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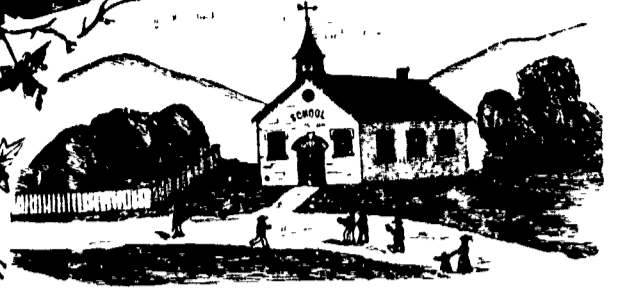
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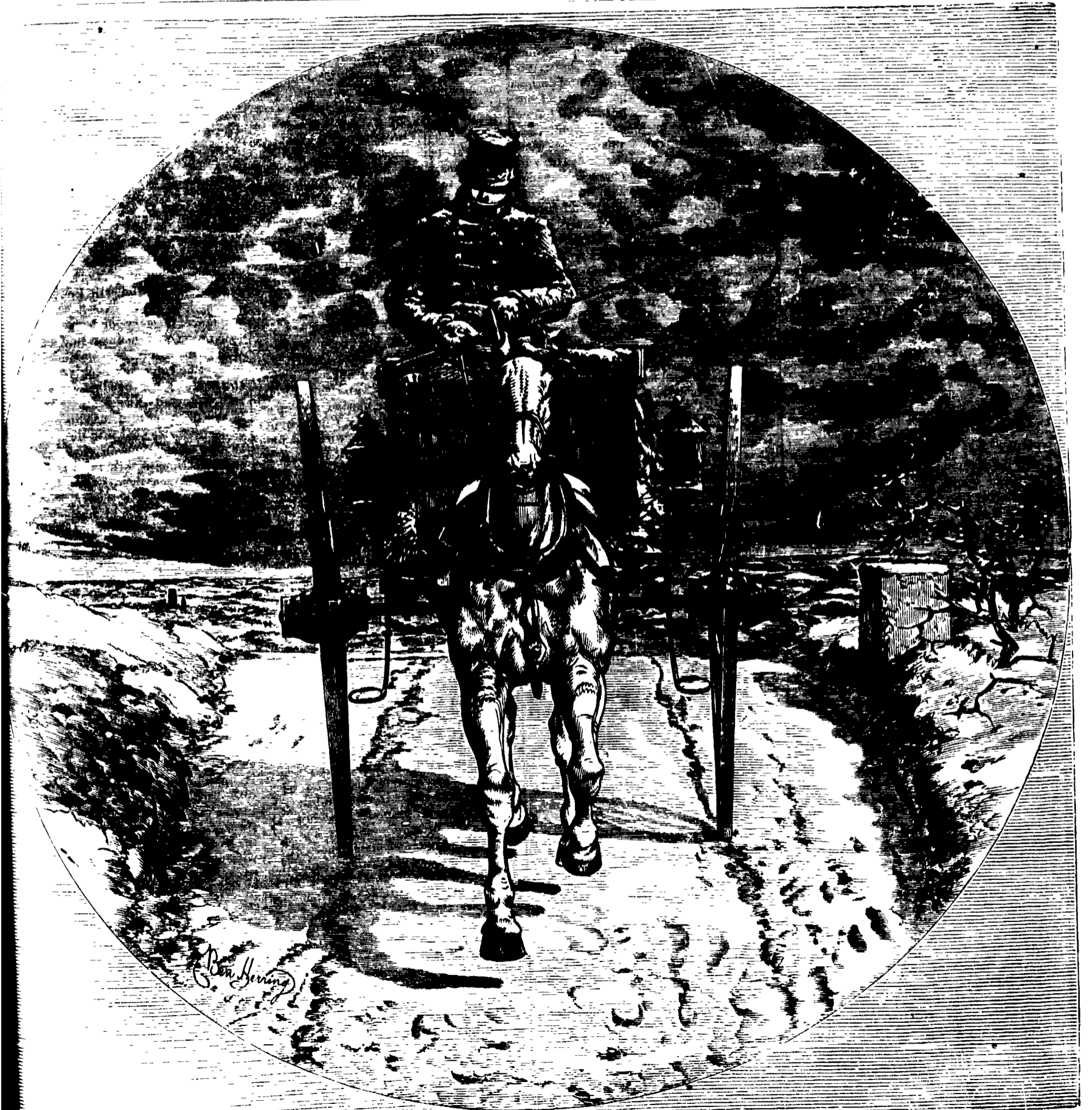
HOME & SCHOOL



Vol. I.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1883.

[No. 21.



ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.—(See next page.)

Lost Names.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

"Those women which laboured with me in the Gospel, and other my fellow-labourers, whose names are in the book of life."

They lived, and they were useful; this we know

And naught beside;
No record for their names is left to show
How soon they died;
They did their work, and they passed away,
An unknown band,
And took their places with the greater host
In the higher land.

And were they young, or were they growing old,

Or ill, or well,
Or lived in poverty, or had much gold,
No one can tell;
One only thing is known of them, they were
Faithful and true
Disciples of the Lord, and strong through
prayer
To save and do.

But what avails the gift of empty fame!
They lived to God.
They loved the sweetness of another name,
And gladly trod
The rugged ways of earth, that they might be
Helper, or friend,
And in the joy of this their ministry
Be spent and spend.

No glory clusters round their names on earth:
But in God's heaven
Is kept a book of names of greatest worth,
And there is given
A place for all who did the Master please
Although unknown,
And there lost names shine forth in brightest
rays
Before the throne.

O, take who will the boon of fading fame!
But give to me
A place among the workers, though my name
Forgotten be.
And if within the book of life is found
My lowly place,
Honor and glory unto God rebound
For all his grace!

—Christian World.

On Her Majesty's Service.

The post system of Great Britain and its dependencies, and indeed of the civilized world, is one of the most wonderful things of modern times. To think that for a penny I can have a post-card sent to Japan, or China, or India, or Persia, or Russia, or almost any place on the globe, is one of the greatest marvels of the age. And the post-office is one of the most beneficent institutions as well. The time was, and not so long ago either, when letters from their friends were luxuries that poor people could not afford. I remember when a letter from Nova Scotia to Toronto cost three shillings and four pence. This was really a tax on the affections. When the poor left home, they could not afford to keep up the tender tie of love by writing—even if they did not leave their native land. And as for the poor emigrant to Canada, the parting was almost like death. Sir Rowland Hill, by giving the boon of penny postage to the poor in Great Britain, did an incalculable good, enabling them to keep up the family tie; and added immeasurably to the sum of human happiness, and of human virtue as well. For, badly-written, badly-spelled as the letter might be, no poem, no eloquence was half so dear to a father's or a mother's heart as news from Tom or Mary, at service in a distant city; and in the loneliness of their little garret, while writing home or hearing from home, Tom and Mary have the spell of home influence—of a mother's prayers and a father's blessing thrown around them.

To our young readers I would say, Wherever you are, write often home. While my own dear mother was living, for years and years I wrote to her every week. When at college, when on a circuit, when I had a home of my own, and many cares, I always wrote home at least once a week. Often I had no news and little to say, but I knew that it gladdened my mother's heart to hear from her boy, and so, no matter how busy, I found time to write. And do you suppose that I regret it now that I can write to her no more? No, a thousand times, No!

And when I am away travelling, I try to send, at least, a post-card home every day. It costs only a cent, and takes but a minute, but these little love-tokens are worth a great deal. And oh! how glad the traveller, far from home, is to get tidings from the loved ones, and how bitter the disappointment when he fails to get his letters where he expected them! Some of the brightest memories to the writer of Rome, Venice, Milan, and other foreign cities, are the letters from home. And the way letters will follow one from place to place is wonderful. Some of those which missed me were re-directed over and over again, and some even followed me back to Canada.

Her Majesty's servant in the mail cart is driving over a bleak and snowy road in some remote and lonely place, but he is bearing his messages of joy, or mayhap of sorrow, to many an anxious heart. I wind up this rambling talk with Cowper's lines to the post-boy in Book IV. of the Task.

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn! o'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length,
Bestride the wintry flood, in which the Moon
Sees her unrinkled face reflected bright;—
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
With spattered boots, strapped waist, and
frozen locks;

News from all nations lumbering at his back.
True to his charge, the close-packed load
behind,

Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
And, having dropped the expected bags, pass
on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
Cold, and yet cheerful: messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;
To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks;
Births, deaths, and marriages; epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's
cheeks,

Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charged with amorous sighs of absent
swains,
Or nymphs responsive—equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But O the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? Have our troops
awaked?

Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the music of the Atlantic wave!
Is India free! and does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all;
I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.
Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

WHETHER it be a blessing to be good-looking begins to be doubted in some quarters. "What a fine-looking man that is," said one gentleman to another, noticing a face and form such as would attract attention anywhere. "Yes," was the reply, "he looks like an encyclopedia, but he talks like a primer."

The Torpedo-Fish.

UPON a sandy beach a fisherman had landed, and among the finny game was a rare fish—a torpedo. "I don't want any more o' them in my net," said our informant. "I couldn't calkerlate what I had. My hands got numb-like when I was pullin' of it in; but when I took hold on't to heft it, wall! I thought I'd been struck by lightnin'. I've heard on 'em, but never seen one afore. Jest touch him right here." But we declined the invitation.

The torpedo is often found on Cape Cod, but rarely up in this section. It belongs to the ray family, and fishermen are often made painfully aware of its presence in their nets, the shock passing up the lines, and even following up splashes of water, completing a current in this insecure way, and giving the men a violent shock. A specimen, half dead, gave shocks when handled by Dr. Atwood, and in handling others in good condition he experienced hard usage, and many shocks that threw him upon the ground as quick as if he had been knocked down by an axe. He also received shocks by taking hold of the pole of a harpoon when at the distance of eight feet from the fish, and felt numbness while holding the rope attached to the harpoon. Even when cutting the fish the fingers were so affected that he with difficulty grasped the handle of the knife.

The largest specimens of torpedo found in our waters weigh nearly two hundred pounds. The liver of this fish yields, in the largest, about three gallons of oil, which is regarded as of superior quality for burning.

An experiment has been made in giving the torpedo a shock, which was evidently unpleasantly affected, swimming out of the way, and shaking its body with a peculiar motion, and opening its gills spasmodically, thus proving that it could be caught with its own weapon. The battery, if it can be called such, occupies a position between the skull and the pectoral fins on each side, and is the most wonderful and complicated provision of nature. It is composed of a large number of upright columns, each of which is covered and enclosed by an extremely thin membrane. These columns are again built up of flat disks, separated by a delicate membrane, which seems to contain fluid. This structure may be roughly imitated by piling a number of coins upon each other, with a bladder between each coin—in fact, a kind of voltaic pile. The length of the columns, and consequently the number of disks, varies according to their position in the body. The columns extend almost through the creature, from the skin of the back to that of the abdomen, and are clearly visible on both sides, so that those in the middle are necessarily the longest, and those at either end become gradually shorter. In many large specimens more than 1,000 columns were counted, and the number of disks on an average a hundred to an inch. It seems from the best researches, that the growth of this organ is produced, not by the increase of each column, but by a continual addition to their number. A vast amount of blood-vessels passed through the electric organ, and it is permeated with nerves in every direction.

The use for this formidable weapon is obvious, as the fish is extremely slow and clumsy in its movements, and were it not for this assistance it would stand a poor chance of obtaining food.

In ancient days the animal was pressed into use for medicinal purposes, and was the original electro therapeutic medium. Dioscorides, the physician who attended Antony and Cleopatra, is said to have made use of its powers. *New York Evening Post.*

A Girl's Equipment for Self-Support

No ONE will dispute the abstract assertion that any given girl may some day have herself and perhaps her family to support; and yet our schemes of education for girls are framed precisely as if this were not and could not be true. As a rule no provision whatever is made for such a contingency in the education of girls, no recognition whatever is given to the fact that the chance exists. We shut our eyes to the danger; we hope that the ill may never come, and we put the thought of it away from us. In brief, we trust to luck, and that is a most unwise—I was about to say idiotic—thing to do. Each one of us has known women to whom this mischance has happened, and each one of us knows that it may happen to the daughter whom we tenderly cherish, yet we put no arms in her hands with which to fight this danger; we equip her for every need except this sorest of all needs; we leave her at the mercy of chance, knowing that the time may come when she whom we have not taught to do any bread-winning work will have need of bread, and will know no way in which to get it except through dependence, beggary, or worse. She can teach? Yes, if she can find some politician to secure an appointment for her. She can prick back poverty with the point of her needle? Yes, at the rate of seventy-five cents a week, or, if she is a skilful needle-woman, at twice or thrice that pittance. Is it not beyond comprehension that intelligent and affectionate fathers, knowing the dreadful possibilities that lie before daughters whom they love with fondest indulgence, should neglect to take the simplest precaution in their behalf? We are a dull, blind, precedent-loving set of animals, we human beings. We neglect this plain duty, at this terrible risk, simply because such has been the custom. Some few of us have made up our minds to set this cruel custom at defiance, and to give our girls the means of escape from this danger. It is our creed that every education is fatally defective which does not include definite skill in some art or handicraft or knowledge in which bread and shelter may be certainly won in case of need. If the necessity for putting such skill to use never arises, no harm is done, but good rather, even in that case, because the consciousness of ability to do battle with poverty frees its possessor from apprehension, and adds to that confident sense of security without which contentment is impossible. All men recognize this fact in the case of boys; its recognition in the case of girls is not one whit less necessary. It seems to me at least that every girl is grievously wronged who is suffered to grow up to womanhood and to enter the world without some marketable skill.—George Cary Eggleston in *Harper's Magazine.*

EVERY man must work at something. The moment he stops working for himself, the devil employs him.—John Bright.

The Vagabonds.

[The following is an admirable piece for a good elocutionist to read or recite to an audience.]—Ed.

We are two travellers—Roger and I;
Roger's my dog—come here, you scamp;
Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye!—
Over the table—look out for the lamp!
The rogue is growing a little old;
Five years we've tramped through wind
and weather,
And slept outdoors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow!
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),—
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle,
(This outdoor business is bad for strings,)—
Then a few nice buck-wheats hot from the
griddle
And Roger and I set up for kings.

No thank ye, sir,—ever drink;
Roger and I are awfully moral—
Aren't we, Roger? See him wink!
Well, something hot, then—we won't
quarrel.
He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head;
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said—
And he knows good milk from water and
chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir!) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin:
And this old coat with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every
disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master!
No, sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George! it makes my eyes just water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter.

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough
is, sir.)
Shall march a little—start, you villain!
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your
officer!
Put up that paw! Dress! take your rifle!
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) now hold
your
Cap while the gentleman gives a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier!

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel
shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence;
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honour a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps,—that's five; he's mighty
knowing!
The night's before us, fill the glasses!
Quick, sir! I'm ill—my brain is going—
Some brandy,—thank you—there, it passes.

Why not reform? That's easily said;
But I've gone through such wretched
treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform:
And there are times when, mad with
drinking,
I sometimes long for the something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love—but I took to drink!
The same old story! You know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features,—
You needn't laugh, sir; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures;
I was one of our handsome men!

If you had seen her! So fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast!
If you could have heard the songs that I sung,
When the wine went round, you wouldn't
have guessed
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged, penniless, and playing
To you, to-night, for a glass of grog.

She's married since—a parson's wife;
'Twas better for her that we should part—
Better the soberest, proudest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.

I have seen her—once; I was weak and spent
On a dusty road; a carriage stopped:
But little did she dream, as on she went,
Who kissed the coin that her finger dropped.

You've set me talking, sir, I'm sorry:
It makes me wild to think of the change!
What do you care for a beggar's story?
Is it amusing? You find it strange!
I had a mother so proud of me!
It was well she died before—do you know
The happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below!

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start;
I wonder has he such a lumpish, leaden,
Aching thing in place of a heart.
He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he
could,
No doubt remembering things that were;
A virtuous kennel with plenty of food,
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming—
You rascal! limber your lazy feet!
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think!
But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor
drink;
And the sooner the better for Roger and me.

Daily Bread in Hard Times.

"It's dreadful to live this way! I
do wonder why God doesn't answer
your prayer and send you some work,"
said Mrs. Wilson.

"Are you hungry, wife? I'm sure
I thought we had a very good break-
fast," responded John Wilson.

"But we've nothing for dinner!"
"But it isn't dinner-time yet, my
wife."

"Well, I must confess I'd like to
know what we are to have just a little
while before dinner-time."

"God has said our bread and water
shall be sure, but He has not promised
that we shall know beforehand where
it's coming from."

"Father," said little Maggie, "do
you s'pose God knows what time we
have dinner?"

"Yes, my dear child, I suppose He
knows exactly that. I've done my
best to get work, and I'll go out now
and look about; you go to school and
don't be the least mite afraid, Maggie.
There'll be some dinner."

"But we're out of soap and starch,"
said the mother.

"As for the starch, you couldn't use
it if you had it. I'm sure I had soap
when I washed my hands this morning,"
said John.

"Yes, a little bit. But it's not
enough to do the washing."

"But the washing will not come till
next Monday. As for the starch it
isn't one of the necessaries of life."

"If I had some potatoes I could
make some," said Mrs. Wilson mus-
ingly.

"Well, I'm going out now to try and
find some work. You just cast your
burden on the Lord, mother, and go
about your housework just as if you
knew what was coming next, and don't
go and take the burden right up again.
That's the trouble with you. You can't
trust the Lord to take as good care of
it as you think you would, and so you
take it up again, and go round groan-
ing under the burden."

"Well, I do wonder He lets such
troubles come. Here you've been out
of work these three months, with only
an occasional day's work, and you've
been a faithful, conscientious Christian
ever since I knew you."

"I've been an unfaithful, unprofit-
able servant, and that's true, mother,
whatever you may think of me," re-

plied John Wilson humbly. "God is
trying our faith now. After He's
provided for us so long, what will He
think of us if we distrust Him now,
just because want seems to be near,
before ever it has touched us."

John Wilson went away to seek
work, and spent the forenoon seeking
vainly. God saw that there was a
diamond worth polishing. He subjected
His servant's faith to a strain, but it
bore the test. I will not say that no
questionings or painful thoughts dis-
turbed the man as he walked homeward
at noon. Four eager, hungry little
children, just home from school, to find
the table unspread, and no dinner ready
for them; an aged and infirm parent,
from whom he had concealed as far as
possible all his difficulties and per-
plexities, lest he should feel himself a
burden in his old age, awakened to a
realization that there was not enough
for him and them—these were not
pleasant pictures to contemplate, and
all through the long, weary forenoon
Satan had been holding them up to his
view, and it was only by clinging to
the Lord, as drowning men cling to the
rope that is thrown to them, that he
was kept from utter despondency.

"Thou knowest, O Lord, that I've
done my best to support my family.
My abilities are small, but I've done
my best. Now, Lord, I'm waiting to
see thy salvation. Appear for me!
Let me not be put to shame.

"Increase my faith, increase my hope,
Or soon my strength will fail."

So he prayed in his own simple fash-
ion as he walked along.

It was all true as he had said. His
abilities were not great. Some frivo-
lous young people smiled at the phrase-
ology of his prayers. But there were
educated men and earnest women who
were helped and strengthened by those
very prayers. Religion had raised a
man above mediocrity to whom nature
had been niggardly. Without it he
would have been a cipher in the com-
munity.

He drew near to his own door with
something of shrinking and dread. But
the children rushed out to meet him
with joyous shouts.

"Come right in, father; quick!
We've got a splendid dinner all ready.
We've been waiting for you, and were
fearfully hungry."

The tired steps quickened, and the
strongly drawn lines in the weary face
softened to a look of cheerful question-
ing, such as was oftenest seen there.
He came in and stood beside his wife,
who was leaning over the fire, dipping
soup out of the big dinner pot with a
ladle.

"How is this, mother?" said he.

"Why, father! Mr. Giddings has
been over from Bristol. He came just
after you went out. And he says a
mistake was made in your account last
August, which he has just found out
by accident; he owed you fifteen
shillings more and he paid that to me.
So I—"

"I don't think it was by accident,
though," said John Wilson interrupting
her.

"Well, I thought as we had nothing
for dinner I'd better buy some meat
and—"

"Do you think it was accident that
sent us that money to-day, mother?"
persisted the thankful man.

"No, I don't think so," said his wife
humbly; "I think it was Providence.
And I'm thankful, I'm sure. I did try

to trust, but I'll try harder next time.
You haven't heard the whole, though.
Mr. Giddings wants you next Monday
for all the week, and he thinks for all
summer."

The grace at table was a long one,
full of thanks and praise, but not even
the youngest child was impatient at its
length.—*British Workman.*

Brevities.

THERE is a barn upon the Allegheny
Mountains so built that the rain which
falls upon it separates in such a man-
ner that that which falls upon one side
of the roof runs into a little stream
which flows into the Susquehanna, and
thence into the Chesapeake Bay, and
on into the Atlantic Ocean; that which
falls on the other side is carried into
the Allegheny River, thence into the
Ohio, and onward to the Gulf of Mexi-
co. The point where the water divides
is very small. But how different the
course of these waters. So it happens
with people. A very little thing
changes the channel of their lives.
Much depends upon the kind of tem-
pers we have. If we are sour and ill-
tempered, no one will love us. If we
are kind and cheerful, we shall have
friends wherever we go. Much de-
pends upon the way in which we im-
prove our school days. Much depends
upon the kind of comrades we have,
much upon the kind of habits we form.
If we would have the right kind of
life, we must watch the little things.
We must see how one little thing af-
fects another thing, how one little act
takes in many others.

LAST Sabbath evening, we heard a
young man say that he was converted
by what he called a "hot shot," adding:
"I was made the secretary, though un-
converted, of a Mission Sunday-school.
One Sabbath, while walking home
with the superintendent, he said to me,
'E—, you ought to be a Christian.'
That was all he said; but he said it
with so much real solicitude in my
welfare, so much genuine earnestness,
that his few words went right to my
heart. I could not forget them, and
never can. By their influence I was
made a Christian." "A word fitly
spoken is like apples of gold in pic-
tures of silver," say we, with the wise
man.—*Indiana Baptist.*

ONE SIN LEADS TO ANOTHER.—Do
you know how the Suspension Bridge
below Niagara Falls was built. The
span is some seven hundred and fifty
feet, and the height of the bridge two
hundred and thirty-eight feet. How
were the cables stretched from pier to
pier? I will tell you. A boy's kite
was sent up on one side of the river,
and carried by the wind across to the
other. To the string of the kite was
attached a cord, and to the cord a rope.
Thus a communication was established.
So a single sin, even a small sin, may
draw after it the most weighty conse-
quences. Beware of the first sin—the
first oath, the first glass, or petty dis-
honesty.

A CHILD CHRISTIAN.—"I have read
a great many books on the Evidences
of Christianity, and most of the argu-
ments in them I can answer satisfac-
torily to my own mind. But the
change I have seen in the life of my
little daughter, in the year or two past,
I cannot explain. There is evidence
of some power working in her which I
cannot understand."

Anise and Cummin.

WEARY with homely duties done,
Tired through treading day by day
Over and over from sun to sun,
One and the same small round away,
Under her breath I heard her say:—

"Oh! for the sweep of the keen-edged scythe,
Oh! for the swathes, when the reaping's
o'er,

Proof of the toil's success. I tithe
Anise and cummin—such petty store!
Cummin and anise—not aing more!

"Only a meagre garden space,
Out of the world so rich and broad—
Only a strip of standing place!
Only a patch of herb-strown sod
(Given in which to work for God!

"Yet is my hand as full of care
Under the shjine and frost and rain,
Tending and weeding and watching there,
Even as though I deemed a wain
Were to be piled with sheaves of grain.

"Then when the work is done, what cheer
Have I to greet me, great or small?
What that shall show how year by year,
Patient I've wrought at duty's call?
Anise and cummin—that is all!"

Turning, I raised the drooping head,
Just as I heard a sob arise:
"Anise and cummin and mint," I said
(Kissing her over her aching eyes),
"Even our Lord doth not despise.

"Think you He looks for headed wheat
Out on your plot of garden-ground?
Think you He counts as incomplete
Service that from such scanty bound
Yields Him the tithing He has found?"

"What are to Him the world's wide plains?
Him who hath never a need to fill
Ev'n one garner with our small grains?
Yet, if the plot is yours to till,
Tithe Him the anise and cummin still!"
—MARGARET J. PRESTON, in *Independent*.

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TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1883.

The Chautauqua Assembly.

We condense from the *Bible Teacher* the following account of this remarkable Institution.

Some ten years ago the thought of a great Sunday-school assembly was first canvassed between the two men whose names are associated in twin pre-eminence above all other names connected with the Chautauqua Assembly, and which through the wonderful out-reaching of the assembly have become familiar over broad portions of the globe. These names are the Rev. J. H. Vincent, D.D., and Lewis Miller,

Eq, a large hearted layman of Akron, Ohio. A visit was made to Chautauqua lake, where a camp-meeting ground has been previously established. The beauty of the surroundings, the high elevation above the sea-level, and the pure and stimulating atmosphere settled the question of location, and nine years ago, in 1874, the first Sunday-school Assembly was held. Since then the scope of the assembly has been constantly enlarging until a great outdoor summer university has been developed. This embraces the original germ and purpose, the Sunday-school normal course; but to this it has added numerous courses of instruction in other departments. There are lecture courses, embracing science, history, literature, criticism, theology, travel, and so on. There is a school of languages, including Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Anglo-Saxon, German, French. There is a teachers' course, a special normal department for teachers from the lower to the higher grades. There are schools of art including clay-modeling and drawing, a school of practical cookery, and various other specialties. There is a missionary institute which attracts numbers of people prominently interested in the home and foreign missionary work. There is a department of music, and a department of archæology. Then there is the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, the largest school in the world, whose far-reaching arms are encircling the earth, whose first graduating class numbered over seventeen hundred, and whose catalogue for this year embraces nearly *thirty-seven thousand* names. There is also the Chautauqua School of Theology, which provides a course of study for ministers, rendering a service within narrower limits similar to that of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle. All of these together constitute now the CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY, a broadly comprehensive institution, whose local habitation is pitched upon the borders of the enchanting lake, but whose sphere of influence is among the marvels of the age.

The Sunday-school normal courses, senior, intermediate, and primary, are under the direction of Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D.D., one of the editors of the Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school publications, Rev. J. H. Worden, D.D., general Sunday-school secretary of the Presbyterian Church, Rev. B. T. Vincent, and Mrs. Rev. B. T. Vincent, all of whom bring to their work a ripened and valuable experience. Professor Frank Beard delights daily the younger children with his numerous inimitable sketches.

The music of Chautauqua, as for several years past, is under the direction of Professors Case and Sherwin. A great company of trained singers, many of them gathered from the choirs of churches in their homes, are organized into a grand chorus. Supported by a large pipe-organ and an orchestra of other instruments, they fill the vast area of the amphitheatre with volumes of the richest music.

The devotional meetings are growing, last year and this, into more conspicuous proportions. The subject of temperance receives prominent attention this year. Several meetings have had special reference to that topic, and others are placed on the programme further on.

A Sabbath at Chautauqua is one of the most genuine delights one can

experience. It is a rest-day in the best sense. Appropriate services fill in, but do not crowd the successive hours. The first morning hour 9.30, is given to Bible study; at 11 follows a sermon. To the afternoon are given two or three shorter services; at 7.30 a vesper service, and 8 o'clock a sermon. But the gates are hermetically sealed against all possible ingress or egress. No boats can land at the dock; no railway train enter the grounds. Sunday excursions, one of the broad-spreading curses of our modern un-civilization, do not disturb Chautauqua. A sweet, delicious, restful quiet, suggestive of the perfect rest of heaven, prevails through the holy hours of the day.

The leaven of expansion and growth seems to be indigenous to Chautauqua.

The thought of some future and permanent university is naturally in the minds of some, and already the State of New York has granted a charter for such an object. The Chautauqua Assembly has indeed in several important respects assumed the character of a university. Other departments will be added, methods will be further perfected, and a future of proportions and of power for usefulness which it would not now be prudent to undertake to measure, apparently lies within the scope of certain realization.

The prevalent spirit of Chautauqua is thoroughly catholic. Here the people of many denominations, without respect to church-kinship, unite on a common ground for a common end. The Methodist Episcopal Church is by a natural necessity most numerous represented. The two great leaders and heads of the movement are identified with that church. But on the Chautauqua platform, in the lecture courses, in the various courses of instruction, men of many different denominations are found. The Presbyterian, Baptist, and Congregational churches are represented by great numbers on the grounds. This place must for many years to come present such unusual and multiplied advantages as can not be grouped together in any other place, and they who would do the best work in other assemblies would do well to gather here a portion of their inspiration for their work.

The Next International Sunday-School Convention.

THE Executive Committee of the International Sunday-school Convention held an important session at Chautauqua, August 8th and 9th. Fifteen members were in attendance representing thirteen different states, and the District of Columbia and the Province of New Brunswick, and Dominion of Canada. An important part of the committee's work was the general outlining or plan of programme for the next international gathering. It is too early yet to speak of the plan, as the details are left to a sub-committee for further arrangement. The next meeting of the International Convention will occur at Louisville, Kentucky, on the 11th, 12th, and 13th days of June, 1884. We have just had the pleasure of visiting Louisville, and no more central or delightful place could be found for the Convention. We are sure that the large-hearted hospitality of our Southern friends will give as cordial a welcome to visitors from the North as we had the pleasure of giving them in Toronto at the last Convention.

If you have a class of restless and mischievous boys in Sabbath-school, and want to keep them up to their busiest work in their line, you would better let them get in their places before you, and take a fair start without their teacher's being on hand to check them. Ten minutes sooner or later on your part in getting to your place will make a solid hour's difference in your control of your class for one day. If a teacher is ahead of his scholars in getting into place, he can keep ahead there. If his scholars are ahead of him to begin with, they are not likely to lose their lead till school closes.

"P. A. N.," in the *Watchman*, says forcibly and truly: "Denominations are the outgrowth of independent thought and intelligent conviction; and so far from being crimes against Christianity, are the best evidences of wide-spread and vigorous spiritual life. So long as we have denominations, let us have denominational Sunday-school helps. Let every school be loyal to the publication of its own denomination. In choosing between these and the irresponsible teachings of non-partisans, the question of price should not receive a moment's thought. Error may be cheap at first, but it is very dear in the end."

THE following plan for conducting a teacher's meeting is a good one:—"After the opening prayer, and the reading of the lesson by the teachers, all possible questions concerning the lesson which may occur to the teachers are suggested, and taken down in writing by the leader of the meeting. The verses are taken up, one after the other, and every question elicited which can be thought of—questions which the teachers themselves desire to ask; questions which scholars might ask for the solution of difficulties, for geographical and historical facts involved, for doctrinal inferences, etc. After all questions have been asked, they are then taken up, one by one, and answered by the teachers, and the answers written down. In this way the interest of all the teachers is elicited; their difficulties, or the possible difficulties of their classes, stated; and, however unable the leader of such meeting may be to give new ideas, he thereby puts into active operation the knowledge and thinking power of his whole board of teachers."

Book Notice.

Jewish Artisan Life, in the time of Jesus. By FRANZ DELITZSCH. Published in Funk & Wagnalls "Standard Library." Price 15 cents.

Prof. Delitzsch has a world-wide reputation as one of the ablest scholars in Biblical science. He has opened a new field in the department of New Testament cotemporaneous history. He throws a new light upon the country in which Jesus lived and upon the people among whom He moved. He sketches the public business and the private home life of the Jews in the time of Christ, in such a charming style, that one is so fascinated he can scarcely lay down the book until through. In chapter IV., "A June day in Jerusalem during the last decade before Christ," the author fairly makes one feel as if in the midst of the scenes he describes.



THE TRAP-DOOR SPIDER.

The Trap-Door Spider.

OUR engraving shows a very interesting spider called the trap-door spider. It is found in Jamaica. He makes for himself an underground gallery, with an entrance through a trap-door. The door fits exactly, and is fastened on by a capital hinge; the outside is rough like the earth surrounding it, while the inside is smooth and tidy, white and felt-like, exactly resembling the interior of the gallery. The hinge is made outside, so that the door closes of itself if the spider goes out to take a walk. This he generally does at night, when he catches and brings home the insects on which he feeds.

Yonder

No shadows yonder!
All light and song;
Each day I wonder,
And say, How long
Shall time me sunder
From that dear throng?

No weeping yonder!
All fled away;
While here I wander
Each weary day,
And sigh as I ponder
My long, long stay.

No partings yonder!
Time and space never
Again shall sunder;
Hearts cannot sever;
Dearer and fonder,
Hands clasp for ever.

None wanting yonder.
Bought by the Lamb!
All gathered under
The evergreen palm;
Loud as night's thunder
Ascends the glad psalm.

—Horatius Bonar.

ONE of the old English worthies said that a great many sermons were like carefully written letters dropped into the post-office without any address written upon them. They were not intended for any one in particular, and they never reached anybody.

Alcohol and Insurance.

INVESTIGATION has recently brought out some exceedingly interesting facts regarding Life Insurance and Temperance practice. Several Companies have, for over thirty years past, insured Moderate drinkers and Total Abstainers in separate sections, and according to the strict stern logic of ascertained facts, have made out averages entitling Abstainers to bonuses of 20 to 25 per cent over moderate drinkers. The comparison does not take into account so-called Drunkards—such are not accepted by the wise Insurance authorities. The distinction made is (all other things being equal) simply between moderate users, and those who take no alcoholic drinks, and the exact comparative results presented; not made out in the first place with a design of favouring any temperance theory or dogma, but purely as a matter of business. At the same time, as corroborative testimony, the significant facts are worthy of being taken into serious consideration.

Not only are the averages of various years of individual Companies, but several Companies, and different countries, with but little variation, and WITHOUT ANY EXCEPTION, give results substantially similar, amply confirming beyond all peradventure the truth which enlightened Science had asserted—that "*Alcohol is the Enemy of Life.*"

It is sometimes said that the financial bearing should be considered sufficient to vindicate, and often that the moral consideration ought to lead to the practice of Total Abstinence, but here is a view essentially VITAL, emanating from shrewdly conducted business institutions of different countries, including over a hundred thousand policies in the societies, making these distinctions; all of which report that deaths in the general invariably so far exceed those in the Total Abstinence section as to entitle the Abstainers to the largely more favourable terms.

Surely it is not for those "whom it may concern" to ignore such plain lessons of business prudence, dealing with strictly audited accounts and estimates, founded on well confirmed law of comprehensive average.

Here then comes a strong appeal to common attachment to life—highly commending strict Total Abstinence. And strongly too in favour of removing the Poison beyond the reach of the reckless Moderate Drinker.

A True Story.

"I WISH to resign my class," said a teacher to our aged superintendent. "I work, and my labour is in vain."

"My friend, work done faithfully for Christ is never in vain. Toil on, don't lose heart."

"I must give up the work, sir; I can't keep on any longer."

"Yes, you will, when I tell you this: I have been a Sunday-school teacher now for thirty years, and I have not grown weary yet," warmly replied the superintendent, "and I never will leave the work until my Master calls me home."

"I don't feel like that. My class tries me sorely. If I could only hear of one lad who had become a Christian I should not want to give up."

Three days afterwards this teacher came to the superintendent, an open letter in his hand, and tears streaming down his cheeks,

"Oh, sir," he cried, "do you remember Robert Clarkson?"

"I should think I do, the young tyrant! How he used to plague you, to be sure. What part of the world is he in?"

"Chicago, and has been there for ten years. You know, sir, he was in my Bible class. Well, this letter is from him, and he writes to say that he is now a superintendent of a Sabbath-school out there, and the words I said to him at parting were the means of his conversion. And—I shall never forgive myself for growing weary of teaching—I will take my class as usual next Sunday."

Bad vs. Good Reading.

IMPURE literature is another gigantic evil of the times, and the more dangerous because of its Protean form. The extent to which our people, and especially the youth of both sexes, are corrupted, seduced, depraved, and ruined by such reading has not yet been fully known. Every taste is pandered to from that of the poor, unhappy child of ease and fortune, who divides her time between the toilet, the opera, and the French novel, to that of the pale-faced factory girl, who devours the last dime romance. The activity of the press for evil must be exceeded by the activity of the press for good. And the only excuse Churches can have for conducting enormous publishing houses, is that they can thereby supply a carefully graded literature to the people at little more than a nominal price. Any effort to make money involves a Church in an inconsistency from which all the subtleties of logic can never deliver it. Methodism has, from the beginning, been engaged in the work of supplying in every form pure literature—would that it were lawful to add, and at the low prices established by Wesley—by means of one of the best colportage systems in the world, its itinerant ministry.

Go and Do Likewise.

A LADY of good social position in Cleveland, Ohio, while on her way to a meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, saw as she passed a beer saloon, a young man about to raise a glass of liquor to his lips. Following instantly the motion of the Spirit—would that Christians always did this!—she left her companion at the entrance, and, stepping in, said to the youth:

"Oh, my friend, stop! don't touch it!"

Startled by the appearance of a well dressed lady in such a place, he turned, and asked:

"What brings you here?"

"To save you from ruin," she replied.

"What do you want of me?" he again asked, confused by the unexpectedness of the scene.

"I want you to go with me to the Young Men's Christian Association meeting," she answered.

"But you would be ashamed to walk with me," he said.

"Not in the least: I would be rejoiced to go there with you," she replied.

Unable to resist her persuasive manner and heartfelt interest in his welfare, the young man left the untouched glass, and went to the meeting. Here prayer was specially made for him, and her act of immediate obedience resulted in his conversion. He became not only a Christian, but one of the most active workers for the gospel in Cleveland.

What a Gentleman Is.

"THE essential characteristics of a gentleman," says Mr. Matthews, "are inward qualities, developed in the heart."

The drover was a gentleman at heart, and in speech also, of whom the following anecdote is told. He was driving cattle to market one day when the snow was very deep, save on the highway. The drove compelled a lady who happened that way to turn out of the road and tread in the deep snow.

"Madam," said the drover, taking off his hat, "if the cattle knew as well as I do what they should do, you would not walk in the snow."

Charles Lamb tells a story of Joseph Price, a London merchant, who revered womanhood in every form in which it came before him.

"I have seen him," writes the genial essayist, "stand bare-headed (smile, if you please), to a servant girl while she was inquiring of him the way to some street, in such a posture of enforced civility as neither to embarrass her in the acceptance nor himself in the offer of it."

"I have seen him," he continues, "tenderly escort a market woman whom he had encountered in a shower, exalting his umbrella over her poor basket of fruit that it might receive no damage, with as much carefulness as though she had been a countess."

These anecdotes show what genuine politeness is. It is a kindly spirit which expresses itself kindly to all. Of one who possesses it the remark is never made, "He can be a gentleman when he pleases." As Mr. Matthews says—and we wish boys to memorize the saying—"He who can be a gentleman when he pleases, never pleases to be anything else."

Somebody's Darling.

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and the dying lay
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day,
Somebody's darling—so young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,—
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould;
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined face
Brush every wandering silken thread;
Cross his hands as a sign of grace;
Somebody's darling is still and dead.

Kiss him once for *Somebody's* sake;
Murmur a prayer soft and low!
One bright curl from the cluster take;
They were somebody's pride you know.
Somebody's hand had rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Kissed farewell in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand!
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart,
There he lies, with the blue eyes dim,
And smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head—
"Somebody's darling lies buried here!"

John B. Gough on Temperance.

The following are extracts from Mr. Gough's address at Woodstock, on July 4th.

I have come to talk to you on temperance. I have been now forty-one years speaking in my way. I suppose you would like to hear something new. There isn't anything new. Some people prefer the old to the new. A man went into a store and, leaning against a post, asked: "Have you anything new or fresh?" "Yes," was the response; "that paint you are leaning on is fresh." Probably he would have preferred the old to the new.

People say: "Gough is a mere story-teller. Who can't tell a story?" What ought I to give the people but a story? I never have been into a school since I was ten and a half years of age; neither a Sunday-school nor a day-school. I had nothing to fall back upon; but I had a story to tell. It was a story of crime, a story of gloom, a story of sunshine, a story of God's infinite mercy, a story every word of which I felt in the deepest depths of my own soul. I began to tell the story, and I have continued to tell the story, and I thank God there are some men who, through stories, have been able to make the remaining chapters in the stories of their lives better. So it is the same old story.

I will tell you my idea of the liquor traffic very briefly. God forgive me, I do not speak of it boastingly, for my sin is ever before me; seven years of my life was a dark blank. I know what the burning appetite for stimulant is; I know all about it, and I have sat by the dying bedside of drunkards; I have held their hands in mine; I have tried to lead them at the last gasp to the Saviour who never turned any away that came to Him; and yet, in the light of my own experience and the experience of others that I have received through my observation, I could say: Father in Heaven, if it be Thy will that man shall

suffer, whatever seemeth good in Thy sight of temporal evil, impose it on me, let the bread of affliction be given me to eat; take from me the friends of my old age; let the hut of poverty be my dwelling-place; let the wasting hand of disease be laid upon me; let me walk in the whirlwind, live in the storm; let the passing away of my welfare be like the flowing of a stream and the shouts of my enemies like rain on the waters; when I speak good let evil come on me—do all this, but save me, merciful God, save me from the bed of a drunkard! And yet, as I shall answer to Thee in the day of judgment, I had rather be the veriest sot that ever reeled through your streets than I would be the man who sold him his liquor for money.

I think it is the most awful business that a man can possibly engage in. There is no good in it. How much benefit is it to a town that a man shall start a saloon. Let him bring a few specimens of his work. He can't do it. The raw material is always worth more than the manufactured article; always. As a boy said: "I know So-and-so's saloon is finished." "How do you know it?" "I saw a fellow coming out of it drunk." A liquor-seller was very angry with a boy who, when he saw a drunken man had fallen down in front of a saloon, said: "Mister, your sign has fell down."

In New York State, a very respectable man, except for one thing, occasional intoxication, went into a saloon and got intoxicated. It was in the afternoon. He went home and struck his wife a blow that killed her. He was arrested that night; spent the night in jail. The keeper came in the morning to wake him up, sleeping off his drunk on the floor of the cell. He woke up hardly conscious from his drunken sleep and said: "Wh—where am I? It seems to me I am in jail." "Yes; you are!" said the keeper. "Why you got me in jail for?" "Don't you know?" "N—no; I never was in jail before in my life. Why—why—why you got me in jail for?" "You are in jail for murder." "What! You don't mean that?" "Yes; I do." "And I killed anybody?" "Yes." "O, my God! What will become of me? Say, tell me! Does my wife know it?" "Why! It is your wife you have killed." He dropped on the floor of the cell like a dead man. The keeper of that prison holds a license to sell liquor, and the sheriff who will hang him if ever he is hung owns the place where he keeps his liquor shop. If you punish the one, why not punish the other?

I remember hearing of a nobieman who wanted to have a grand entertainment, and he wanted fish and there were none to be obtained. One of his servants said to him: "There is a man in the hall has a very fine turbot; but he asks a very curious price." "Never mind the price. Grant it." "He asks a hundred lashes on his bare back." "Well, he's a fool, if he wont let it go for less than that." They brought him in and laid on fifty lashes pretty lightly, when the man said: "Hold on! I have got a partner in this business!" "Well, bring in the other, if there are two fools." "Your porter wouldn't let me in at the gate until I promised I would give him half of what I got for the fish." They brought in the porter and gave him fifty lashes, and laid them on well. If you put a man in prison for getting under the influence of liquor,

how about the man at the other end; the man that sold the liquor?

I have not a boy, and sometimes I am glad I have not, when I see the wrecks of men around me like one who once came to me, a graduate of Edinburgh University. After I had talked with him some time, said he: "Will you shake hands with me? I am obliged to you for giving me your time. It is no use. God pity me, Mr. Gough, I am a lost laddie. Good-bye." A lost laddie? Are there no lost laddies in Connecticut? Are there no mothers mourning over a lost laddie? I am glad I have no son in these days of temptation; but, if I had, I would rather take him to the lowest grog-shop you have in Connecticut and keep him an hour than take him into your respectable, social, moderate drinking society, where the father and mother drink, and the minister who preaches the everlasting Gospel smiles with approval, if he don't take it himself.

You may take a boy brought up in this grog-shop, give him a glass of liquor, and he will say "Father, I don't like this; I don't like the smell of it. What strange looking people come here. What makes that man look like that?" "Drink, my boy; will you have some?" "They are using horrible language, what makes them talk so?" "Drink, my boy; will you have some?" "No." Let me show him the results, and he won't touch it; but in the social circle, where the mother offers it to her guests, then he will take it. I tell you I had rather have given that man that shot himself dead at the age of thirty-two, in the presence of his wife, mother and child, mad with delirium tremens—I had rather have given him his last glass than the first. If he had not taken the first, he never had taken the last. I don't say all men become drunkards. God have mercy on any young man who hears me, if he permits the fetters to be bound on him, coil on coil, more binding even than the withes that were put upon Samson, until he cries in bitterness of spirit: "Who shall deliver me from the slavery of drunkenness?"

I want to say a word to the young men. It is a grand thing to be a young man; to have life before you. Life is behind us. My record is pretty nearly made; yours is to make. I can't change my record to save my life. I can't undo a deed that I have done or unsay a word I have spoken to save my soul. No more can you. You are making your record. We old men have our record nearly made, and we can't change it. It is an awful thing when a man is sixty-five years of age to look out upon a stained, smeared, smudged record, and know he can't change it. Thank God, there is a Man who can wipe out the iniquity sufficient to save us, as a school-boy wipes his sum off the slate. Even if a man is forgiven, it leaves a mark upon him he will never recover from—never.

Young men, you have life before you, and you will have to map out which direction you will take. They tell us that eight miles above us nothing animal can exist. It is death to all animal life eight miles in that direction. It don't depend on the distance you travel, but on the direction; and when a man takes a wrong direction he knows it. Young men, you need not tell me when you are doing wrong you don't know it. You do. There is not a young man that is breaking his

mother's heart by dissipation but knows it; knows that every glass he drinks will be a thorn in the way for him. He knows it. What do young men say? "Oh! young men will be young men." They ought to be. I always look with suspicion on old heads on young shoulders. You young men can be young as long as you live. Years don't make a man old. There is many a man forty years of age who is younger and fresher at heart than some young old men of twenty-five who have broken themselves all down by dissipation. William E. Dodge never was old. He was young a seventy-eight, and entered into perennial eternal youth without ever knowing what old age was. So can you.

I thought it was a terrible thing to be old. The first time I ever heard myself called old it was in a railway station. I was looking after baggage and one of these baggage smashers said: "Old man, what are you looking after?" It sounded queer. I don't mind it now. I don't like it when they say: "Let us pray for our aged friend." I don't like that. That is a little too much of a good thing.

Young men, did you ever meet a man sixty years of age who would say, I never drank a glass of liquor in my life, and I am sorry I never learned to use it when a boy? One gentleman, seventy years of age, on this ground, said to me: "I never drank a glass of liquor in my life." Our young men say: "Oh, you temperance people always present this matter of drunkenness in such a terrible light." I will tell you one great danger we have. We look at simple intoxication as a small affair. Getting tight once in a while is nothing, will happen to anybody. Did you ever hear a man say: "If you call me a thief, I will knock you down. I know I steal occasionally, but I am not a thief." "If any man calls me a liar, I will thrash him. I know I don't always tell the truth; but I am not a liar." "I am not a drunkard. I get 'three sheets in the wind,' a 'brick in the hat.' I am not a drunkard." If a man steals once he is a thief. You don't call a man who drinks himself full once a drunkard!

A Scotch lairdie went to the squire with his man Sandy, and they got to drinking whiskey from night to morning. The next morning, on their way home on horseback, Sandy following the lairdie, both very drunk, they came to a little bit of a burn, and the lairdie, pulling on the bridle, pulled himself over the horse's neck over his ears, splash into the water. "Sandy, Sandy, something has fell off." "Oh, no, there's nothing fell off!" "Sandy, I heard a splash." Sandy got off his horse, and said: "It is yourself that has fell in the water." "It can't be me; for I am here." Sandy got his master on his horse again; but wrong side before. "Now," said the lairdie, "Sandy, gimme the bridle! Gimme the bridle, Sandy." "Lairdie, you wait until I find the bridle." "I must have a bridle." "Lairdie, there isn't any bridle, and there isn't any place for a bridle. Lairdie, here's a miracle; the horse's head's off and I can't find the place where it was and there isn't nothing left but a piece of his mane." "Give me the mane then, Sandy. Whoa! He is going the wrong way." And so the story went on. Because we laugh at some of the phases of drunkenness we lose the ability in

great degree to appreciate it in all its horrible realities.

I heard of a man who came home drunk and seized the water-pitcher and lifted it to his mouth. One of the children had dropped a spool of silk into that water pitcher, and, in his hurry, he had found a foreign substance going down his throat. He got frightened and dropped the pitcher. "Murder! Murder!" [Mr. Gough here pulled several imaginary yards of silk thread from his mouth.] "Hurry up! I'm all unravelling."

Now, we laugh at one phase of drunkenness. I will give you another. A man came home drunk, and his child, a girl two years of age, was crying. He harshly said to the child: "Stop your crying." She did not understand him and cried on, and that father took his own child, that little girl, two years old, and laid her on the fire; and when his wife came up to rescue the child he kicked her away with his hob-nailed boots and held the child there until she was burned to a crisp. That is another phase of it that you don't laugh at.

Over Against the Treasury.

OVER against the treasury one day
The Master silent sat, whilst, unaware
Of that Celestial Presence still and fair,
The people passed or paused upon their way.

And some went laden with their treasures
sweet.

And dressed in costly robes of rare device
To cover hearts of stone and souls of ice,
But knelt to crave no blessing as they went.

And some passed gaily singing, on their way
And cast a careless gift before His face,
Amongst the treasures of the holy place,
But neither did they bow their heads to pray.

And some were travel worn, their eyes were dim,
They touch His shining vesture as they pass.
But saw not even darkly through a glass—
How sweet might be their trembling gifts to Him.

And still the hours roll on; serene and fair
The Master keeps His watch, but who can tell
The thoughts that in His tender spirit swell,
As one by one we pass Him unaware?

For this is He who, on one awful day,
Cast down for us a price so vast and dread
That He was left for our sakes bare and dead,
Having given Himself our mighty debt to pay?

And in return for all His gifts so rare
One, lone and trembling, to the treasury came,
With but a mite in either hand,—'twas all
her gain,
Forgetting all but Him, she cast them there.

With empty hands, but heart surcharged with love,
She turned away, repaid a thousand fold,
With something better far than sordid gold—
"The blessing that enricheth," from above.

The rich, who cast in much from bounteous store,
Went poorer home, nor felt the glow of joy;
Their gifts, in heaven's count, was base alloy,
Nor will they be rewarded evermore.

By human rule, her gifts were very small,
But heavy in the balance of the skies,
And while the gifts from flowing wealth did rise
As puffballs in the scale, her mites outweighed them all.

O, shall unworthy gifts once more be thrown
Into His treasury—by whose death we live?
Or shall we now embrace His cross, and give
Ourselves, and all we have, to him alone?

THERE are more Roman Catholics
in New York city than in any other
city in the world.

The Lesson Taught by a Swiss Guide.

SARAH SMILEY, in her account of a tour in the Alps, recounts a touching incident and gives a beautiful illustration of Scripture-teaching concerning the generous help of our great Burden-bearer. "In the summer of 1879," says the writer, "I descended the Rhigi with one of the most faithful of the old Swiss guides. Beyond the service of the day he gave me, unconsciously, a lesson for life. His first care was to put my wraps and other burdens upon his shoulder. In doing this he called for all; but I chose to keep back a few for special care. I soon found them no little hindrance to the freedom of my movement, but still I would not give them up until my guide, returning to me where I sat resting for a moment, kindly but firmly demanded that I should give him everything but my alpenstock. Putting them with the utmost care upon his shoulders, with a look of intense satisfaction he led the way. And now, in my freedom, I found that I could make double speed with double safety. Then a voice spoke inwardly: 'O foolish, wilful heart, hast thou, indeed, given up thy last burden? Thou hast no need to carry them, nor even the right.' I saw it all in a flash; and then, as I leaped lightly from rock to rock down the steep mountain-side, I said within myself: 'And even thus will I follow Jesus, my Guide, my Burden-bearer. I will rest all my care upon Him, for He careth for me.'"

Not a Failure.

"HER life began so brilliantly," said my friend, "it is a pity that it has turned out such a failure."

We were speaking of one who in her girlhood gave exceptional promise of scholarship and literary culture. Her powers were uncommon, and were equalled by her ambition. Stimulated by admiring parents and teachers, and filled with a genuine love of knowledge, she studied so incessantly that her health broke down, and there came a period of enforced repose.

Rallying the same course of severe effort produced the same result, and the studies had to be laid aside. The lamp burned brightly, but the vase was fragile and so the flame was obscured. It could never become a beacon sending its rays far and wide through mirk and gloom. But it could and did burn steadily on with a mild, pure radiance, shedding its cheerful lustre over the home circle.

Contented to abide in lowly ministries, the gifted girl, finding that she could not spend days and nights over Greek and Latin, determined to become that rare thing, a perfect housekeeper. She learned patiently and thoroughly the various secrets of housework; those occult processes by which neat, beautiful and well-ordered homes are kept going as if by magic.

Reading the other day about Solomon's temple, and the great blocks of hewn stone and massive beams of cedar, which were prepared and brought to it, all ready for use, so that the grand edifice was reared in dignified quietude, without noise or confusion, I thought how like to this is the work which must take place in the household, if things are to be carried forward in order. Nobody builds a beautiful home temple without pains and care, and we must do our polishing and our hewing out of

sight, if we would be successful architects.

The young girl I am speaking of, I will call her Lillie, learned to brew, to bake, to sweep, to dust, to sew, to manage servants and to entertain guests, every one of these occupations being in a manner uncongenial to her, since she was by nature shy, retiring, and a bit of a recluse. The variety and exercise necessary to homely house-keeping did not tax her strength as did intense devotion to books, yet she continued frail, and was sometimes laid aside for months.

I suppose nobody learns how to sympathize with the sick in any other way than by bearing pain and suffering. Our Lillie became a tender visitor in shadowed homes. She would come with her soft step, her gentle words, her sweet face and unerring tact into a sick room, and when she left it the patient felt encouraged. So, there was one work she did for the Master, not the less precious that it was a very unobtrusive one.

She taught class after class in the Sunday-school; and as the years went by, and the girls and boys who had been under her instruction grew up, they remembered her counsels and prized her continued friendship. They sought her for advice, told her their perplexities, and were influenced by her in their maturity, as they had been guided in their childhood.

Lillie's brothers and sisters married and went here and there to their new homes. Neither love nor marriage were appointed for her, and she staid on with her parents through their declining years, always their comfort, and gradually their main dependence. She retained, as it seems to me some single women do, in a marvellous way, the simplicity of her child-heart through all her years; and now that her hair is sprinkled with silver, and her foot-fall is less firm than of old, she is still everything that a daughter can be to the aged ones who lean on her.

Lillie has never written a poem, nor painted a picture, nor made a discovery in science, nor dazzled a drawing room. She has spent her life humbly, in a shady place, but she has made the shadows sweet with the perfume of Christ's love, and the world has been the better for her. Such a life is anything but a failure.—*Congregationalist*.

JACK OLDSTOCK—"We're very proud of our ancestry, you know." Tom Parvenu—"Yes, I know; but how would your ancestry feel about you?"

OLD ROWLAND HILL was both wise and witty when he replied to one who applied for admission to the sacrament at Surrey Chapel, stating that his religious feelings originated in a dream. "Well that may be," said Mr. Hill, "but we'll tell you what we think of your dreams when we see how you walk when you are awake."

THE famous Lord Chesterfield had a relative, a Mr. Stanhope, who was exceedingly proud of his pedigree, which he pretended to trace to a ridiculous antiquity. Lord Chesterfield was one day walking through an obscure street in London, when he saw a miserable daub of Adam and Eve in Paradise. He purchased the painting, and having written on the top of it "Adam de Stanhope, of Eden, and Eve, his wife," he sent it to his relative as a valuable old family portrait of his remote ancestors.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

37.—Monkey.

38.—Invalid.

39.—HOT
ONE
TEN

HALE
AVER
LENS
ERST

40.—A
AGE
AGNES
EEL
S

P
RAT
PARIS
TIM
S

NEW PUZZLES.

41.—CHARADES.

To obtain; a letter; a pronoun; a wooden pin. A lake in North America. A young bud; an article; a letter. A country.

42.—ENIGMAS.

1, 4, 7, belonging to a boat; 8, 9, 10, 5, indispensable to a baker; 6, 7, 4, 2, 3, a divine gift. A seaside resort. 6, 8, 3, turf; 4, 11, 9, to dress; 7, 5, 10, part of a wheel; 2, 1, 12, is a girl's name. A river in the United States.

43.—HOUR-GLASS.

A term used in grammar; a texture; an article; a letter; an animal; renown; a kind of rock. Centrals form the name of an English botanist.

44.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Excepting; a son of David; an American poet; dark; an English philosopher. Primals, a French naturalist. Finals, a celebrated ancient physician.

A FRIEND, visiting in a minister's family where the parents were very strict in regard to the children's Sabbath department, was confidentially informed by one of the little girls that she would like to be a minister. "Why?" inquired the visitor, rather puzzled to understand what had given the child so sudden an admiration for that calling. She was quickly enlightened by the prompt reply, "So I could holler on Sunday."

I SEE in this world two heaps of human happiness and misery. Now, if I can take but the smallest bit from one heap and add it to the other, I carry a point. If, as I go home, a cent has dropped a halfpenny, and if, by giving it another, I can wipe away its tears, I feel that I have done something. I should be glad, indeed, to do greater things; but I will not neglect this.—*John Newton*.

MR. PEET, a rather diffident man, was unable to prevent himself from being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady, who, misunderstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally, summoning courage, he bashfully but earnestly remonstrated, "Oh! don't call me Peters; call me Peet." "Ah! but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters!" said the young lady, blushing.

One by One.

ONE by one the sands are flowing;
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven),
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy gifts shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others great thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrows;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond,
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's tokens,
Reaching Heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1075.] **LESSON III.** [Oct. 21.

ASKING FOR A KING.

1 Sam. 8. 1-10. *Commit to memory vs. 4-6.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes.—Psalms 118. 9.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The desire to reject God may be gratified.

TIME.—B.C. 1075, about 90 years after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Ramah, the home of Samuel.

SAMUEL, now about 70 years old.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—A season of peace and prosperity followed upon the victory of Ebenezer under the direction of the wisest and holiest rulers since the days of Joshua. But the people, not content with present blessings, professed anxiety for the future, and sent their elders to Samuel to ask for a king "like all the nations."

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Made his sons judges.*—No thought of making the office hereditary in the family.—KRIL. 2. *Jehovah is God.* *Adiah.*—Jehovah is my father; names significant of Samuel's spirit. *Beerahab.*—The extreme southern frontier, far removed from Samuel's circuit. 3. *His sons walked not after his ways.*—No express blame here, as in Eli's case. (ch. 8. 18). *Took bribes.*—They turned aside to covetousness. 4. *Then.*—Several years after, probably. *Elders of Israel.*—Representatives of the nation, the movement was deliberate and concerted, not the whim of a mob. 5. *Behold.*—The two reasons given were an excuse for sin, not a cause,—the sin consisted in their lack of faith in God's leadership. The request in itself was not a sin, for God had promised a king. (Deut. 17. 14). 6. *Displeased.*—Samuel was jealous for God's honour, not his personal interests. *Prayed.*—To ascertain God's will. 7. *Hearken.*—He gave them their request, but sent leanness into their soul. (Pa. 106. 15). 8. *So do they unto thee.*—Cf. John. 15. 18-20). 9. *Manner.*—i. e., right, prerogative. 10. *Told.*—Like (ch. 8. 18) child-like traits retained in his old age.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Samuel's sons.—The elders of Israel.—The sin of Israel.—God's promises concerning a king.—"The works which they have done," v. 8.—Samuel's prayer.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the condition of Israel during the time between last lesson and this? Under whose rule were they?

How old had their ruler become? Where did he live?

SUBJECT: REJECTING GOD.

1. **THE OCCASION OF ISRAEL'S REJECTING GOD** (vs. 1-3).—Whom did Samuel raise to the office of judge in his old age? Did Samuel's sons take his place, or were they associated with him in office? What do their names mean? What is inferred from that? Where did they reside? What was their character? How far was Samuel responsible for this? How ought Israel to have acted under these circumstances?

2. **THE REJECTION DETERMINED UPON** (vs. 4, 5).—Who came to Samuel? Where? What relation did these men bear to the people? What was their request? What reasons did they urge? How far were these reasons valid? What promise could they claim? Why then were they to be blamed? What evidence is there that this was not a new idea with Israel? Why should they wish to be "like all the nations"? What was the real cause of their request?

3. **THE REJECTION ENDORSED** (vs. 6-10).—How did the request affect Samuel? What are we to understand by this? What did Samuel do? Why? What was the answer? What is the meaning of this? What does this teach regarding prayer? What warning was Samuel to give? What was the effect of the warning? What does this show respecting the spirit of Israel? What does God's treatment of Israel teach us respecting the Divine government?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Virtue is not inherited.
2. The excuse for conduct does not always disclose the motives.
3. Answers to importunate prayers may not prove blessings.
4. Wilfulness cannot be overcome by reason.
5. There may be sin and danger as well as folly in the desire to be like other people.
6. The rejection of good rulers and teachers is the rejection of God.
7. God may accept and ratify our rejection of Him.

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

9. What did Samuel do in his old age? *Ans.* He made his sons judges.
10. How did they rule? *Ans.* They took bribes and perverted judgment.
11. What did the elders of Israel ask of Samuel? *Ans.* A king to judge them like all the nations.
12. What did the Lord tell Samuel? *Ans.* Hearken unto them, for they have not rejected thee, but they have rejected me.

B.C. 1075. **LESSON IV.** Oct. 28.

SAUL CHOSEN KING.

1 Sam. 10. 17-27. *Commit to mem. vs. 18, 19.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

And all the people shouted, and said, God save the king.—1 Sam. 10. 24.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God grants desires, against which he has warned in vain.

TIME.—B.C. 1075. Soon after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Mizpeh. Same as Lesson II.

SAMUEL.—Judge of Israel, and "seer"; now about 70 years old.

SAUL (asked for).—Son of Kish, of the tribe of Benjamin. He was a giant in stature, probably seven feet high at least, and of noble appearance. His mental powers were sluggish. He was diffident, affectionate, and brave, but impulsive. At this time he was probably about 40 years old, as, in ch. 18, we find he had a son old enough to distinguish himself as a warrior.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—Immediately following Samuel's warning to the people, we find the account given of Saul's inner or private call. Going in search of his father's asses, he meets "the seer" at Ramah, hears that on him is "all the desire of Israel," and is privately anointed with oil. On his return, the spirit of God came upon him, according to Samuel's prophecy, and he was "turned into another man." The outer or public call of Saul now follows, Samuel calling the national assembly together to witness and ratify the Divine choice.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—17. *The people.*—The national assembly or "congregation of Israel," composed of Israelites twenty

years old and upwards. 18. *I brought up Israel.*—I in contrast with *and ye* of v. 10. 19. *Before the Lord.*—i. e., the altar in Mizpeh. (ch. 7. 9). *Thousands.*—The thousand corresponded to family. 20. *Was taken.*—Probably by lot. *Tribe of Benjamin.*—Since (Judg. 20. 46) the smallest of all the tribes. (1 Sam. 9. 21). 21. *Could not be found.*—Modesty, and a natural shrinking from so heavy responsibilities. 25. *The manner of the kingdom.*—The charter. How it should be conducted, recorded in Deut. 17. 15-20. *Before the Lord.*—Possibly in the ark. 26. *Gibrah.*—The hill. Three or four miles north of Jerusalem, just south of Ramah. 27. *Belial.*—Worthlessness; not a proper name. *No presents.*—The refusal was almost equivalent to rebellion.—KRIL. *Held his peace.*—Better, was as one deaf; he waited his time quietly at home till the invasion of Nahaah enabled him to show his parts.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Saul's inner call.—The deliverance of Israel.—The tribe of Benjamin.—The lot.—Urim and Thummim.—The "manner of the kingdom."—Saul's personal appearance.—His conversion.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What did Samuel do immediately after the last lesson? Give an account of the meeting of Saul and Samuel. What three things did Samuel say would occur after Saul left him? What relation does this account bear to the lesson to-day? How old was Saul at this time?

SUBJECT: THE DESIRE OF ALL ISRAEL.

1. **A WARNING AGAINST THIS DESIRE** (vs. 17-19).—What assembly did Samuel call? Why to Mizpeh? For what purpose? What warning did he give? How does this differ from the warning in ch. 8? What is meant by "rejected your God"? What relation had God borne to Israel? How would this be changed under a king? What had been the effect of repeated warnings upon Israel? Why does God yield to their rebellious clamor? What similarity is there between His treatment of Israel and His treatment of us?

2. **THE CHOICE MADE** (vs. 20-22).—How was the choice made? Mention other instances of the use of this means. Show that it had the Divine sanction. (Prov. 16. 33). What relation does this choice bear to what occurred in ch. 9? What is meant by "inquired of the Lord"? What proof is there that God directed all these events?

3. **THE DESIRE OF ISRAEL SHOWN** (vs. 23-25).—How was Saul brought forward? What was his appearance? What was there in him attractive to the people? How does this show their spiritual condition? In what sense was he the "chosen of God"? In what respects was Saul the best man for Israel's king? Why could they not have had a better? How far do a people determine the character of their rulers? How was Saul greeted? What is the meaning of this cry? What is meant by "the manner of the kingdom"? (Comp. Deut. 17. 15-20). When was the "book" laid up?

4. **THE TREATMENT OF ISRAEL'S DESIRE** (vs. 26, 27).—Where did Saul go? Where was this? How did he spend his time? (ch. 11. 5). Who went with him? Who scorned him? How did he treat them? In what way did he afterward command their respect and homage? What characteristics of Saul worthy of imitation appear here?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Those who reject God as ruler must take a ruler of God's choosing.
2. Physical perfection may cover mental and spiritual weakness.
3. The mental and spiritual condition of a people is shown by the object of their desires.
4. The "high Gospel Spirit" appears in elevating another above self (Samuel's treatment of Saul).
5. Elevation to office makes enemies as well as followers.

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

13. What was the first step towards the choice of a king? *Ans.* Samuel by divine direction privately anointed Saul.
14. What did Samuel then do? *Ans.* He called an assembly of the people.
15. After a warning against the step, how was the choice of a king made? *Ans.* By lot.
16. How was the result greeted? *Ans.* And all the people shouted and said, God save the king.

C. L. S. C.
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