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HONEY AND SCHOOL

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 23, 1890.

[No. 17.]

The Temple of Juggernaut.

THE hideous idol, Juggernaut, whose name means, "Lord of the World," is worshipped by many millions of Hindus. There are a great many temples dedicated to him; but that at Puri, on the western shore of the Bay of Bengal, is the largest, and the one which his worshippers esteem the most holy of all. This splendid temple is surrounded by a wall twenty-one feet in height; and its tallest pinnacle is one hundred and eighty-four feet high. This is richly gilt, and looks very beautiful in the gleaming, golden sunlight, surrounded by luxuriant tropical trees and flowering shrubs. But, while without, "every prospect pleases," telling of the wisdom and goodness of our loving Father; within, are seen only hideous idols—placed there, to be worshipped, instead of the one true God, who made heaven and earth.

The temple contains images of *Siva* and *Sathadra*, as well as *Juggernaut*, and just in front of the altar, is an image of the hawk-god, *Parounda*. The idols are all of carved wood, hideously ugly, and of crafty, cruel countenances. *Juggernaut* is painted dark-blue, with a great blood-red mouth. *Siva* is white, and *Sathadra* yellow. Every day a feast is spread for the idols, and about fourteen hundred pounds of provisions, consisting of rice, flour, butter, milk, and other things, are in some way disposed of. It is pretended that the idols

eat the food; but as there are about twenty thousand Brahmins or "holy men," living in this temple, it is easy to imagine what becomes of all the food brought in to feast the idols. The great annual car festival of *Juggernaut* is held on the eighteenth of June, at Puri: and is generally attended by more than five hundred thousand pilgrims. The car consists of an elevated platform, thirty-four feet square, supported by sixteen large wheels, and upon this platform, under a rich canopy of cloth-of-gold is seated the idol. Six ropes, each three hundred feet long, are attached to the car, and thousands of people, taking hold of these, draw the hideous god from place to place, that they may "obtain merit," or secure the pardon of their sins,

in return. Nearly half of the pilgrims are women, many of whom carry little children in their arms, or strapped to their shoulders, as they toil on, over hundreds of miles of burning sand, with but little food or rest. You, dear children, in your happy homes, cared for by tender, loving mothers, cannot at all understand the sufferings of these poor women, drooping, fainting, and falling daily by the wayside, from fatigue and hunger, till the plains are almost white with their bones. All this they suffer in the hope of finding pardon for their sins; for many of them never heard, even once, of the full pardon purchased for them by the sufferings and

Originally its face was a straight and sensible fish-face, but one day it insulted a herring, and made a mocking face at it, for which, as a punishment, it was never able to draw its face back to its natural position.

The Zulus say, that the reason the animal called the hyrax has no tail wherewith to drive away the flies is, that on the day when tails were distributed the hyrax, fearing it was going to rain, refused to go out of his lair, and begged the other animals to bring him his tail, to save him the trouble of going. So that the proverb to this day, addressed to a Zulu who, from laziness, asks another to do or

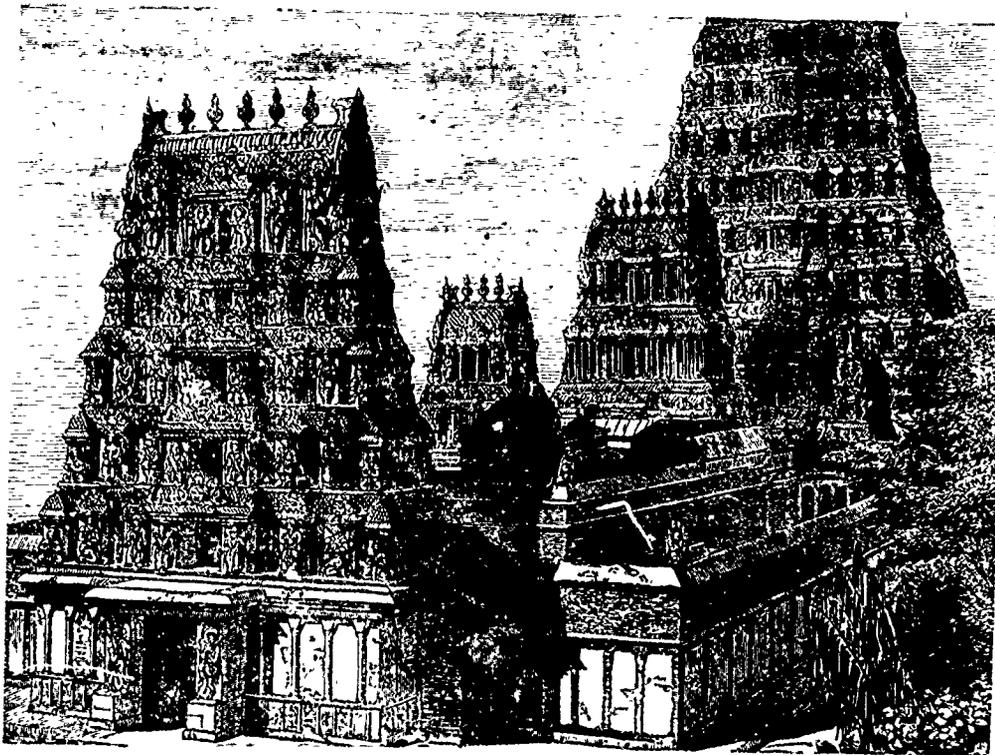
bring something for him, is: "The hyrax went without a tail because he sent for it."

The Bushmen say that the jackal's back is black because he once carried the sun on his back, when he found that great luminary, then a mortal on earth, sitting weary by the wayside.

The Indians used to have a legend current among them which explained why the bear is so fat and the rabbit so thin, and why the duck has so few tail feathers. The Great Spirit once killed so gigantic a fish that its oil and fat formed a small lake, whither he invited all the birds and beasts to come and be fed, decreeing that the fatness of each should depend on the order in which they arrived. The bear came first, and therefore became the fattest of animals. The bison and the moose were slower in coming; while the

rabbit and the marten, arriving last, came in for no fat at all. The feast over, the Great Manitou made them all dance around him with their eyes shut, and wrung the necks of the fatter ones as they passed him; but a small duck, suspicious enough to open her eyes, saw her danger and made for the water, which, however, she only just reached as Manitou gave her a kick that flattened her back, and caused the ducks of all future time to be marked, as a race, with a deficiency of tail feathers.

We would forget that there is any such thing as suffering in the world were we not occasionally reminded of it through our own.



THE TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

death of our dear Saviour. If they only knew about Jesus, how glad and happy they would be! Will you pray for them, and save some of your pennies to send them the "good news" of Jesus and his great salvation?

Curious Fables About Animals.

MANY curious and amusing stories are told among savage peoples in different parts of the world to account for the shape, size, colour, and habits of various animals.

The Westphalians have a strange explanation of the face of the flounder, which is all awry, with its eyes on one side of its face, instead of being straight across it, like the eyes of most other fish.

At Four-Score.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Bore of Minas Basin.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

UPON the side of one of the rounded hills that rise up gently from the wonderful sea of verdure which Longfellow, without ever looking upon it for himself, immortalized in his "Evangeline," Acacia Villa nestled cosily in the midst of many trees. Long lines of poplars stood sentinel-like up and down the house front, and marked out the garden boundaries, furnishing abundant supplies of "peppers" for the boys in springtime; and, better still, a whole regiment of apple and pear trees marshalled itself at the back, filling the hearth—and mouths—of both young and old with delight in the autumn, when the boughs bent so temptingly beneath their burden of fruitage.

There could hardly be a more attractive location for a boarding-school, and, seeing what comfortable quarters Mr. Thomson provided, and how very thoroughly he understood the business of teaching, it was no wonder that boys came not only from all parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, but even from the United States, to be grounded in

classics, mathematics, and literature, under his direction.

The last boarder left Acacia Villa long ago, but twenty years back its dormitories were filled to their utmost capacity with lads of all ages and sizes, and the whole neighbourhood felt the stirring influence of two-score lively, hearty, noisy boys in its midst. For nearly ten months out of the year the school was like a hive of bees in honey time—the term beginning in September and finishing in June. It was coming on toward midsummer now, and excitement ran high throughout the school, for while the droues were looking forward longingly to the holidays, which would release them from all lesson-learning for a couple of months, the workers were even more eagerly expecting the final examinations, when books, bats, balls, knives, and other things dear to the school-boy's heart, were offered by wise Mr. Thomson to the boys who came out ahead in the different branches of study.

The two boys strolling down toward the river this fine summer afternoon were good representatives of the two classes, Frank Hamilton being one of the brightest and most ambitious, as Tom Peters—or "Buntie," in the saucy slang of his school-mates—was one of the dullest and least aspiring in the school. Yet, somehow or other, they had been great chums ever since they came by the same coach to the Villa, two years before. One could easily understand that lazy, good-natured "Buntie" should find much to admire and love in handsome, manly, clever Frank, who was indeed a born leader; but just what Frank found in Tom to make him so fond of him puzzled everybody, from Mr. Thomson down. In whatever lay the secret, the fact was clear that the boys loved each other like brothers; and the master, who delighted in classical allusions, used to greet them as "Damon and Pythias" when he encountered them together.

"Yankee" was the nick-name given to one of the American boys at the school. He had been thus distinguished because both in face and figure he bore some resemblance to the typical "Uncle Sam," being longer, leaner, and sallow than any of his companions. He was of a quiet, reserved disposition, and had few friends.

Walking with a rapid, almost impatient step, that was characteristic of him, Emory Haynes passed the two friends, all three directing their course toward the Gaspareaux River, which cuts a wide, red gash through the Grand Pré before adding its turbulent torrent to the tossing waters of Minas Basin.

Here a lovely picture awaited them. From their feet the red banks of clay and sand stretched hundreds of yards away—for the tide was out—until they were lapped by the river, now shrunk into a narrow, sluggish stream. To right and left and beyond the river the wide, level, marsh lands—redeemed from the water by the patient toil of the Acadians—were waist deep in verdure, that swayed in long lines of light and shadow before the summer breeze. Not far off began the great dykes that sweep clear round the outer edge of the Grand Pré, the only elevation on all that vast plain, and now waving to their summits with "dusty-blossomed grass." Behind them the hills rose gently in fold upon fold, their broad shoulders flecked with frequent patches of golden grain or the dark foliage of the orchards, while over all rose a glorious summer sun, that seemed to thrill the whole landscape with life and warmth and glory.

But the boys had no eyes for all this beauty. They were far more concerned about the tide, and felt inclined to resent very warmly the fact that it should be out just when they wanted to have a swim.

"What a fraud!" exclaimed Frank. "Pon my word I believe the old tide is twice as much out as it is in. Now isn't it, Buntie?"

"It is, sure's you're born," assented Tom. "I suppose there's nothing for it but to wait," and so saying he threw himself down in the long grass, his friend immediately following his example.

Two yards away Emory Haynes was already seated, with his face turned riverward, apparently lost in deep thought.

"Oh, I say, Frank!" exclaimed Tom, "suppose, instead of waiting here, we go down to meet the bore, and have a race back with it?"

Frank hesitated a moment before answering, for what Tom proposed was a very rash thing to do. What is known as the "bore" is the big wave produced by the onrush of water in a place where the tides rise forty, fifty, or even sixty feet, according to the time of year. The Bay of Fundy—of which Minas Basin is a branch—is famous for these wonderful tides, and the movements of the water make a sight well worth watching. The two boys had often looked on with lively interest as the returning flood rushed eagerly up the channel and over the flats, until, in an incredibly short time, what had been a waste of red mud was transformed into a broad expanse of turbid water.

"Rather a risky business, Tom, but I don't mind trying it. I'm in the humour for almost anything to-day, so come along."

And, without more ado, the boys doffed their boots and stockings, rolled up their trousers, and set out for the water's edge. Emory Haynes watched them in silence until they had gone about fifty yards. Then, as if divining their foolish design, he called after them:

"Frank—Tom—where are you going to?"

"Going to meet the bore. Don't you want to come?" Frank shouted back. "Come along, Yankee, if you're not afraid," he added, in a half scornful tone.

Not the words, but the tone in which they were uttered, brought an angry flush out on Emory's sallow cheeks, and, without stopping to think of the folly of the thing, he too flung off his boots and started after the others.

"Blessed if Yankee isn't coming after all," said Tom, under his breath, to Frank. "The chap's got plenty of grit in him."

Side by side, but in silence—for, somehow or other, they felt ill at ease—the three boys picked their way carefully over the slippery mud and soft sand, keeping a sharp lookout for the sink-holes or quicksands in which they might easily sink to their waists, or even deeper, at one plunge. Hardly had they reached the edge of the channel when Frank, who had been gazing down intently toward the Basin, called out:

"There it comes, fellows. Doesn't it look grand?"

A good way off still, but drawing nearer with astonishing speed—a wall of dark foam-topped water came rushing up the channel and over the thirsty flats. It was several feet in height, and behind it followed the whole vast volume of the tide.

The three lads had never been so close to the bore before, and they stood still and silent, watching the grand sight, until a shout from Emory broke the spell.

"Now then, boys, let's run for it."

As fast as their feet could carry them they sped over the treacherous, greasy flats, leaping the gaping gullies, turning aside from the suspicious spots, and steering straight for the place where they had left their shoes. Frank and Tom were both famous runners, and soon outstripped Emory. In fact, they were more than half-way to the bank

when a sharp cry of alarm made them stop and turn to see what was the matter. One glance was enough to tell them. Twenty yards behind they saw their companion embedded nearly to the waist in a quicksand, from which he was madly struggling to extricate himself, while his efforts seemed only to sink him the deeper. His situation was one of extreme peril. The bore had somewhat spent its force, but still advanced steadily. Unless Emory was rescued without delay, he would be buried beneath its pitiless flood.

For one brief instant Frank hesitated, and Tom, as usual, waited for him to lead. Thoughts of the personal risk, and the small chance of succeeding, throbbed through his brain. But it was only for an instant, and then with a shout of "Keep cool, Yankee—we're coming," he grasped Tom's arm, and together they sprang to the rescue.

Running with all their might, they reached their imperilled schoolmate just a second before the bore did, and, standing on either side the treacherous spot, were able to each seize a hand, and with one tremendous effort to draw him out of its deadly embrace ere the great wave came sweeping down upon them, tumbling them over like nine-pins into the midst of its muddy surges. Fortunately, however, all three were good swimmers, and they had only to allow the water to work its will with them, for, after a little tossing about, it landed them safely on a sand bank, whence they could easily wade ashore.

Emory did not say much to his rescuers. It was not his way. But no one could mistake the depth of feeling expressed in the few words: "Frank, you've saved my life, and I'll never forget it."

Two weeks later the examinations came off, and amid the applause of the school, Frank Hamilton was declared winner of the Starr prize—Emory Haynes being only a few points behind him.

Mr. Thomson was very well pleased at the result, but there was one thing that puzzled him a good deal: Emory, who was by far the best mathematical scholar in the school, had, somehow or other, done by no means so well in that branch as usual. In fact, he had actually left several not over-difficult questions altogether unanswered, and this, more than anything else, had lost him the prize. Mr. Thomson mentioned the matter to Frank Hamilton, at the same time expressing his surprise.

"I'm not surprised," said Frank, as something that looked very like tears welled up in his eyes. "When I saved Yankee's life he said he'd never forget it. That's how he kept his word."

Mr. Thomson needed no further explanation.

The Successful Man.

WHEN our successful man was a boy, and lived in a manufacturing village in New Hampshire, a widow's son, the greatest luxury he knew was to eat apples. So he told us one day, when we fell into conversation about old times.

"Yes," said he, "when I was ten years old I used to think if ever I were rich enough to have as many apples as I wanted all the year round, I should be perfectly happy. And now!"

He went on to say that he had one of the finest orchards, on a small scale, to be found anywhere in Massachusetts, which produced last year ninety-four barrels of apples of the best varieties yet produced. But he did not eat two apples per annum. He could not; for while he was making his fortune he worked so hard and confined himself so closely as to contract a chronic weakness of digestion. With all the luxuries of the world at his command, he was obliged to live principally upon oatmeal and milk.

Later in his youth his ambition soared above apples. He was beginning to get a little more money than he absolutely needed, and was able occasionally to indulge in a rifle. He then thought that if he could ever own a horse fast enough to pass everything on the road, and take no man's dust, he should be the proudest and happiest of men.

"Well," he continued, "I had a horse that I think is the fastest in my county—but I never drive him. I gave him to my son last summer, and for my own use keep an old plug that jogs along six miles an hour without my troubling myself about him."

At this point our successful man wearily took out his watch to see how time was getting on, and we observed that the watch was of a peculiar pattern, rarely seen in this country.

"This watch," said he, "is another case in point. One of my young ambitions was to possess as good a watch as mortal man could make. I have one. I gave six hundred dollars in gold for it at a time when gold was a more expensive article than it is now. But knocking about the world in sleeping cars and Mediterranean steamboats, I was always a little anxious for the safety of my watch; and, besides, the possession of so costly an article by a traveller, is a temptation to robbers. One day, in Paris, I noticed in a shop-window this curious little watch, marked twenty-five francs. A five-dollar watch was a novelty, and I bought it. I deposited my six-hundred-dollar timekeeper with my banker, and it has been ever since in an iron safe. I find that this little watch keeps time as well, for all the ordinary purposes of life, as the other; and I have carried it ever since."

The successful man said these things with what we may call a good-humoured despair. He made no complaint; but at the age when he ought to have been in the full tide of cheerful activity he appeared to have exhausted life.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Missing Five Cents.

HOLDING out his hand for the change, John's employer said, "Well, my boy, did you get what I sent you for?"

"Yes, sir," said John, "and here is the change, but I don't understand it. The lemons cost twenty-eight cents, and there ought to be twenty-two change, and there's only seventeen, according to my count."

"Perhaps I made a mistake in giving you the money."

"No, sir. I counted it over in the hall to be sure it was all right."

"Then, perhaps the clerk made a mistake in giving you the change."

But John shook his head. "No, sir; I counted that, too. Father said we must always count our change before leaving a store."

"Then how in the world do you account for the missing five cents? How do you expect me to believe such a queer story as that?"

John's cheeks grew red, but his voice was firm. "I don't account for it, sir; I can't. All I know is that it is so."

"Well, it is worth a good deal in this world to be sure of that. How do you account for that five-cent piece that is hiding inside your coat sleeve?"

John looked down quickly, and caught the gleaming bit with a cry of pleasure. "Here you are! Now it is all right. I couldn't imagine what had become of that five-cent piece. I was certain I had it when I started from the store to return."

"There are two or three things that I know now," Mr. Brown said, with a satisfied air. "I

know you have been taught to count your money in coming and going, and to tell the exact truth, whether it sounds well or not—two important things in an errand boy. I think I'll try you young man, without looking farther."

At this John's cheeks grew redder than ever. He looked down and up, and finally he said in a low voice: "I think I ought to tell you that I wanted the place so badly that I almost made up my mind to say nothing about the change if you didn't ask me."

"Exactly," said Mr. Brown, "and if you had done it, you would have lost the situation, that's all. I need a boy about me who can be honest over so small a sum as five cents, whether he is asked questions or not."

My Kingdom.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

A LITTLE kingdom I possess,
Where thoughts and feelings dwell,
And very hard the task I find
Of governing it well;
For passion tempts and troubles me,
A wayward will mislead,
And selfishness its shadow casts
On all my words and deeds.

How can I learn to rule myself,
To be the child I should—
Honest and brave, and never tire
Of trying to be good?
How can I keep a sunny soul,
To shine along life's way?
How can I tune my little heart
To sweetly sing all day?

Dear Father, help me with the love
That casteth out my fear;
Teach me to lean on thee, and feel
That thou art very near;
That no temptation is unseen,
No childish grief too small,
Since thou, with patience infinite,
Dost soothe and comfort all.

I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may wish,
Nor try to conquer any world
Except the one within.
Be thou my guide until I find,
Led by a tender hand,
Thy happy kingdom in myself,
And dare to take command.

Neapolitan Fruit Girl.

OVER the city of Naples the heavens seem laughing and shining all day long. The surrounding hills and valleys are gorgeous with different colours in the sunlight. The waters of the beautiful bay ripple and flash back the glorious sunlight. The eye is gladdened everywhere with the bountiful products of field and orchard. The air is heavy with the delicious fragrance of the orange and lemon trees.

Let us go into the market-place. Here we see giant melons, large oranges and lemons, luscious peaches, sweet figs; in fact, space will not allow us to tell of all the fruits, nuts and vegetables we find in the old market.

But as varied and bright and handsome as the products of the market, are the lives of those who come to purchase. Such talking and laughing, such calling and pricing, such scolding and clacking you never did see.

Here we see the fruit-sellers in their picturesque suits, which look so queer to the stranger. Their full, robust bodies, olive complexion, dark and shining eyes, glossy hair, red lips, sweet laugh and bright dress match so well with the fruits they sell, that it makes a pleasant picture of the Italian life.

To Our Dear Ones with God.

We do not grudge your eyes the blessed light
Which gladdens them upon life's farther shore,
Although our eyes ache hourly for the sight
Of your dear faces, lost for evermore
Till the old ties again are knit in one,
In an unchanging, an immortal land,
And the sweet links, by death's rough grasp undone,
Are re-united by a master-hand.

We would not wish you in our midst again,
For all the comfort that your love could give,
We would not cause to you an instant's pain,
Whatever pleasures we might thus receive;
And yet we miss you with a growing want
Which seems as though it must be satisfied,
And your dear shadows every corner haunt,
Yet evermore beyond our vision glide!

Ah, dear ones! if God's love on you bestows
A delegation of his gracious powers,
If, as we doubt not, he each trial shows,
Do not your hearts beat still in tune with ours?
Are you not pleading for us in the light,
Whilst we strive painfully through darkness home?
Are you not watching with love-quickened sight
How you can best unto our succour come?

Will you not welcome us with outstretched arms
When we at last obtain the victor's crown?
Will not God's very throne have added charms
When we can join our worship to your own?
Will not God bless, with sanction all divine,
The love which is of his dear love a part?
Is there not throned in heaven's most sacred shrine,
In God's own breast a sweetly human heart?

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TORONTO, AUGUST 23, 1890.

Hold Up the Light.

THE famous Eddystone lighthouse, off the coast of Cornwall, was first built in a fanciful way, by the learned and eccentric Winstanley. On its sides he put various boastful inscriptions. He was very proud of his structure, and from his lofty balcony used to boldly defy the storm, crying: "Blow, O winds! Rise, O ocean! Break forth, ye elements, and try my work!" But one fearful night the sea swallowed up the tower and its builder.

The lighthouse was built a second time, of wood and stone, by Rudgard. The form was good, but the wood gave hold for the elements, and the builder and his structure perished in the flames.

Next, the great Smeaton was called. He raised a cone from the solid rock upon which it was built, and riveted it to the rock, as the oak is fastened to the earth by its roots. From the rock of the

foundation he took the rock of the superstructure. He carved upon it no boastful inscriptions, like those of Winstanley, but on its lowest course he put: "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it;" and on its keystone, above the lantern, the simple tribute; "Laus Deo!" and the structure still stands, holding its beacon light to storm-tossed mariners.

Fellow-workers for the salvation of men!—Christ, the Light, must be held up before them, or they will perish. Let us, then, place Him on no superstructure of our own device. Let us rear no tower of wood, or wood and stone; but, taking the Word of God for our foundation, let us build our structure upon its massive, solid truth, and on every course put Smeaton's humble inscription, that we may be sure that the lighthouse will stand firm and solid as the rock of our salvation.—Selected.

To-Day in Nazareth.

FROM an illustrated article by Wilson, the photographer, in the January Century, entitled "Round about Galilee," we quote:

"One of the best views of the city is to be had from the campanile of the Church of the Annunciation. In the distance is the brow of the hill to which Jesus was led by the enraged multitude who attempted to throw him from it. A modern house in the foreground brings to mind the time when they uncovered a roof and let down the bed whereon the sick of the palsy lay. This must be very much the same kind of house as that historical one at Capernaum. There is the peculiar roof, and there are the outside stairs leading to the roof. The Eastern householder makes his roof serve for more than a protection from the weather. It is the piazza—the quiet place of the dweller—and sometimes it becomes his summer residence. As a rule it is not very heavy or very strong. Rafters are thrown across from wall to wall—say a yard apart; then the whole space is covered with twigs, such as we saw the women selling in the market-place. On these the slender limbs of trees are thrown, and thickly coated with mortar. Lastly, a thick spread of earth is thrown on, rolled to a level, and oftentimes sown with grass-seed. Thus, by care, many of the roofs become as smooth and soft as a machine-mown lawn.

"By some such process the four bearers of the poor palsied man managed to enlist the attention of the Great Physician in behalf of their friend. It is not hard to understand it all when viewing such a house as this one at Nazareth. It would not be difficult for four men to carry a lame friend in a hammock, by the outer stairway, up to the roof, and, breaking through, let him down into the apartment or court below.

"Not far from the same house—in a narrow street—is a little chapel, erected upon the site of Joseph's carpenter-shop. Over the altar is a picture representing Mary and Joseph instructing Jesus, and finding that he knew more than they.

"Another painting represents the lad Jesus assisting his father at work. It contains no accessories of the carpenter's shop, but there are enough of them in the shops close by. The web-saw, the glue-pot, the plane, and the hammer, are the principal tools used in such shops—all without the



LESSON PICTURE.

AUGUST 31.—ENTERING THE KINGDOM.—Luke xviii. 15-30.

modern improvements. Yet, whatever the Palestine carpenter produces, is from the fragrant cedars of Lebanon, or from the eccentrically knotted and knarled olive wood.

"The operation of bargaining and waiting for any article of wood to come from a Palestine carpenter's shop is a lengthy one. Articles of wood are a luxury there, and when the carpenter receives an order for one he usually employs the next three days of his life in soliciting the congratulations of his friends upon his wonderful good fortune in receiving 'an order for something made of wood.'"

The Faithful Christian Boy of India.

BUNARAM was the second convert from among the Rabba Cosaris, one of the tribes inhabiting the hilly country of Assam. He was only thirteen years old when he put his trust in Jesus. In becoming a Christian he broke his caste. His friends were in great distress at this; for they think that to break one's caste is worse than death.

The priest can restore caste by an endless course of ceremonies and costly offerings to himself and to the gods. His friends loved Bunaram very much, and would gladly have paid all the expense if he would give up his new religion; for, of course, their efforts would be of no avail had he continued a Christian.

They pressed Bunaram to give up Jesus, and come back to the worship of his people; but to their entreaties he firmly answered, "No! You may cut me in pieces, or do what you like with me, but I can never deny that I am a Christian."

At last his father, in bitter anger, said: "You are not my son any longer. If you loved me you would let me get back your caste."

Poor Bunaram was thereafter treated as an out-cast. He had to eat his meals in the cow-house, because he was a Christian.

When he returned to school, and told his teacher what had happened, the teacher asked him: "Well, Bunaram, did it make you sorry that you were Christ's disciple?"

"Not a bit," was his reply.

Jesus and his religion were more precious to this noble boy, lately a poor heathen, than his dearest earthly friends.

TEACHERS should never intermit their efforts to secure home preparation of lessons by the scholars. It requires ingenuity and much persistence, but it ought not to be impossible in average cases.



GUARDS BEFORE THE TEMPLE OF AGENAR.

A Harvest Sermon.

BY W. SNOAD.

THE woods are russet golden. On the hill
The busy hum of insect life is still;
The dreamy softness in the air grows chill.

The swallows' nests are empty in the eaves;
Her filmy web, dew gemmed, the spider weaves,
Framed by Virginia creeper's blood-red leaves.

The harvest fields of all their wealth are shorn,
The last rich load in triumph home is borne,
And gleaners gather up the fallen corn.

Not one of all those sheaves of gathered grain
But feeds mankind, or, sown, lives on again;
Not one amongst the gleaners toils in vain.

No falling leaf from those great elms hard by,
Drenched through by autumn mist, can aimless die,
But feeds the nook where spring's first violets lie.

Nor, sisters, is one fight for justice lost,
Though thrashed and winnowed—to destruction tossed;
God works alike by sunshine and by frost.

Strive for the right! Do battle brave and true!
Fear not, and faint not! For the end in view,
Leave it with Him. Dead efforts live anew!

Grace, Grit and Gumption.

"I THINK he has grace," said a father concerning a son who was sitting for the ministry; "whether he has grit and gumption remains to be proved." That was a wise and witty father, at all events, whatever the son may prove to be, for he hit at once upon the three most important requisites of a successful minister, or, for that matter, the most important elements of success in any other walk in life.

That is about the order in which the triumvirate should stand. At least, grace should come first.

That gives us the Christian gentleman, the honest man of business, the faithful friend. Then, if grit is added, we have persistence, "stick-to-itiveness," that will secure good scholarship, and, in time, success in business and triumph over difficulties in the end, while, if "gumption," or, in other words, tact combined with good judgment, is added, little is left to be desired. Many a man fails for lack of grit, and still more woefully for lack of gumption. The young man who has a fair share of all three is well-equipped, even though genius and talent were both left out of his make-up. If it did not savor of current slang we should say of such a young man, "*He's all right.*" With these three qualities of mind and heart he cannot fail of success.

A Boy's Temptations.

You have heard of the old castle that was taken by a single gun. The attacking force had only one gun, and it seemed hopeless to try and take the castle; but one soldier said, "I will show you how we can take the castle." And he pointed the cannon to one spot and fired, and went on all day, never moving the cannon. About nightfall there were a few grains of sand knocked off the wall. He did the same the next day, and the next. By and by the stones began to come away, and by steadily working his gun for one week he made a hole in that castle big enough for the army to walk through.

Now with a single gun firing away at every boy's life the devil is trying to get in at one opening. Temptation is the practice of the soul; and if you never have any temptation, you will never have any practice. A boy who attends fifty drills in a year is a much better soldier than the one that drills only twice. Do not quarrel with your temptations; set yourselves resolutely to face them.

Two Visions.

WHERE close the curving mountains drew,
To clasp the stream in their embrace,
With every outline, curve, and hue
Reflected in its placid face—

The ploughman stopped his team to watch
The train, as swift it thundered by;
Some distant glimpse of life to catch,
He strains his eager, wistful eye.

The morning freshness lies on him,
Just wakened from his balmy dreams;
The travellers, begrimed and dim,
Think longingly of mountain streams.

Oh, for the joyous mountain air,
The fresh, delightful autumn day
Among the hills! The ploughman there
Must have perpetual holiday!

And he, as all day long he guides
His steady plough, with patient hand,
Thinks of the flying train that glides
Into some new, enchanted land.

Where, day by day, no plodding round
Wearies the frame and dulls the mind;
Where life thrills keen to sight and sound,
With ploughs and furrows left behind.

Even so, to each the untrod ways
Of life are touched by fancy's glow,
That ever sheds its brightest rays
Upon the path we do not know.

—Fiddis, in *Century*.

How Animals Play.

EVERYBODY ought to play sometimes, no matter how old or busy or solemn he may be. Play, if it be innocent, is healthful; but there should not be too much of it, for then it becomes wasteful. Perhaps some of our readers should like to know how animals play.

Small birds chase each other about in play. Perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops around in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersaults. The Americans call it the mad-bird, on account of these singularities.

Water-birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing abundant spray around.

Deer often engage in sham battle, or trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals pretending violence in their play stop short of exercising it.

The dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the orang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him.

Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey. Young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object—even the leaves strewed by the autumn wind. They crouch and steal forward ready for the spring, the body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion; they bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Benger saw two young cougars and jaguars playing with round substances, like kittens.

Birds of the magpie kind are the analogues of monkeys—full of mischief, play, mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie that was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles with much solemnity and a studied air, burying them in a hole made to receive a post. After dropping each stone it cried "Cur-rack" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.—*S. S. Advocate*.

The "City of Pause."

In the "City of Pause" the walls are thick,
No sound can break through the stone and brick;
But a deep hush lies on the outside earth,
And the solemn moorlands are brown and dark.
Within there is silence instead of mirth,
And without, no song of the spring-glad lark,
And far away is a sea that sighs
As if for the mournful thoughts that arise.

In the "City of Pause" there is nothing to do,
No noisy duty to cry "Pursue!"
But with folded hands the workers wait,
And look at each other in mute appeal,
And little they care that the hour is late,
So great are the loss and the pain they feel;
But they wonder a little, "How long will it last?
And what will follow when this is past?"

From the "City of Pause" some pass away
To the unknown land and the cloudless day,
And they leave the scenes of the waiting place,
The toil and sorrow, the care and pain.
And they are missed for a little space,
But none may summon them back again.
And those who love them can only know
That God takes care of them where they go.

From the "City of Pause" some pass away
To the common light of the working day,
And to the old hard tasks, and the care,
And the dear familiar toiling-place,
Have grown transfigured and strangely fair,
And even the unloved things have grace;
So they thank their God for the sweet new laws
That are learnt in the silent "City of Pause."



"I desire to form a League, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus."—John Wesley.

The Epworth League in Canada.

BY REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

We do not forget in this country the filial relations of Canadian to American Methodism. We do not forget that that mother in Israel, Barbara Heck, who had so much to do with the planting of Methodism in your country, was also one of its pioneers in this land. Her sepulchre is with us to this day, and her children's children live among us, honoured and revered, adorning with their walk and conversation the religion of their godly ancestry. We do not forget that your early bishops and preachers—Asbury, Dunham, Hedding, Bangs, and many others—sowed the seed from which has sprung the vigorous Methodism of this Dominion. We have ties, too, strong and tried and tender, with the parent land across the sea—the mother of us all—but our earliest official relations were with American Methodism.

We feel, therefore, at liberty, we feel bound—I may say—when we see anything particularly good in American Methodism to adopt it and naturalize it among us. Thus the "C. L. S. C.," which, while not exclusively, is largely Methodist, has many thousands of devoted adherents among us. We endeavoured, also, to adopt something like your Oxford League and Church Lyceum, but they did not seem to quite meet our needs and conditions; but when we heard of the Epworth League we felt that this was the very thing we wanted. We therefore, at the meeting of our Sunday-school Board last October, proceeded formally to adopt it with such minor modifications as were necessary to bring it into harmony with our church organization. We received hearty consent and co-operation from your League authorities at New York, to whose unwearying kindness and courtesy I desire to bear witness and give thanks.

Our first public meeting to inaugurate the League was held in November in Toronto. It was a remarkable success. The large Metropolitan church—one of the largest Methodist churches in the world—was crowded to the doors with an enthusiastic audience. Our strongest men, lay and clerical, heartily took hold and made the inauguration most auspicious and encouraging. Other mass meetings were held in London, Hamilton, Toronto, and elsewhere. Again, the press, religious and secular, lent its powerful aid, and soon, like the fiery cross on the heathery hills of Scotland, the signal flashed from one end of the land to the other, summoning the consecrated energies of young Methodism to organize for Christian culture and Christian service.

In the six months which have since elapsed, 120 Leagues have been formed. In every centre of population, and in many smaller towns and villages too, there are devoted bands of young Leaguers; from Nanaimo and Vancouver, on the Pacific coast, to Trinity Bay and St. Johns, in the Island of Newfoundland. And everywhere, as with you, the result has been the quickening of the spiritual life of the Church, the enlisting of the young life and young blood of Methodism in active service in the cause of Christ. The religious work is kept in the very forefront. Four large editions of the prayer-meeting topics have been called for. Our leading men—Dr. Carman (our General Superintendent), Dr. Potts, Dr. Sutherland, Dr. Dewart, but I cannot mention a tenth of them—give the movement their hearty endorsement and support. We are trying to organize every district and every conference. When we take into account our relative numbers and the time we have been at work, our numerical results will compare not unfavourably with your own. I congratulate the Leagues, American and Canadian, on having such a "live" and energetic organ as *The Epworth Herald*, and pray that in both lands the blessing of God may abundantly rest upon this great movement, which has come like an inspiration upon the Church.—*Epworth Herald*.

Epworth League Notes.

(From the *Epworth Herald*.)

—Have you said a real soul-cheering thing to your pastor during the last three months? Think that over.

—It is one thing for the young Christian to be busy; it is another thing to be busy about something worth while.

—We know struggling churches to which the Epworth League has come as a special benediction. There has been an injection of buoyancy, and cheer, and religion. Things are livelier than they were.

—You need not say amen out loud during the sermon. Let your face speak it. Many a preacher has been helped over a barren patch of sermon by the response which beamed from the face of some saint.

—There is a wonderful connection between good boyhood and good manhood. It is the unalterable law of cause and effect. You have seen it in operation a thousand times. And how about the relation between bad boyhood and bad manhood? The same. Let these tremendous facts stir you to new consecration and endeavour.

—Young Mr. Croaker has been threatening to leave your League every little while for the past year. But he is with you yet. And will be. You could not drive him out. The youngster is early giving evidence that he is made of human nature. He takes great delight in telling what awful things he will do if he is not coaxed and petted and coddled.

A Story.

NELLIE and Mollie Brown were two little sisters. They loved each other; but, what was a pity, each loved herself the best. Now, you know this kind of people cannot agree very well.

One day when they came home from school at noon they found that their mother had left their lunch ready for them on the table, and had gone to town. For each was a heaping saucerful of strawberries, and beside them a little glass pitcher filled with cream.

"Nell, these strawberries are nice, aren't they?" said Mollie, as she lifted a spoonful to her lips. "I believe you have the most, though, and I don't think that is fair."

"I haven't, either, Mollie Brown," answered Nellie, sulkily.

She took up the pitcher and began to pour the cream over the berries.

"Now, Nellie, that cream is for our tea; you shan't take it for berries," cried her sister, snatching the handle.

"Let me alone! I will have it! I tell you, let go!" screamed Nellie.

By this time the two were standing, with angry faces, each pulling at the little pitcher. After a moment of struggling Mollie let go her hold, crying as she did so, "Take it, you cross-patch!"

As she let go, Nellie, who had grasped the pitcher in both hands, of course fell backward, and pitcher and all went crash to the floor. Such a tumble brought the naughty girls to their senses; but the pitcher was gone forever, and rivulets of cream ran here and there over mamma's carpet. When the glass was swept away, the cream wiped up (though not so well but that an ugly stain was left), and the red bruise on Nellie's forehead bathed, the two sat down to lunch. How much do you think they enjoyed their strawberries then?

How to Keep Sober.

In a rural district in the North of England, the following dialogue lately took place between a friend and a shoemaker, who had signed the temperance pledge:—

"Well, William, how are you?"

"Oh, pretty well. I had only eighteen pence and an old hen when I signed, and a few old scores; but now I have about ten pounds in the bank, and my wife and I have lived through the summer without getting into debt; but as I am only thirty weeks old, I cannot be very strong yet, friend."

"How is it that you never signed before?"

"I did sign, but I keep it differently from what I did before, friend."

"How is that?"

"Why, I gae down on my knees and pray."

Better-informed persons might learn a lesson in this respect, by applying to the Source of strength now possessed by William, the shoemaker.

He Would Not Take It.

THE following incident shows the true bravery and steadfastness of a boy who had resolved to never drink whiskey. He was a boy of only thirteen years, and by accident had his legs so badly hurt by a passing railroad train that amputation was necessary. Of course he was very weak, and the doctors said he must have a glass of brandy. But, to their surprise, he refused to take it when they held it to his lips.

"No brandy for me, doctor," he said.

"But you need it," they urged. "We'll have to give you chloroform."

"All right," said the boy, faintly; "give me anything but brandy."—*Temperance Banner*.

Learn a Little Every Day.

LITTLE rills make wider streams;
Streamlets swell the rivers' flow;
Rivers join the mountain billows,
Onward, onward, as they go!
Life is made of smallest fragments—
Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So may we, with greatest profit,
Learn a little every day.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests;
Drops of rain compose the showers;
Seconds make the flying minutes,
And the minutes make the hours!
Let us hasten, then, and catch them
As they pass us on the way;
And, with honest, true endeavour,
Learn a little every day.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page;
Here a line, and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age.
At our work, or by the wayside,
While the sun shines, making hay;
Thus we may, by help of study,
Learn a little every day.

Kasper Hauser.

ABOUT seventy years ago public interest and curiosity were turned toward a youth with a mysterious birth. He was a German, and was first seen in the market-place in Nuremberg. He wore the coarse, plain clothes of a peasant, and was staring wildly around, in helpless bewilderment. His frightened face and strange actions attracted the notice of passers-by, and one after another gathered curiously about him, and began to ply him with questions.

"What is your name?" was a kind inquiry.

"Kasper Hauser."

"Where do you come from?"

"I don't know?"

"Ha! ha! Not know where you came from?" laughed a bystander.

"I don't know," Kasper continued to answer.

"Can you write?"

A pen was given him, and he wrote in a clear, bold hand, "Kasper Hauser," but no information beyond his name could be gained from him.

He underwent a thorough examination, and a letter was found addressed to a citizen of Nuremberg. It stated that the writer was a labourer. He had kept Kasper Hauser in close confinement since he took him from his mother's hands, when he was six months old. She was a poor girl, and her son was born April 30th, 1812, and his father was a cavalry officer. The time had come for the boy to be released from his custody, and the labourer had brought him to Nuremberg, and left there during the night.

This mysterious letter, withholding all names, occasioned a great deal of wonder and interest among all classes of people.

Kasper's complexion was very fair, his features were good, and he was well formed. He was evidently about sixteen, and showed some indications of high birth. Who were his parents? Where did he come from? The person was found whose name was upon the letter; and to every question, the boy's only answer was that his name was Kasper Hauser, and he wanted to become a cavalry officer, like his father.

The boy could speak a few words, and write a little, but was entirely ignorant of all else. He would eat dry bread and drink water, but refused every other kind of food. He showed a want of knowledge of the most common objects. For a short time he was held in prison as a vagrant and impostor, but this charge proved to be unjust.

The mayor of Nuremberg learned of this

strange, unaccountable youth, and took him to his house, taught him the use of words, and, little by little, gained something of his history.

Kasper Hauser told this kind friend he had been shut up in a dark place—something like a cellar—as long as he could remember. The only person he ever saw was a man, who came to him always at night, and washed and dressed him. Bread and water was his only food and drink, and a wooden horse was his only pleasure. The face of this man was always covered. Just before the boy's release he was taught to walk and write. This man carried him on his back, and left him at Nuremberg.

What gave greater credence to his story was, his small feet showed no signs of wearing shoes. Kasper's education was given to Professor Daumer, and for a time his mind developed rapidly. Then his mental power began to decline, from what cause it was impossible to discover.

Kasper received great kindness from Professor Daumer and his family. He took great pleasure in riding horseback, and sketched natural objects with much skill.

One morning Kasper was missing. Professor Daumer found him lying on his face in the cellar. He was carefully carried to his room, and a wound on his forehead attended to. Kasper said: "A man with a black face attacked me with a knife in his hand. I was afraid, and ran and hid in the cellar."

A rigorous search was made for the villain, but no trace of any stranger lurking about the house could be gained.

Among the many people who became interested in Kasper, was Lord Stanhope, of England. This nobleman sent him to Anspack, to complete his education at his expense.

In a few months another attempt to assassinate Kasper was made. He received a stab in the side, and, weak and bleeding, reached his home with difficulty. He said his murderer was a stranger. He had been lured into the palace garden by him, under the pretence of making important disclosures as to his parentage. Instead, he had stabbed him on the left side.

Kasper's wound proved fatal, and in three days he died, December 17th, 1833. This melancholy end caused great indignation and excitement, but all efforts to secure the assassin were useless.

Of the many conjectures as to Kasper's origin, the most probable is, that he was the son of the Grand-Duke Charles of Baden and his wife Stephanie, and that the Countess Hochberg was the instigator of his imprisonment and murder, to secure the succession of Baden to her own and the Grand-Duke Charles Frederic's children. That he was a youth of high birth there can be no doubt; but what his real name was will ever remain a mystery.—*Children's Friend.*

Seen and Judged.

JENNY DREESE came home from school, many years ago, with a new purpose in life. She belonged to a large, disorderly family of adults. The men were journalists, the women artists. Their wit was bitter and sharp; there was constant clashing of tastes and opinions; each lived for himself; there was no head to the family, no order, no system. A chill atmosphere of antagonism and discomfort pervaded the house.

Jenny set to work to bring order and happiness out of it all. She swept, she sewed, she cooked. She mended Bob's jacket, cleaned Mary's brushes, cured John's cold. She had no grace; neither had she wit or beauty.

All the family laughed at the homely, good-

humoured Cinderella, and valued her much as they did the domestic cat by the hearth. They never saw the work she had done, but God saw it. Out of all the misery and mutual dislike she brought, at last, a beautiful and loving home.

In many families a humble, commonplace woman is doing Jenny's work, unrecognized and neglected. There is an Arab tale of Assam, a poor weaver, who, year after year, wrought upon a prayer rug. He did not follow the rules of his neighbours, who wove great carpets on their looms. He had no rules. Each stitch was done by hand, according to some plan hid in his own mind.

There was a ground-work ornamented with gold. There were thrown on it stars, Arabic letters, mysterious lines and circles in a confusion of dark, rich hues. When it was done, the neighbours laughed. Not one line was straight, not one figure like another.

But when the Sultan saw it, he said, "This is the work of a great artist. He had a high purpose in his mind, and has made it clear."

The Sultan, the old story states, bought the rug to spread in the mosque before the altar of the King of kings.

Some humble worker in an obscure home may find comfort and hope in this fable of Assam. Let the world laugh if it will; God sees her work, and judges it justly.

Bits of Fun.

"—The significant notice, "Hands off," is placed over a circular saw in a wood-working factory.

"—Uncle John, can you tell me what time it is by that thermometer?"

"Yes, sah—wintah-time."

"—Little flaxen hair—"Papa, it's raining."
Papa (somewhat annoyed by work in hand)—
"Well, let it rain."

Little flaxen hair (timidly)—"I was going to."
—Book Agent—"I would like to show you the very latest English cyclopædia."

Old timer—"No, sir; English or American, I could never learn to ride one at my time of life."

—Some one asked an old lady about a sermon, "Could you remember it?"

"Remember it? La, no; the minister couldn't remember it himself. He had to have it written down."

—Professor—"Gretchen! Please take the cat out of the room. I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it?"

Gretchen—"Why, Professor! You are sitting on it."

—Jack—"I should think you Vassar girls would get up an orchestra."

Margerie—"O, we couldn't."

Jack—"And why not?"

Margerie—"Not a girl there would play second fiddle."

—Railroad Superintendent—"Any of the passenger-cars need repairing?"

Head Examiner—"Yes, sir. No. 306 is in very bad shape. Ought to go to the shop at once."

Railroad Superintendent—"What's the matter?"

Head Examiner—"Two of the windows are so loose that an ordinary man can raise them, sir."

—Little Lucy's parents are about making a change of residence, and Lucy was asked if she wanted to go to Rochester.

"No," said Lucy, "I don't want to leave dog-ma (grandma), and I don't want to leave God."

"God will be in Rochester," said grandma.

"Just the same God there is in East Orange!"

"Just the same."

And Lucy was reconciled.

The Old Home.

It is not changed, at least in outward seeming,
 Since all my little world I found within it;
 The years that passed since childhood's happy dreaming
 Seem but a minute.

As here I stand and watch the branches waving
 Of trees that shade the old, familiar places,
 And naught is missing from the landscape, saving
 Those well-loved faces.

The wise may smile, the thoughtless may deride me,
 But still, by smiles and sneering nothing daunted,
 I know that vanished forms are here beside me—
 The place is haunted.

I felt my father's hand upon my shoulder,
 My mother's garments flutter as she passes,
 And yet, I know, that o'er the grave that holds her
 Wave the long grasses.

I hear my sister's sweet and tender singing,
 My brother's prattling accents follow after,
 And round my neck his baby arms are clinging,
 With happy laughter.

Would not their living hearts, so true and tender,
 Turn back to me, with strong and mighty yearning?
 Will not the dead their joy one hour surrender,
 To earth returning?

This consolation God doth surely grant us,
 While by His will we live on, broken-hearted;
 Even His glory shall not quite supplant us
 With our departed.

So here I stand, the dear scene spread around me,
 And feel, by science's precepts nothing daunted,
 That by the souls to whom the close ties bound me
 The place is haunted.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN LUKE.

A.D. 30] **LESSON IX.** [Aug. 31
ENTERING THE KINGDOM.

Luke 18. 15-30. Memory verses, 15-17.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Whoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein.—Luke 18. 17.

TIME.—3rd A.D.
PLACE.—Galilee.

CONNECTING LINKS.—This scene took place on our Lord's last journey to Jerusalem, and at his definite departure from Galilee.

EXPLANATIONS.

Brought . . . infants—Jewish mothers were accustomed to carry their babies to rabbis for their blessing. *Rebuked them*—The disciples were more anxious to have Jesus recognized as king than as a rabbi. *Of such is the kingdom*—Another way of saying, "My kingdom is not of this world." *Ruler*—A member of the Sanhedrin. *Basin for a camel to go through a needle's eye*—The old explanation of a needle's eye as the name of a small gate through which foot passengers were allowed to go, but from which camels were excluded, is not now credited. Jesus makes use here of a pro-

verbial phrase, and means simply that wealth presents almost insuperable hindrances to the growth of holiness. *Who then can he save*—A sigh of despair. The disciples who asked this question were counting the ingots and jewels that were to come when the Master entered upon his kingdom; but if all rich men were to be put out from the kingdom of God, what were they to do? Things which are impossible with men are possible with God. Even wealth, which, according to Jesus' teaching, is one of the greatest evils a man can inherit, may, through God's blessing, be turned into a help instead of a hinderance.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- Children and the Kingdom, vers. 15-17.**
 Who brought children to Jesus, and why? Who repelled the children? How did Jesus feel when he saw this? Mark 10. 14.
 What invitation did he give? Who alone can enter the kingdom of God? (Golden Text.)
 What change does Jesus declare necessary? Matt. 18. 3.
- Riches and the Kingdom, vers. 18-27.**
 What Jewish official came to Jesus? What question did he ask? What did Jesus say about the good? What did he say about the commandments? Which commandments did he quote? What claim did the ruler make? How much did he yet lack? What was he told to do? How did this command affect him? Why was he sorrowful? What said Jesus about riches and the kingdom? What is less difficult than for a rich man to be saved? What question did the hearers ask? What was the answer Jesus made?
- Self-denial and the Kingdom, vers. 28-30.**
 Of what self-denial did Peter boast? What question did he ask about reward? See Matt. 19. 27.
 What reward did Jesus promise?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jesus say when his disciples forbade the mothers to bring their children for his blessing? "Of such is the kingdom of God." 2. What did he say of those who would not receive the kingdom of God as a little child? (Golden Text, "Whoever," etc.) 3. Concerning what did the young ruler inquire? "How to inherit eternal life." 4. In addition to keeping the commandments what did Jesus tell him to do? "Sell all, give to the poor, and follow him." 5. How did the young man feel? "He was very sorrowful, for he was very rich." 6. What did Jesus say his followers, who had left dear possessions, should receive in this present life? "Manifold more." 7. What in the world to come? "Life everlasting."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Eternal life.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

9. What are the privileges of sonship? They are: The liberty to call God Father, the inward witness of being His children, and the title to the Christian inheritance.

A.D. 30] **LESSON X.** [Sept. 7
JESUS AND ZACCHAEUS THE PUBLICAN.

Luke 19. 1-10. Memory verses, 7-10.
GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.—Luke 19. 10.

TIME.—30 A.D.
PLACE.—The confines of Jericho.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Jesus had now passed through Perea, and, turning his face westward, re-crossed the Jordan, and was about to pass through Jericho on his way to Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.

The chief among the publicans—A farmer-general of taxes. *Rich*—"Perhaps the fruit of his false accusations." *Press*—Two crowds jostled each other—the Galilean pilgrims, hundreds of whom probably flocked about Jesus, and the sight-seers of Jericho. *Ran before*—In advance of the moving crowd. It was the only chance the little man would have. *Sycamore tree*—The Egyptian fig—a very large tree. *Zacchaeus, make haste*—Our Lord, by divine power, evidently read Zacchaeus' heart. From the beginning of this last southward journey he had acted as a monarch. He no longer

enjoins secrecy upon his apostles, and his peremptory command to Zacchaeus is in keeping with the triumphal entry to Jerusalem, which was so soon to follow. *Received him joyfully*—Which he would not have done if he had not previously longed for Him. *They all murmured*—Till a man is converted he can never be pleased with the way God dispenses his favours. *A sinner*—A sinner in our sense of the term, but more also. Being a publican, he was an outcast from society, and regarded as a traitor to his country, an unscrupulous official, and a grinder of the poor. Probably there was not a man in all the crowd who did not hate him. *Fourfold*—The Roman law obliged publicans to make fourfold restitution when it could be proved that they had abused their power. *A son of Abraham*—Doubtless he was a Jew, and therefore descended from Abraham; but this phrase would seem to imply something deeper. His faith had brought him into spiritual kinship with the father of the faithful.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- Seeking, vers. 1-4.**
 Through what city did Jesus pass? What prominent man sought to see him? What calling did Zacchaeus follow? What difficulty did he find in trying to see Jesus? How did he overcome the difficulty? What is God's promise to every earnest seeker? Jer. 29. 13.
- Sought, vers. 5-7.**
 Who discovered the publican in the tree? What did Jesus say to him? How did Zacchaeus respond? What did the people think of Jesus' act? What did they say about it? On what other occasion did they make the same complaint? (See chap. 5. 29, 30.)
- Saved, vers. 8-10.**
 What did Zacchaeus promise to the poor? How would he repair his wrong-doing? What did the law require of wrong-doers? Exod. 22. 1.
 What blessing did Jesus say had come to him? For whose sake did Jesus come to the world? (Golden Text.)

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What means did Zacchaeus take to see Jesus? "Climbed up into a sycamore tree." 2. What did our Lord tell him he intended to do? "To abide in his house." 3. What did Zacchaeus say he would do for the poor? "He would give to them the half of his goods." 4. What would he do for those whom he had wronged by false accusations? "He would restore them fourfold." 5. What did Jesus say? "This day is salvation come to this house." 6. For what did the Son of man come? Golden Text: "The Son of man," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Salvation for lost sinners.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

10. What is regeneration, or the new birth?

It is the work of God in the soul, by the Holy Spirit, which begins the new life in Christ Jesus.

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