed. On the 31st, Session opened at 9.30, Mr. J. Oakes in the chair, at request of president. The first subject was County Conventions, opened by J. Parsons, one of the earnest men of Carleton Co., whose work in that Convention, together with his visits to the International S. S. Convention at Louisville, and the far famed Chautauqua, have made him a thorough S. S. man.

In the Afternoon Session, subject, "How I teach my class," was opened by H. A. McKeown, and that on S. S. Institutes and Normal Classes, by Rev. Dr. Hopper.

In the Evening Session, Rev. J. C. Berrie, in a very interesting address, opened the subject of "The relation of Church to S. School." He sought to guard parents and the Church against many popular amusements of which even Christian people do not ask "What is the good," but "What is the harm."

Miss Smith of Centenary S. S., gave a very clear effective lesson on Blackboard, or Object Lessons.

Each Session was preceded by devotional service.

Collections were taken up amounting to \$94.00. At 10.15 p.m. the Convention closed, to meet in Moncton in Oct. 1885. Its influence we are sure will go on—manifesting itself in County Conventions, and the quickening of S. S. work along denominational lines.

I have refrained from figures and synopsis, because it would make my report too long. I will send you the printed report in about two weeks.—A. Lucas.

New Guinea.

NEXT to Australia, New Guinea is the largest island in the world, being 1,500 miles long and 400 miles wide. Yet it is less known to civilized man than any place of similar extent on the earth. It is a perfect paradise for naturalists, its plants and animals being of the most remarkable varieties. Some of its mountains rise to the height of 9,500 feet. It thus, though almost under the equator, possesses every variety of climate. This great and surpassingly rich island is about to be annexed in large part, to Great Britain's vast continental colony of Australia, and is therefore of much interest to every British subject, including the citizens of Britain's noblest colony—Canada. The most important recent explorations have been made by Her Majesty's ship *Challenger*.

The following is a description of the place shown in the cut:—

The scene before us was probably the most novel and most impressive of all that had been witnessed in the course of the expedition. Above a sunny sky, swept by a morning breeze; in the background the hilly shores of the bay, covered with the most luxuriant foliage, the trees crowding down to the water's edge, and dipping their boughs into the white breakers; around us a moving mass of dark brown figures, some decked with leaves, flowers, and birds' feathers, others in enormous frizzled wigs and all the savage glory of war-paint, breastplates, bows, and arrows—all joining in a monotonous chant, in unison with the sound of the conch-shell; in the centre of the *Challenger*, at this moment the only representative of Western civilization in this rarely visited region—a period of two thousand years of progress separating us from the people we had come to see.

The canoes remained around us, and a lively trade soon sprang up between the ship's company and the savages. To one unfamiliar with the South Sea trade it was rather a surprising spectacle to see an armful of weapons, belts,

necklaces, and earrings, the result of many days' patient labour, exchanged for a few pieces of rusty hoop-iron or a string of beads.

The noise and scrambling alongside while this trading was going on baffles all description; for, besides the usual talking and shouting, they had a singular habit of directing attention to their finery by a loud, sharp-sounding *ss, ss!*—a kind of hissing sound equivalent to "Look at this!" In their bargaining they were generally very honest, passing up the articles selected on the end of their fishing-spear, receiving in exchange the pieces of hoop-iron, which seemed to be much prized by them; at the same time showing great eagerness to obtain the small hatchets and long knives, but seemingly attaching little value to calico or handkerchiefs, although a gaudy pattern or bright colour was sure to attract their attention.

The village consisted of some dozen or twenty houses, built on a platform of slender posts standing in the water, and connected with the mainland by a sort of bridge. They have tall tapering roofs, covered with palm leaves. As it was not considered safe to venture far (for they are known to be a treacherous race), after a few hours the pinnace returned to the ship, still followed by a flotilla of canoes, with the lively and excitable natives trying to keep pace. The canoes, usually from 20 to 30 feet in length, are made from the trunk of a tree hollowed out like a long trough, roundly pointed at each end, not more than 18 inches wide; the sides bulge out below, and fall in again at the top, leaving only some 8 or 9 inches between the gunwales. The bow and stern are alike, and usually carved in various devices, some resembling birds, snakes, or other familiar objects. A long outrigger is attached, and on the portion of framing supporting these outriggers are planks or long bamboos, forming a long stage, which will accommodate two or more persons, and on which articles for barter are stowed. The paddles have spear-shaped blades, measuring about 6 feet in length; some of very neat description, with blade and handle carved with some fanciful device.

A complete account of this famous cruise—"the most important scientific expedition that ever sailed from any country," extending over three and a half years in time, and 69,000 miles in distance, will run through the whole year in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1885, and will be illustrated by nearly a hundred engravings.

The cut on the opposite page shows the singular architecture of another of those strange Southern Islands explored by the expedition.

SAID one wealthy Christian merchant: "I was the son of a minister who had never more than \$200 salary; but I never went to the monthly concert without my penny, and I have kept up the giving habit, by the grace of God, from that time to this."

A GENTLEMAN who observed Johnnie carefully taking the census of a company assembled in the parlour awaiting a call to supper inquired: "What is the matter, Johnnie?" "Why," returned the urchin, with a troubled air, "here's nine of us, counting me, and mamma has gone and cut the two pies into quarters, and they only make eight pieces."

Midnight at Grimsby Camp.

BY J. S. B.

'Twas midnight, not a sound was heard;
No ripple on the water stirred—
A sea of glass it stretched afar
And mirrored every twinkling star.

The meteors, too, in silent haste,
Were sweeping through the watery waste—
Bright messengers from worlds unknown,
They flash on ours and then are gone.

The Milky-way, so far on high,
Seemed resting in another sky,
Like softest, thinnest, snowy flake,
'Twas sleeping on the silent lake.

The stately moon that walked through space,
Looked down and saw her own fair face,
Then hastened on her journey long
And sang a glorious midnight song.

I stood upon that bridge of sighs,
With stars below and in the skies
It reaches far out from the shore
Where friends oft meet to part no more.

I walked upon the sandy beach
With thoughts I could not form in speech—
A something that I could not see
Was brooding o'er the sea and me.

An angel hid in goddess' veil,
Floating upon the moonbeams pale,
Perhaps, gazing with wondering awe
Upon the beauties that I saw.

A spirit pure, a subtle power,
Was hovering o'er the solemn hour,
The eye that slumbered not nor slept,
Its watch upon the waters kept.

That midnight hour I'll not forget,
It lingers round my memory yet—
And in my dreams I wander o'er
The sands on fair Ontario's shore.

* Grimsby Wharf. —Guardian.

Methodist Missions in Labrador.

THE REV. HENRY LEWIS, of Heart's Content, Newfoundland, writes thus:—

I received a letter from Rev. J. T. Newman, of Rigoulette, on Labrador, who was sent to that desolate shore as missionary by our last Conference. The contents of this letter are such as will interest many of your readers. I will give extracts. He says:

"You will see by the heading of this letter that I am keeping bad hours (3.30 a.m.) It is owing to arrival of *S. S. Hercules*. I arrived all safe in Rigoulette and was kindly received by agent of the Hudson Bay Co. I commenced work by preaching in the house of a half-breed, at the 'Double Mare,' and have had services in his house since. I have been around Groix Water Bay, and visited Sandwich Bay, have preached 40 times, besides visiting the homes of the people, and reading and praying with them. All the services have been well attended, and the Spirit has been poured out most graciously. Several have found forgiveness of their sins, and many more are under conviction. I am looking forward to seasons of grace. Pray for us. So far I like the mission. I like the people. The Esquimaux are very friendly, and make good hearers. The half-breeds are numerous, and on the whole a good class of people. A great number are going to cast their lot in with us, and will return themselves as such in the census. It is comparatively easy to get from place to place in the summer. In the winter we shall have to resort to dogs, etc., a mode of travelling not new to you. I am getting a sealskin cossack made, and also have procured a sleeping-bag made of sealskin, lined with deer-skin and white flannel. The people migrate from one part of the Bay to another, hence I shall have to move on; they hunting the bear, deer, fox, seal, etc., and I preaching to them. The scenery

hereabouts is magnificent, but the mosquitoes are terrible; the veil your good wife made me screened me from many a thousand foes. Already the snow has come, and Jack Frost has commenced operations. (Sept. 25th.) It is saddening to think there are so many people on the Labrador who never hear the Gospel. Write me by next steamer or I shall not hear from you until next June."

The work Bro. Newman is doing is one that ought to have the sympathies and prayers of all God's children. It is a most laborious field of labour, the privations are many and terrible. The lonesomeness and lack of intercourse with the outside world for over eight months of the year, is a great tax on any man. Bro. Newman went there willingly, being a volunteer. He believes in the old-fashioned way of preaching Christ and working for souls. We need to pray much that God will be with him. There are other places on Labrador destitute of the Gospel, and while we are talking about Japan, China, and Africa, these are dying for lack of knowledge at our own doors.

The Woman's Missionary Society.

This valuable auxiliary to the missionary work of our Church, held in October a very successful series of meetings in Toronto. From the reports in the papers we quote a few items:—

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY'S REPORT.

Mrs. Strachan read the report of the Corresponding Secretary; a number of auxiliaries have been formed during the year. Mission bands have also concentrated the energy and zeal of the young people with earnest and successful efforts for the spread of the truth. The "mite boxes" have already resulted in gathering a considerable sum of money.

The Crosby Home is represented as doing much good work under difficulties which are mentioned. The Macdougall Orphanage has been also open a little more than a year. The building can accommodate from 30 to 35 children. There were 13 inmates when last represented. In reference to the Japan work it is stated that the establishment of day-schools was at first suggested, but that further investigation and thought showed that something more permanent was desirable, namely having a few (in addition to day pupils) under constant Christian supervision and care, with the hope that some among these might be trained as evangelists. The General Missionary Society of the Church purchased a most advantageous piece of ground in Tokio, on which a school for boys had been erected. On the same site the Women's Society have erected a building, which will accommodate twenty girls, and furnished two comfortable apartments for two lady missionaries. It was hoped that the school would be opened on the first of October.

The treasurer's report showed that the amount raised during the year was \$6 421.15.

SISTER SOCIETIES.

Mrs. Castle, representing the Baptist Women's Missionary Society, was introduced, and conveyed greetings from her society. She said that the greatest obstacles to missionary work were not abroad, but at home. The doors of the East were now thrown

open to the missionary. Their chief obstacle lay at home in the Churches. They should aim at making every woman in the Church feel that it was her personal duty to spread the gospel of Christ. She also spoke of the importance of consecrated money, holding that a dollar thus bestowed was worth more than a dollar carelessly given.

Mrs. McLaren conveyed the greetings of a similar society in connection with the Presbyterian Church. She spoke of the great importance of having the money which was given for missionaries followed by the prayers of the giver.

Mrs. James Gooderham, President of the Society, delivered her annual address. The society though commenced in weakness and with some misgivings, was now regarded as one of the established and prosperous institutions of the Church, and with the increase of work came the want of increased funds. In Japan a boarding-school, capable of accommodating twenty pupils and two teachers, had been built. After much careful consultation, a young lady had been selected as an additional Japan missionary, and it was for the society to confirm the choice that had been made. The ladies of Montreal felt deeply the want of a boarding-school for the French work. What was specially needed was the circulation of missionary literature among the women of the Church.

The death of Mrs. Jeffery was made a matter of special reference, and it was stated that her infant daughter had been made a life member of the branch, in the hope that she might grow up equally zealous in missionary work.

WOMAN IN INDIA.

Mrs. Messmore, a lady who has spent many years in India, was asked to address the meeting. There was perhaps, she said, no country in which the doors were opened so wide as in India. This was the case even in Tibet and Nepal. The countries belonged to us and to our Queen, who ruled over more Mahometans than the Sultan himself. She described India as in a state of awakening thought, in fact from end to end it was agitated by a sort of war of thought, and the question was whether the Christian religion or infidelity prevail. The institution of caste was a great obstacle to mission work, but missionaries had triumphed even over this. She described the condition of the young Hindoo widows—150,000 under 15 years of age, and many thousands under ten years of age. After the betrothal the wife becomes the property of the husband, and if he died, even the day after the betrothal, she was doomed to life-long widowhood, and became the slave of her husband's relatives. Some were condemned to a life of sin, in what was known as temple service. She described the women as possessing keen and lively intellect. India was ready to receive missionaries as soon as they could be sent.

Miss Moulton read a paper on "Life in the Interior of Japan." It contained an account of her residence there for several years. The incidents she related, and a number of letters which she read, gave an excellent idea of the docility, politeness, inquisitiveness, and gentleness which are leading features in the Japanese character, and the paper was listened to with interest.

Sunset on the St. Lawrence.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

HERE room and kingly silence keep
Companionship in state austere;
The dignity of seas is here,
The large, lone vastness of the deep.
Here toil has journeyed to the West;
Here time has set him down to rest.

Above yon gleaming clouds of gold
One lone Imperial peak is seen;
While gathered at his feet in green
Ten thousand foresters are told.
And all so still! So still the air
That duty drops the web of care.

Beneath the sunset's golden sheaves
The awful deep glides to the deep
Where wreck and storm their revuls keep,
While commerce keeps her loom and weaves.
The redmen long have gone to rest,
Their ghosts illumine the lurid West.

—N. Y. Independent.

Terrible Riots in China.

SCORES OF CHRISTIAN CHURCHES DESTROYED—WORSHIP IDOLS OR LEAVE
—A STORY OF PERSECUTION AND VIOLENCE.

CHINESE mobs have been committing fearful outrages on places of Christian worship and persons at Canton and interior points. In the province of Kwang Tung alone four Roman Catholic and five Protestant churches were destroyed and 120 houses of resident Christians looted and the occupants driven away. In Nam Hoi three Roman Catholic chapels and convent houses were pillaged, the priests and occupants beaten. At Shihung the English Chapel was destroyed. The mob tore the clothes from the preacher's wife, and shamefully treated her. At Chant Sung the Wesleyan chapel was destroyed. Christians are fleeing from the Province to Hong Kong. The Chinese gave them the alternative to sacrifice to idols or leave their homes. They preferred the latter. Twelve Cantonese villages have issued notices that all Christians must leave. Fifteen churches in these villages are already destroyed, several stores looted, and many persons homeless. Although the attention of the Chinese authorities have been called to those acts, they have refused to notice them. At Kitryung the mob and soldiers destroyed all the Roman Catholic, English, and Presbyterian Churches. At Swatow the Roman Catholic priests were ordered to leave. Mr. Bignall, colporteur of the American Bible Society, was murdered in the Province of Shantung. The riots began at Hong Kong on September 30, and lasted three days. The trouble began through the refusal of Chinese workmen to help to load a French vessel. They were taken into court and fined. They attempted to resist, when one was shot dead, and the others fled into Chinese territory.

It was supposed at the time of the Methodist union that the Agnes Street Church, which formerly belonged to the Bible Christian denomination, would be sold. At the Conference a minister was appointed, whose work has been so successful that it has been resolved to retain the church, if possible, as a centre for evangelistic effort. It is understood that application will be made to the Methodists of the city to aid in the reduction of the debt of the church.

I HAVE learnt more of experimental religion since my little boy died than in all my life before.—*Bushnell*.

At Four-Score.

SHE sits in the gathering shadows,
By the porch where the roses blop,
And her thoughts are back in the summers
That vanished long ago;
She forgets the grave on the hillside,
She forgets that she is old,
And remembers only the gladness
God gave her heart to hold.

As she sits there, under the roses,
She turns her dim old eyes
To the road that leads up the hillside,
To the glory of sunset skies;
"They are late," she says, and listens
With her knitting on her knee;
"It is time for the children's coming;
Where can the little ones be?"

She fancies she hears them coming;
"Ah, here at last!" she cries,
And the light of a mother's welcome
Shines in her faded eyes,
"You've been gone a long time, children,
Were the berries thick, my dears"
She asks, as gathered about her,
Each child of old appears.

She hears the merry voices
Of the dear ones that are dead;
She smooths out the shining tangles
That crown each little head;
She kisses the faces lifted
To hers, as in days of old,
And the heart of the dreaming mother
Is full of peace untold.

She listens to eager stories
Of what they saw and heard
Of a nest in the blackberry bushes,
And a frightened mother bird;
How Johnnie fell and his berries
Were lost in weeds and moss,
And Mary was afraid and dreaded
The brook they had to cross.

So while the night comes downward,
She sits with her children there,
Forgetting the years that took them,
And the snowflakes in her hair.
The love that will last forever
Brings back the dear, the dead,
And then the faithful heart of the mother
With her dreams is comforted.

Ere long she will go to the country
Where her dear ones watch and wait
For her, and I think of the meeting
There at the jasper gate.
She will feel their welcoming kisses,
And the children's father will say,
As the household is gathered in heaven,
"We're all at home to-day!"

The Princess Alice's Book.

ALICE, the third child of Queen Victoria, was a woman of fine character and of good mind. Full of unselfishness, generosity, and kindness, she was a friend to be loved; while her strong common sense, her liberality of thought, and her capacity for looking at both sides of a thing won for her a personal respect as great as that paid to her rank. She had many accomplishments and much knowledge of and affection for all the arts that refine.

This volume, chiefly made up from her letters, testifies to the sweetness of her disposition and the strength of her family affections. The letters deal with little else than her love for her mother, her husband, her children, and her devotion to the memory of her father, of whom she speaks in hyperbole which would be extravagant and displeasing in any one but so tender a daughter. Domestic details abound—rather too much, for they cause the volume to grievously smack here and there of bread and butter. The letters have evidently been too rigorously edited, and in many cases the residuum of family details is somewhat tawdrier. There is little in the volume that can be of value to the historian or to the student of manners—a strange thing to say concerning the letters of an exceptionally clever woman written during a period filled

with wars, with diplomacy, with triumphs of science and of literature. The Princess' biographer, and her sister, claim for her great political sagacity; but this is not revealed in these letters, which represent her as looking upon the changes of European politics merely with the eyes of a loving woman concerned for the safety and happiness of her own family and of her relatives in other courts.

During most of her wedded life the Princess was poor. There was no suitable house for the young pair in Darmstadt, and the erection of a palace took most of the money that the Grand Duke, then the Prince Louis, could scrape together. The Princess had to endure many privations and she met them with an admirable courage and cheerfulness. Her industry and activity were unailing; of her children she took a personal charge, such as few women of society would essay. She taught them, she sewed for them, she trained them in simplicity, she washed and dressed her plump German babies. She writes to her mother about her little girls, that she strives to bring them up totally free from pride of their position, "which is nothing save what their personal worth can make it," and she adds: "I feel so entirely as you do on the difference of rank, and how all important it is for princes and princesses to know that they are nothing better or above others save through their own merit; and they have only the double duty of living for others and of being an example—good and modest." Her motherly wisdom was of the most wholesome sort. She gave to her little ones tastes that were pure and high. "All my children," she writes to the Queen, "are great lovers of nature, and I develop this as much as I can."

"It makes life so rich and they can never feel dull anywhere, if they know how to seek and find around them the thousand beauties and wonders of nature. They are very happy and contented, and always see the less people have the less they want, and the greater is the enjoyment of that which they have. I bring my children up as simply and with as few wants as I can, and above all, teach them to help themselves and others, so as to become independent."

They are very unspoilt in their tastes, and simple and quiet children, which I think of the greatest importance. You say rightly what a fault it is of parents to bring up their daughters with the main object of marrying them.

I want to strive to bring up the girls without seeking this as the sole object of the future—to feel that they can fill up their lives so well otherwise.

A marriage for the sake of marriage is surely the greatest mistake a woman can make.

There is, as you say, nothing more injurious for children than that they should be made a fuss about. I want to make them unselfish, unspoiled and contented; as yet this is the case. That they take a greater place in my life than is often the case in our families, comes from my not being able to have enough pressure of a responsible sort to take charge of them always; certain things remain undone from that reason, if I do not do them, and they would be the losers. Circumstances have forced me to be the mother of the real sense as in a private family, and I had to school myself to it, I assure you, for many small self-denials have been necessary."

In good sense and in womanly unselfishness the Princess was a model for her sex, and those letters which reveal these qualities were eminently worth printing. The domestic feature of the book, the insight which it gives us into her personal thoughts, her private life, the affectionate intercourse between the Princess Alice and her royal mother, and especially her devotion to the memory of her lamented father is a refreshing evidence that human hearts are cast in the same mould whether in a palace or a cottage. The Princess was endowed with rare, good sense, and seems to have been wholly free from that feeling which has led many in her position to look down upon those who were in humbler stations. Her ideas on this subject, often expressed in her letters, are very striking, coming from such a source. Nur is the religious element of the volume its least interesting feature. Her correspondence with her mother during the latter years of her life reveals the deep experience of a truly Christian heart. Her writings are all marked by vigour of thought, and great felicity of expression. The sadness which pervades a portion of this record of her life will only serve to commend the book to those who read with their hearts as well as with their eyes.

The Venture of Faith.

MANY years ago, when living in the country, I observed several men running rapidly down a wooded slope toward the river near by. Thinking something unusual had happened, I quickly followed, and was surprised to see, on a little rock that rose midway in the stream, a boy about six or eight years, drenched and trembling. He looked timidly towards those who had gathered on the bank, and now and again glanced with alarm on the boiling river he had just escaped from, and which threatened to devour him. How he came there we afterwards learned. The first thing to be done was to save him. A long ladder was speedily procured and pushed out to the rock, and a brave man volunteered to rescue the child. Slowly and steadily he stepped along the ladder, till he reached the rock and stood beside the boy. So far from gladly welcoming his deliverer, he refused to leave the rock. "You may trust me, I will carry you safely to the shore." The boy answered, "No, no, I cannot do it." Then said the other, "You will perish if you stay here." The conflict in the heart of the child could be seen in his face. At length trust conquered fear, and he yielded to the love of his hitherto unknown friend who, clasping him to his heart, returned with him by the ladder, and landed him safely, amid much rejoicing.

This is an illustration of the salvation which is in Christ Jesus. The child is a picture of the sinner, miserable and helpless. The ladder is the Cross by which the Saviour finds His way to the sinner's side, to plead for the sinner's heart. Happy is the man, who, by God's grace, makes trial of Christ, and speaking in the Holy Ghost can say, *I believe*. Christ saves no man against his will; and it is not until the sinner is persuaded and enabled to embrace Jesus Christ, that his salvation is an accomplished fact. There is only one way by which the unsaved sinner can put his honour on Christ, and that is by trusting Him. Do you trust Christ? If not, why not?

"Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good."

The Two "Whosoever's."

WE have been accustomed to look at the word "Whosoever" as one of the most encouraging in the Bible; and, blessed be God, it is full of encouragement to the seeking soul; for sinful though he may feel himself to be, yet, listening to the words of Him, who is "the Truth," that "Whosoever believeth" is saved from the guilt of sin, and that *even now* there is no condemnation, he is enabled to trust that he is included in the "Whosoever;" and, casting himself on the mere word of Jehovah, that "peace which passeth all understanding" flows into his soul; he knows that he is adopted into the family of God, for he has received the Spirit whereby he is enabled with confidence to look up, and say, "Abba, Father."

But there is another "Whosoever" spoken of. "Whosoever believeth not." Dear reader, have you ever thought of the solemnity of *this* "Whosoever?" "Whosoever!" no matter who he is, young or old—rich or poor—learned or ignorant—man or woman. "Whosoever" believeth not, "shall not see life;" and, if he "shall not see life," what is before him but "the second death;" or, as our Lord calls it, "outer darkness, where there shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth!" "Darkness," because they have closed their eyes against the "light of life," and now they cannot see. "Weeping," because too late they perceive what they have lost. "Wailing" over opportunities once within their reach, now gone forever! "Death," because they would not come, that they might have life (John v. 40).

Beloved reader, to which of these "whosoever's" do you belong? You may decide the matter *to-day*,—and why should you not? So much is involved in your decision. If you *believe*, you have "eternal life" already begun (1 John v. 11). If you *believe not*, there is nothing before you but death and eternal misery; for "whosoever" not found written in the book of *life* was cast into the lake of fire." Just as surely as *not one* of those who believe, will be shut out from heaven, so surely will not one of those who believe not, be admitted. WHAT THEN OF YOU? Will you not *now*, before another hour rolls over your head, cast yourself on that Saviour, who is waiting to be gracious to you, and realize in your own case, that the word of Jehovah is true, "Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." "WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH, HATH EVERLASTING LIFE."
MISS DORA ALLEN.

Let the Drum Beat.

AN old soldier was lying on his bed sick and feeble. The doctors, after examination, gave up all hopes of his getting health again, in fact they did not think he could live many hours.

"Ah, well," said he, "let the drum beat. I have done my duty. I am ready."

So died a hero. He had braved the terrors of the battlefield, he had helped to give glory to the victory, as men count glory; but that which now made him happy was that he had been faithful to his God. He had obeyed the orders of the great Captain. He had been loyal. He was ready to obey the call,

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 985-975.] LESSON XI. [Dec. 14.

VANITY OF WORLDLY PLEASURE.

Eccles. 2. 1-13. Commit to mem. vs. 10, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness.—Eccles. 2. 13.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Not in worldly things, but only in Jesus Christ, can be found true blessedness and satisfaction.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Eccles. 1. 1-18. Th. Eccles. 4. 1-16.
 T. Eccles. 2. 1-26. F. Eccles. 5. 1-20.
 W. Eccles. 3. 1-22. Sa. John 4. 1-14.
 Su. Matt. 6. 19-34.

THE BOOK OF ECCLESIASTES. (1) *The title.* Ecclesiastes means the preacher. Solomon was accustomed to speak to the assembled people. (1 Kings 4. 34.) (2) *The author.* Solomon. (3) *The time of writing.* In Solomon's later years, between B.C. 985-975. (4) *The structure.* This book is a record of Solomon's experience in seeking for the true object of life. Every statement is not to be taken as true, but as a true record of Solomon's experience and feelings.

INTRODUCTION. The last part of the first chapter is devoted to Solomon's qualifications for this search for the highest good. The second chapter, of which to-day's lesson is a part, is a record of Solomon's experience of the failure of this world to satisfy the world.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES. — 1. *Come now. I will prove thee with mirth—* I will test mirth and see if it will satisfy. *This also is vanity—* Mere breath, vapor. Not that all pleasure is wrong, but that when sought as a chief good, it is a failure. 3. *To give myself unto wine—* To taste sensual pleasure, but he did not use it to drunkenness, but still retained his intellectual wisdom in order to test its effects. *To lay hold on folly—* Foolish and wicked pleasures. 4. *I made me great works—* For an account of them, see 1 Kings 7. 1-12; 9. 15-19; 10. 14-27. 5. *Orchards—* Paradises, pleasure grounds. 6. *Pools—* Reservoirs, to water the gardens. 8. *Peculiar treasure—* Rare and costly curiosities. 12. *What can the man do that cometh after the king—* No one could have so good an opportunity as Solomon to test what pleasure could do. 13. *Wisdom excelleth folly—* Though he had found that wisdom could not satisfy, yet let no one imagine that it made no difference whether we were wise or foolish.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The Book of Ecclesiastes.—Pleasure unsatisfying.—Is all pleasure wrong?—When is it good?—Worldly riches.—Vanity.—What is the true object of life?

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who wrote the Book of Ecclesiastes? Meaning of "Ecclesiastes." Why is this book so called? When was the book written?

SUBJECT: THE SEARCH FOR MAN'S HIGHEST GOOD.

I. THE SEARCH.—IN THE FIELDS OF SCIENCE.—Where did Solomon search for the highest good of man? (Eccles. 1. 13.) How was he qualified for this search? (Eccles. 1. 16; 1 Kings 4. 29-34.) What can science and knowledge do for us? Why can it not satisfy our highest needs? What is Solomon's conclusion as to it? (Eccles. 1. 17, 18.)

II. THE SEARCH.—IN THE PATHS OF PLEASURE (vs. 1, 2).—Where did Solomon next seek for the highest good? Was this search amid lawful or unlawful pleasures? What was the result of his search? Why cannot pleasure satisfy the soul? What is the testimony of experience on this point? Why do so many seek for happiness here? Is all pleasure wrong? Does it necessarily lead to unhappiness? When is it right? What is said of the Christian's joy? (Prov. 3. 16; 2 Cor 6. 10; 1 Pet. 8; John 15. 11.)

III. THE SEARCH.—AMONG SENSUAL DELIGHTS (v. 3).—What was Solomon's next experience? Why is sinful pleasure called folly? With what result? Was this a dangerous experiment? Why does it fail?

IV. THE SEARCH.—AMID LUXURY AND WEALTH (vs. 4-13).—In what way did Solomon next seek happiness? Describe some of his sources of worldly enjoyment. Could

any have a better opportunity to test this source of happiness? What did Solomon say about it? Are these good things to be despised? When are they good? What wrong inference from what he had said did he guard against? (v. 13.)

V. THE SEARCH SUCCESSFUL.—What is the true source of happiness? Is there a life here that is not vanity and vexation of spirit? How may we get the best good out of life? What does Christ say of the life in him? (John 4. 13, 14.) What is Solomon's conclusion? (Eccles. 12. 13, 14.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Every one must have some supreme object in life.

2. Worldly things can never satisfy the soul.

3. But they are good in their place, when they are wisely used for God.

4. Living for God and with God alone can satisfy the soul and make life worth living.

5. Enough have tried the experiment with the world; let us learn from them what is the true life to live.

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

14. What is the Book of Ecclesiastes? Ans. A record of Solomon's experience. 15. Where did he seek for true happiness? Ans. In knowledge, and pleasure, and wealth. 16. What was the result? Ans. Behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit. 17. Where only can true happiness be found? Ans. In loving God, in trusting Jesus, and in doing good to men.

B.C. 985-975.] LESSON XII. [Dec. 21.

THE CREATOR REMEMBERED.

Eccles. 12. 1-14. Commit to mem. vs. 1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.—Eccles. 12. 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Youth is the time to serve the Lord.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Eccles. 7. 1-29. Th. Eccles. 10. 1-20.
 T. Eccles. 8. 1-17. F. Eccles. 11. 1-10.
 W. Eccles. 9. 1-15. Sa. Eccles. 12. 1-14.
 Su. Matt. 25. 31-46.

ECCLESIASTES.—Written by Solomon B.C. 985-975.

INTRODUCTION.—The preacher now gives some practical advice, as the result of his observations of life in the light of his experience.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Remember now thy Creator—* Remember that He is our God, to be worshipped; our Father, to be obeyed, our Benefactor, to be loved; our Judge, to be revered. *When thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them—i.e.,* In the years. To the bad there comes a time when sin will bring no pleasure, only sorrow. 2. *What the sun, etc., be not darkened—* Referring to the mental decay of age. *Nor the clouds return after the rain—* Do not wait till the pleasant days are few, and the clouds of sorrow come again after a brief sunshine. 3. *In the day—* An old man is now compared to a decaying house and household,—a once rich and beautiful palace. *The keepers of the house.* The guards. *The hands and arms.* The strong men. *The labourers.* the legs. *The grinders—* Those who grind corn in the mill for food;—the teeth. *Those that look out of the windows.* The eyes. 4. *The doors shut in the street—* The avenues of communication with the outer world,—the lips and ears. *Sound of the grinding is low—* Scarcely heard by the dull ears of age. *Rise up—* The least noise awakens. *Daughters of music—* The power of singing and enjoying music. 5. *Almond tree shall flourish—* The white hairs, alluding to the white blossoms of the almond tree. *Mourners go about—* Hired mourners, waiting for the old man's death. 6. *The silver cord that holds the golden bowl, the life, the brain.* *The pitcher broken at the fountain—* An emblem of death; the heart, that holds the life blood, ceases to act. *The wheel, etc.—* The circulation of the blood. 9. *Set in order many proverbs—* 3000 (1 Kings 4. 32). 11. *4. goads—* To spur and incite to better. *4. Nails—* Fixed in the memory. *By the masters of assemblies—* The preachers or teachers.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Remembering our Creator.—Why in youth?—Old age like winter.—Old age like a decaying house.—Verse 6.—To whom, whether

Christian or sinner, this description refers.—Verse 11.—The conclusion of the whole matter.—The judgment.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who gives the advice in this lesson? What was the result of his experience as given in our last lesson? How would his experience lead him to give the advice with which our lesson begins?

SUBJECT: EARLY PIETY.

I. REASONS FOR BEGINNING TO SERVE GOD IN YOUTH (vs. 1-8).—What does Solomon advise all young people to do? What is it to remember our Creator? What reasons can you give why we should do it in youth? Why not wait till old age? How is age compared to winter? (v. 2.) To what is it next likened? What is represented by the keepers? the strong men? the grinders? those that look out of the windows? the doors? the daughters of music? the almond tree? What is the picture of age in v. 5? What is represented by the silver cord? the golden bowl? the pitcher at the fountain? the wheel at the cistern? Is this the description of the old age of the good or of the wicked? What compensation have the good? (2 Tim. 4. 8.)

II. FITNESS OF THE PREACHER TO GIVE THIS ADVICE (vs. 9-12).—How was Solomon prepared to give good advice? Can we help others without (1) wisdom from God? (2) experience? How many proverbs did Solomon set in order? (1 Kings 4. 31.) Why are the words of the wise like goads? like nails? What is the meaning of v. 12?

III. THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER (vs. 13, 14).—To what conclusion does the preacher come at last? What two parts to the whole duty of man? How are these "the whole of man?" Will a life so lived be "vanity and vexation of spirit?" What influence should a future judgment have upon our life? How strict will this judgment be? What does Christ say of it? (Matt. 25. 31-46.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.

1. The best of all times to begin the Christian life is in youth.—(1) Because youth is most impressible; (2) because we may never live to be old; (3) because old age is too full of weakness and burdens; (4) because if we begin in youth we have a longer time in which to serve God; (5) because piety will lead to a happier old age; (6) because for every sin we must give an account; (7) because the Christian life is the happiest and best life.

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

18. What was the advice of the preacher? (Repeat the Golden Text.) 19. To what does he compare old age? Ans. To the winter season. 20. What other comparison does he make? Ans. He compares the old man to a house fallen into decay. 21. To what conclusion does he come at last? (Repeat v. 13.) 22. What closing reason does he give? (Repeat v. 14.)

To trust God when our warehouses and bags are full, and our tables are spread, is no hard thing; but to trust Him when our purses are empty, but a handful of meal and cruise of oil left, and all the ways of relief stopped—herein lies the wisdom of a Christian's grace.

God can make the grief a grace, the burden a blessing, and light up the disappointment so that it becomes the torch of hope. The rod itself shall bud and blossom and bring forth almonds, so that the very thing that chastens us shall present beauty and fruit.

BLESSED is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness. Know thy work and do it; and work at it like Hercules. One monster there is in the world—an idle man.

A LITTLE child, becoming weary with the quarrelling of two younger children over a glass of milk, exclaimed, "What's the use of quarrelling over that milk? There is a whole cowful out in the barn."

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