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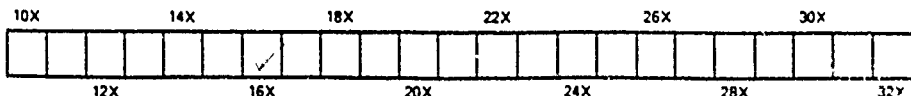
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WOMEN AND SCHOOL

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

ROLPH SMITH - CO. TORONTO.

Vol. VI.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 25, 1888.

[No. 17.]



A DAUGHTER OF THE NILE.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

A Memory of the Nile.

BY EMMA SMULLER CARTER.

PARK-EYED daughter of the Nile,
Still in dreams I see thee stand
With the river at thy feet
And the green of growing wheat
Lying softly o'er the land.

Here beside my Northern fire,
Pictured clear before my eyes,
I can see the changing shores
And the storied stream once more,
Arched by cloudless Eastern skies.

Gliding, gliding ever on,
Tomb and tower and tower pass by,
Golden glow on distant roofs,
Weary call from far shadows
Mingled with the boatman's cry.

And thou, vision young and fair,
Standing where the rippling waves
Sing their ceaseless lullaby
To the hallowed shores where lie
The dead centuries in their graves.

Gazing down this stream of time,
Fain thy future to forecast,
What to thee the gathered glooms
Round the old world's rock-hewn tombs,
Buried dead of long-dead past.

Lovely vision, this I read
In thy calm, expectant smile,
In the sweet hope of thine eyes,
Luminous as midnight skies
Bent above this river Nile:

Hope immortal still shall rise,
Godless-like, on Time's worn strand,
Full of promise fresh and sweet,
Even as living grains of wheat
Dropped from mummy's withered hand.

Future gain from former loss,
Good from seeming ill shall spring;
Crumbled kingdoms of to-day
Shall to-morrow pave the way
For the coming of the King.

A Bit of Manners.

It was not because he was handsome that I fell in love with him. For the little fellow was not handsome as the phrase goes. But he had clear, honest eyes, that looked friendly into yours; and a mouth that smiled cordially, if shyly, as my friend touched his plump little hand, which rested on the back of the car seat. He was with his mother. She was plainly clad, as was he. She had a thoughtful face—perhaps a little sad. I fancied she was alone in the world; that her husband might be dead, and this little boy her sole treasure. He had a protecting air, as if he were her only champion and defender. But he could not have been more than five years old.

We arrived at our station, and left the car. We waited for the long train to pass. As the car in which our little friend was seated came up, he was at the window. He caught sight of us, and with the instinct of established courteous habit, his hand went up to his cap, and the cap was lifted. A bright smile on the bonny face, and he was gone.

Is it not a comment on the manners of ninety-nine boys that this little five-year-old fellow is the "one in a hundred" that we remember?

Sadie Arnold's Power.

"I WONDER if that girl has any idea of the power she might be if she only would," said Miss Laurence to herself, as she stood looking out of the window, watching her niece, Sadie Arnold, and Tom Evans, who stood talking by the gate.

There was a certain reckless, don't-care look in Tom's boyish face that pained Miss Laurence; and there was a flippant, self-satisfied air about him that was anything but manly—so she thought. But, to all appearances, Sadie did not disapprove of him, nor share her disparaging thoughts. Presently they separated, and Sadie came into the parlour.

"I don't like Tom Evans' looks, Sadie," said her aunt, abruptly. "I don't believe he is doing very well—is he?"

"I really don't know; but I am afraid not, auntie."

"Mrs. Ames told me the other day that he was with the Rogers boys and the Deanes most of the time, and your father says that they are low, worthless fellows. His being with them speaks badly for him."

"I know, auntie; but they say that all young fellows must 'sow their wild oats.' He may come out all right yet."

"My child, that is one of the most false and dangerous of sayings. No man or woman ought to sow anything but good seed in their life; for 'whatsoever a man sows that shall he also reap.' Oh, it is a pitiful, pitiful sight, to see how recklessly and thoughtlessly you young folks sow seeds that will surely yield the bitter harvest of unavailing regret and remorse. Don't you see or think what you are doing, or don't you care?"

"Aunt Sarah! What do you mean?" asked Sadie, her face flushing with surprise and indignation. "I am sure I cannot see how I am to blame in the least for Tom Evans' doings."

"There is another old saying, beside the one you have quoted, which I would like you to remember, Sadie: 'Power, to its least particle, is duty.' You girls, with your pretty faces and bright ways, have a world of power in your hands, and you know it; but, how are you using it? Do you make your gentlemen friends feel that they must be good, pure, and true, if they would win your favour and smiles? Or, do they feel that all you care about is a good time, and will not question if their lips and hearts are pure or otherwise? I tell you, Sadie, God will call you to account for the use of the power entrusted to you. You are accountable to him for your use of it; and, more than all that, if you do not use it to its utmost limit. 'Power, to its least particle, is duty.'"

Sadie's merry face grew sad and earnest. It startled her, this way of looking at it. Was she accountable in the least for Tom's doings? He was not doing well; she felt, if she

did not actually know it. She remembered several things that had happened of late. She had not approved of them; but she had laughed and talked with him just the same. There were other boys too. Will Norcross in particular. Could it be that she was in any way responsible?

"Have your good times, child; but remember always that you hold great power in your hands. Strive in every way to be true and earnest yourself, and make them feel that they must be so also if they would win your favour."

"God help me," prayed Sadie, earnestly and humbly.

They were busy getting up charades for the sociable, and met the next morning in the church parlours, to prepare for them. Tom and Sadie, with one or two others, were fixing the curtains. Tom was over in the corner by himself—as he supposed—when accidentally his hammer came down with full force on his thumb, and, without thinking, he uttered an oath half audibly. When he moved the curtain a second later he saw Sadie standing there with flushing face, and eyes brimming with tears. Tom's face coloured with vexation.

"I beg your pardon, Sadie. I did not know that you were there."

"But it was wrong all the same, Tom, even if I was not here." God heard it, and that is worst of all.

The others came up just then, and there was not a chance for Tom to say anything more.

When they broke up to go home, he presented himself as usual at Sadie's side, but, to his surprise, she drew back.

"Not to night, Tom, after that," she said sadly.

"Well," said Tom to himself, as he walked slowly and thoughtfully home alone, if she was so shocked at just that, what would she say if she knew all. I declare I never felt so mean in my life—she looked so shocked and sorry. I supposed that a good time was all that the girls cared about; but if Sadie really does care, I will be worthy of her favour.

Tom was young; his feet had only begun to stray into the by paths of sin and danger. It was not so hard for him to change his course as it would have been later. And whenever he was tempted, the memory of that shocked, grieved look of Sadie's came to him, and held him back, turning him to seek divine help for the battle of life.

"I don't know what there is about Sadie Arnold," said Will Norcross once, "but whenever I am with her I feel ashamed of my real self, and resolve that I will never think or do a mean thing again."

Girls, dear girls, how are you using the power in your hands? Are you seeking to lead your companions up? Are you trying to influence them to be purer and better? Are you holding up a high standard to them? God grant you are!—*Christ'n Intelligencer.*

Time to Win Another.

It was Marengo's day of bloody battle. French and Austrian had met, and the Frenchman was worsted. Bonaparte, the French general, simply headed a rout. Up rushed Desaix. An absent commander, he had been aroused by the growl of the distant cannon, and, urging forward his men, arrived in time to say to Bonaparte, "One battle is lost, but the time to win another!"

What, when the French were hurrying away like sheep? Yes, Desaix believed still in victory. You can see Bonaparte's eye kindling with a magnetic flash. You can imagine him pressing his horse down the French lines, crying, "Soldiers, we have gone far enough. You know it is my custom to sleep on the field of battle."

Again the French standards were advanced, and when their folds drooped at the final halt, victorious troops were gathered about them. Marengo had been won.

One battle lost. How many lost battle-fields there are in this world.

Some enemy may often be getting the better of us. The first of another year in school, at home, or in business, you may be thinking of your losses in the past. You may be disheartened because you have not been a better scholar or a more successful clerk, and in the moral life some sore defeat may make you specially sad. There is time though to win another battle. At school, begin the new years with a harder grip on a purpose to succeed. If a clerk, in business, or if trying to overcome the difficulties of a trade, start out anew to be diligent, resolute, patient. And if in the moral life the standards have fluttered back in defeat, lift them again. God will send, through prayer, fresh reinforcements of grace. Up and forward. Advance the banners of the cross, and God will crown each day's effort with the peace of victory.

Polish Your Understandings.

I ONCE heard a successful business man, the head of a large concern, declare that he never engaged a man or boy who presented himself with unclean boots. "Shabby clothing may be a misfortune," he added; "but muddy boots are a fault."

The same notion is held, I have been told, by the principal of a celebrated private school, who is accustomed to remind his scholars that he who fails to black his boots in the morning, can scarcely preserve his self-respect unimpaired.

An eccentric friend of mine used to maintain, that every bootblack on the streets is, so far forth, a guarantee of order and stability in government. "History will bear me out in the assertion," he would go on to say, "that no man who polished his boots in the morning, ever excited a mob to insurrection, or endeavoured to throw down the powers that be."

A Glorious Battle Won.

He stood with a foot on the threshold
And a cloud on his boyish face,
While his city comrade urged him
To enter the gorgeous place.

"There's nothing to fear, old fellow!
It isn't a lion's den;
Here waits a royal welcome
From lips of bravest men,"

'Twas the old, old voice of the tempter
That sought in the old, old way,
To lure with a lying promise
The innocent feet astray.

"You'd think it was Blue Beard's closet,
To see how you stare and shrink!
I tell you there's nought to harm you—
It's only a game and a drink!"

He heard the words with a shudder—
It's only a game and a drink!
And his lips made bold to answer:
"But what would my mother think?"

The name that his heart held dearest
Had started a secret spring,
And forth from the wily tempter
He fled like a haunted thing.

Away! till the glare of the city
And its gilded halls of sin
Are shut from his sense and vision,
The shadows of night within.

Away! till his feet have bounded
O'er fields where his childhood trod;
Away in the name of virtue,
And the strength of his mother's God.

What though he was branded "coward?"
If the blazoned halls of vice,
And banished by his baffled tempter,
Who suddenly tossed the dice.

On the page where the angel keepeth
The record of deeds well done,
That night was the story written
Of a glorious battle won.

And he stood by his home in the star light—
As guiltless of sword and shield—
A braver and nobler victor
Than the hero of bloodiest field!

The Ruined Missionary.

ONE of the most impressive spectacles I ever saw is many a time present to my mind. I was a young student at college, not above fourteen years—not even quite that. On a week day, one of the largest churches of the city where the college was placed was crowded with people. It was a very unusual service. A large platform was filled with the ministers of the presbytery and of the neighbourhood. They were to designate a group of young men to go from the Irish General Assembly as missionaries to the Gujarat, in India. You can fancy how it impressed the people that had never seen a thing of the kind before. I sat, as it were, upon the end of that gallery, and I looked down; and I tell you, as I saw those young men kneel down upon the platform, and saw the presbyters lay their hands together upon their heads, and then invoke the blessing of God Almighty upon them as they went into heathendom to preach the gospel, as a boy I thought they were entering upon the most brilliant and noble career of which I could well conceive. And they went to India.

I suppose it was about twenty years after, when I was a minister myself,

in the capital of the country. I had a Bible-class in the lecture room of the church every Saturday; and I remember very well, on one gloomy, rainy Saturday, as I was conducting the class, the sexton came to me, and apologetically for disturbing me, said, "There is a man here, sir, that I don't know. He looks as if he had been a gentleman once; but he is very poor now, and I can't get rid of him. He says he must see you, and I was afraid to make any disturbance, and so I have come to you."

I arranged for the class as well as I could for the little while I was to be absent, and went out into the passage. There was a man, with clothing that had once been respectable, speaking in such a way as to show that he had been well educated. It was a very rainy day—he had no overcoat—and he had that look of misery that you see upon a man dripping all over with the rain. His shoes, I could see, had no stockings within them; they were broken in places so clearly that one could see the naked feet. And he began to tell me that he had come to get a little money.

"You don't know me," he said; and then he proceeded to tell me who he was—one of the young men on whom I had seen the hands of the presbytery laid as he was sent forth to do the work of missions in India. He had been led into temptation—he had yielded to the temptation; and he had become a pitiable, helpless drunkard. It became necessary for the presbytery to send him home. Charity had put forth its hand in his favour again and again, and there he was—a poor, wretched, despicable, helpless tramp, begging like the coverless beggar in the streets.

Lead me not into temptation! Oh, young man, thinking within yourself, "I am so strong, there is no fear about me," I tell you, you make the most dreadful mistake! The very fact that you think yourself so strong, opens up the way for the devil and his insidious attacks. Fling the temptation aside! Come to the Lord's side, and pledge yourself to him, and be his. And when you say, "Lead me not into temptation," move in the direction of your prayer, and God will give you the strength in which alone you will be able to conquer the tempter. Then you will be delivered from evil, and then you will look up to God, not taking credit to yourself—not magnifying yourself—but saying, "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory."—*Dr. John Hall.*

"FATHER," said a little boy one day, "can you tell me why the whiskey shop is like a bad ha'penny?" "No," answered the father; "Can you?" "Yes; because you canna pass it."

"PA, is it right to call a man born in Poland a Pole?" "Of course it is right, my child." "Well, then, if a man is born in Holland, is he a hole?"

A Little Temperance Boy.

NOR very many years since I was acquainted with a little boy whose mother was left a widow by the late war of the rebellion. She, feeling deeply the great responsibility of training her children for the Lord, talked much to them about the evils of swearing, lying, and stealing, and especially of the great evil of strong drinking (as this is often the foundation of all the rest), and she told her little boy that many mothers ruined their little boys by giving them whiskey and brandy, sweetened for medicine when small children, and called it good, thus creating a taste for it, which grows with their growth, and ruined them, when they became men.

This little boy remembered the instruction of his mother, and God answered her prayers in the conversion of her darling boy when about twelve years of age, and he was a great comfort to her because he was so kind and dutiful. When he was nearly thirteen years old he was stricken down with scarlet fever, was very sick for a while, but seemed to be getting better and walked around some when the dropsy set in and when he was very weak, a little whiskey, only a few drops at a time, was ordered for him to take in sweetened water. He said, "I cannot take it. I made a promise, long ago, that I would never taste a drop of liquor while I lived, and I cannot take it." When told he would die, if he did not take it, he said, "Then I will die," and soon after he did die, a little Christian temperance boy. How many little boys who read this, will make such a promise, and keep it, until Jesus comes and says, "It is enough, come up higher."

A True Gentleman.

WHEN you have in truth found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass. You cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond. You cannot make a gentleman till you first find a man.

To be a gentleman is not sufficient to have had a grandfather. To be a gentleman does not depend on the tailor or the toilet. Blood will degenerate. Good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Leo Boo concluded that the hog was the only gentleman in England, as being the only thing that did not labour.

A gentleman is just a gentleman; no more, no less; a diamond polished that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle. A gentleman is modest. A gentleman is courteous. A gentleman is slow to take offence, as being one who never gives it. A gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one who never thinks it. A gentleman subjects his appetites. A gentleman refines his tastes. A gentleman subdues his feelings. A gentleman controls his speech. A gentleman

deems every other better than himself. Sir Philip Sidney was never so much of a gentleman—minor though he was of English knighthood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water, that was to quench his mortal thirst, in favour of a dying soldier.

St. Paul described a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christian: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things." And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable sermon on the callings of a gentleman, pointedly says: "He should labour and study to be a leader unto virtue, and a noble promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation; encouraging them by his countenance and authority; rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favour. He should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness by his words and works before a profane world."—*Bishop Doane.*

Jarrah Wood.

THE jarrah wood of Western Australia is acknowledged by those who know its qualities, to be about the next thing to everlasting. Almost everything in Western Australia is made of this timber—work-boxes, piano-fortes, buildings, wharves, and jetties. It seems to defy all known forms of decay; and is untouched by white ants and all other insects, so that ships built of it do not require to be coppered. It has been used above ground and below, in almost every situation in which timber can be placed, and is durable in all.

There are about fifteen varieties of the timber, and it can be obtained of any reasonable length up to sixty or eighty feet—the trunk of the tree having no branches whatever.

Another advantage is that it does not burn freely, but only chars, which makes it additionally valuable for building. It is poisonous to all insects. This timber will not grow on good soil—only where there is ironstone—tons weight of which are sometimes lifted by the roots. The more ironstone there is in the soil, and the higher the elevation, the better the trees grow.

It is one of the most remarkable facts connected with this timber, that if you put a bolt—no matter of what size it may be—into it, when you take it out a bolt of precisely the same size will go into the hole again. The effect of the iron, apparently, is to preserve the timber, and the timber to preserve the iron. Jarrah is far superior to teak; it is less liable to split; and it will bend freely without being steamed.

Keep Trying.

If boys should get discouraged
At lessons or at work,
And say, "There's no use trying,"
And all hard tasks should shirk;
And keep on shirking, shirking,
Till the boy became a man,
I wonder what the world would do
To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict
Gives up at first defeat;
If once repulsed, his courage
Lies shattered at his feet.
The brave heart wins the battle
Because, through thick and thin,
He'll not give up as conquered;
He fights, and fights to win.

So, boys, don't get disheartened
Because at first you fail;
If you but keep on trying,
At last you will prevail.
Be stubborn against failure;
Try, try, and try again;
The boys who keep on trying
Have made the world's best men.
—*The Advance.*

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Home and School

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 25, 1888.

Our Sunday Mornings.

By long established tradition and custom, it has become a generally accepted fact that on every seventh morning we are to remain in bed from one to three hours longer than on the other six days. Various excuses are given for this indulgence. In the majority of cases it is claimed that the rest is needful; but can it be denied that, first, the loudest to demand the privilege are those whose life least requires it—such as children, and people of indolent (not active) wealth; second, in nine cases out of ten this unusual addition to the hours of sleep—or, oftener, of listless lying awake—rather adds to our weariness than relieves it.

Sunday should be the brightest and best day of the week, when the specks of rust can be cleaned from our moral armour, and our weapons burnished for the work that is before them; a day for pure thoughts, for high re-

solves, for the keenest and most delightful exercise of the intellect, as well as of the even nobler powers of the soul; a day full of active deed doing, with every faculty in fine and clear working order.

Much can be accomplished on Sunday in the way of practical usefulness to our fellow-men—our "neighbours"—which the business engagements and cares of week-days do not permit. Of all days, this sweet, joyous Seventh is the last to be wasted; to be dozed away in thick, sluggish lethargy, which not only devours time itself, but clogs the energies of mind and body till nightfall.

In the silvery, pure hours of the morning, while the day is unshadowed by the cares and passions, the little envies and worries, that gather about the fairest human lives; when hurt minds have been soothed by the balm of sleep, and the fatigued body refreshed and strengthened for good work; then let us be wide awake, with eyes sparkling, and lungs filled full with that sweet, sun-bathed air which only the early hours know. The birds are awake, and all fluttering and singing with the joy of new life, every Sunday morning. Can we not be sparrows for a while?—*Sel.*

A Prayer at a Garden-Party.

SOME of the most beautiful gardens and groves in India are devoted to the worship of idols, and many are the prayers there offered to the gods which see not and hear not. It is not often, however, that the pleasure-gardens, which are found in some of the large cities, have such earnest prayer offered in them as that sent up by one of our missionaries not long ago.

Miss Thiede, a devoted Christian missionary in Lahore, is in the habit of giving her zenana pupils a yearly treat in the shape of an open-air feast, in a lovely garden, just out of Lahore. There, under a marble pavilion, with sweet breezes coming from splashing fountains and fragrant flowers, the feast is spread, and every precaution is taken to prevent any man from intruding, as, of course, many or most zenana pupils are what is denominated *pardah nishin* ("enthroned behind the curtain"), and are never to look on the face of any man except their own fathers, husbands, and brothers. On one occasion, however, some drunken European soldiers forced their way into the garden, and came up boisterously to the pavilion, where Miss Thiede's pupils were engaged in innocent games, or were lifting up their young voices in praise of their Redeemer. One soldier behaved with greater rudeness than the rest, breaking one of Miss Thiede's chairs, scattering her things about, and finally approaching her with a menacing and insolent manner. Shall I tell you what Miss Thiede did? She knelt down there, and began to pray that



THE STREET-WAIF.

God might touch the man's heart, and make him a better person, and pardon his sins. "The prayer had so much effect, that the man," says Miss Thiede, "quietly knelt down, quite changed," then, when the prayer was finished, he rose, replaced everything he had scattered, bowed to Miss Thiede, and went away. — *Children's Work for Children.*

The Street-Waif.

A LITTLE child in the piercing wind,
Stood in the busy street,
And asked of the passers-by that he
Might brush their dusty feet.

But few gave heed to the pleading voice,
Till a lady who came that way
Said, "Are you hungry, my boy?" He replied,
"I've had nothing to eat to-day."

She noticed the features pale and wan,
And gave him a dime for food,
Then urged him to meet with the Band of
Hope,

And learn with them to be good.

"My mother," he said, "on the island died—
A place they have for the bad;
And," added the innocent child, "I guess
A father I never had."

Oh, what a tale was wrapped in the words
Which the starving boy had told!
While his frail form awayed in the fitful
wind

Of winter, bleak and cold.

With his promise gained, the lady left,
And thought, "Will he keep his word?"
But while they were singing he entered in,
And the tender prayer-song heard.

The teacher spoke of the Shepherd's love,
Who brings the lambs to the fold,
Where they never hunger, nor thirst, nor
fear

The blast of the bitter cold.

Day after day came the stranger child
Where the bruised reed was bound,
Until the Saviour of whom he heard
His little heart had found.

And none could doubt, when they saw his
face,

That shone with heavenly light,
That the Holy Dove was there, and changed
To day his life's dark night.

"Now."

A MINISTER of the gospel determined on one occasion to preach from the text, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." While in his study, thinking, he fell asleep, and dreamed that he was carried into hell, and set down in the midst of a conclave of lost spirits. They were assembled to devise means whereby they might get at the souls of men. One rose and said, "I will go to the earth, and tell men that the Bible is all a fable." "No, that will not do." Another said, "Let me go, and I will tell men that there is no God, no Saviour, no heaven, no hell." This proposal was also rejected, on the ground that men would not believe it. Suddenly one rose, and, with a wise mien—like the serpent of old—suggested, "No; I will journey to the world of men, and tell them that there is a God, a Saviour, a heaven, and a hell, too; but I shall tell them that there is no hurry—that to-morrow will do; that it will be even as to day." And they sent him. *The road of By-and-By leads to the town of Never.*

God's Love.

How great is God's love toward his children! How tenderly he watches over them by day, and sends his angels to guard them at eventide! Each joy, each sorrow, is ordered by that God of love. Not a tear falls from the eye but he sees, not a sorrow but he beholds it. And when the feet of his children press down into the cold, dark valley, even there he is present to guide and cheer.

We should grow more thankful to our heavenly Father day by day for all the blessings he bestows upon us; and submissive also when he sends afflictions, knowing "all things work together for good to those who love God."



JOSEPH'S DREAM.

Old England, and her Enemy, Drink.

I look upon fair England,
In all her power and pride;
Her sons have fought for freedom,
For right, and truth hath died;
And lo! her fame is wafed
O'er every land and sea,
And voices ever shout, "Hurrah,
England and liberty."

Alas! for brave old England,
A cloud is on her brow,
And many homes are sadden'd
And weeping hearts there bow;
Her stalwart sons are prostrate,
Well nigh on ruin's brink;
Both brain and mind bewildered,
Cursed, by the demon, Drink.

I pray for dear old England,
That she may soon arise,
Manhood's dignity assert,
Both fear and shame despise:
May duty be her watchword,
And purity her aim;
And England yet shall prosper,
Her prestige still maintain.

Then rouse, ye sons of England,
Cast out the tyrant foe;
Be men—not slaves to passion;
Let all the nations know
That ye who in the old time,
Fair freedom's fight did win;
Can snap their self-forged fetters,
And conquer self and sin.

Joseph's Dream.

Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colours. And when his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him.

And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren: and they hated him yet the more. And he said unto them, Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed: For, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheaf. And his brethren said to him, Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us? And they hated him yet the more for his dreams, and for his words.

And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it his brethren, and said, Behold, I have dreamed a dream more; and, behold, the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to me. And he told it to his father, and to his brethren: and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, What is this dream

that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth? And his brethren envied him; but his father observed the saying. Genesis xxxvii. 3-11.

"His Love to Me."

To an invalid friend, who was a trembling, doubting believer, a clergyman once said, "When I leave you, I shall go to my own residence, if the Lord will; and, when there, the first thing that I expect to do is to call for a baby that is in the house. I expect to place her on my knee, and look down into her sweet eyes, and listen to her charming prattle; and, tired as I am, her presence will rest me—for I love that child with an unutterable tenderness. But the fact is, she does not love me; or, to say the most for her, she loves me very little. If my heart were breaking under the burden of a crushing sorrow, it would not disturb her sleep. If my body were racked with excruciating pain, it would not interrupt her play with her toys. If I were dead, she would be amused in watching my pale face and closed eyes. If my friends came to remove the corpse to the place of burial, she would probably clap her hands in glee, and in two or three days totally forget her papa.

Besides this, she has never brought me in a penny, but has been a constant expense on my

hands ever since she was born. Yet, although I am not rich in the world's possessions, there is not money enough in this world to buy my baby. How is it? Does she love me, or do I love her? Do I withhold my love until I know she loves me? Am I waiting for her to do something worthy of my love before extending it to her?"

"Oh, I see it," said the sick man, while the tears ran down his cheeks. "I see it clearly. It is not my love to God, but God's love to me, I ought to be thinking about; and I do love him now as I never loved him before." From that time his peace was like a river.

A Striking Case.

THE *animus* of the whiskey spirit is sometimes what the Bible calls "devilish," that is, manifesting the spirit of the "wicked one." A striking example has lately come to light. It is doubtless one of many.

A widow, in one of our large cities, the mother of a promising boy, discovered, as he came to manhood, that he was being ruined by strong drink. In her earnest desire to save him, she called on the dealer, and begged him

not to sell her son any more liquor. He only laughed, and said, "It was not his business to take care of young men—that they must take care of themselves." Her personal effort proving useless, she sought and obtained the services of a gentleman, whom she hoped might be more successful. He visited the saloon keeper, laid the matter plainly before him, and added, "The boy is breaking his mother's heart, and will send her prematurely to the grave."

And what did the dealer say? Pointing to a small banner standing in the corner, he remarked, "You see that. I paid five hundred dollars license for that. I have fitted up this house in first-class style—sparing neither money nor labour to make it attractive for all; and I have taken special pains to make it a first-class slaughter house for young men."

The gentleman wrote the reply in his note-book, read it over to the dealer, and asked him if it was correct. "Yes," said he, "it is correct;" and, added: "You take that and read it to the young man's mother, and tell her, as long as her son has ten cents to pay for a drink he can have it, and when he has no money he will be refused."

This may be an extreme case, but it clearly shows what lengths human beings can go when completely dominated by the whiskey demon. Such cases, though comparatively rare, are met with often enough to stir good men, and move holy women, to the extermination of the liquor traffic. Alexander was never more determined on the conquest of the world than the temperance army is on the destruction of the rum power—and the saloon will go.—*J. W. Boswell.*

Why Not in the Sunday-School?

"I AM too busy during the other days of the week to think of being in the Sunday-school on the Sabbath." Too busy! Read the following: "No busier man than John Wanamaker exists. He owns and conducts the largest store in the world; he has sixteen thousand employees in stores and factories; he is sought for in connection with every great project that engages the attention of Philadelphians; his name is a household word in business circles throughout the world, and yet he finds time every Sunday to superintend the Bethany Sunday-school, with its more than twenty-four hundred pupils, and to do it well."

You may not be able to do what Mr. Wanamaker does, but could you not hear a small class? Or, if not, could you not attend a Bible-class? Or, should that be too much, could you not be present as a visitor, and so encourage the workers? The Sabbath religiously spent is often more restful from secular employments than simple inaction. Try the Sunday-school. You can hardly fail to get good, as well as do good. Yes, try the Sunday-school.

What The Grandmothers Say.

O sixty years ago to a day,
Three maidens lived, so the grandmothers
say,
In a farm-house under an old elm-tree,
And they were as busy as maids could be,
And as fair and busy, the grandmothers say,
O sixty years ago to a day.

For Molly must spin, and Dolly must bake,
And Polly had all the butter to make,
And never an idle moment had they
To spend with the village girls at play;
For Molly must spin, and Dolly must bake,
And Polly had all the butter to make.

Those were good old times, so the grand-
mothers say,

O sixty years ago to a day,
When the bread was baked in the proper
way,
And butter was sweet as new-mown hay,
And yarn was yarn, so the grandmothers
say,

O sixty years ago to a day.

Know you who were these maidens so clever
and quick,
Who never were idle, or naughty, or sick,
Who were busy and healthy and handsome
and gay,
O sixty years ago to a day?

I think you will not have to go very far
Before you find who these maidens are;
Your grandmother's one, and my grand-
mother's one,

And, in fact, every grandmother under the
sun

Was one of the Mollys or Dollys or Pollys
Who did such wonderful things, they say,
O sixty years ago to a day.

A BOY'S FRIENDSHIP.

A Story of Boy Life in England.

CHAPTER VII.

"I WILL ARISE."



RESENTLY a flickering light
was seen through the trees,
and they reached a spot where
a dark-skinned woman sat
over a fire. The red glare of
the faggots lit up the leaves hanging
high overhead, and threw into deeper
shadow the still darkness of the wood
around. Now and again a bat flew
through the curling smoke, or a hare
—startled by the footsteps of the
gipsy and his companions—darted
across the grass.

The man said something in a lan-
guage which Ben and Frank could not
understand, at which the woman
looked up sullenly, and led the way to
the wigwam close by. The two visit-
ors crept under the dusky yellow
drapery after her, and found them-
selves in pitchy darkness, and silent—
sava for a deep breathing somewhere.
In tones far gentler than they had
expected, the old woman spoke: "Ay,
poor child, here's two gentlemen come
to see ye. Are ye awake, dearie?"
The breathing stopped for a moment
—the sick boy was listening intently.

"Will the old gent creep up to the
other end? Ye'll find the poor boy
lying there."

Ben drew near as directed, and felt
the prostrate figure of poor George
stretched on some dry shavings. The

boy touched his arm, and drew his
head down towards him.

"Father," he whispered hoarsely;
"father, will you forgive me?"

The moment Ben's voice spoke, the
hand slackened, and the boy fell back
in despair.

"Dear heart, is it you, Master
George? So the good Lord has brought
you home again."

But he never answered, lying quite
still, breathing as before.

Then Frank drew near, and found
his face, pushing back his thick curls
from his damp forehead, and kissing
him like a sister.

"Who's this? It isn't mother, is it?"
"No, George, it's only Frank."

"God bless you, Frank. I know
you have forgiven me. I've suffered
enough."

"Oh, George, dear George," and
the tears fell fast from the eyes of
Frank, "I forgave you that very
night; and have been praying for you
ever since that the Lord would bless
you."

"I can't talk now—it will be over
with me in an hour or two, I can
feel; but do one thing for me, Frank,
please."

"What's that, dear fellow? I'll do
anything."

"Take me to—mother—and tell
father I'm dying."

No time was to be lost. Indeed, it
seemed very unlikely that the poor
boy would keep his hold on life for a
journey of five miles that dark night.
The man brought in a lighted candle,
and, by its glimmer, Ben lifted George,
carrying him in his brawny arms as
easily as if he were a child. Frank
followed close behind, with a few
clothes and things belonging to him.
The gipsy, without speaking, led the
way again—a still more difficult jour-
ney, and slowly made with such a
burden, the man having constantly to
wait, holding back the boughs and
straggling brambles to permit Ben
and George to pass unharmed.

The sick boy never spoke. When
Ben put his foot in a hole, and, with
all his care, jolted him, a groan passed
his lips; but otherwise the way
through the wood was threaded in
silence. At last they reached the
road where the gipsy had met them,
and here, for a moment, they halted
to take breath and counsel.

"It'll take you a good two hours to
get to the village at this rate, Master."

"I'm afraid it will," said Ben, "and
time is precious."

"Shall I run forward alone," sug-
gested Frank, "and get help from
some cottage?"

"No, boy; or p'raps we shall be
having you knocked up or lost. I'll
tell you what," continued Ben, so-
lemnly, "we will just ask God to help
us, and send relief."

It was only for a moment or so, the
old man standing in the starlight,
with his eyes uplifted, pleading with
his Lord; Frank hiding his fearful

face in his cap, and the gipsy looking
on with amazement and awe.

The latter interrupted them with a
whisper: "Excuse me, gov'nor, stop-
ping yer in yer prayers, but I hears
wheels."

"And while they are yet calling,
I will answer," was the pious ejacula-
tion of old Ben.

The sound became plainer and
plainer, and presently a small phaeton,
driving at a rapid pace, drew near.

"Why, it's Dr. Anderson! Thank
the Lord!"

At these words the vehicle pulled
up with a jerk, and the doctor was on
his feet in a moment.

He took off his carriage lamp and
closely scrutinized the face of George,
pale, and drawn with an expression of
pain. Then he held the limp wrist
between his fingers, and put his ear to
the boy's breast. It was but an in-
stant, and he had taken in the whole
state of things, and refixed the lamp.

"Now, Ben, lift him very carefully
—there; keep his head well up; now,
slowly down on this rug; that will do.
Jump up—both of you."

Before he started, he said a kind
word to the gipsy, as he put a shilling
into his hand.

"How's Nannie! Not getting
younger, I expect!"

"No, sir. It was very kind of you
to send her that beef-tea, doctor."

"All right; you're very welcome.
Good night."

The church clock was just chiming
a quarter to twelve as they drove past
into Crickleford. The doctor had chat-
ted pleasantly with Ben and Frank,
as they dashed along. He was a
quick driver, and the mare was fresh
from pasture.

As they drew near to the Squire's
house, a candle was seen burning in
one of the rooms, and a woman's
figure could be seen at the window.
She softly opened the casement and
looked out, straining her eyes towards
the approaching wheels. The next
moment and she had rushed down
stairs and opened the door.

"We're getting him out, ma'am.
Thank God, he's come back to ye."

It was Ben's voice, breaking the
good news. But the mother's love
had outrun him. Quickly, but very
tenderly, she had folded her arms
round the neck of her boy, tears of
joy welling up from her long pent-up
feelings.

"George, my darling George, look
at me—it's mother! Oh, doctor, does
he still live?"

Oh, yes. Don't be alarmed—he
will know you presently."

They carried him in, and laid him
on his own bed; while his mother,
running hither and thither so quietly,
and yet as briskly as any young
woman, came at last to kneel by his
side, and catch, to her unspeakable
joy, the first glance of his eye.

"Mother, is that you?"

"Yes, darling. Don't speak if it

hurts you. You are safely at home
once more, my precious boy."

"Thank God."

He lay very still for a few moments,
holding his mother's hand, with his
eyes shut; then, without opening
them, he said, with a slight quiver on
the pale lips:—

"Does he know I'm here?"

"No, dearest; but he will be here
presently."

The poor old Squire was not at
home. It was one of his "bad
nights." He had been very unsettled
all day; and now, late as it was, he
was out in the fields, with Griff and
the empty gun, calling loudly, "George,
George, come home lad—my heart's
breaking!" Mrs. Christie was watch-
ing for him when the doctor's phaeton
drove up.

"Ben, will you go and find my
husband, please, and tell him—not too
suddenly, the news?"

The old blacksmith hastened across
the dark, quiet fields, in search of
him. For a long time it was in vain,
until the Squire's hoarse, shaking
voice was heard, calling among the
trees facing the Church Meadows:
"George, George, won't you—won't
you come, my lad?"

The sudden appearance of Ben
hardly roused him.

"Want me, Ben? Never mind, my
good fellow, the rent audit won't be
till next month, and I'll take care
that y u're not pressed. George,
George, are you coming home?"

"I will arise and go to my father,
and will say unto him, Father, I have
sinned before heaven and in thy sight,
and am no more worthy to be called
thy son."

"Ay, those were the words of the
prodigal, Ben; but you see he came
back."

"You've been calling your boy in
these woods a long time, haven't you,
sir?"

"Yes, Ben. I thought to-night I
heard him answer me once, and say,
'Father, I'm coming,' and I ran in
the darkness to the fence, and listened.
But I could only hear the distant
sound of wheels."

"That was the doctor's gig."

"Where was he going, Ben?"

"To your house."

"Ah, Ben, it's no use—no use at
all. He gives me medicine, and talks
to me very kindly, to comfort my
heart; but it's no use, Ben; it's broke
—broke—broke."

And the old Squire turned away,
and cried again, in a hoarse, low voice,
"George, George, I thought I heard
you, lad—I did."

"No, sir; the doctor's brought you
no medicine, but something else, that
will do you a lot more good, please
God."

"What's that, Ben?"

"News of George."

The Squire took up his gun quickly
from the ground, and called Griff.

"Ben, I'm off home. You're not

over young, like myself, but forgive me if I get ahead."

How he walked! Climbing over the rail fences—splashing through the brook at the bottom of the Home Close! Griff running on ahead, as eager as his master; and Ben, slowly, for he was an old man and heavy, following in the rear.

Fortunately Dr. Anderson was in the hall, and met him.

"Ah, Mr. Christie, I'm so glad to see you. Look here."

It was George's cap, which he took off the hat peg.

The old man turned it over, with a curious gaze. Then a thought seemed to strike him:

"Maybe the boy's hung it up there, and gone across the garden to find me." He rushed to the door. "George, George, here I am! Come in lad, for God's sake, come in!"

And upstairs the sound fell upon the sick boy's ear, and he murmured: "Mother, I heard him calling, didn't I?"

Then the doctor took the broken-hearted old man by the hand, and led him upstairs, and held him quiet on the landing, outside the bedroom door.

"Call him again, in a whisper."

"George, George, dear lad, I want you."

"Father?"

It was his voice—weak enough, but it went right to that poor old heart, and brought its owner to his knees by the bedside.

"Father, I have sinned——"

"George, my boy, please don't say that."

He kissed him again and again.

"At last, O God, for 'this my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found!'"

He had laid his grey head on the pillow, saying these words, and was still.

Dr. Anderson stooped down and untied his cravat.

"A glass of water, quick. The Squire has fainted."

(To be continued.)

Cigars and Economy.

"FATHER, do you remember that mother asked you for two dollars this morning?"

"Yes, my child; what of it?"

"Do you remember that mother didn't get the two dollars?"

"Yes. And I remember what little girls don't think about."

"What is that, father?"

"I remember that we are not rich. But you seem in a brown study. What is my daughter thinking about?"

"I was thinking how much one cigar costs."

"Why, it costs ten cents—not two dollars, by a long shot."

"But ten cents, three times a day, is thirty cents."

"That's as true as the multiplication table."

"And there are seven days in the week."

"That's so, by the almanac."

"And seven times thirty cents are two hundred and ten cents."

"Hold on. I'll surrender. Here, take the two dollars to your mother, and tell her that I will do without cigars for a week."

"Thank you, father. But if you would only say for a year, it would save more than a hundred dollars. We would all have shoes and dresses, and mother a nice bonnet, and lots of pretty things."

"Well, to make my little girl happy, I will say a year."

"Oh, that will be so nice! But wouldn't it be about as easy to say always? Then we could have the money every year, and your lips would be so much sweeter when you kiss us."—Selected.

Take Heed How You Read.

EMPHASIZE the word *how*. There are ways and ways of reading. One way may be much better than another. For instance, the other day an intelligent girl was reading to herself. Her father asked her to read aloud. She began where she was already engaged. It happened to be a very entertaining and instructive collection of instances in which useful inventions had been come upon by curious accidents. When the young reader had finished her piece, her father asked her to tell him what she had just read. He was not surprised that she found herself unable to do so. She had read, and, perhaps, had formed the habit of reading simply to amuse herself for the moment. She had not read to remember, much less to report. No doubt what she read would have made some impression on her mind. She would have retained the general idea that happy chances were often the occasion of fruitful discoveries. She would very likely, besides, have derived the practical hint to be on the lookout for such chances in her own future experience. Both these results of the reading would have been useful.

But she might just as well have added another result that, in fact, she missed. She might have read so as to furnish herself with material for interesting conversation on subsequent occasions of her life. It only needed the thought in her mind: Let me notice now this incident, and to take it into my understanding and my memory, that I shall be able to report it to some one when a suggestive opportunity arises. Such a habit of reading may easily be cultivated. The same habit may be extended—and should be—to hearing and to observation. One really gets more himself when one gets to give.

Let parents see to this. Let teachers too. A good plan is to make the table at meal times a place for the mutual reporting of things thus learn-

ed by the various members of the family. The art of conversation is cultivated in this way, as well perhaps, as in any other. At any rate, task yourselves when you read, to read so as to remember and report. You will be delighted to find how easily this habit can be formed, and what a source of profit and pleasure to yourselves and to others it may be made. *S. S. Journal.*

Our Jim.

BY SARAH LONGHURST

SHORT, shining curls are clustered
About his thoughtful brow;
The glad blue eyes beneath them
Are beaming on me now;
And he wants to know if Jesus,
Who loves the girls and boys,
Will let him play in heaven,
And shout and make a noise.

Last night I heard him calling
His mother up the stairs:
"You must come at once, dear mamma,
And help me say my prayers.
I've knelt here at the bedside,
But don't remember how;
We must not keep God waiting,
So please to come just now.

He loves to watch the stars come out
In the blue sky at even;
He says a shining angel then
Lights up the lamps of heaven.
To-night a blazing meteor
His bright eyes chanced to catch.
"The angel finished them," he cried;
"He threw away the match."

He says he'll go to heaven
If Rover may go too;
He thinks the angel at the gate
Will let his doggie through,
Because he is so cunning,
And knows so many tricks,
"Twould make the little boys all laugh
To see him carry sticks.

Just now I begged a favour:
"Please run upstairs, dear Jim,
And bring my pen and ink down,
You saw my 'little limb.'
He looked at me quite gravely,
From off his mother's knee;
"This limb can't go just now," he said;
"It's fastened to the tree."

Anniversary of a Bell.

THE busy city of Breslau, in Prussia, found time recently to celebrate the five hundredth birthday of a church-bell. A tragic story of the casting of this bell has kept it famous throughout Germany for a longer period than has elapsed since the discovery of America.

The founder of the bell, on the 17th of July, 1386, when the molten metal was just ready to run into the mould, left the foundry for a few moments in charge of a boy, warning him not to meddle with the apparatus. The boy disobeyed the injunction, and set the metal running. Terrified, he called the founder, who, on seeing the metal running, supposing the bell ruined, struck the boy to the earth, and killed him.

When the metal cooled and the bell was tried, it was found to be of admirable tone and finish—the founder's masterpiece. Stricken with remorse, he gave himself up to the magistrate,

and was condemned to expiate his crime by death. He walked to the place of execution to the tolling of his own bell, calling upon all the people to pray for "the poor sinner." The bell has ever since borne the name of the "Poor Sinner's Bell."

At that early period, Breslau was a country village of little note. It has now grown to be the seat of the linen manufacture of Silesia, and, next to Berlin, the largest city of Prussia. The anniversary of the founding of this bell was not forgotten, however. The bell was rung morning and evening, and the pastor of the church preached in honor of the occasion, in which he told, once more the well-remembered tale.—*Companion.*

Two Ends.

WHEN a small boy, I was carrying a not very large ladder, when there was a crash. An unlucky movement had brought the rear end of the ladder against a window. Instead of scolding me, my father made me stop, and said very quietly, "Look here, my son, there is one thing I wish you to remember, that is, every ladder has two ends." I have never forgotten it, though many years have gone. Do we not carry things besides ladders that have two ends? When I see a young man getting "fast" habits, I think he sees only one end of the ladder—the one pointing towards pleasure, and that he does not know the other is wounding his parents' hearts. Ah! yes, every ladder has two ends, and is a thing to be remembered in more ways than one.

Have You Insured Your Boys?

THE innocent child, stricken by the lightning of the heavens in his cradle, a parent could bury, with something to mitigate his grief. But what of the boy, the man, the fetid form, the helpless wretch, stricken by "lightning whiskey," his very soul corrupted and destroyed! "Lightning whiskey" not only destroys the body, but it shrivels up and blasts the soul itself—all its sweet affection, its friendship, its taste and love for the beautiful, and pure, and good.

But men are ever ready to insure against the lightning of heaven. They pay for "rods" to protect their houses, their stables, their horses, and cattle.

They pay liberally for "policies of insurance," and when the red bolts flash through the thick darkness of storm and night, there is a comfortable assurance that all possible losses can, in one sense, be made good.

But how about the boys? Have you done all you can to insure them against "lightning whiskey"—that bolt that does not mercifully kill at once, but, striking successively, and through the long, weary years, makes a sickening wreck and ruin, to which the sudden and swift bolt from above would be a merciful deliverer?

Have you insured—or striven to insure—your boys?—*Chicago Signal.*

Grandma's Angel.

MAMMA said, "Little one, go and see
If grandmother's ready to come to tea."
I knew I musn't disturb her; so
I stepped as gently along tiptoe,
And stood there a moment to take a peep;
And there was grandmother fast asleep!

I knew it was time for her to wake;
I thought I'd give her a little shake,
Or tap at her door, or gently call;
But I hadn't the heart for that at all—
She looked so sweet and quiet there,
Lying back in her high arm-chair,
With her dear white hair, and a little smile,
That means she's loving you all the while.
I didn't make a speck of noise;
I knew she was dreaming of little boys
And girls who lived with her long ago,
And then went to heaven—she told me so.

I went up close, and I didn't speak
One word, but I gave her on her cheek
The softest bit of a little kiss,
And just in a whisper then said this:
"Grandmother dear, it's time for tea."

She opened her eyes and looked at me,
And said, "Why, pet, I have just now
dreamed

Of a little angel who came, and seemed
To kiss me lovingly on my face."
She pointed right at the very place!

I never told her 'twas only me;
I took her hand, and we went to tea.

—Sydney Dayre.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1400] LESSON X. [SEPT. 2

THE SPIES SENT INTO CANAAN.

Num. 13. 17-33. Memory verse, 30-32

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let us go up at once, and possess it; for
we are well able to overcome it. Num.
13. 30.

OUTLINE.

1. The Spies.
2. Their Report.

TIME.—1490 B.C.

PLACE.—The wilderness of Paran.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The giving of the law has been finished. All the instructions for the varied offices of daily life have been delivered. The time to begin the advance to Canaan had come. On the twentieth day of the second month in the second year of the Exodus the mysterious cloud lifted and the people passed away from Sinai. Five weeks had passed, much of it in camp, and after various trials of the patience and wisdom of their leader, he at last had given the order for a reconnoitering party to enter Canaan. The commission, the expedition, and the report, form the subject of our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*This way southward*—This means not to travel toward the south, but into the south country, a name by which the border land of Canaan was well known. *Into the mountain*—This was the hill country of our Lord's time; the mountainous central ridge from Hebron to Esdraelon. *The land . . . fat or lean*—That is, whether productive and fertile, or sterile and bare. *Time of the first-ripe grapes*—About July or August. *Floweth with milk and honey*—A poetic way for expressing the wonderful fertility of the land. *Land that eateth up the inhabitants*—Perhaps it means a land of an unhealthy and malarial climate; or a land subject to incessant invasions, and consequent destructions of the people.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Spies.*
Who were the spies?
How came they to be sent?
Out of the whole number, whose names only have remained familiar to men?
Why have these men been remembered and the others been forgotten?
What is generally the character of the men who have been longest remembered?
How extensive was the journey of the spies?

How far had Moses told them to go?
What were they to find out?
How long were they absent?
What is meant by the phrase "the south," so often used in this narrative?
What interest centers about the place called Zoan here mentioned?

2. *Their Report.*

What did the spies agree in reporting?
In what did they disagree?
What was the minority report?
What proof did they bring of the fertility of the new country?
What was the effect of the report upon the people?
What was the basis of the report of the ten spies?
What was the hope that Caleb and Joshua expressed?
How have these two men been ever since regarded?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

See how little past mercies affect present judgment of God's willingness. The memory of the Red Sea ought to have made them ready to trust for anything. It is just so to-day.

The spies did their duty well. They reported as instructed by Moses. Their error lay in giving advice and passing judgment upon what they saw. They exceeded their instructions in that.

Trembling, afraid, and in a frenzy of wrath, all the people—in the centre of the camp "the pillar of cloud;" God near; God forgotten. It is just so to-day.

Here was a turning-point in the history of a generation. They turned the wrong way and perished. The crisis of our lives may come any day. How will we turn?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Study this lesson with a good map in order to learn the location of the places mentioned.
2. Find the time of year when this occurred.
3. Note all the traces of civilization to be found in the report.
4. Study particularly the difficult expressions, such as are in ver. 32.
5. Find, if you can, geographical confirmation for ver. 29.
6. See if you can find, from sources external to the Bible, anything about the age of Zoan.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Why did Moses send forth twelve spies? To learn concerning the land. 2. How far did they travel? Through the whole land. 3. What did they find? A very fertile land? 4. What was the effect upon ten of the spies? They were filled with fear. 5. How did they express their fear and faithlessness? "They are stronger than we." 6. What was the voice of courage and faith? "Let us go up at once," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Forgetfulness of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

10. Did God create you? Yes; he made me, both body and soul.
Psalm c. 3. Know ye that the Lord he is God; it is he that hath made us.
Job x. 11; Numbers xvi. 22; Hebrews xii. 9.

B.C. 1490.] LESSON XI. [SEPT. 9

THE UNBELIEF OF THE PEOPLE.

Num. 14. 1-10. Memory verses, 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So we see that they could not enter it because of unbelief. Heb. 3. 19.

OUTLINE.

1. Unbelief.
2. Faith.

TIME AND PLACE.—The same as in the previous lesson.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The story goes straight on to its sequel. The very next thing after the return and report of the spies is our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Fell on their faces*—The attitude of solemn prayer to God. *They rent their clothes*—A common custom to express grief; it was done by tearing the skirt downward a hand-breadth toward the feet. *Floweth with milk*—An exceedingly fertile and beautiful land. *They are bread for us*—That is, they will become our servants, and minister to our support; or, on their land which God will give us we shall live. *Their defence is departed*—"Their shadow," says the margin; probably the favour and protection of God is gone from among them.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Unbelief.*

What was the effect of the report and advice of the spies?

What was the first sign of their entire want of faith?

How did this soon appear in a form?

Did they carry their rebellion as far as they proposed? Neh. 9. 17.

On whom did they lay this time charge the danger into which they had come?

What words of great smugness did they utter in their night of watching?

What was the culmination of this scene of violent despondency?

How were Caleb and Joshua saved from death?

2. *Faith.*

What was the action of Moses at this crisis?

What did Caleb and Joshua do?

How did they show faith in God?

What one statement that was all-sufficient did they make?

How did God reward their fidelity in this crisis?

What became of the ten who gave the faithless advice? Vers. 30, 37.

What great evil came upon the people in return for this rebellion? Ver. 42.

What was the effect upon the nation of their folly? Vers. 29-34.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Unbelief wept all the night. Faith said, "It is a good land."

Unbelief said, "Would God we had died in Egypt!" Faith said, "The Lord will bring us into this land."

Unbelief said, "Let us return." Faith said, "Rebel not against the Lord." How like present human nature all this seems!

See how the faithful servant seeks God in trouble. Moses was wiser than Caleb and Joshua? They tried to persuade men, he went to God.

See how gracious God is. A whole nation in rebellion; one servant praying, and God appears in glory. Joshua ought to have been very thankful to the two men on their faces before the whole assembly. How many a man has been saved by another man's prayer!

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Make for yourself a mental picture of this whole scene: the howling mob; more than a million of them; the ten spies helping on the tumult with constant comment; Moses and Aaron on the ground on their faces; Caleb and Joshua vainly trying to arrest their wildness; the choice of a new leader; the mob with stones in their hands, etc.

2. Read the whole chapter through very carefully to get the whole story. See God's wonderful promises; see Moses' wonderful prayer.

3. Find from the previous story what the ten temptations are to which God refers in his words to Moses. See ver. 22.

4. Search out all the references in these ten verses. There are many, and they will be very helpful.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the effect of the spies' report? The people wept all the night. 2. What did they say in their frenzy and fear? "Would God we had died in Egypt!" 3. What did they do? They chose a new leader. 4. What did Moses and Aaron do? Fell on their faces in prayer. 5. What was the result to the people of this night of rebellion? "So we see that they could not enter," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The sin of unbelief.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

11. Does God care for you? I know that he cares for me, and watches over me always by his providence.

A TEACHER having asked his class to write an essay on "The results of laziness," a certain bright youth handed in, as his composition, a blank sheet of paper.

A CHINESE convert recently baptized at Kinwha pays the workmen in his employ the wages of seven days for the work of six, rather than desecrate the Lord's Day by labour.

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