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HOME & SCHOOL

VOL. II.]

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[No. 17.]

Stepping Heavenward.

STEPPING heavenward, Lord, am I,
As the days go fleeting by?
Daisied fields of youth are round me,
Cloudless is the blue overhead,
But I ponder, as I wander,
Whither goes the path I tread?
It must lead me, lead me ever
Toward some goal, though distant far,
Onward, 'neath the sun of morning,
Onward, 'neath the evening star.
Wisely let me choose my way,
Stepping heavenward, day by day.

Stepping heavenward, Lord, am I,
As the noon of life draws nigh?
Here the rocky steep is a trial
Bid me choose a smoother way;
There the thorns of self denial
Press the feet that fain would stray;
Worn and footsore I would falter,
But the steps are one by one;
Lead me, heavenly hopes that beckon,
Till the toilsome march is done;
Smoothing all the rugged way,
Stepping heavenward, day by day.

Stepping heavenward, Lord, am I,
As the days move silently?
Lo! 'twas but a little journey,
Though no resting place it gave;
Aged feet are these that linger
At the portals of the grave.
Lowly in the darkening distance
Lies the path I long have trod,
Glorious pilgrimage, whose ending
Is the city of my God!
Glad the journey, blest the way,
Stepping heavenward, day by day.

—Sunday Magazine.

A Woman of Palestine.

In most eastern countries the women are closely veiled, and live in the utmost seclusion; seen by no one except the members of their own family. This is especially true of the Mohammedan countries. This is at once a sign and a cause of female degradation. They are regarded, not as the companions or equals of man, but either as slaves or as toys, and are guarded with jealous watchfulness. Such treatment naturally contracts their intellect, cramps their minds, and cultivates a disposition to fraud and deceit.

Among the Jews, almost alone among the people of the East, much greater liberty is allowed to women. An old Jewish saying is that God did not create Eve from the head of Adam to rule over him, nor from his feet to be trampled upon, but from his side, to be his companion and equal. And all through the Old and New Testament the beneficent character of the Hebrew and Christian institutions is seen in the nobleness and dignity and tenderness and purity of their treatment of woman. And wherever the Christian religion prevails throughout the world, there woman is ennobled and dignified and honored and loved. In the engraving we see the characteristic Oriental cos-



A WOMAN OF PALESTINE.

tume of the women of Palestine. They are still as fond of adornment as when they borrowed from the Egyptians, in payment for their long years of service, jewels of gold and jewels of silver, which jewels they afterwards plucked from their ears and from their necks for the construction and adornment of the tabernacle in the wilderness. Many Oriental women wear their whole fortune in gold and silver coins upon their heads and around their necks. The woman in the picture seems to be playing with a beautiful pair of pet pigeons. These were sometimes tamed and made familiar playthings.

A WIDE, rich heaven hangs above you, but it hangs high; a wide, rough world is around you, and it lies very low.—Donald J. Mitchell.

One Temperance Pledge.

BY A. C. MORROW.

"Get out there, you drunken vagabond! Get out, I say!"

That was what George Wilkin's had said to him one cold December Sabbath afternoon; and when "Old Tom Wilkins," as the boys all called him, spoke in that rough, angry tone of voice, the son knew he must obey him or suffer the consequences. This time it was the father who was intoxicated, though, I am afraid, as George left the den he called his home, if there had been any money in his pocket he would have gone to the nearest saloon, and have been soon the low thing his father called him. But to-day he had no money, so he wandered listlessly about the streets until his unhappy thoughts were arrested by the sound of music. He stopped and listened.

"Come to Jesus, come to Jesus just now," were the words he heard distinctly. He knew no more of Jesus than if he had been a native of Africa instead of New York City; but very sweet the refrain sounded as it floated out to him, cold, desolate, forlorn as he was. It was a mission Sunday-school. He sauntered in, and stood just now. There he stood during all the prayer, the very picture of poverty, his coat and pants torn and soiled, and his face and hands looking as though it was long since they had enjoyed the luxury of water.

The superintendent finished his prayer, but no one took any notice of the strange ragged boy by the door. He turned to leave the room, when a kind voice arrested him, and, looking back, he saw a lady approaching him. She extended her hand.

"My boy, I am glad to see you. I have a class of boys here; I wish you would come and join them."

"I ain't fit," he answered, looking down at his old, dirty clothing.

"Oh yes, you are!" the teacher answered.

He followed her reluctantly. As they reached the class, the boys giggled, and, though there was plenty of room for him, did not offer to give him a seat.

The teacher's seven-year-old Greta, who occupied a chair by her mother, rose, saying, "Take my seat, please." Then turning to the rude boys, she asked pleasantly, "Will you make room for me to sit by you?"

I cannot tell what the teacher said to those boys that afternoon, but it was a temperance lesson; and when she had finished, she took up a temperance pledge, and asked them to sign it.

When it came to George, he said, very decidedly, "No."

"Why not?"

"'Cause I like gin and brandy too well."

Before her mother could answer him, little Greta had risen to her feet and stood beside him. There were tears in her blue eyes, and her voice trembled. "I wish you would," she said.

"Tain't no use," he answered, "I couldn't keep it."

"I would pray the Lord to help you," the child said, "and then He could—couldn't He, mamma?"

"I believe He could, if He would ask the Lord himself, too."

"Won't you?" the child pleaded.

"I vum, I b'lieve I'll try 't, if only to please you," George answered her, taking the pen in his clumsy fingers, and writing his name.

Before George left the school he had promised to come again, and carried with him a letter of introduction to a manufacturer who would give him work.

He did not dare to return home, so he slept that night, supperless, as he had often done before in an old cart.

The next morning he went with his letter to Mr. Brunn, the shoe manufacturer. When the proprietor had agreed to furnish him employment, at three dollars a week, the boy asked, "I haven't had any breakfast; could you lend me—"

"I'll lend you nothing," the man interrupted, "but wait here a moment."

He stepped into his office, and addressed a boy, who went out, but presently returned with a ham sandwich and a foaming glass of beer, which he handed to George.

For twenty hours the boy had not tasted food. How tempting the sandwich looked, and how he longed for a taste of the beer! He reached out his hand to take them. Then he saw a childish face with blue eyes filled with tears, and heard a sweet voice say, "Won't you? I'll pray for you." His hands dropped to his side again.

What does this mean?" the proprietor, who had been watching them, asked.

"Oh! you've signed the pledge—have you?" he inquired with a sneer.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, if you're too good to drink lager, you're too good to work for me," were the words which trembled on his lips, but something prompted a different answer.

"Here, Jim," he said to the office-boy, give the boy the sandwich and take the lager back and get him a glass of milk.

"Thank you," George said, simply.

It was the first time the words had ever passed his lips. But he was learning faster than he knew how Christianity refines and elevates.

He finished his frugal breakfast, and went to the work assigned him happier than he had ever been before.

I cannot tell you all the ways in which George was tempted, but continued to attend the mission school, and learned to pray for himself, and grew a thoughtful, devoted Christian boy.

This was thirteen years ago. George is now superintendent of that mission school. He never broke his pledge.

BRASS is not near so valuable as gold, but some people strive to get along well with it.

Little Naked Feet.

BY A. THOMPSON.

THE biting blasts of Winter
Swept through the sleeping town,
And from the black clouds' centre
The snow came sifting down
The midnight hour was pealing
Out on the wintry air,
And many a wretch was stealing
From vic's midnight lair,
When out into the darkness
Of the long forsaken street,
There ran a tiny maiden
With little naked feet.

Down her long, shining lashes
The tears like raindrops ran;
The snow upon the ashes
Was like her pale face wan.
Her thin lips move and quiver
With a grief beyond control,
And the rude winds make her shiver
As if they reach her soul;
"My father, oh, my father,"
Those quivering lips repeat
As through the falling snow she ran
With little naked feet.

Alas! that brutal father
Is in the dens of rum,
And though his daughter calls him,
'Tis vain, he will not come.
Her mother lies a-dying
Upon a cheerless bed,
Her little brothers crying
From coldness and for bread,
And she to seek her father
Runs up the long, lone street,
A tiny waif of woe and rags
With little naked feet.

The great sky arches o'er her,
But not a star is there,
The lone street lies before her
Where but the lamp-lights flare,
No kindly door stands open,
No kindly word is said,
No kindly hand of blessing
Rests on her hapless head.
Her tearful eyes grow heavy,
And through the driving sleet
Her feeble will no more impels
The little naked feet.

The street spun round and round her,
The lamp-lights all went out,
And death's chill arms wound round her
Like serpent folds about.
A helpless thing they found her
And bore her from the street,
And white as were the snowflakes
Her little naked feet.

—The Witness.

"None of My Business."

IN a flourishing Island city there is a large and wealthy church; it matters not of what denomination. The clergyman in charge teaches his people to love God and their neighbours, and the people have, apparently, endeavoured to learn the lesson. They are generous in their gifts to church-work, to the poor, and to charitable organization. It is a congregation, too, in which there is much refinement of taste, culture and kindly feeling, and hence but little gossip.

A few months ago a young lad came to this city from the country, and found employment in a flour and feed-store. He had no friends, had brought no letters of introduction. His first week in town was lonely enough. He worked all day, and slept and ate in a cheap boarding-house with twenty other lads, "all a little fast."

When Sunday came, in accordance with a promise to his mother, he went to church—his heart full of homesickness—remembering, with a thrill of pleasure, the pretty little village chapel where all the friends and neighbours worshipped side by side, and the cordial greetings among them when service was over.

Doubtless it would be the same in the city church. The people of God were alike everywhere. Some one would notice the poor, strange lad, and would hold out a friendly hand to him,

possibly ask him to his house and make life seem a little less bare, and duty easier for him.

He went, but nobody seemed to see him at all, though the crowds of well-dressed people, when service was over, smiled and spoke to each other as they passed from the doors of the sanctuary.

He was a stranger in a strange land, and felt it more bitterly in this house of God than in his boarding-house. Among the crowd were kind, fatherly old men, sweet-faced matrons, with sons of their own. He watched them eagerly, but they brushed past him in silence.

Nobody even asked him to come again. But he did go again, occupying the same seat during the winter Sabbaths. Some of the members of the church noticed him at last and asked who he was. One even said, "Somebody should ask him to join a church society," but added to himself, "Bro. A— will see to it." Bro. A— had the same vague idea, but left it to Bro. D—, it being none of his business.

The lad finding no welcome in the church, made acquaintance with the boys in his boarding-house, went with them on Sunday to the park to a boat race, and at last to a dog-fight. In the fall, one Sunday, a group of drunken young men gathered in front of the church; among them was our country lad, his face pale, his eyes dull from the effects of liquor, his steps unsteady.

"Is not that the young man who used to sit next to us?" said one lady. "Poor fellow! he's on the downward road! If somebody would speak to him, even now, it might do some good."

She hesitated. The boy looked at her wistfully, thinking she was a little like his mother. But she hurried into church, thinking that really it was none of her business after all.

In how many churches are such things done?

What should be the motto written over their altars—the words of Jesus, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself?" or the words of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?"—*Youth's Companion*.

The Donkey's Dream.

A DONKEY lay him down to sleep,
As he slept and snored full deep,
He was observed (strange sight) to weep
As if in anguished mood.

A gentle mule that lay near by
The donkey roused, and, with a sigh
And kindly voice, inquired why
Those tears he did exude.

The donkey, while he trembled o'er
And dropped cold sweat from every pore,
Made answer in a fearful roar—
"I dreamed I was a dude!"

THE house-fly can only see a distance of thirty-eight feet, but that never bothers him any. He always manages to keep within thirty-seven feet of everything.

PEOPLE may live as much retired from the world as they please, but sooner or later, before they are aware, they will find themselves debtor or creditor to somebody.

IN A.D. 59, soon after Paul was converted, he called himself "unworthy to be called an apostle." As the years rolled along, and he grew in grace, in A.D. 64, he cried out: "I am less than the least of all saints;" and just before his martyrdom, when he had reached the stature of a perfect man in Christ, in A.D. 65, his exclamation was, "I am the chief of sinners."

Ancient Divisions of the Day.

THE Chaldeans, Syrians, Persians, and Indians began the day at sunrise, and divided both the day and night into four parts. This division of the day into quarters was in use long before the division into hours.

The Chinese, who begin their day at midnight, and reckon to the midnight following, divide this interval into twelve hours, each equal to two of ours, and known by a name and particular figure.

In Egypt the day was divided into unequal hours. The "clock" invented by Ctesibius of Alexandria, B.C. 250, was so contrived as to lengthen or shorten the hours by the flowing of water.

The Greeks divided the natural day into twelve hours—a practice derived from the Babylonians.

The Romans called the time between the rising and setting sun the natural day; and the time in the twenty-four hours, the civil day.

They began and ended their civil day at midnight; and took this practice from their ancient laws and custom, and rites of religion, in use long before they had any idea of the division into hours.

Power of a Book.

AN old Puritan doctor, Richard Sibbes, wrote a book, years and years ago, called the "Bruised Reed," which fell, just at the right time, into the hands of Richard Baxter, and brought him under the influences of the enlightening power of the Spirit of God. And then Baxter's ministry was like the sun in his strength, and he wrote a book called "The Call to the Unconverted," which continued to speak long after Baxter himself had ceased to speak with human tongue.

That "Call to the Unconverted" went preaching on, until it got into the hands of Philip Doddridge—prepared by his pious mother's teaching from the Dutch tiles of a mantelpiece, with very quaint scriptural pictures—and it was the means of enlightening him to a broader knowledge and richer faith, and a deeper experience of the things of God.

And then Doddridge wrote a book called "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," which, just at a critical period in his history, fell into the hands of William Wilberforce, who wrote a book called "Practical Christianity," which, far down in the sunny Isle of Wight, fired the heart of a clergyman who has attained a broad and wide reputation; and most deservedly, too—for who has not heard tell of Leigh Richmond?

He wrote the simple annals of a girl, and published it under the title of "The Dairyman's Daughter;" and into how many languages has that been translated, and been made of God a power for the spread of truth! The same book on "Practical Christianity," went right down into a secluded parish in Scotland, and it found there a young clergyman who was preaching a gospel that he did not know, and it instructed him in the way of God more perfectly, and he came forth a champion, valiant for the truth upon the earth, until all Scotland rang with the eloquence of Thomas Chalmers.

What a chain! Richard Sibbes, Richard Baxter, Philip Doddridge, William Wilberforce, Leigh Richmond, Thomas Chalmers!—*Watchword*.

Nothing and Something.

It is nothing to me, the beauty said,
With a careless toss of her pretty head;
The man is weak, if he can't refrain
From the cup you say is fraught with pain.

It was something to her in after years,
When her eyes were drenched with burning
tears,
And she watched in lonely grief and dread,
And started to hear a staggering tread.

It is nothing to me, the mother said;
I have no fear that my boy will tread
The downward path of sin and shame,
And crush my heart and darken his name.

It was something to her when her only son
From the path of right was early won,
And I sadly cast in the flowing bowl
A ruined body and shipwrecked soul.

It is nothing to me, the merchant said,
As over the ledger he bent his head;
In busy to-day with the tare and trect,
And have no time to fume and fret.

It was something to him when over the wire
A message came from a funeral pyre—
A drunken conductor has wrecked a train,
And his wife and child are among the slain.

It is nothing to me, the young man cried;
In his eyes was a flash of scorn and pride—
I need not the dreadful things ye tell,
Can rule myself I know full well.

It was something to him when in prison he
lay,
The victim of drink, life ebbing away,
As he thought of his wretched child and
wife,
And the mournful wreck of his wasted life.

It is nothing to me, the voter said;
The party loss is my great dread—
Then gave his vote for the liquor trade,
Though hearts were crushed and drunkards
made.

It was something to him in after life,
When his daughter became a drunkard's
wife,
And her hungry children cried for bread,
And tremble to hear their father's tread.

Is it nothing to us to idly sleep
While the cohorts of death their vigils keep,
To gather the young and thoughtless in—
And grind in our midst a grist of sin?

It is something—yes, for us all to stand,
And clasp by faith our Saviour's hand—
To learn to labour, live, and fight,
On the side of God and changeless right.

Canadian Habitants.

THE French Canadian peasants are generally small, but sturdy muscular, well knit. They are dull-looking, but their rather heavy faces are not animal and coarse. Even the young women are very seldom pretty, but they are all wholesome, modest, and unaffected. As they advance in life they become stout, and reach old age with a comfortable and placid expression. The beauty of the race seems to be confined to the children, who are bright, robust, and cherubic. Thus the people are externally unprepossessing, but the more I study them, the more I like them for the quiet courtesy and perfect simplicity of their manners, and their hospitality and unfailing kindness.

Several types of Canadians were there, each standing as a page of the country's history. There was the original Canadian, the peasant of Normandy and Brittany, just as he was when first landed on the shores of the St. Lawrence over two hundred years ago, he has kept his material and mental traits with such extraordinary fidelity that a Canadian travelling now in those parts of France seems to be meeting his own people. He is a small, muscular man of dark complexion, with black eyes, a round head, rather impervious, and an honest face, rather heavy with inertia. He sums up the

early days of Canada, when endurance and courage of no ordinary stamp were required to meet the want, the wars, and the hardships of their struggle. And his phenomenal conservatism was not a wit too strong to preserve his nationality after the conquest of Canada by a race having entirely opposite tendencies. There also was the Canadian with Indian blood; he is by no means a feeble element in the population, in either number or influence. He is often well marked with Indian features—high cheeks, small black eyes, and slight beard. The most characteristic specimens are called "petits brules," like burned stumps, black, gnarly, and angular. But now and then you meet large, fine-looking half-breeds, with a swarthy complexion warmed with Saxon blood. There were no women of low character sent to Canada in the early days, as there were to New Orleans and the Antilles; the few women who came sufficed to marry only a small portion of the colonists, so that many of the gallant Frenchmen, and later some of the Scotch and English, engaged in the fur trade, married squaws, and founded legitimate families of half-breeds. Thus Indian blood became a regular portion of the national body; and the national policy of alliance and religious union with the savages helped the assimilation of Indian traits as well as Indian blood. There was also the Saxon who had become a Gaul. There are Wrights, Blackburns, McPhersons, with blue eyes and red hair, who cannot speak a word of English; and there are Irish tongues rolling off their brogue in French. Some of these strangers to the national body are descendants of those English soldiers who married Canadians and settled here after the conquest. Others are orphans that were taken from some emigrant ships wrecked in the St. Lawrence. But these stragglers from the conquering race are now conquered, made good French Catholics, by the force of their environment, and they are lost as distinctive elements, absorbed in the remarkable homogeneous nationality of the French-Canadian people. The finest type of Canadian peasantry is now rare. He is a descendant of the pioneer nobles of France. After the conquest (1763) some of these noble families were too poor to follow their peers back to France; they became farmers; their facilities for education were very limited, and their descendants soon sank to the level of the peasantry about them. But they have not forgotten their birth. They are commanding figures, with features of marked character, and with much of the pose and dignity of courtiers. Some of them, still preserving the traditions of their sires, receive you with the manners a prince might have when in rough disguise.

Fog and Grog.

ARTHUR was walking along the beach with his father one fine afternoon. He had been watching the bathers bobbing up and down, their red caps or flapping straw hats shining in the water like shoals of buoys in the ocean. Here and there he picked up a cork or a wine bottle, and at last his father pointed out to him a great hull of a vessel that had recently been wrecked. It had on it an immense load of coal—several hundred tons. You could now look into it and see piles of coal; but no one could get at it, and it would

cost more to get it out than it was worth. So at last the coal was sold for \$11. "How did it happen to get wrecked?" asked Arthur. "I asked that question," replied his father, "of a gentleman with whom I walked to the wreck the day after the accident, and I said to him, 'I suppose it was caused by fog.' He replied in one word to my question, and that word was, 'grog.' So, upon inquiry I learned that this was true; that the crew had been drinking, and of course with unsteady heads they could not steer the vessel in a straightforward course. Men make mistakes that end in ruin, and they often find that there is more danger in grog than in fog."—*Temperance Banner.*

Nearest Way to Heaven.

WHEN Mr. Whitefield was preaching in New England, a lady became the subject of divine grace, and her spirit was particularly drawn out in prayer for others. She could persuade no one to pray with her but her little daughter, about ten years. After a time it pleased God to touch the heart of the child and give her the hope of salvation. In a transport of joy, she then exclaimed: "Oh, mother, if all the world knew this! I wish I could tell everybody. Pray, mother, let me run to some of the neighbours and tell them that they may be happy and love my Saviour." "Ah, my child," said the mother, "that would be useless, for I suppose that were you to tell your experience, there is not one in many miles who would not laugh at you, and say it was all a delusion." "Oh, mother," replied the little girl, "I think they would believe me. I must go over to the shoemaker and tell him; he will believe me." She ran over and found him at work in his shop. She began telling him he must die, that he was a sinner, and she was a sinner, but that her blessed Saviour had heard her mother's prayers, and had forgiven all her sins, and that now she was so happy she did not know how to tell it. The shoemaker was struck with surprise, and his tears flowed down like rain. He threw aside his work, and by prayer and supplication sought mercy and life. The neighbourhood was awakened, and within a few months more than fifty persons were brought to a knowledge of Jesus and rejoiced in his power and grace.—*N. Y. Observer.*

The Beginning and the End.

THE beginning was in this wise: A young man came to visit a friend in the city. This young man was from a quiet little country town where no such "modern improvements" as saloons were tolerated. He knew but little of the terrible work whisky is doing in the land. As he and his friend went down the city street together his friend said to him:

"Let's go in here and have a drink of something."

Now, though this young man knew but little of the effects of liquor-drinking from personal observation, he had been brought up by parents who had striven to impress upon his mind the fact that the man who tampers with strong drink is not safe. "Shun the bowl," they had often said to him. But he forgot, or perhaps it would be more in accord with the truth to say he ignored, the good advice of his parents, and he went into a saloon with his

friend, and there he took his first drink of liquor.

When his friend had "treated" him, he felt somehow under a sort of obligation to "treat back," and the result was that two glasses of strong liquor made him drunk.

He was ashamed of himself when he became sober, and tried to quiet his conscience by saying to it that "it was only for this once, and he couldn't have refused without giving offence." He felt miserable the next day, and his friend advised him to take another drink—"that would straighten him up, men who drink always did that." So he drank again, and something about drinking fascinated him: Like many other men, he had an inherent appetite for strong drink, and this first experience with the terrible thing aroused it. He drank often after that while he was in the city. He could not go past a saloon without feeling a desire to go in.

He went back home. The desire for drink went with him. Shortly afterwards he left home, and went out into the world to make his fortune.

I heard of him often. "Poor fellow!" they said, "he drinks too much. He'll make a shipwreck of himself if he isn't careful."

His parents heard of what he was doing, and with sorrowful hearts they sought him out and urged him to go back to his country home with them. But he would not; he could not break away from the spell of the demon.

Last week the end came. Some men found him lying in the street one morning, after a night's debauch. They took him to a saloon, and he called for whisky. The saloon-keeper gave it to him. He wanted more. It was given.

He drank glass after glass of the poisonous stuff. "He can have all he wants as long as he has money to pay for it," said the saloon-keeper. When the poor fellow was so drunk that he could drink no more they put him in a back room to "sober off." When they went to see how he was getting along, some hours later, he was dead. He had died drunk.

And the end was—a drunkard's grave.—*Selected.*

One Glass.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

AT a meeting where temperance experiences were being given a man arose and told what one glass had done for him. He said: I had a little vessel on the coast; she had four men besides myself. I had a wife and two children on board; the night was stormy, and my brother was to stand watch one night. The seamen prevailed on him to take one glass to help him to perform his duties, but, being unaccustomed to liquor, he fell asleep, and in the night I awoke to find my vessel a wreck. I took my wife and one of my little ones in my arms, and she took the other, and for hours we battled with the cold waves. After intense suffering the waves took my little one from my embrace; then after more hours of anguish, the waves swept my other little one from my wife's arms, and our two darlings were separated from us forever. After more battling with the storm and waves, I looked at my wife, and beheld her cold in death. I made my way to the shore, and here I am—my wife, my children, and all my earthly possessions lost for "one glass of rum."—*British Workman.*

Patience with Love.

They are such tiny feet ;
They have gone such a little way to meet
The years which are required to break
Their step to evenness and make
Them go
More sure and slow.

They are such little hands, [stands
Be kind. Things are so new and life but
A step beyond the doorway. All around
New day has found
Such tempting things to shine upon, and so
The hands are tempted hard, you know.

They are such new, young lives ;
Surely their newness shines
Them well of many sins. They see so much,
That, being immortal, they would touch,
That if they reach
We must not chide, but teach.

They are such fond, clear eyes,
That widen to surprise
At every turn ; they are so often held
To suns or showers—showers soon dispelled
By looking in our face
Love asks for so much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts ;
Uncertain as the rifts
Of light that lie along the sky—
They may not be here by and bye,
Give them not love, but more above
And harder—patience with the love.

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TORONTO, AUGUST 16, 1884.

Recruits for Japan.

On Thursday, July 17th, Rev. Dr. Cochran, for the past three years pastor of Bloor Street Methodist Church, Toronto, left that city for Japan, where he will engage in work for the second time under the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. Dr. Cochran will assume the presidency of a college which is to be opened in that country. He will sail from San Francisco on August 1st, and expects to begin work before the end of the month. He preached his farewell sermon to a crowded congregation in the Metropolitan Church on Sunday evening, July 13th. In his closing observations, Dr. Cochran asked for the prayers and sympathy of all Methodists for the success of the work they were engaged in in that distant land.

Stranger things have already happened than that Japan should, within a dozen years, be included among Christian nations. The movement toward Christianity there now is rapid almost beyond precedent, and it is not, as in South India, confined chiefly to a lower class of the population. The most intelligent and influential people are

among the converts. Doubtless this comes, in large part, through the influence of those who have been in other countries, and have seen what Christianity has done for them. One of the latest indications is in the fact that one of the ablest and most prominent men in Japan, Mr. Ito Hirobushi, has just returned from a visit to Germany ; and it is reported that he has addressed the Mikado, urging the truth and importance of Christianity. He states that he formerly supposed that the Emperor William and Bismarck proposed to be Christians as a matter of policy, while they had no regard for it at all in their hearts. But now he says that this was a mistaken idea. He found that both men were sincere Christians, and both urged him to seek their religion for his own welfare and happiness as well as that of his country. Such has been the influence of Mr. Ito's report that the chief officers in the cabinet are becoming interested in the study of Christianity, and the former court teacher of Confucianism is no longer opposing the Gospel, but also carefully reading the Scriptures. In a course of study recently prescribed for all the Shinto priests, the "Bible," and "Martin's Evidences of Christianity," are included.

Sunday-School Parliament.

THE Sunday school Parliament under the auspices of the united Methodist Church, opens on Thursday evening, August 21st, at the St. Lawrence Central Camp Grounds, and will continue ten days. This will be the sixth annual session. The managers have engaged the following brethren as lecturers and preachers: Revs. Dr. Carman, Dr. Sutherland, Dr. Withrow, Dr. Gardner, Dr. Jacques, Bishop Fowler, of New York ; Hon. John B. Finch, Nebraska ; Professor Shaw, Montreal ; Rev. A. B. Chambers, Rev. Jas. Curtis, President of Bay Quinte Conference ; Hon. G. W. Ross, M.P.P., and others. The programme of last year was pronounced the best in the history of the Parliament. This year the programme is expected to be still better. This camp ground and the Sunday-school Parliament should now be laid hold of by the united Methodism of the eastern section of the Province, and their full possibilities developed. The annual camp meeting will be held immediately following the Sunday-school Parliament, and on the same beautiful grounds. An efficient committee, appointed by the Montreal Conference, has the camp meeting in hand.

The camp ground is a beautiful spot, and a healthful and charming summer resort. A Sunday-school Parliament has been held here for several years past, and we learn from the Secretary that there is abundance of hotel accommodation for all visitors. The grounds are open now, and the hotel is in full operation, and will be until cold weather comes. A number of families are there now for purposes of health and rest. It is arranged that the meetings of the Sunday-school Board shall be held in connection with the Parliament, which will, it is anticipated, add much to the interest of the occasion. It will occupy the whole of Thursday, August 28. In the morning, from 9 to 12, the business meeting of the Board will take place. In the afternoon an Address on Normal Class Work will be given by the Rev. A. Andrews, to be followed by free discussion of the sub-

ject. In the evening the public meeting of the Board will be held, to be addressed by Rev. Dr. Carman, Rev. W. H. Laird, Rev. W. H. Brett, Rev. Dr. Withrow, W. Kennedy, Esq., and George Aurey, Esq.

Boys, Don't Begin.

THIS week we are going to talk to the boys about tobacco. The girls may read it too, for sometimes the boys will mind what the girls say more than even what they read in the papers, and we want the girls to be posted in this thing as well as the boys. Attention all! What is tobacco? And what is there in it that makes the habit of using it so bad?

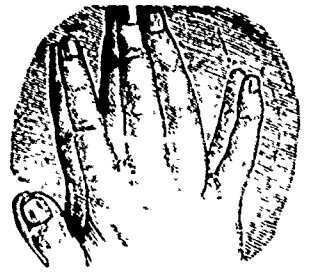
First, it is a vile weed, which has no nourishment or anything else to commend it ; and the habit of using it is generally lightly and thoughtlessly formed, and, like strong drink, its strength is only found out when the victim tries to give it up. Second, its habitual use injures the health and shortens the life. All medical men agree that the physical development of early manhood is seriously retarded by the use of tobacco. It is for this reason, and also because tobacco habit is a hindrance to mental improvement, that the Board of Public Instruction in Paris has issued a circular forbidding the use of tobacco by the students of that city. In Germany the police in several States have been instructed to stop all smoking by lads and young men. This action is based on the testimony of the medical faculty, that tobacco using is so injurious to the health as to impair the fitness of boys and youths for the military service, in which, in Germany, all young men must bear a part.

It is a great misfortune every way for a young man to contract the habit of tobacco-using. He stands nine chances out of ten to have his usefulness impaired. It is said that a great many excellent men still use tobacco ; but we believe that there is not one among them all whose influence for good is not in some measure lessened by this indulgence. We believe, moreover, that the best men—the clearest-headed and the purest-hearted—of these tobacco-users are coming to recognize this truth, and are, one by one, trying to abandon their vicious habit for the glory of God and the good of their fellows. But they have a hard task to do.

Boys, don't begin. More than nine in every ten men who use tobacco wish they had never formed the habit. They are struggling to unlearn.—*Christian Age.*

THIS use of tobacco in any form is not cleanly, but chewing it and spitting is simply filthy, and the effects of snuff are frequently disgusting. Tobacco smoke defiles whatever is saturated by it. Many a man who might have a respectable appearance and fine white teeth is made ugly by the destruction of his teeth and the discoloration of his beard. Tobacco works evil in most constitutions, and the evil effects on the nerves and weakened moral nature descend to another generation. Tobacco costs money that brings no return, and that should be better used.—*Montreal Witness.*

It is certainly a feather in a man's cap to be a teetotaler, and very often it is one in his wife's bonnet as well.



My Slaves.

I own of slaves a half a score ;
No one has right to any more ;
However Fortune chance to bless,
She gives no more, she may give less.

These slaves of mine, who do my will,
Perform their tasks with wondrous skill ;
And, graduates from Wisdom's school,
They work by method and by rule.

Sometimes they work, sometimes they play,
Sometimes on loving missions stray,
And often, it is very true,
A great amount of mischief do.

These slaves of mine were once so small
They did scarce any work at all ;
But now they're growing to such size,
I mean to have them good and wise.

If they were idle, Satan might
Convince them that the wrong was right ;
When they are useful, then I see
The blessedness of being free.

I own of slaves a half a score ;
No one has right to any more ;
They're all a-tangle with delight,
And waft you kisses and—"Good night."
Answer.—Ten fingers.

HOW TO BE NOBODY.—It is easy to be nobody, and we will tell you how to do it. Go to the drinking saloon to spend your leisure time. You need not drink much now ; just a little beer or some other drink. In the meantime play dominoes, checkers, or something else to kill time, so that you will be sure not to read any useful book. If you read anything, let it be the dime novel of the day ; thus go on keeping your stomach full, and your head empty, and yourself playing time-killing games, and in a few years you'll be nobody, unless you should turn out a drunkard or a professional gambler, either of which is worse than nobody. There are any number of young men hanging about saloons just ready to graduate and be nobodies.—*Sel.*

EMERSON says: "Do not hang a dismal picture on your wall, and do not deal with sables and glooms in your conversation." Beecher follows: "Away with these fellows who go howling through life, and all the while passing for birds of Paradise. He that cannot laugh and be gay, should look to himself. He should fast and pray until his face breaks forth into light." Talmage then takes up the strain: "Some people have an idea that they comfort the afflicted when they groan over them. Don't drive a hearse through a man's soul. When you bind up a broken bone of the soul, and you want splints, do not make them out of cast iron."

No man has "a right to do as he pleases," unless he pleases to do right.

JOHN BUNYAN being once asked a question concerning heaven which he could not answer, because the Bible had furnished no reply, very wisely advised the querist to follow Christ and lead a holy life, that he might by and by go to heaven and see for himself.



THE LEPERS.

What the Traveller Said at Sunset.

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The shadows grow and deepen round me;
I feel the dew-fall in the air;
The muzzin of the day evening thicket,
I hear the night-truth call to prayer.

The evening wind is sad with farewells,
And loving hands unclasp from mine;
Alone I go to meet the darkness
Across an awful boundary-line.

As from the lighted hearths behind me
I pass with slow, reluctant feet,
What waits me in the land of strangeness?
What face shall smile, what voice shall greet?

What space shall awe, what brightness
blind me?
What thunder roll of music stun?
What vast processions sweep before me
Of shapes unknown beneath the sun?

I shrink from unaccustomed glory,
I dread the myriad-voiced strain;
Give me the unforgotten faces,
And let my lost ones speak again.

He will not chide my mortal yearning
Who is our Brother and our Friend,
In whose full life divine and human,
The heavenly and the earthly blend.

Mine be the joy of soul-communion,
The sense of spiritual strength renewed,
The reverence for the pure and holy,
The dear delight of doing good.

No fitting ear is mine to listen
An endless anthem rise and fall;
No curious eye is mine to measure
The pearl gate and the jasper wall.

For love must needs be more than knowledge;
What matter if I never knew
Why Aldebaran's star is ruddy
Or colder Sirius white as snow?

Forgive my human words, O Father!
I go Thy larger truth to prove;
Thy mercy shall transcend my longing;
I seek but love, and Thou art Love!

I go to find my lost and mourned-for
Safe in Thy sheltering goodness still,
And all that hope and faith foreshadow
Made perfect in Thy holy will!

Charity to Lepers.

It is not certainly known whether the modern leprosy as it exists in Palestine is the same as the disease of that name mentioned in the Bible, or a disorder of a different kind. The symptoms described in Scripture are indeed less violent than those now seen, but it is supposed by some writers that only the earlier symptoms are mentioned in the Bible, and that what is now seen is the later and loathsome form of the disease.

Lepers are still found, as in the days of old, sitting by the way-side begging. Travellers are sometimes cautioned not to go too near them, lest they take the disease. When, therefore, any one wishes to give alms to the lepers, who sit at a distance imploring help, he does not go close to them and put his money into their hands, but from where he is standing he throws it to the place where they are, as you see represented in the picture. He pities the poor creatures, but he is afraid to get too near them.

How different this from the conduct of Jesus. At one time, when He was in Galilee, "there came a leper to Him, beseeching Him, and kneeling

down to Him, and saying unto Him, If Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean. And Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth His hand, and touched him, and saith unto him, I will; be thou clean." Mark i. 40, 41.

He who had power over unclean spirits, and could restore the dead to life, was not afraid of contamination from leprosy. Others showed their pity by throwing alms from a distance; He manifested His compassion by touching him.

There is no sinner so vile that Jesus is unwilling to come near him. It is thought that if the leper should touch a man he would give him the leprosy, and make him as loathsome as himself; but Jesus could touch even the leper and make him clean. Whom Jesus touches He blesses; and if we, sinful as we are by nature, only ask Jesus for help, He will make our souls pure from the leprosy of sin.

The Expressman's Foo.

BY LAURIE LORING.

"WHAT will you take, Wallace, for that pair of leaders?"

"Can't be bought."

"Pretty near perfect, then, aren't they?"

"No; not pretty near, but quite;" and Ferd Wallace, the expressman, smoothed the glossy coats of his favourite horses with evident pride.

"They do look it," exclaimed his neighbour, Mr. Morse, who was an extensive shoe manufacturer, and before whose shop the horses stood. "Tell you what, Wallace, I'll lay you down a clean thousand for the pair."

"You may lay me down two thousand, if you wish," said Mr. Wallace coolly.

"Will that bring them?" quickly asked Mr. Morse. This wealthy manufacturer had long coveted the expressman's handsome grays.

"No; and you haven't money enough to do it, either," answered Wallace, as he vaulted lightly to his high seat. Gathering the reins in his hand, he glanced with a quick, practiced eye at his horses. The four grays were beautiful blooded creatures any man might be proud to own; but the leaders were a trifle more glossy—a trifle more daintily-stepping. They stood with arched necks, champing their frosty bits, feeling their master had taken the reins, yet not a step was taken. Their delicately-poised ears were awaiting the word of command.

"You see," continued Mr. Wallace, who was usually a man of few words, "that pair of horses have got the hang of the business so well that they could almost express it without me. I'll wager you fifty dollars that they'd come straight out of Boston if I wasn't on the team."

"Better try it some of these snapping, cold nights," answered Mr. Morse, with a laugh. "It'll be no boy's play driving out to-night, for instance."

"Very likely," answered the expressman, glancing carelessly at the cold, gray sky. "But I always take a bottle of blood-warmer along with me;" and he touched his breast pocket significantly. "Nothing like raw brandy to brace up a man and keep out the cold," he added, preparing to start on. "In winter it is as much a part of my stock in business as my horses."

"What is so good to keep out the cold?" asked Mr. Rockwood, the minister, coming up in time to catch the last sentence.

"O, the poison you temperance folks are raving about," said Mr. Morse, with a laugh.

"Do you really believe, Mr. Wallace, that whiskey or brandy does ward off the cold?" asked Mr. Rockwood, quickly.

"I've tried it, that's belief enough for me," was the brief reply. He spoke to his horses, then turned to the minister, calling out with a pleasant nod of good-bye, "And I shall probably try it to-day, and every day this winter. There's proof of my belief, if you want it."

Mr. Morse and Mr. Rockwood watched the beautiful light-stepping horses for a moment, then Mr. Rockwood said emphatically: "I suppose the poor fellow thinks he's right—pity, isn't it?"

"O, Wallace'll come through all right," answered Mr. Morse, lightly. "He never takes more than is needful to healthily brace himself."

The minister shook his head. "Much better were it, could there be wayside inns where teamsters and travellers might call and buy a quart of hot beef tea. That would be even better than the best flavoured coffee. But I tell you it is the devil's own strength only that men get from alcoholic liquors. I suppose that nine out of every ten men who are frozen to death might have lived if they had been sober."

The day grew bitterly cold. Long before Mr. Wallace reached the first tavern where he was accustomed to stop, he had taken out the bottle of "blood-warmer." As he drank down the fiery liquid, he smiled grimly at the remembrance of the minister's words. "Tell me it don't keep out the cold! I'm warmer already, my much-mistaken and reverend friend."

Acting upon this honest belief, he nearly drained the bottle before stopping. But it was easily realenished at the tavern. This comforting stimulative was repeated more than once before he reached the city; yet he did not forget to care well for his horses, even though he himself felt that the weather must be "moderating." He was quite capable of attending to his business, delivered his packages safely, then went down to one of the market eating-rooms and ordered a comfortable dinner. With the last glass of his beer he felt cozy and drowsy, and it was with a big sigh he once more donned his overcoat and went out again to his duties.

It was nearly four o'clock when he left Boston. It had already been snowing an hour; yet he mounted to his high seat and spoke to his horses with scarcely a thought of the weather. Not many miles were travelled over, however, before he was compelled to realize what was before him. Every separate flake of snow seemed a fierce, fiery little imp intent on piercing every particle of unprotected flesh with his sharp lance. And the whirling blast

not only drove them in swift circles round and round his head in endless procession, taking his very breath away sometimes as they went, but they seemed equally intent on tormenting and goading and bewildering the handsome grays. The powerful creatures tossed their heads and strained every muscle to advance, as though they scorned the discipline of harness and the direction of their master's hand, and shook their snowy coats as if in pain and anger.

They swept past the first tavern with only a glance thereto from their driver; the second was not reached till after dark, but the intense cold led Wallace to wheel into the yard, and spring to the ground with all the celerity his benumbed limbs would allow. He not only felt that he must have liquor, but that he must have it steaming hot. The horses were restive and very impatient when he again mounted to his seat. The long miles of stinging, biting cold, with the bewildering, blinding snow, were having their effect upon them, well trained as they were. It needed a strong, steady hand to hold the spirited creatures in check now; and Mr. Wallace's was fast growing weak and unsteady, although he was in no wise conscious of this.

However, the heavy load and fast-increasing and clogging snow soon compelled the horses to moderate their pace somewhat. Soon they entered a dense wood, and for a mile and more there was less to impede their progress—less to torment man and beast. Wallace had sufficient consciousness left to understand that the moment they left the wooded section they would again feel the full effect of the storm. To fortify himself for the coming onset, he drained one of the two bottles he had supplied himself with in Boston; but his hands were too numb to replace it, so it slipped to the ground and could no longer testify to his foolish treat. Too stupid and benumbed to know the fool-hardiness of what he was doing, he tried and at last succeeded in raising the second bottle to his lips. He could not replace this, either; but it did not slip to the ground, it rested beneath his feet in the wagon.

It is possible that he reasoned, if his poisoned brain permitted him to think at all, that he was now fully prepared and braced to meet the blast and hold his horses in check. Just before the road left the woods the ground rose quite abruptly; and now, when the storm again burst upon them in all its fury, the horses reared and plunged, but could not well break into a run, not because they felt a restraining, guiding hand on the lines, but from sheer inability to drag the heavy load up the hill through the drifts.

But the instant they began to descend, the principal impediment was, of course, removed; just here, too, the road was swept almost bare. And, not hearing the customary word of command or guidance, they broke into a gallop and dashed down the short hill at a furious pace. At the foot of the hill was an abrupt turn. If Wallace passed this without losing his balance, he might yet reach home safely. Dimly perceiving the possible danger, dimly conscious that his grays were not behaving, he endeavoured to regain the reins which had slipped from his stiffening fingers. It was a fatal endeavour. There could be, in-

deed, but a slight lurch possible to a wagon so heavily loaded, yet, slight as it was, it turned the scales against the expressman's safety.

The horses turned swiftly to the right. He was leaning far over to the left; and when they now plunged forward, eager to reach the sheltering stable, only a few miles distant, no driver occupied the high seat. Wallace was left lying in the drifting snow by the road side at the foot of the hill.

But the grays could now manage very well without a driver. They now showed themselves equal to the praise bestowed upon them in the early morning. They entered the village in their usual way, only somewhat slower on account of the storm. The few men on the street saw nothing unusual through the blinding snow. The horses nearly stopped at the union store; but feeling no check, and hearing no command to that effect, they kept on until they reached Mr. Morse's manufacturing shop. Here they stopped of their own accord to leave the usual freight.

About half way between the store and this shop stood a pretty little cottage. When the sound of the heavy express reached the cozy sitting-room of this cottage, two little girls sprang from their seats by the fire and joyfully ran to the window.

"It's all snow! I can't see papa, nor papa's horses," said the younger, pressing her bright, rosy face against the frosty pane.

"I can, Lila! Here's a bit of a place where I can look out. And I can just see a great big thing going past—yes, it's papa's wagon."

"Lift me up, Edna! Let me see papa!" urged little Lila, who was her father's favourite.

"O, you can't see papa," answered Edna. "He's all covered up in the wagon, where it is warm. We'll get his chair and his slippers ready, and mamma'll get his supper."

Lila ran for the slippers, and Edna wheeled the easy chair to the warmest corner.

"Now, everything is ready, and we will go into the sitting-room and wait till papa comes," said Mrs. Wallace, a delicate looking little woman, her own cheeks flushed with gladness like the little daughters' happy faces.

"Isn't papa most here by this time?" said Lila, turning the slippers for the fourth time.

"It's so very cold and stormy maybe they can't unload as quickly," answered the mother, glancing anxiously at the clock. "Go and see if the coffee is boiling, Edna," she added pleasantly. "Papa will want it hot to-night."

Soon a stamping was heard at the door, and Lila cried out joyfully: "Papa's come! papa's come!"

Edna opened the door. She saw, not papa, but Mr. Morse. "Your father here?" he asked.

"No; I thought papa was over to your shop. He went by. He hasn't come back yet."

"The horses are standing there. I thought he must have stopped a minute here and let them come on alone. Sure he isn't here? Where's your mother?" Here Mrs. Wallace appeared.

"Wasn't Ferd with the team?" asked she, her delicate face paling.

"I haven't seen him. Very likely he stopped at the store for something. I'll go and see. It's only a step. Don't worry," he said, quite carelessly; yet

Mrs. Wallace imagined there was plenty of worry in his manner.

Clay Morse came home with the horses by-and-by. But he could tell them nothing of Mr. Wallace, he only knew that men were out searching for him.

Hour after hour passed, and still the storm raged. Every fresh blast seemed to congeal the blood in the veins of the delicate mother and child. They shiveringly drew nearer each other and the fire, and waited still.

Near midnight voices and steps were heard approaching, then the loud barking of Mr. Morse's Newfoundland dog. This roused Lila, and she sat up, rubbing her eyes. The door opened; there was the sound of hushed, confused voices—of heavy, unsteady steps, as though men were bearing some heavy burden; yet Mrs. Wallace still sat holding Edna's hand, incapable of speech or action.

Presently Mr. Rockwood entered the sitting-room and came to her side. The white faces and frightened eyes made him hesitate; but the men were waiting, and the truth, dreadful though it was, must be made known. He spoke at last, huskily:

"I'm very sorry for you, Mrs. Wallace." Then, holding Lila's hand—she had slipped to the floor and came over to him—he added gently, "They wish to lay him on the lounge."

Mrs. Wallace tried to speak, tried to reach and clasp Lila in her arms, but the effort was too much. She would have fallen to the floor, except for the minister's supporting arm. Friendly hands tried to draw the children away, but Edna would not leave her mother, and it was with great difficulty that Lila could be kept from her father's side.

There was great grief and consternation in the little village. No one called Mr. Wallace a drunkard. "One of our very best young men," one and another said. "A very sad thing!"

Mr. Rockwood, tender in his sympathy, could not listen in silence. "The liquor fiend never neglects an opportunity to take one of the best young men," he said to the crowd at the union store. "He especially delights in that. Many a fatal ending of life may be accounted for, as we all know how to account for poor Wallace's fate. I tell you not one man in fifty may trust himself to take liquor on temperate principles. True safety for all lies in total abstinence. Wallace never drank much at home, only on his trips. But behold his end!"

Even Mrs. Wallace had never apprehended danger from her husband's habit. And I think she never comprehended fully that her husband's own folly had torn him out of life and home so ruthlessly.

The trials of the widow's lot were meted out to her by a merciful hand.

The handsome grays did not "express it" alone to be sure, but they did much better for Mrs. Wallace, for they were the means of procuring her a home. Mr. Morse was so honourable as to offer the same price to Mrs. Wallace that he had to her husband, and the thousand dollars would just cover the cottage and land occupied by Mrs. Wallace, he said. And one day, much to her surprise, he handed her a deed of the place. He had far rather own the horses than the house, he told her; yet, undoubtedly, he appraised the place at the lowest possible figure, as he was a generous, whole-souled

man, even if not "radical on the temperance question."

He did even more; for he not only thus purchased the leaders, but found a good buyer for the other pair; and, through his influence and the activity of other friends, the remaining horses and various express and baggage wagons were sold to advantage. So, before Mrs. Wallace could hardly realize that she had a home for herself and little ones, Mr. Morse came again and placed in her hand fifteen hundred dollars as the result of the sales.

"You have been very kind, said Mrs. Wallace. "I wish I knew how to thank you."

* * * * *

Ten years have passed; and Edna, who had inherited her mother's consumptive tendencies, has been laid to rest beside her father.

Lila has learned and understands the cause of her father's death; and her whole soul has risen up in righteous indignation that a trade in merchandise so deadly, so productive of a thousand woes worse than death, is permitted in this land, blessed with all that culture and religion can do. "O, mother," she says, "I cannot stand it in silence! Some day I shall speak or write what I feel. I shall tell, mother, why you are a widow, and why I have no father; and I shall never leave the people in peace until there is nowhere any traffic in the deadly stuff that cost my own dear father his life! People are good and kind, mother; it is only that they do not realize these things. But they will when they listen to me."

There are hot tears in Lila's eyes; there are great surges of grief in Lila's breast. But do you think it will make any difference in the "traffic" when Lila pours forth her soul in earnest words, and tells why her mother is a widow and she has no father?

The New Hope.

MEN of thought! be up and stirring
Night and day:
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—
Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray;
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

ABOUT twelve years ago I presided over the North Georgia District Conference in Forsyth. One of the questions discussed was the extravagance of dress and jewelry. While the subject was at its height, the Conference adjourned. As I was to speak that night, and the people seemed to be interested in the topic of the day, I took it up. While speaking on the question of jewelry, Mr. Knight put me altogether out of argument by interrupting: "Don't trouble yourself about it, Bishop, it's all brass."—*Bishop Pierce.*

"WHERE are you taking me to?" asked a criminal, addressing the detective, who had just arrested him. "I am taking you to the office of the police superintendent," was the reply. "I wish to observe in this case, then," said the culprit, "that it is the office that seeks the man, and not the man the office."

A Song in the Night.

I TAKE this pain, Lord Jesus,
From Thine own hand,
The strength to bear it bravely
Thou wilt command.
I am too weak for effort,
So let me rest
In hush of sweet submission,
On Thine own breast.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As proof indeed
That Thine art watching closely
My truest need!
That Thou, my good Physician,
Art working still;
That all Thine own good pleasure
Thou wilt fulfil.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus!
What Thou dost choose,
The soul that really loves Thee
Will not refuse.
It is not for the first time
I trust to-day
For Thee, my heart hath never
A trustless "may."

I take this pain, Lord Jesus!
But what beside?
'Tis no unmingled portion
Thou dost provide.
In every hour of faintness
My cup runs o'er
With faithfulness and mercy,
And love's sweet store.

I take this pain, Lord Jesus,
As Thine own gift,
And true, though tremulous praises,
I now uplift.
I am too weak to sing them,
But Thou dost hear
The whisper from the pillow
Thou art so near!

'Tis Thy dear hand, O Saviour,
That presseth sore,
The hand that bears the nail-prints
For evermore.
And now beneath its shadow,
Hidden by Thee,
The pressure only tells me
Thou lovest me.

Antecedents of the Metropolitan Methodist Sunday-School.

FROM THE RECOLLECTIONS OF ONE OF ITS FIRST PUPILS.

THE school above named is lineally descended from the first Sunday-school organized in this city, then the inconsiderable town of York. Its formation was of later date than a few other schools in the country. The Rev. William Smart, Presbyterian minister, claimed to have formed a Sunday-school in the town of Brockville so early as 1811; and the Rev. Thomas Rusch, Methodist minister, had a Sunday-school under his care during the war of 1812-15 in the city of Montreal, commencing during the first of these years. The first school in York was held in connection with the American Sunday-school Union, as were all the schools of the Province for that day and several years after.

The agent of the Sunday-school Union, the Rev. Thaddeus Osgood, visited the town in 1816, and addressed the week-day schools. In talking to the children of Mr. Barber's school, he spoke of setting up Sunday-schools—a notion which some of us scholars did not regard with favour; for it seemed to us a great hardship to go to school all the week, which we regarded as irksome enough, and then to go to school on Sunday besides. However, nothing came of the project for another two years.

In the early summer of 1818, the second place of worship in the town—the first one after the English Church—the Methodist meeting-house, or "chapel," as it was termed, was erected on the south side of King Street, between Yonge and Bay Streets, just at

the corner of Jordan Street, which was not opened till several years after. In the autumn of that year, that is, in November, 1818, Mr. Osgood came once more to the town, and laid matters in a train for the opening of a Sunday-school in the meeting-house, though he himself was not present when it was opened. It was opened the following Sunday, and henceforth taught by three or four gentlemen, all of whom worshipped in that congregation, although one of the most active never became an actual member of the Methodist Church, as he was the principal founder of the Presbyterian cause a few years after. The gentlemen referred to were Messrs. William P. Patrick, Hugh Carfrae, T. D. Morrison, and JESSE KETCHUM, the Presbyterian above referred to.

After some time a Sunday-school was commenced by the Church of England parson, Rev. Dr. Strachan. This school was taught in the Grammar School, usually called the "District School," which stood on an open space, which is now surrounded by Richmond, Jarvis, Adelaide, and Church Streets. This school, after a little, fell into the hands of pious Judge Willis, a gentleman lately from England.

At an early day there was less haughtiness towards the schools of Dissenters than sprang up afterwards; for I remember that our school was marched to the Episcopalian Church (where St. James' Cathedral now stands) to meet the Church of England school to a sort of examination, and received the bibles, purchased by a Parliamentary grant, each one subscribed with the name of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, along with those of our three or four principal teachers. I received my first Bible that day.

When the Presbyterians erected a church, facing on Richmond Street, in 1823, some of our teachers and scholars went off to that; and the Methodist school was pretty much in the hands of Mr. Carfrae for some time. In the winter of 1824-25, another visit from Mr. Osgood issued in the formation of a school for the east end of the town, which was thought neglected. This was mostly sustained by zealous young men and women from the Methodist Church: Joshua VanAllen (the Superintendent), John Russell, Nathaniel and John Carroll, and the Misses Crawford, Lumden, and others were of this type. The East York school was held, first in Mr. Padfield's school-room, corner of Duke and Sherbourne Streets; then in the public school-room under the Masonic lodge in Market lane (now Colborne Street); and finally migrated to the new school-house, built by voluntary effort, at the corner of Duke and Berkeley Streets, part of which building is embodied in the fire-hall which now marks that spot. There the school remained as long as it bore the distinctive title of the East York Sunday-school.

The school in the old frame meeting-house arose, phoenix-like from its ashes, during the prosperous days of the church which preceded and followed the erection of the large brick Methodist Church on the corner of Toronto and Adelaide Streets, recently portrayed in this paper. This comprised a period of some five or six years. After the Union of 1833, and thenceforward till the union with the Methodist New Connexion in 1874, it bore the name "Wesleyan Methodist Sab-

bath-school." It had competitors of the same name after 1840, first in the George Street and then Richmond Street schools.

It would be interesting to trace the succession of superintendents and the many boys and girls reared up to usefulness from the first to the present, but I have not the time, the room, or the data for the particulars. Its great enlargement and success since its transference to the Tabernacle and Metropolitan Church is best known to the present honoured labourers there.

I was a scholar the first hour of the first day (for I helped to kindle the fire), and learned my first lesson from a bible-leaf pasted on a shingle, in default of any other book.

Going off the stage of action, as I am now doing, I most earnestly pray for the prosperity of the old school! Amen.—JOHN CARROLL.

The Bird in the Shutter.

THE rain upon the old church roof
Came beating from the west,
And, just outside, the leafless elms
Tossed in their wild unrest.

Within, the house was dim and cold,
And sad the pastor's theme:
Not one sweet ray of Christmas hope
Let fall a cheering gleam.

He spoke of trouble and of death,
Of doubts, and woes, and fears,
While overhead the Autumn rain
Fell like a flood of tears.

Our heads were bowed in sullen grief,
Our hearts were chilled with pain:
The light of love seemed quenched fore'er,
By bitterness of rain.

Then suddenly a cheerful sound—
A bird-note sweet and clear—
Rang through the hushed and gloomy house
And startled every tear.

There, in the shutter, cold and wet,
And ruffled by the storm,
A lonely little bird had crept,
And nestled to get warm.

The storm beat close above its head,
And shook its slender perch,
But there it clung, and chirped and sung
Against the old gray church.

The pastor's voice grew soft and sweet,
His kind eyes filled with tears,
And, looking up, he spoke of Christ,
And the eternal years.

He spoke of heaven, our happy home,
And loved ones gone before;
Of all the joys that wait the blest,
On yonder shining shore.

And still the little bird sang on,
A soft, unconscious strain;
It only knew that it was warm,
And sheltered from the rain.

—Paul Pastnor.

A RUNAWAY boy, Thomas Hopson, an apprentice to a tailor in the Isle of Wight, had just before come on board the admiral's ship as a volunteer. In the midst of the action, he asked a sailor how long the fight would continue, and was told that it would only cease when the flag of the Dutch admiral was hauled down. The boy did not understand about the striking of colors, but he thought if the hauling down of the flag would stop the fight it might not be difficult to do. As the ships were engaged yard-arm to yard-arm, and veiled in smoke, Hopson at once ran up the shrouds, crept out on the mizzen-yard of his own ship, and having gained that of the Dutch admiral, he speedily reached the top-gallant mast-head, and possessed himself of the Dutch flag, with which he succeeded in returning to his own deck. Perceiving

the flag to be struck, the British sailors raised a shout of victory; and the Dutch crew, also deceived, ran from their guns. While the astonished admiral and his officers were trying in vain to rally their crew, the English boarded the ship and carried her. For this daring service the boy was promoted to the quarter-deck; and he rose to be a distinguished admiral under Queen Anne.

Brevities.

THE following sentence contains all the letters of the alphabet: "John quickly extemporized five tow-bags."

THE deepest trust leads to the most powerful action. It is the silencing oil that makes the machine obey the motive power with greatest readiness and result.—Havergal.

I KNOW not which is the saddest reflection, the number of men drink has made thoroughly bad, or the number it has prevented from becoming good and great.

A MISSIONARY once asked the question at a mission school, "Where does Jesus live?" A little boy who had lately found the Saviour answered, "Please, sir, He lives in our alley now."

WHEN a rural-resort landlord thinks a city man is putting on too many airs, he merely says, as he hands him the key to his room at night, "Be careful to turn out the gas; don't blow it out."

Do not wade far out into the dangerous sea of this world's comfort. Take the good that God provides you, but say of it, "It passeth away, for indeed it is but a temporary need."—Never suffer your goods to become your god.—Spurgeon.

A LITTLE girl, who had been to a children's party, being asked by her mother on returning how she enjoyed herself, answered, "I am full of happiness. I couldn't be happier unless I were to grow."

TORONTO, Ont., reports a teacher who has been in his place for one hundred and twenty-six consecutive Sabbaths, and who in six years has reported but three absences from his class.

BEAUTIFUL REPLY.—"What are you doing?" said a minister as he one day visited a feeble old man who lived in a hovel, and was sitting with a Bible open—on his knee, "Oh, sir, I am sitting under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit is sweet to my taste."

THE story is told of an American visiting Montreal, who gave the waiter a silver trade dollar as a fee. Said the waiter, "Sir, did you intend to give me a dollar?" "I did." "Well, sir, this coin is at a discount. I can only take it for ninety-two cents. Eight cents more, please."

A LAD in Boston, small for his years, was errand boy for four gentlemen. One day they were chaffing him about being small, and said to him: "You never will amount to much; you never can do much business, you are so small." "Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something that you four cannot do." "What's that?" said they. "I can keep from swearing," said the little fellow. There were some blushes on four manly faces, and very little anxiety for further information on the point.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

THREE MONTHS WITH DAVID AND THE PSALMS.

B. C. 1023.] LESSON VIII. [Aug. 24.

THE PLAGUE STAYED.

2 Sam. 24. 15-25. Commit to mem. vs. 24, 25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

So the Lord was entreated for the land, and the plague was stayed from Israel.—2 Sam. 24: 25.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Sam. 19. 1-23. Th. 2 Sam. 21. 1-17. 7. 2 Sam. 19. 25-43. F. 2 Sam. 23. 1-17. W. 2 Sam. 20. 1-22. Sa. 2 Sam. 24. 1-14. Su. 2 Sam. 24. 15-25.

TIME.—In the later years of David's life, probably not long before or after the last lesson, B.C. 1023.

PLACE.—Jerusalem. The threshing-floor of Araunah was on the summit of the eastern hill, afterwards called Moriah (Jerom.) Jewish tradition identifies this place, with the scene of Abraham's sacrifice. Here the temple was afterwards built, the Holy of Holies, it is thought, covering this exact spot.

PERSONS.—(1) Gad, the "seer," a prophet who joined David in "the hold, and kept with him in his wanderings" (1 Sam. 22). Doubtless David's confidential counsellor, and probably the historian of this event (1 Chron. 29. 29.) (2) Araunah, called in Chron. Ornan, a Canaanite, one of the old inhabitants of Jerusalem, who had been allowed to remain and keep his property. He is called king in v. 23. He probably had become a convert to the Jewish religion.

STATE OF THE KINGDOM.—Though these troubles of David are related as the working out of his sin, yet, on the whole, the kingdom was large and prosperous, victorious over enemies, and increasing in wealth and power.

INTRODUCTION.—The plague recorded in to-day's lesson grew out of a census taken by David. 1. The census was not a mere numbering of the people, but a formal and military enrolment, either for using their labour or for strengthening the army. 2. David's object in taking it—(a) pride; (b) for increase of taxes; (c) to obtain free labour for his public works; (d) to consolidate the power in the throne; (e) to prepare for foreign conquests. 3. The sin of numbering the people—(a) the bad motive, pride of David; (b) this pride and its consequent sins among the people, v. 1; (c) a step against the liberties of the people; (d) concentrating power in the throne, and not in God and the people. It was away from the true idea of the kingdom.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—15. So the Lord sent a pestilence.—In punishment for the sin of David and the people (v. 14.) Time appointed.—Not the three days (v. 13), for v. 16 shows that the sentence was not fully executed, but either (1) the time fixed by God's purpose, or (2) the time of assembly, i.e., the hour of evening sacrifice, 3 o'clock p.m., thus the plague would not last one full day. Seventy thousand.—Sennacherib's army lost 185,000 in one night (2 K. 19. 35.) 16. The angel.—It was a vision seen by David (comp. 1 Chron. 21. 16-30.) Repented him, i.e., changed his actions, as a man would who repented. 17. I have sinned.—The spirit of a true penitent; yet it need not be supposed that the people were wholly guiltless. 19. David went up.—Obedient as well as penitent. 22. Oxen, threshing instruments.—Then in use at the "floor." 23. As a king.—Either read (1) the whole, O king, does Araunah give unto the king, or (2) the whole did king Araunah give unto the king—24. Fifty shekels of silver.—About \$30. But in 1 Chron. 21. 25, it is 600 shekels. The first sum may have been for the floor, and the latter for the whole hill. 25. Burnt offerings.—A sacrifice of expiation. Peace offerings.—A sacrifice of thanksgiving.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—David's restoration.—The revolt of Israel.—The three calamities in David's reign.—The last years of David's reign.—The state of the kingdom.—David's sin in taking the census.—The parallel account in Chronicles.—Moriah, Araunah, Gad.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How was David brought back from his exile? Mention some incidents by the way? How did the tribes of

Israel receive him? Who led a new revolt? How was it put down? When did the three years' famine probably occur? What was the occasion of it? How old was David at the time of this lesson? What mark of age had he shown? (ch. 21. 17.) What sin led to the last great calamity of his reign? Show why it was a sin? What was this calamity?

SUBJECT: REPENTANCE.

I. THE RESULT OF WRONG-DOING (vs. 15, 16).—What came upon Israel? Why did the calamity come in this form? What reason did David give for his choice? What kind of a spirit did this show in David? Was David's reason a good one? How long was the plague to last? How long did it last? How destructive was it? Was this a greater destruction than natural causes have been known to produce? Where did the plague stop? What is meant by "the Lord repented him?"

II. A REPENTANT KING (vs. 17-24).—How was David first convicted of wrongdoing? (v. 10.) Into what relations to God was he brought? (v. 14.) What confession does he now make? (v. 17.) What kind of a spirit does he show in taking all the blame upon himself? Was it true that the people had done no wrong? Why were the people punished? What was David commanded to do? How did he meet this command? What spirit was shown here? Who was Araunah? How did the two meet? What did David want? What did Araunah offer? What do the words "the Lord thy God accept thee" show respecting Araunah? How did David reply to the offer? What spirit does this show? How much did he pay for the floor and the oxen? Reconcile this with 1 Chron. 21. 25. What did David then do? What did the burnt offering signify? What the peace offering? What spirit did David show here? Mention six characteristics of the repentant heart shown in this experience of David.

III. THE FRUITS OF REPENTANCE (v. 25).—How was the plague stayed? Had the full measure of punishment been inflicted? What effect had David's repentance upon his relations to God? What effect upon the consequences of his sin? Could he ever be as though he had never sinned at all? What was the name of the hill on which the altar stood? What afterwards stood there?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. "The hand of the Lord" may be seen in His giving supernatural efficacy to natural agencies.
2. The Lord in mercy cuts short punishment when we bow.
3. The penitent is severe upon his own faults, while he excuses those of others.
4. The more the repentance, so much more the blessing.
5. It is a bitter reflection to a good man that his folly and sin should have brought evil on others.
6. God hates robbery for a burnt offering.
7. How can that gift leave a trace which has left no void?
8. A cheap religion is a poor religion.
9. The cost of the Mosaic sacrifices was one chief element of their moral value.

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

- 14. How was David brought back to his kingdom? Ans. By the tribe of Judah.
15. What sin did David commit in the latter years of his reign? Ans. He took the census of his people from wrong motives.
16. What punishment came upon Israel in consequence? Ans. A plague which carried off 70,000 in one day.
17. How was the plague stayed? Ans. By the mercy of God, accompanying the repentance of David.

B.C. 1055-35.] LESSON IX. [Aug 31.

GOD'S WORKS AND WORD.

Psa. 19. 1-14. Commit to mem. vs. 7-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou hast magnified thy Word above all thy name.—Psa. 138. 2

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God reveals Himself to us by His works and by His Word.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Psa. 19. 1-14. Th. Acts 17. 22-31. T. Isa. 40. 12-28. F. Psa. 119. 97-105. W. John 1. 1-16. Sa. Heb. 1. 1-14. Su. Deut. 11. 18-32.

TIME.—It is uncertain when in David's life this Psalm was written, but probably in his earlier manhood, and before his great sin. Between B.C. 1055-1035.

AUTHOR.—David.

ADDRESS.—To the chief musician, and therefore to be used in the public service of song.

INTRODUCTION.—David studied God's two great books, Nature and Revelation, and gives us in this Psalm some of the results of his studies. We should study them both, for "Our Father" wrote them both, and each helps us to understand the other.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. Firmament.—The expanse, the heavens. Handy-work.—i.e. His hand-work, the work of His hands. They show His goodness, wisdom, power, greatness, exactness, faithfulness. 2. Day unto day.—Day uttereth speech to day,—it is continuous. 3. There is no speech, etc.—Either (1) they are understood by all nations and people, for they speak a universal language, or (2) leaving out the italics in the verse) they have no speech nor language, their voice is not heard; yet, (v. 4) their line is gone out, etc. 4. Tacit line.—i.e. Measuring line, that measures their extent. In them.—The heavens, which are the sun's tabernacle. 5. As a bridegroom.—Bright, beaming, glorious. As a strong man.—His work is done easily, joyously. 7. The law of the Lord.—God's revealed will, especially the ten commandments. The Lord.—Printed in capitals. The testimony.—God's witness to what is right and true. The same as the law. 9. The fear of the Lord.—Reverential fear. Is clean.—Is pure, and makes others pure. The judgments.—The decisions, what God decides to be right. 12. Who can understand his errors? (1) they are so many; (2) they are often unconscious; (3) they are far-reaching in their influence. 13. Presumptuous sins.—Defiant, done against knowledge and in the face of command. The great transgression.—(Leave out "the") not a particular sin but much sin.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The 19th Psalm, its author, etc.—How nature shows God's glory.—What we can learn of God from nature.—The law of the Lord.—God's works and His word agree.—The reward of keeping the law.—Secret faults.—Presumptuous sins.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who wrote this Psalm? When was it written? Into what three parts is it divided? What is the meaning of the Golden Text?

SUBJECT: GOD REVEALED IN HIS WORKS AND WORD.

I. GOD REVEALED IN HIS WORKS (vs. 1-6).—What two names are given to the heavens? How do they declare God's glory? What do we learn about God from nature? (Rom. 1. 20; 2. 14, 15; Psa. 145. 3; Psa. 102. 25-27; Psa. 139. 7-10; Psa. 104. 24; Psa. 33. 4, 5.) Meaning of verse 2? What two meanings may be given to verse 3? Which is the better? What is their "line?" What description is given of the sun? How can the study of God's works help us to understand His word? Is there any real conflict between true science and true religion? Does nature reveal to us all we need to know? What are some of the things it cannot do for us?

II. GOD REVEALED IN HIS WORD (vs. 7-11).—What is meant by "the Law of the Lord?" What four names are given to it here? Why is Lord in these verses printed in capitals in our Bibles? Why is the name given to God in these verses different from that on the first six verses? What four words are given here to describe God's Word? Show how it is perfect; sure; right; pure. What four things does God's Word do for us? (vs. 7, 8) Show how it does each of these. Meaning of "fear of the Lord?" Of "His judgments?" To what does the Psalmist compare God's Word? In what respect is it more precious than gold? In what respects is it sweeter than honey? What is the reward of keeping God's commands?

III. A PRAYER FOR HELP TO OBEY GOD (vs. 12-14).—Why can we not understand our errors? What are "secret-faults?" From what other kind of sins would he be kept? From whose dominion would he be preserved? What did he desire for his words and thoughts? When are these acceptable to God?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. The Christian should study both the works and the Word of God.
2. There can be no conflict between what God says and what He does.
3. We learn from Nature the wisdom, power, greatness, faithfulness, and goodness of God.

4. But we cannot learn all we need about forgiveness, and love, and heaven, and our duties to God and man.

5. God's Word gives us new hearts, a sure hope, wisdom, and joy, and salvation.

6. God's Word is an inexhaustible treasure.

7. Good persons desire to be holy in secret as well as in public, in thought as well as in deed.

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

1. In what two ways does God reveal himself to us? Ans. By His works and by His Word. 2. What do His works teach us about God? Ans. His wisdom, power, greatness, goodness, and truth. 3. What four qualities has His Word? Ans. It is perfect, right, sure, and pure. What four things does it do for us? Ans. (1) Converting the soul, (2) making wise the simple, (3) rejoicing the heart, (4) enlightening the eyes. 5. What should be our prayer? (Repeat v. 14.)

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