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HOME AND SCHOOL.

VOL. III.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 1, 1885.

[No. 16.]

Mahommedan at Prayer.

DR. THOMSON in "The Land and the Book," thus describes the Mahommedan manner of prayer:—

See those men on that elevated terrace. One has spread his cloak, others their Persian rugs toward the south. They are Moslems, preparing to say prayers—perform them rather, in this most public place, and in the midst of all this noise and confusion. Let us stop and watch the ceremony as it goes on. That man next us raises his open hands till the thumbs touch the ears, exclaiming aloud, *Allah-hu-akbar*—"God is great." After uttering mentally a few short petitions, the hands are brought down and folded together near the girdle, while he recites the first chapter of the Koran, and two or three other brief passages from the same book. And now he bends forward, rests his hands upon his knees, and repeats three times a formula of praise to "God most great." Then, standing erect, he cries *Allah-hu-akbar*, as at the beginning. Then see him drop upon his knees, and bend forward until his nose and forehead touch the ground, directly between his expanded hands. This he repeats three times, muttering all the while the same short formulas of prayer and praise. The next move will bring him to his knees, and then, settling back upon his heels, he will mumble over various small petitions, with sundry grunts and exclamations, according to taste and habit. He has now gone through one regular *Rek'ah*; and, standing up as at the first, and on exactly the same spot, he will perform a second, and even a third, if specially devout, with precisely the same genuflections.

They seem to be wholly absorbed in their devotions, and manifest a power of isolation and abstraction quite surprising.

That is the result of habit and education; small children imitate it to perfection. There is certainly an air of great solemnity in their mode of worship, and when performed by a large assembly in the mosques, or by a detachment of soldiers in concert, guided in their genuflections by an *Imam* or *dervish*, who sings the service, it is quite impressive. I have seen it admirably enacted by moonlight, on the wild banks of the *Orontes*, in the plain of *Hamath*, and the scene was something more than romantic. But,

alas! it was by as villainous a set of robbers as could be found, even in that lawless region.

You think, then, that this solemn ceremony is mere hollow-hearted hypocrisy!

They are rather afraid of any one who is especially given to prayer—their prayers, I mean. They have a proverb to this effect: "If your neighbour has made the pilgrimage to Mecca once, watch him; if twice avoid his society;

premises! One who looks merely at the surface, or who is very charitable, or very indifferent, may connect this out-of-door, formal praying toward Mecca with the venerable custom of the pious Israelite turning toward the temple in Jerusalem, when, like Daniel in Babylon, he made his supplications unto his God. I think it probable that Mohammed, or the Arabs before him, borrowed this custom from the Jews; and, to this extent, there is a relation between them. But the enlightened Christian, who has learned that neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, shall men worship the Father, who is a spirit, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth—such a one, I say, will be reminded rather of those who loved to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they might be seen of men. And they will remember with solemnity the admonition of our Lord, When thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are—either as to place, attitude, motive, or form—in public to be seen of men, using vain repetitions as these men before us do. They are obliged to repeat some expressions thirty times; others many hundred times.

Sammy Hicks and His Pipe.

It is said of that good man, Sammy Hicks, the Macclesfield blacksmith, that "as he understood the words of the Lord Jesus, it was quite enough for him to see the path of duty steadfastly to travel in it." An instance of this feature of his character was exhibited in his sudden abandonment of tobacco. One day he gave sixpence to a poor widow. She blessed him and could hardly find words enough with which to express her thanks. He said to himself, "Well, if sixpence makes that poor creature so happy, oh how many sixpences I have spent in filling my mouth with tobacco!"

He made a vow instantly never to let a pipe enter his lips again. Soon afterwards he was taken very ill, and a doctor said to him, "Mr. Hicks, you must resume your pipe."

"I will not," he replied.

"Then," said the doctor, "if you do not you will not live."

"Bless the Lord, then," said Sammy, "I shall go to heaven. I have made a vow to the Lord that the pipe shall never enter my mouth again, and it never shall." Sammy Hicks kept his vow, and lived to be an old man.—*Rev. T. E. Thorsby.*



MAHOMMEDAN AT PRAYER.

Not exactly that; at least not necessarily so, nor in all cases. I would be glad to believe there was ordinarily any corresponding moral and religious feeling connected with this exterior manifestation of devotion. The Moslems themselves, however, have no such idea.

if three times, move into another street." And, certainly, no one acquainted with the people will feel his confidence in an individual increased by the fact that he is particularly devout.

What opposite conclusions different persons can and do draw from the same

The Months.

FROM THE DANISH

FIRST BORN I am of twelve young sisters fair;
I wreath with whitest flowers my shining
hair;
With storm and sleet, where rudest tempests
blow,
Through Duty's round, I must untiring go.

I am the guide of all the sister train,
Yet think me not presuming, proud or vain,
For each doth shine in her unrivalled way,
Through starry eve or morning's cheering gray.

Each tireless toils for all, the others too,
Though ne'er we walk life's path together
through;
But if I roamed to farthest foreign strand,
They follow me, one loyal, loving hand.

Unlike we are, yet each doth live for all;
One braids the summer robe and one the fall,
One broiders leaves round every border fair,
One jewels hands to sparkle in our hair.

One curtains weaves, of beaming blue and
gold;
Her emerald wreathes in every graceful fold;
One binds and trains the ever-bending vine,
And one with music thrills the waving pine.

One tender weeps o'er avory lightest grief,
Her soothing voice is sorrow's sweet relief;
While one doth roar in every ear around,
Through every door her stirring tones resound.

One wakes the violet with her kisses sweet,
The crocus comes her loving smile to meet;
One balmy breathes through all the grateful
air;
Or roses wreathes around her everywhere.

Our house is large, with many pictures grand;
One sister paints with matchless master hand,
Her glowing touch a thrills the dullest scene,
Adorns her vales and hills with golden green.

Our father is the oldest born of sires,
He keeps aglow our great un fading fires,
He winds our clock, that never once is wrong,
But moves on turns to all the starry throng.

Two favoured sisters of our faithful train,
Far more than all, the choicest gifts obtain;
The sweetest lyres in all the tuneful earth
To music wake at their enlaided birth.

Pray tell us where we go and whence we
came?

And what our noble sire's illustrious name?
Pray who are we and where our changing lot?
For surely none may tell where we are not.

—Lydia M. Millard.

Petherick's Peril.

PRIZE STORY.

BY E. W. THOMSON.

"I WAS born and grew up to manhood," said old Mr. Petherick, "near the high cliffs of the coast of Cornwall. Millions of sea-fowls make their nests along the face of those wave-worn precipices. My companions and I used to get much excitement, and sometimes a good deal of pocket money, by taking their eggs. One of us, placing his feet in a loop at the end of a rope and taking a good grip with his hands, would be lowered by the others to the nest.

"When he had his basket full, they'd haul him up, and another would go down. Well, one afternoon, I thus went dangling off. They paid out about a hundred feet of rope before I touched the ledge and let go."

"What ledge?" asked Jack.

"Oh!" said Petherick, after a pause. "I see it will be troublesome to make you understand the situation." Then, after reflecting for some moments,—

"You must know that most of the cliffs along that coast overhang the sea. At many points one could drop six

hundred feet into the sea, and then be forty or fifty feet from the base of the rock he left. The coast is scooped under by the waves. But in some places the cliff wall is as though it had been eaten away by seas once running in on higher levels. There will be an overhanging coping, then some hundred feet down, a ledge sticking out farther than that of the top; under that ledge all will be scooped away. In places there are three or four such ledges, each projecting farther than those above. These ledges used to fall away occasionally, as they do yet, I am told, for the ocean is gradually devouring that coast. Where they did not project farther than the upper coping, one would swing like a pendulum on the rope, and get on the rock, if not too far in, then put a rock on the loop to hold it till his return. When a ledge did project so that one could drop straight on it, he hauled down some slack and left the rope hanging."

"Did the wind never blow it off?" asked Jack.

"Seldom, and never out of reach," said the old man. "Well, the ledge I reached was like this," illustrating with his hands. "It was some ten feet wide; it stuck out maybe six feet farther than the cliff top; the rock wall went up pretty near perpendicular, till near the coping at the ground, but below the ledge the cliff's face was so scooped away that the sea, five hundred feet below, ran in under it nigh fifty feet.

"As I went down, thousands of birds rose from the jagged places of the precipice, circling round me with harsh screams. Soon touching the ledge, I stepped from the loop, and drawing down a little slack, walked off briskly. For fully quarter of a mile the ledge ran along the cliff's face almost as level, and even as that sidewalk. I remember fancying that it sloped outward more than usual, but instantly dismissed the notion, though Gaffer Pentreath, the oldest man in that countryside, used to tell us that we should not get the use of that ledge always. It had been as steady in our time as in his grandfather's, and we only laughed at his prophecies. Yet the place of an old-filled fissure was marked by a line of grass, by tufts of weeds and small bushes, stretching almost as far as the ledge itself, and within a foot or so of the cliff's face.

"Eggs were not so many as usual, and I went a long piece from my rope before turning back. Then I noticed the very strange conduct of the hosts of sea-fowls below. Usually there were hundreds, but now there were millions on the wing, and instead of darting forth in playful motions, they seemed to be wildly excited, screaming shrilly, rushing out as in terror, and returning in masses as though to alight, only to wheel in dread, and keep the air in vast clouds.

"The weather was beautiful, the sea like glass. At no great distance two large brigs, and nearer a small yacht, lay becalmed, heaving on the long billows. I could look down her cabin stairway almost, and it seemed scarcely more than a long leap to her deck.

"Puzzled by the singular conduct of the sea-birds, I soon stopped and set my back against the cliff, to rest while watching them. The day was deadly still and very warm.

"I remember taking off my cap and wiping the sweat from my face and forehead with my sleeve. While doing

this, I looked down involuntarily to the fissure at my feet. Instantly my blood almost froze with horror! There was a distinct crack between the inner edge of the fissure and the hard-packed, root-threaded soil with which it was filled! Forcibly I pressed back, and in a flash looked along the ledge. The fissure was widening under my eye, the rock before me seemed sinking outward, and with a shudder and a groan and roar, the whole long platform fell crashing to the sea below! I stood on a margin of rock scarce a foot wide, at my back a perpendicular cliff, and five hundred feet below the ocean, now almost hidden by the vast concourse of wheeling and affrighted birds.

"Can you believe that my first sensation was one of relief? I stood safe! Even a feeling of interest held me for some moments. Almost coolly I observed a long and mighty wave roll out from beneath. It went forth with a high, curling crest—a solid wall of water! It struck the yacht stern on, plunged down on her deck, smashed through her swell of sail, and swept her out of sight forever.

"Not till then did my thoughts dwell entirely on my own position; not till then did I comprehend its hopelessness! Now my eyes closed convulsively, to shut out the abyss down which my glance had fallen; shuddering, I pressed hard against the solid wall at my back; an appalling cold slowly crept through me! My reason struggled against a wild desire to leap.

Still I pressed hard back against the wall of rock, and though nearly faint from terror, never forgot for an instant the death at my feet, nor the utter danger of the slightest motion. How long this weakness lasted I know not; I only know that the unspeakable horror of that first period has come to me in waking dreams many and many a day since; that I have long nights of that deadly fear; that to think of the past is to stand again on that narrow foothold, and to look around on the earth is often to cry out with joy that it widens away from my feet!"

"Suddenly," said the old man, "these words flashed to my brain: '*Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.*'"

"Fear not; therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows." My faculties so strained, I seemed to hear the words. Indeed, often yet I think that I did truly hear a voice utter them very near me.

"Instantly hope arose, consciously, desperate indeed, but I became calm, resourceful, capable, and feeling unaccountably aided. Careful not to look down, I opened my eyes and gazed far away over the bright sea. The rippled billows told that a light outward breeze had sprung up. Slowly, and somewhat more distant, the two brigs moved toward the horizon. Turning my head, I could trace the narrow stone of my footing to where my rope dangled, perhaps three hundred yards distant.

"It seemed to hang, within easy reach of the cliff's face, and instantly I resolved and as instantly proceeded to work toward it. No time remained for hesitation. Night was coming on. I reasoned that my comrades thought me killed. They had probably gone to view the new condition of the precipice from a lower station, and on their return would haul up and carry off the rope. I made a move toward it.

"Shuffling sidewise very slowly, I had not made five yards before I knew that I could not continue to look out over that abyss without glancing down, and that I could not glance down without losing my senses.

"The cliff seemed to press outward against me. It did, in fact, incline very slightly outward. It seemed to be thrusting me off! Oh, the horror of that sensation! Your toes on the edge of a precipice, and the implacable calm mountain apparently weighing you slowly forward."

"I knew," he resumed, "that with my back to the wall I could never reach the rope. I could not face towards it and step forward, so narrow was the ledge. Motion was perhaps barely possible that way, but the breadth of my shoulders would have forced me to lean somewhat more outward, and this I dared not and could not do. Also, to see a solid surface before me became an irresistible desire. I resolved to try to turn round before resuming the desperate journey. To do this I had to nerve myself for one steady look at my footing.

"Cautiously I swung my right foot before the other and carefully edged around. For an instant as my shoulder rubbed against the rock, I felt that I must fall. I did stagger, in fact, but the next moment stood firm, face to the heaving cliff, my heels on the very edge, and the new sensation of the abyss behind me no less horrible than that from which I had with such difficulty escaped.

"I thrust forward my head against the rock and rested in agony. A whirl and wind of sudden wings made me conscious of outward things again. Not daring to cast my head backward, I drew it tortoise-like between my raised shoulders, and chin against the precipice, gazed upward with straining of vision from under my eyebrows.

"Far above the headland wall stretched Sidewise glances gave me glimpses of the projecting summit coping. There was no hope in that direction. But the distraction of scanning the cliff-side had given my strained nerves some relief; to my memory again returned the promise of the Almighty and the consciousness of His regard. Once more my muscles became firm-strung.

"A cautious step sidewise made me know how much I had gained in ease and security of motion by the change of front. I made progress that seemed almost rapid for some rods, and even had exultation in my quick approach to the rope. Hence came freedom to think how I should get on reaching it, and speculation as to how soon my comrades would haul me up."

"Then the idea rushed through me that they might even yet draw it away too soon, that while almost in my clutch it might rise from my hands. Instantly all the terrors of my position returned with tenfold force; an outward thrust of the precipice seemed to grow distinct; my trembling hands told me that it moved bodily toward me, the descent behind me took an unspeakable remoteness, and from the utmost depth of that sheer air seemed to ascend steadily a deadly and a chilling wind."

"Every possible accident and danger was presented to my excited brain. What if the ledge should narrow suddenly to nothing? Now I believed that my heels were unsupported in air, and I moved along on tip-toe. Now I

was convinced that the narrow pathway ahead outward. But this slope had become so distinct, so increasingly distinct, that I might at any moment slip off into the void. But dominating every consideration of possible disaster, was still that of the need for speed, and distinct amid all other terrors was that sensation of the dead wall ever silently and inexorably pressing me outward.

"My mouth and throat were choked with dryness, my convulsive lips parched and arid; much I longed to press them against the cold, moist stone. But I never stopped. Faster, faster—more wildly I stepped along. When suddenly before my staring eyes was a well remembered edge of mossy stone, and I knew that the rope should be directly behind me. Was it?"

I glanced over my left shoulder. The rope was not to be seen! Wildly I looked over the other—no rope!

"But what! Yes, it moves! it sways in sight! It disappears—to return again to view! There was the rope directly at my back, swinging in the now strong breeze with a motion that had carried it away from my first hurried glances. With the relief tears pressed to my eyes and—face bowed to the precipice, almost forgetful for a little time of the hungry air beneath—I offered deep thanks to my God for the delivery that seemed so near."

The old man's lips continued to move, but no sound came from them. We waited silent while, with closed eyes and bent head, he remained absorbed in the recollection of that strange minute of doubtfulness.

"I stood there," he said at last, "for what now seems a space of hours, perhaps half a minute in reality. Then all the chances still to be run crowded upon me. To turn around had been an attempt almost desperate before, and certainly, most certainly, the ledge was no wider where I now stood. Was the rope within reach? I feared not. Would it sway towards me? I could hope for that."

"But could I grasp it should I be saved? Would it not yield to my hand—coming slowly down as I pulled, unrolling from a coil above, trailing over the ground at the top, running fast as its end approached the edge, falling suddenly at last? Or was it fastened to the accustomed stake? Was any comrade near who would summon aid at my signal? If not, and if I grasped it, and if it held, how long should I swing in the wind that now bore the freshness and tremors of an imminent gale?"

"Now again fear took hold on me, and as a desperate man I prepared to turn my face once more to the vast expanse of water and the nothing beyond that awful cliff. Closing my eyes, I writhed, with I know not what motions, easily around till again my back pressed against the precipice. That was a restful sensation. And now for the decision of my fate! I looked at the rope. Not for a moment could I fancy it within my reach! Its swayings were not, as I had expected, even slightly inward, but when falling back against the wind, it swung outward as though the air were eddying from the wall."

"Now at last I gazed down steadily. Would a leap be certain death? The water was of immense depth below. But what chance of striking it feet or head first? What chance of preserving consciousness in the descent? No, the

leap would be death; that at least was clear.

"Again I turned to the rope. I was now perfectly desperate, but steady, nerved beyond the best moments of my life, good for an effort surpassing the human. Still the rope swayed as before, and its motion was very regular. I saw that I could touch it at any point of its gyration by a strong leap."

"But could I grasp it? What use if it were not firmly secured above? But all time for hesitation had gone by. I knew too well that strength was mine but for a moment, and that in the next reaction of weakness I should drop from the wall like a dead hy. Bracing myself, I watched the rope steadily for one round, and as it returned against the wind, jumped straight out over the heaving Atlantic."

"By God's aid I reached, touched, clutched, held the strong line. And it held! Not absolutely. Once, twice, and again it gave, gave, with jerks that tried my arms. I knew these indicated but tightening. Then it held firm and I swung turning in the air, secure above the waves that beat below."

"To slide down and place my feet in the loop was the instinctive work of a moment. Fortunately it was of dimensions to admit my body barely. I slipped it over my thighs up to my armpits just as the dreaded reaction of weakness came. Then I lost consciousness."

"When I awakened my dear mother's face was beside my pillow, and she told me that I had been tossing for a fortnight in brain fever. Many weeks I lay there, and when I got strong found that I had left my nerve on that awful cliff-side. Never since have I been able to look from a height or see any other human being on one without shuddering."

Juvenile Smoking.

It is evident to every observant person that the evil habit of smoking is not decreasing. The rising generation bids fair to be a generation of tobacco users. All will admit that this is most undesirable. Every parent, except it may be the degraded, would very much prefer that his boy should abstain from the weed, although he himself be addicted to its use. Indeed, those who use tobacco are often more anxious about this matter than those who do not use it. They know the evil of it and would shake off the shackles of the habit that bind them if they could. Medical testimony is all against the use of tobacco in youth. The evidence is unanimous against it. It is the cause of many diseases. The seeds of weakness are sown for future years. The delicate, sallow appearance of many boys and young men is caused by tobacco. The clear ruddy skin and the bright sparkling eye have often been sacrificed on this selfish altar. More information is needed. The boys should be instructed in our schools concerning the physical and moral effects of the tobacco habit. This would do much to stop its spread.

But the habit is perpetuated, by the force of example. Parents, teachers, even preachers delight in their pipes, and of course their mouths are shut on this question. Even those who are without the habit are not free to speak, because prominent members of the Church, and perhaps the fathers of the children, are slaves to the habit and

would be offended if much were said about it. But this is a serious matter. It is time more vigorous efforts were put forth. Many a lad who has gone to ruin was led astray through this habit. It led into evil company, and it created an unnatural thirst which induced drinking. There is no doubt that smoking does create a thirst for strong drink. Statistics show that the smoking teetotaler is five times as liable to break his pledge as the non-smoker. A crusade against smokers might do good; but, at all events, earnest efforts to save the children from the vice would be profitable labour.—E. H. Dewart, D.D., in "Shot and Shell."

Dickens in Westminster Abbey.

BY PROF. R. F. LEGGETT.

Amid the silent throng,
Immortal grown in song,
We trace his carven name,
So dear to deathless fame.
Praise cannot flatter him
Beyond the border dim,
Though love's sweet flowers may shed
Their fragrance round him dead,
Within the solemn gloom
That watches o'er his tomb.

Proud England laid him down,
Made royal by no crown
Save that which genius brings,
Amid her queens and kings.
With folded hands at rest
Upon his manly breast—
The minister gloom his pall,
The kingliest king of all!

There in the Abbey old
Where twilights soft unfold
Beneath their dusky wings
The garnered dust of kings;
We mused amid the gloom
Beside his royal tomb,
Neath fretted arch and nave—
His grand cathedral grave.

Around him here and there,
In the great fan of prayer,
Are kings in days of old
Under their marble cold,
Queens who reigned and died,
Now lying side by side—
Queen Bess of royal fame,
And Mary of Scottish name;
Long lines of princely sway
Whose thrones have passed away,
And o'er their names unknown
Except for carven stone;
Soldiers whose brows austere
Have gloomed a hemisphere;
The hero of peace so grand
Brought home from Africa's land;
Statesmen whose words are still
Nerving the heart and will;
Poets whose songs sublime
Will ring through coming time;
The seer-eyed sage who afar
Revealed the utmost star
And the law which all outruns,
Threading the stars and suns?

Fraternal Greetings.

At the Toronto Conference the following agreeable episode took place: The following resolution was moved by Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., seconded by Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D., and unanimously carried: Whereas the Anglican Synod of the Toronto Diocese is now in session in this city, and whereas this Conference cherishes delightful recollections of the kindly interchange of fraternal greetings between the Synod and the Conference last year,

"Resolved,—That this Conference appoint a deputation to wait upon the Synod during its sessions, and to convey the expression of our cordial and fraternal regard and good wishes, of our joy at the growing feelings of sympathy and brotherly love between the different branches of the Church of Christ, and of our glad co-operation with the Church of England in the efforts now being put forth to restrain

the evils of intemperance in this land, and in our common endeavour to promote the reading of the Holy Scriptures in our Public Schools, and to advance by every means in our power the interests of our Redeemer's kingdom."

A deputation from the Methodist Conference, consisting of Rev. Drs. Sutherland, Dewart, Potts, and Withrow; Judge Rose, and Mr. Warring Kennedy, waited upon the Synod. They were met at the entrance by a Special Committee, who escorted them to the platform, where Rev. Prebost O. J. Body introduced them to the Bishop.

His lordship welcomed the deputation in a most cordial speech, conveying his own and the Church's satisfaction at this meeting a deputation of the great body to whom they were united by so many ties of affection and tradition, and with whom in late years they had been united in common efforts in effecting great Christian aims in the matters of temperance and public education.

Mr. S. H. Blake spoke on behalf of the laity, welcoming the deputation.

Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Rev. Dr. Dewart, Rev. Dr. Potts, and Judge Rose responded in the most hearty terms, and their remarks were received by their brethren of the English Church with a warmth that betokened a most hearty sympathy with their work and objects.

Such interchanges of Christian courtesy cannot fail to do good.

These young women have carried off their full share of the honours awarded this year at the Arts examinations in the University of Toronto. Five of them take the degree of B.A. with honours, and three of these attended lectures during the session. The names of the graduates are Misses Margaret and Edith Brown of Toronto, daughters of the late Hon. George Brown,—Miss Gardiner, of Hamilton, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Gardiner, of the Methodist Church, Miss Langley, of Brantford, and Miss Bald, of Welland. The last named took Greek and Latin as her honour Department; the other four took the Department of Modern Languages, which includes English, French, German, Italian, and Ethnology. The gold medal for proficiency in Modern Languages, was carried off by Miss Margaret Brown after keen competition. In the third year class, Miss Balmer, of Toronto, who last year took two scholarships, came within a few marks of taking two this year, one in Historical and Political Science. She also took honours in Mental and Moral Science, and won easily the Governor-General's gold medal for general proficiency in the work of the year. No more brilliant stand has ever been taken in the history of the University, and it is made still more phenomenal by the fact that Miss Balmer has had no exceptional training, but rather the reverse. In a few years the number of women taking a full University course will have greatly increased, and there is no reason to suppose that they will not in a comparatively short time be as numerous as the young men in the halls and lecture rooms of University College. It is worth something to get one vexed question disposed of, and, thanks to the girls themselves, this has, after years of somewhat acrimonious controversy, been accomplished.

Follow Thou Me.

BY E. H. A. B.

"MASTER, O Master," Peter said,
"Now what shall this man do?"
Thinking within his fiery heart
"Twere better I he know.

Mark ye the Master's answer now;
"What is that unto thee?"
Thy duty, and not his, thy care,
Be sure thou follow Me."

Not always what the work shall be,
But why, and how, be wrought,
Are eager questionings to-day,
With which the air is fraught.

Our brother's needs the while o'erlooked,
His tears unnoticed are,
The weary hands full oft hang down,
And feet have many a scar.

Why stand we idly on the brink,
And see our brother drown,
To criticise the helping hands,
Which sure will take the crown?

What matters it if "Shibboleth"
Another's lisping tongue
Fail to pronounce to suit our ears?
God's chosen he's among.

The Master sees and chooses those,
With willing hearts and hands,
Who question not, but gladly haste
To fulfil His commands.

Do what thy Lord gives unto thee,
Do it with "single eye;"
'Tis that He will require of thee
In reckoning by and by.

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Home & School:

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 1, 1885.

MANY of our friends, when renewing their subscriptions for periodicals, write their orders as follows:—"Please forward the periodicals we are now taking for another term." It then devolves on us to go back on the previous orders that we have received from that particular person during the preceding term. This is a matter of great difficulty, in consequence of the number and size of our different lists. Very often the order was received from a different person, and then it becomes a matter of impossibility for us to recognize it at all, and we have to write for the particulars. If our friends would always repeat their order in full, giving names and numbers of the periodicals to be continued, and also the length of time we are to continue them, they would save us a considerable amount of time, and ensure correctness and promptness in having their orders fulfilled.

A MAN is often called a bar-tender when in reality he is only a bar-tough.



THE BANYAN TREE.

Sabbath-School Mass Meeting.

A MASS meeting of the different Methodist Sunday-schools in the city, held at the Metropolitan Church on Saturday afternoon, June 13th, was largely attended by children, teachers, friends, and members of the Conference, and met with unmeasured success.

Mr. John Kent, President of the Toronto Methodist Sunday-school Association, presided, and the following Sunday-school superintendents occupied seats on the platform:—Mr. W. H. Pearson, Richmond Street; Mr. R. J. Score, Elm Street; Mr. John F. Taylor, Don Mills; Mr. Richard Brown, Sherbourne Street; Mr. R. Awde, Dundas Street; Mr. J. L. Hughes, Spadina Avenue; Rev. T. W. Jeffery, Queen Street; Mr. John Kent, Carlton Street; Mr. T. W. White, Agnes Street; Mr. Faircloth, Berkeley Street.

The centre section of the church was filled with Sunday-school scholars.

The service was of a most interesting character, and the happy band of children present manifested an intense interest in the proceedings, joining heartily in the singing, which was conducted by Mr. J. B. Boustead, the Superintendent of the Metropolitan Church Sunday-school. After the opening hymn and prayer, led by Rev. M. Benson, Mr. J. J. Maclaren, Q.C., addressed the gathering. He referred at some length to the statistics of the Sabbath-schools in Toronto, and said that in Montreal, where there were only 3,962 children in the Methodist Sunday-schools, or about one-third the number in Toronto, they each contributed on an average last year \$1.25 to missionary purposes. In Toronto the Sunday-school children contributed an average of twenty-five cents each last year for the missionaries. In Montreal the churches support the Sunday-schools so that they were enabled to give all their proceeds to aid mission work. He advocated an appropriation by the Quarterly Boards for the support of the Sunday-schools in Toronto, and stated that if the Sunday-school scholars here would each contribute as much as they did in Montreal to mission work, the annual contribution by the Toronto Sunday-schools alone would amount to over \$10,000.

Rev. C. S. Eby, of Japan, exhibited to the children a long roll of Japanese writing, and which looked to those

ignorant of the language, something like the hieroglyphics to be seen on a tea box. Mr. Eby explained that this writing was a wall poster announcing a lecture which he delivered in Japan. He also read a portion of Scripture in Japanese language, which caused considerable amusement. The children were reminded by Mr. Eby that they were only stewards of what God gave them, and they should use their goods throughout life accordingly. Mr. Eby stated that when a poor boy, living on twenty-five cents a week, he was yet able to give something to the cause of missions. He now has given himself, best gift of all, to that glorious cause. Interesting and instructive addresses were also delivered by Revs. E. Roberts, Dr. Potts, and Dr. Peck, of Buffalo.

Mr. Ross moved a vote of thanks to the speakers, which was seconded by Mr. D. McLean, and carried. Before the meeting closed it was decided to make this gathering of the children an annual event. After singing "God Save the Queen," Rev. Dr. Rose dismissed the meeting with the benediction.

Sunday Schools.

IN the Toronto Conference the Rev. G. Webber, Secretary of the Sunday-school Committee, read the report of the Committee, of which the following is a summary:—There are 400 Sabbath-schools in the Conference, taught by 4,000 teachers, the greater part of whom are members of the Church, so that it may be assumed that some of the best talent of the Church is consecrated regularly to aid this most important branch of the work. There are 34,000 scholars in the schools, nearly 5,000 of whom are members of the Church, 2,200 having been converted to God during the year. It is also a matter of congratulation that 25,000 copies of periodicals have been taken by the schools during the year. It is hoped that an effort will be made to place the literature of the Church in its own schools. The sum of \$3,635 was raised by the schools on behalf of the mission, but when it is noted that upwards of \$18,400 was raised by the same schools for local purposes it is a matter for regret that the young people have not been taught a wider charity looking to the religion beyond. The receipts of the

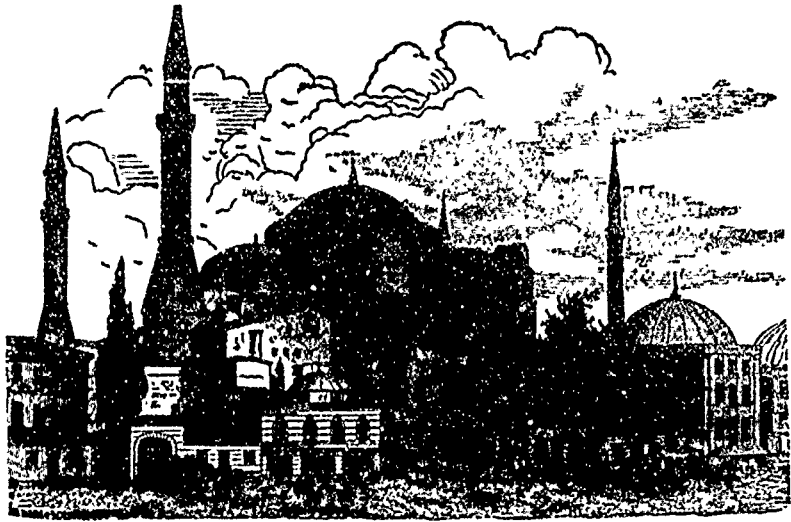
Sunday-school Aid Fund are considerably in advance of the previous year, but no one can feel that the sum of \$366.78 adequately expresses either the desire or ability of the schools to contribute to the help of the poor and needy schools in sparsely settled or new and far-off regions. About 4,000 books and 1,200 grants of papers were gratuitously sent abroad during the year. The Committee deeply regret that there are within the bounds of the Conference 180 preaching places, or churches, where no schools are held, or at least reported, and respectfully urge on all concerned to seek, if possible, to establish a Sabbath-school at every appointment. They also respectfully urge for consideration whether 103 schools out of 400 are not too many to permit to be frozen out every winter. With this fact before them that the Methodists now supply one-half of all the Sabbath-school scholars in the Protestant schools of this Dominion, shall they not consecrate themselves anew to this most promising and fruitful field, and by God's help carry forward this work to the grandest possible results with the greatest possible zeal for the holiest and divinest ends?

The Banyan Tree.

THIS illustration takes us to far India, where this wonderful tree alone can be seen.

The Banyan, or Ficus Indica as it is more properly called, develops adventitious roots on a grand scale. When the branches have stretched out as far as to need additional support, they send forth adventitious roots, descending to the earth. Having penetrated the soil, these roots become supporting columns. The branches continuing to advance, send down other roots, which in turn become columns similar to trunks, until a single tree becomes a grove capable of sheltering an army of men. It is said that this wonderful tree once sheltered seventeen hundred men. Study the picture children, and perhaps you can imagine it.

There are many strange sights in India, yet it is a land of darkness, for they know not the religion of Jesus Christ. Kind and faithful missionaries are trying to teach them. Thank God you are born in a Christian land and don't forget to pray for India.



Mosque of St. SOPHIA.

In Memoriam, Sunday, May 24,
1885.

CODE. } Killed in North-West Rebel-
FRASER. } lion. Buried at Winnipeg,
HARDISTY. } 24th May, 1885.

BY MRS. A. MACGILLIS.

WHY mourneth our fair city? What clouds
the summer weather?
Why toil the bells so dolefully while the
people crowd together
To the shrouded church, where our nation's
flags are drooping in mute sorrow
O'er the young and brave who go to their
grave, and shall never know a morrow?

Aye, there they lie in the coffin sad, with
the flowers spread above them,
Unheeding the bitter tears that fall from the
eyes of those that love them.
Oh, awful death, so cold and still, with the
life surging all about them;
They have done with time in their youthful
prime, and all earthly ties that bound
them.

Now a hush falls on the reverent throng,
while the man of God is pleading
That the God of peace would heal the wounds
from which our dear land is bleeding,
And bind up the broken hearts that mourn
for the dear ones gone forever
Till they meet above, in the land of love,
where true hearts ne'er shall sever.

And then he reads from the Holy Book how
these bodies, frail and mortal,
That sleep in heaven shall rise to life and
stand at Christ's portal;
With immortality put on, they shall hear
their Lord's commending:—
"Ye have fought a good fight, and have
done the right, ye shall now have joys
unending."

Now peals the solemn Dead March, its
strains so sad and thrilling,
All hearts are stirred, and afresh the tears
the mourners' eyes are filling,
As they see their dead down the church's
aisle borne to their last long slumber,
Out to the street, where thousands meet, in
ever increasing number.

Slowly the great procession wends its way
through the streets of the city,
The muffled drums beat, and the bells toll
out, and oh, the love and pity
That fills all hearts for the gallant lads, so
soon in the grave to be lying,
And we pray 'neath our breath, that when
comes our death, as noble may be our
dying.

The last prayers are said, and to rest they
are laid, and ended their young life's
story,
The last shot is fired, their comrades are
gone, they are left in the sunset glory.
Our treasured dead 'neath the sod must lie,
and though we may still our weeping,
In Canada's heart they shall o'er have a part,
whom we give now to God's holy keep-
ing.

MISS OLEVLAND'S book has been
published by Funk and Wagnalls.
She is said to be the first lady of the
White House who has ventured, while
an occupant of that mansion, to invite
the judgment of the public on her
literary achievements.

Mosque of St. Sophia.

THE finest of the places of worship in
Constantinople is the Mosque of St.
Sophia. This building, as our readers
are doubtless aware, has the additional
interest attaching to it of having been
once a Christian church, which had
been preserved, comparatively un-
altered, from very early times. Built
originally by Constantine in the fourth
century, and shortly afterwards de-
stroyed in the Oshroystom riots, it was
rebuilt in its present form by Justinian
in the sixth century. It was called S.
Sophia, not in honour of any dis-
tinguished saint of that name, but as
being dedicated to the "Eternal Wis-
dom," the second person of the Holy
Trinity. Justinian enriched it with
marble pillars and other spoils taken
from the most celebrated heathen
temples of the world—from the temples
of Diana at Ephesus, from that of the
sun at Baalbec, and from many others,
to symbolize the thought that whatever
element of wisdom was to be found in
any of the religions and philosophies of
the old world was derived unconsciously
from Christ, "the true light that
lighteth every man that cometh into
the world," and as an earnest and an-
ticipation of the tribute and homage
which all their priests and teachers shall
render to Him as their Saviour and
their Lord. The Turks at once appro-
priated St. Sophia for their own wor-
ship when, in the fifteenth century,
they took Constantinople. Every Chris-
tian symbol was then defaced, and
instead of the Cross of Christ the cipher
of Mohammed is now the conspicuous
emblem. Though greatly needing repair,
St. Sophia is still a noble building. For
lightness and beauty and as conveying
the idea of vastness and expense, the
dome is considered second only to that
of St. Peter's at Rome. The walls are
in part inlaid with "stones of fair
colors," and all the decoration and
furniture is very sumptuous and beau-
tiful. The floor is covered with Turkey
carpet figured out in squares—each
square serving as the kneeling-place of
one worshipper; and very impressive it
is, to see the prostrate multitude at the
hour of prayer, all with their faces to-
ward Mecca, the city of their solemn-
ities, swaying themselves backward
and forward and reciting their devo-
tions in a sort of loud, monotonous
chant. Every Friday evening the place
is lit up with eight thousand lamps.
At this, and all the mosques, one has to
take off one's shoes before entering, or
at least to put on slippers.—*W. H. Stent.*

A SELFISH life is a low life.

Temperance Resolutions in the Toronto Conference.

Mr. J. B. BOUSTREAD presented the
report of the Committee on Temperance
as follows:—

We desire to express our gratitude to
Almighty God for the great measure
of success that has attended the prose-
cution of temperance work during the
past year; and the rapid growth of
prohibition sentiment as manifested by
the numerous and signal victories in
Scott Act contests.

At this crisis in the history of the
Temperance movement in Canada, it is
highly important that ministers and
laymen should loyally and heartily unite
in giving effect to Methodist doctrines
upon this great question, as defined in
our Discipline and the teachings of
John Wesley.

We recommend that our ministers do
not nominate, for any official position
in connection with our Church work,
any member who does not, by total
abstinence from intoxicating drinks,
conform to the requirements of our
Church.

We strongly reaffirm the fact that
wine and beer constitute no exception
to the pernicious catalogue of intoxicat-
ing drinks. Every attempt to permit
these insidious beverages to do their
deadly work should receive the strenu-
ous opposition of our people, and we
desire to warn our people against an
association recently formed calling itself
the Liberal Temperance Union which,
while professing to condemn the use
and advocate the prohibition of ardent
spirits, uses its platform to advocate the
benefits of beer and wine as a beverage,
the obvious effect being to divide the
vote of temperance and social reformers
in Scott Act contests, and thereby
secure the defeat of that measure.

We also feel it our duty to offer a
note of warning against the use of home-
made, fermented wines, as they create
a desire for stronger drink.

We urge that all fermented wines be
banished from use in the ordinance of
the Lord's Supper, and inasmuch as
the pure juice of the grape can be so
easily obtained, no apology exists for
their further continuance.

It is strongly recommended that steps
be taken by our ministers and Sunday-
school officials to have our Sabbath-
school scholars become pledged total
abstainers as provided by the Discipline.

The practice of toasting, which ob-
tains at convivial gatherings, is demoral-
izing in its tendency upon young and
old alike, and we deem it the duty of
our Church and people to discounten-
ance it in all its forms.

Our ministers are requested to preach
a sermon on temperance—once each
year at least.

We cannot adequately condemn the
action of an irresponsible Senate in
mutilating an Act, which is the legis-
lative expression of temperance senti-
ment, by amendments which provide
for the sale of wine and beer in Scott
Act counties; thus rendering futile the
self-sacrificing efforts of Christian and
philanthropic people during the past
years in the interests of sobriety and
morality. We indulge the hope that
our representatives in the House of
Commons will heed the unmistakable
verdict of the people in this matter, and
avert the calamity which the ratification
of these amendments would entail. We
ask all who love the cause of temperance
and Christianity to manifest at the
first opportunity their emphatic con-
demnation at the polls upon any repro-

sentative who contributes to this retro-
grade movement.

We suggest to all our ministers the
propriety of speedily securing the
franchise, so that their moral effect may
be felt through the ballot-box.

We deprecate in any of our members
the use of tobacco, which is not only
disgusting and harmful to the indi-
vidual, but also presents an example
which, when followed by the young,
operates to their serious physical, moral,
and spiritual injury.

We submit for the earnest considera-
tion of those connected with our Church
who are engaged in the sale of tobacco,
whether the time has not come when it
should be discarded from their stock of
merchandise.

We extend cordial greetings to the
Dominion Alliance, Woman's Christian
Temperance Union, and all other
societies having for their object the pro-
motion of temperance sentiment or
prohibitory legislation; and we beg to
assure them of our earnest prayers and
hearty co-operation to the end that
abundant success may crown our kin-
dred efforts.

Rev. Dr. Sutherland moved an
amendment to the report:—We rejoice
in believing that the use of intoxicating
drinks at social gatherings in connection
with the offering of "toasts" is steadily
declining, and we trust they will be
banished from every public or private
gathering; and inasmuch as the custom
of toasting is associated in most minds
with the use of strong drinks, we think
it would be well if that unnecessary
and not very dignified part of the cere-
mony were omitted altogether.

After the clause in the report refer-
ring to the use of tobacco had been
struck out, a resolution was introduced
by ex-Ald. Moore, seconded by Rev.
John Shaw, and in the exact words of
the clause was carried almost unani-
mously by the Conference. The clause
referring to the sale of tobacco was
struck out.

A Gratifying Increase.

THE statistical tables of the several
Western Conferences, exclusive of Mani-
toba, show the following increase in the
membership, as compared with last
year: Toronto Conference, 4,615; Lon-
don Conference, 2,935; Niagara Con-
ference, 2,452; Guelph Conference,
2,888; Bay Quinte Conference, 2,992;
Montreal Conference, 1,441. Grand
total, 17,318. What the year's labours
in the Eastern Conferences and in the
Manitoba Conference will show we can-
not at present ascertain, but the proba-
bility is that the aggregate increase for
the year throughout the Church will be
at least 20,000—a measure of success
unprecedented in the history of Cana-
dian Methodism, and which should
excite the most profound gratitude in
all our hearts. What an answer is this
to those who, with so much confidence,
announce the decline of Christianity.
What a reply to the class of croakers
who are constantly affirming that
Methodism is being shorn of its old-
time power, and losing its spirituality
and its zeal for the salvation of man.
What a cause for gratitude that our
work has been so gloriously acknow-
ledged by the God of all grace. What
an encouragement to toil on, looking
for even greater things, and joyfully
anticipating the final conquest of the
world for Christ, which is sure to come.
—*Guardian.*

Our Boys at the Front.

At the Toronto Conference Mr. Warring Kenney moved the following resolution, which was carried: "That this Conference records its expressions of deep sorrow at the recent unfortunate insurrection in the North-West Territories, and returns thanks to Almighty God for the prospect of a near settlement of the troubles in that district. This Conference rejoices at the success which has attended the Queen's arms in the suppression of the uprising, and records its admiration for the gallant conduct of our citizen soldiers, who so loyally went forth at the call of the country to maintain the supremacy of law and authority. Their uncomplaining, devotion to duty under privation, their conformity to strict military discipline, and their unflinching valour in the presence of the enemy have not been surpassed by the troops of any nation, and call forth the warmest expressions of approval. We tender to the families who have been bereft of loved ones in this struggle, and to the wounded now in the hospitals, our warmest expressions of sympathy, and we pray that speedily the influence of the Gospel may permeate the hearts of the people in that remote district, so that peace and happiness, religion and concord may everywhere prevail."

Rev. Dr. Potts, in seconding the resolution, said there were no two opinions in the Conference with regard to it. Every man worthy of the name of a man and of a citizen had been proud beyond expression at the valour of our volunteers. (Cheers.) They had gone to the North-West accompanied and followed by our prayers and by our sympathies, and never was a people prouder of its citizen soldiery than the people of this Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific. (Cheers.) His mild pleasure therefore in seconding the resolution, and he thought the moment it was carried they should have a verse of "God Save the Queen."

Rev. Mr. Young suggested a rider to the resolution expressing the gratitude of the Conference at the pleasing fact that among all those who had taken part, or were in sympathy with the insurgents, there had not been found a single member or adherent of the Methodist Church, although according to the latest estimate there were about 10,000 Indians directly or indirectly under Methodist teaching in that great land.

Rev. Dr. Potts said the loyalty of Methodists was well known. He thought it would be a pity to adopt Mr. Young's rider. It looked like a reflection on other denominations.

Rev. Dr. Rose said he had conversed recently with Canon O'Meara, who had informed him that none of the Church of England missionaries had joined in the insurrection. The same was true of the Methodist adherents, and the only inference to be drawn was confined to two other classes, the Pagan and the Roman Catholic. It was not easy to draw a distinction as to which of these parties had done the most to get up this rebellion. He felt a deep interest in this question, and he would like the Conference to place the matter clearly before the public, and let it be seen that the Methodists had nothing to do with it.

Rev. Dr. Dowart said the brave fellows at the front should know that the Conference sympathized with them. He did not remember anything in the history of similar movements where

raw volunteers, without much previous training of any account, had acquitted themselves so bravely and so well. (Applause)

The resolution was unanimously adopted by a standing vote, after which the Conference united in singing the National Anthem.

The Royal Abbess.

BY MARGARET J. CHESTON.

In the Abbey stall, with his vestments old
And ravelled and rent thro' stress of time,
The haughty bishop, St. Ethelwold,
Sat, waiting the vesper chime.

As he turned the page of his service-book,
Beside him he heard a soft, low tread,
And ceasing his feet, with a look
Of arrogant scorn, he said:

"Ah! Edith of Wilton! So, they tell,
Thou hast not heeded me; knowest thou
My staff is a mace that can compel
The stately head to bow?"

"I have bidden thee once, and now again,
As thy ghostly father, I come to urge
That, putting aside thy royal train,
Thou clothe thee in simple serge.

"King Edgar's daughter although thou be,
I charge thee remember the Church allows
No choice for lofty or low degree
To such as assume her vows.

"And yet in thy hair the diamond glows
Thy golden cross hath a chain of pearls;
And see! at thy throat a fresh-blown rose
As rare as a gay court girl's.

"And under thy veil of costly lace
Is little, I ween, of penance done;
What right to heighten her beauty's grace
Belongs to a Wilton nun?"

"My robe, with its ravelled and ragged fray,
And its knotted girdle of hompen spring,
I would not give in exchange to-day
For the ermine that clothes the king!"

The fair young abbess had stood before
The priest as he spake, with lowly guise;
But there shone, when the sharp rebuke was
O'er,
A fire in her saintly eyes.

"God gave me the beauty that thou dost bid
Me cowardly lessen, or meanly dim.
Nay! rather than under the rough serge hid,
I keep it supreme for Him!"

"My father, the King, to the court still
calls;
But even his summons have not sufficed
To lure away from her convent walls
The virgin espoused to Christ.

"And I, for my holy service' sake,
As a daughter of princes, choose that He
Who winneth me from the world should take
My dowry along with me.

"He loved the lilies; He made them fair;
And sweet as the sweetest incense flows
The stream of its fragrance when I wear
For Him, on my heart, a rose.

"And, father, I doubt not, there may hide
Beneath the tatters thou bid'st me view
As much of arrogance, scorn, and pride
As over the ermine knew!"

Chautauqua, 1885.

The programme of popular exercises for the coming season is, if that were possible, richer and fuller than any of its predecessors. We have space only for the calendar of the meetings. There comes first the Chautauqua Teachers' Retreat, which extends from July 11 to July 31.

The Chautauqua Missionary Institute, from Aug. 1 to Aug. 4.

The twelfth annual Sunday-school Assembly, Aug. 4 to Aug. 24.

All the schools in connection with the Chautauqua University will open July 11, and continue to the close of the Assembly, Aug. 24.

The attractions of Chautauqua this year will undoubtedly surpass anything that has heretofore appeared in connection with the BIRTH WONDERS of the world.

Working on the Revised Old Testament.

It was upon the 30th of June, 1870, that The Company first entered upon their task, and in the interval, before they held their last meeting, upon June 20th, 1884, ten of their number had passed away. And the rest cannot but feel that a solid portion of their lives has been spent upon this great work. They have grown old while endeavoring to give to the English-speaking race the Word of God in a translation representing, as exactly as was possible, the meaning of the original. And whatever may be the nature of the reception accorded to their labours, at all events they know that they have worked honestly for the glory of God, and not for human praise or reward.

Their usual method of working was to meet upon the morning of a Tuesday in each alternate month, and to continue their session for ten days, until the Friday in the following week. On each morning they met at 11, and continued their labours until 5 p.m., except upon the last Friday, when, for the convenience of trains they broke up at a rather earlier hour. Of these sessions there have been no less than eighty-five, and the whole number of days devoted to the work has been 792. Their method of working was to begin with prayer, after which the Hebrew of the Book on which they were engaged was read verse by verse; the discussion was then opened by the reading of the suggestions of absent members; and finally, after deliberation, the Company proceeded to vote. In this manner the whole of the Old Testament has been gone through twice; and while on the first occasion the vote of a majority was sufficient, at the second revision nothing was retained which did not command the approval of two-thirds of those present. Many changes, therefore, which half the Company would have wished to make, and which are at least probable, have been rejected. At this revision the Company had also the benefit of the notes of the American Company, which were often very judicious. Finally a third opportunity was permitted for considering dubious renderings, and the correction of contradictory decisions; and there was ample room for repentance in case any change had been too thoughtlessly made. As the result, the version errs rather in the way of conservatism, than of rashness or unnecessary alteration; but this is the smaller fault of the two. The Revisers could work only with the materials already provided. Their business was not original research, but the judging and sifting of what had been furnished by others. And, remarkably enough, just as they are finishing their labours, un hoped-for treasures are being brought to light. Besides Dr. Ginsburg's Massorah, a manuscript of the Old Testament, said to be at least four centuries older than any in our libraries, has been discovered in the Synagogue at Aleppo. Portions, too, of very ancient cordices have been acquired both by the British Museum and by the Imperial Library at Petersburg. But until they have been studied, we know not what will be their bearing upon the present text. Measures were at one time taken for sending out Dr. Ginsburg to collate the manuscript at Aleppo, but the breaking out of the Russo-Turkish war rendered his mission impossible. But our hopes still turn to him as the scholar best able to make these treasures really available for our use.

And thus then, the labours of the Old Testament Company have been restricted to the translation of the same text as that which lay before the Revisers in the days of King James. — *The Dean of Canterbury writes Quiver for July.*

There are so many Methodist Conferences now that one can scarcely keep track of them. At least half a dozen have been in session during the past few weeks. The union seems to be working well and the brethren came up to their annual meetings in fine spirits. The Conference year just closed has been a very successful one and large additions to the membership are reported from many circuits. On item of business disposed of at each meeting is of more than denominational interest. As soon as the Conference have been opened and the new presidents appointed, the first thing is to "go for" the Dominion Senate for nullifying the Scott Act. And these Methodists do "go for" the venerable senators in lively style. Nearly all the speakers have pledged themselves to take the stump at the next election in the House of Commons does not strike out the wine and beer clauses inserted by the "Lords." Bro. Dewart, of the *Guardian*, raised a new constitutional point in the Toronto Conference when he questioned the power of Parliament to change the Act without consulting the people who passed it. His contention is that the people were joint factors with Parliament in bringing the Act into operation in every county in which it has been passed, and therefore the Act cannot be changed without consulting them. Be that as it may to change the law is a gross outrage on the people who have adopted it. They adopted it as it stands, and if Parliament steps in now and changes the law, Parliament simply perpetuates upon those who passed the law one of the grossest outrages ever inflicted on a self-governed people. — *Canada Presbyterian.*

"WHAT does transatlantic mean, mamma?" "Oh! hold your tongue, and don't bother me with any more questions. But I'll tell you this, and then keep still: Transatlantic means across the Atlantic. There!" "I wanted to ask you what transatlantic means, mamma. But I guess I know now: it means a cross parent."

ROWLAND HILL was preaching one day to plain people, when he said, "I want you to have an aversion to sin. Suppose you were to put your hand into your pocket and feel a load there you would draw it out quickly. That is what I mean by having an aversion to sin."

A STORY is told of an old lady who refused to be comforted by her pastor's assurance that, when he left she would have a better pastor as a successor. "Na, na," she said, "I have seen fourteen changes in the ministers since I attended the kirk, and every one has been waur than anither."

Miss Constance: "I'm so glad I think I've improved in my playing that nocturne of yours, Herr Bemolsch. I hope to be perfect in it next time we meet." Herr B. (gallantly): "Ach, Miss Gonschdane! I hope, ve shall meet before zai!"

If the thought of dying were oft before us, sinful things would lose their deceitful influence. — *Rowland Hill*

Patchwork.

In an ancient eastern city dwelt a king of wondrous power,
Whose domain was far extending and whose wealth grew hour by hour,
Till he planned to build a temple like the wise old king of yore,
That his fame might be eternal, and might sound from shore to shore.

So with gold and gems and ear-rings
They built up the arches high,
But could find no painted window
That could please the monarch's eye;
And a solemn proclamation
Was re-echoed far and wide
By his own right-royal heralds,
And by prince and lord beside.

"Know ye," said the solemn message,
"Tis the king's most gracious will
That a great reward be offered
For the painter of most skill;
And whoever makes a window
Most pleasing in design
Shall receive a crown and kingdom
Which shall be deemed best to mine."

So from all those wide dominions
Came the artists, one by one,
And they worked with care unceasing,
Till the windows all were done,
And were lifted to their places
In among the arches tall,
For the king to give his judgment
Which was grandest of them all.

But they had not counted rightly:
There was still one empty space,
And there was no time to purchase
A new window for the place,
When some one of them remembered
A poor workman who, in fear,
Had begged the coloured pieces
Of the crystal lying near;

And by patient cutting, fitting,
Using up each fragment small,
He had made a patchwork window
That was plainest of them all;
And its many-coloured figures—
Every shape and size and style—
Made the workmen jeer and cavil,
Made the skillful artists smile.

But it must be used one evening,
And amid so much beside
It would simply pass unnoticed
Till its place could be supplied;
So they set it, like the others;
In its frame of carvings rare—
For the king was then approaching,
And the shouts rang through the air.

On the castle, in all his glory,
Trailing up, on every hand,
At the saints and martyrs' holy;
At the old apostles' band;
At the calm, sweet-faced Madonna,
With her wondrous child and Lord;
And at angels bringing tidings,
With their white wings spread abroad.

But before the patchwork window
Paused the king in great amazement,
For the setting sun was shining,
With a rare and ruddy blaze
Through the scarred and criss-cross tracery,
And he watched the sunbeams pour
A hundred brilliant rainbows
On the tessellated floor.

While the nave was filled with glory,
And with splendour from on high,
And the people bowed in silence,
For the Lord seemed passing by,
"Bring the artist!" cried the monarch;
"His shall be the crown and gold;"
And the workman, humbly kneeling,
Gained a wealth and power untold.

From the legend, full of meaning,
Shall we not take courage now,
That our work will be accepted,
Though it seems but poor to view?
In our weakness bring no offerings,
Prayer and labour, money, time;
But at best we make but patchwork
When we aim at deeds sublime.

Yet we know that in God's temple
All our work shall find a place,
Though by our own hands set,
Build with greater power and grace;
But when through our patient life work
Shines our heavenly Father's love,
It will glow with matchless beauty,
And be fit for heaven above.

A Genuine Love Story

A young clergyman and his bride were invited guests at a large party given by a wealthy parishioner. In all the freshness and elegance of her bridal wardrobe the young wife shone among the throng distinguished by her comeliness and vivacity and rich attire; and when during the evening her young husband drew her aside and whispered to her that she was the most beautiful woman in all the company and that his heart was bursting with pride and love for her, she thought herself the happiest wife in the world.

Ten years later the same husband and wife were guests at the same house where was gathered a similar gay company. The wife of ten years wore the same dress she had worn on the previous occasion; of course it had been altered and made over, and was old-fashioned and almost shabby. Toil and care and motherhood and pined circumstances had taken the roses out of her cheeks and the lithé spring out of her form. She sat apart from the crowd, careworn and pre-occupied. Her small hands, roughened with coarse toil, were ungloved, for the minister's salary was painfully small. A little apart the ten years' husband stood and looked at his wife, and as he observed her faded dress and her weary attitude, a great sense of all her patient, loving, faithfulness came over his heart. Looking up, she caught his earnest gaze, and noticed that his eyes were filled with tears. She rose and went to him; her questioning eyes mutely asking for an explanation of his emotion, and when he tenderly took her hand and placed it on his arm led her away from the crowd and told her how he had been thinking of her as she looked ten years before when she was a bride, and how much more precious she was to him now, and how much more beautiful for all her shabby dress and roughened hands, and how he appreciated all her sacrifice and patient toil for him and for their children, a great wave of happiness filled her heart; a light shone in her face that gave it more than its youthful beauty, and in all the company there was not so happy a couple as this husband and wife, their hearts and faces aglow from the flaming up of pure sentiment that transfigured and ennobled and glorified all the toils and privations they had endured.—*Exchange.*

Write to Mother.

How long since you have written to her? How long since the loving mother-heart in the old house has been gladdened by a letter from her boy? Can you not picture her in your imagination, as you have often seen her in your boyhood, going quietly from room to room as she cheerfully performs the work of the house? And how many times, as she is thus busily employed, does her mind go out to you each day, and over and over again will she say, "I wonder why Jimmie doesn't write? It seems so strange that we don't get a letter from him."

How many times during the long, neglectful silence of her absent son does she live through his sickness and death among strangers? How the mother-heart yearns to be with him as she thus pictures him! So unbounded is her love for him she thinks nothing less than death would cause him to neglect her so.

But Jimmie, in the meantime, has become so engrossed with business and

pleasure that his mind rarely turns to his boyhood home.

When he does stop long enough in his busy career to think of father and mother, he promises himself that he will write to them soon. But just the time to do so seems never to come, and so the days glide into months, and while he is enjoying prosperity and happiness the dear ones at home are in painful suspense over his silence.

We heard a mother say, recently, whose boy had been absent for five years, and had been heard from but once or twice during the time: "O the torture that my heart has endured will never be known. I have watched and waited during those long years, hoping that every mail would bring me tidings of my boy. But the watch has been in vain. Every time the gate-latch clicks, or I hear a step on the garden-walk, my heart leaps into my throat, for I think it may be Jimmie coming home."

But a short time after our conversation a letter came from the wanderer, saying that he was sick and was coming home. Ah! but then the strength and tenderness of the mother was shown. Not a word of reproach for his long neglect. The long suspense and anxiety that he had caused her was forgotten. It was only joy, joy, and the years of suffering were completely buried in the excess of happiness that she felt at seeing her boy again.

O what suspense and trouble of mind the absent sons can save their loving mothers by frequently giving a few minutes of time to writing to them. Only a few minutes to each letter! But what pleasure that short time will give in the old home, and how the mother's heart will lighten at this frequent testimony of her son's thoughtfulness and love.

Her Weakness.

SOME surprising facts concerning the novelist George Eliot are brought to the light in the memoir just published by her husband, Mr. Cross. The pliability with which she yielded to the influence of others amounted to weakness. In her youth, she was surrounded by strict members of the Evangelical dissenting churches, and she was as orthodox as they in her opinions, and apparently as devout in her conduct.

She was then thrown into the society of a clever family of deists, and in two weeks after the perusal of a book written by one of them, was induced to renounce Christianity and all belief in the immortality of the soul. The singular part of this change is, that, judging from her letters, it was made with careless indifference, as lightly as she might change her opinion on any matter of transient interest.

She had reached middle life when she met Mr. Lewes, and in a very short time was persuaded to break legal laws and to live with him as his wife, he being already married. While he lived, his influence over her was unbounded, but two months after his death she turned for consolation to another man.

The brilliancy of George Eliot's intellect has blinded young people to the errors in her life and opinions. Genius in this case has gone far with the world to justify in her a total disbelief in all that we hold most sacred, and a full gratification of her own will regardless of any restriction either of society or of religion.

Her life, as written by her husband, shows that the cause of these errors lay in a certain weakness which made her, as she herself says, "a chamelion," that reflected the opinion and will of whatever persons were closest to her at the time.

Young girls who are influenced by her powerful intellect should remember that what was wrong for George Eliot must be wrong for all women. If all young girls were to renounce Christ and disregard the laws of social life, what face will the world wear to the next generation?

The writings of George Eliot are brilliant and introspective, and to those who know how rightly to use them are helpful to intelligence. They are, as it were, her better self. But she owed to her profession a better personal example, and this the young reader should remember. Genius may be a false light, if it lead one from the safe ways of obedience to moral law and essential faith.

If a bright beacon light lead us into a quagmire, let us not gaze upward to the light, but in justice to ourselves see how deep and fatal the quagmire is.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Tobacco Question.

WORDS of personal experience have added weight beyond any words of personal precept. If you tell a man what ought to be, or what may be, he is not sure to agree with you; but if you tell him what is, or what has been, it is not so easy for him to join issue with you. "Facts are God's arguments." We have been touching recently various practical matters of personal duty, in our counsel in these columns; and now we are backed by confirmatory words from one Christian worker after another, in the line of our counsel. A correspondent from Michigan writes about the tobacco-selling question concerning which a Massachusetts reader asked for information. He says:

"I wish to give your Massachusetts correspondent who inquires whether it is right for him as a Christian to sell tobacco, a little of my own experience. I am, and have been for a number of years, a country merchant, carrying a stock of goods which is always expected to include tobacco. I have also for many years been a Sunday-school superintendent, a friend of temperance, and I did not use tobacco. Not finding it necessary to have the Lesson Committee label a lesson 'Temperance' in order to my finding temperance in it, I find myself very frequently trying to warn the young men and boys of the dangers coming from the use of liquor and tobacco; for no one can doubt but the use of tobacco brings a young man into associations to drink. Not thinking it right to use tobacco, and frequently advising the young against its use, the Lord soon showed me that it was very inconsistent, and very wrong, for me to sell it. So for six years not an ounce of tobacco, nor a cigar, have I sold; and the Lord has taken care of the result; for instead of its proving a loss to me, my business has been more prosperous than ever before. To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it, not to him it is sin." (James 4: 17).—*S. S. Times.*

While her mother was taking a fly out of the butter, little Daisy asked, "Is that a butterfly, mamma?"

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE KING.

B.C. 907.] LESSON VI. [Aug. 9.]

THE PROPHETS OF BAAL.

1 Kings 18. 19-29. Commit to mem. vs. 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If the Lord be God, follow him: but if Baal, then follow him.—1 Kings 18 21.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The most important decision of our lives is, whom we will serve and love supremely.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 18. 19-29. Th. Luko 16. 1-13.
T. Ex. 32. 26-35. F. Deut. 6. 1-25.
W. Josh. 24. 14-28. Sa. Jer. 10. 1-16.
Su. Isa. 55. 1-13.

TIME.—B.C. 907, immediately following the last lesson.

PLACE.—Mount Carmel, a ridge 12 miles long, on the west coast of Palestine. It is 1,728 feet high at its summit. Elijah's sacrifice was on the eastern summit, which rises like a wall from the great plain of Esdraelon. It could be seen by vast numbers, even as far as Jezreel. There is on it a sort of natural platform, and near it an unfailing spring of water.

RULES.—Ahab, king of Israel (11th year); Jehoshaphat, king of Judah (7th year).

INTRODUCTION.—In our last lesson we left Elijah confronting Ahab near Mt. Carmel. Elijah had charged Ahab with being the cause of the famine, and he now challenges the king to a test as to who was the true God.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—19. *Prophets of Baal*—Priests who conducted his worship, and who uttered sometimes wild and frantic cries supposed to come from the inspiration of the idol. Hence they were called prophets, i.e., those who speak under special divine influence. *Of the groves*—Of Ashteroth, the Phœnician Venus. *Eat at*—Rather from. They were supported by Jezebel. These last-named prophets did not come. 21. *How long halt ye*—i.e., Are ye undecided, vacillating. *Between two opinions*—Whether to serve God or Baal. 24. *The God that answereth by fire*—A miracle, that only God could perform would be a test as to whether Baal was God. Baal was regarded as the sun, and it was midday, so that if any idol could bring fire he could. God is as fire in the influences of the spirit, in consuming sin, in warning and cheering hearts, in giving light to mind and soul, purifying men. Any religion which cannot do these things is false. This is the test of all. 26. *O Baal, hear us*—This was repeated, over and over again, with shouts, frantic dances, and cutting of flesh. 28. *Cut themselves*—Thinking their God would be pleased with their torture. *Evening sacrifice*—Three o'clock p.m.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Elijah meeting Ahab.—Mt. Carmel.—The prophets of Baal.—The fairness of the trial.—Answering by fire.—Elijah's irony.—The prayers and cuttings of the priests of Baal.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did we leave Elijah in our last lesson? With what had he charged the king?

SUBJECT: THE IMPORTANT DECISION.

I. THE CHALLENGE (vs. 19, 20).—What did Elijah now propose to Ahab? Who were to be assembled? In what place? How was Mt. Carmel especially adapted for this purpose? Why are Baal's priests called prophets? Who were meant by the prophets of the groves? Who supported them? Did they come with the others? Did the king obey? What made the great king yield to the true prophet?

II. THE CHOICE (v. 21).—Between what two sides must the people choose? What position did they take? What reasons had they for serving Baal? What reasons can you think of why they should serve God? Why were they undecided? Why did they make no answer? Have we a like choice to make? What excuses do men have for not serving God? What reasons have we for choosing him as our Master and God? Why is indecision unreasonable? Why is it dangerous?

III. THE TEST (vs. 22-24).—How many were on God's side? How many on Baal's? How did Elijah propose to test which was the true God? Show how his proposal was perfectly fair, and gave them every advan-

tage? How would the fire from heaven prove which was the true God? How was fire especially adapted to Baal's claims? In what respects is fire a good symbol of the true God? (Acts 2. 1-3; Mal. 3. 2; Deut. 4. 24; Matt. 3. 11; Ex. 13. 21; John 1. 9.) What test something like this is the test of every religion? (See Helps.) What did the people say to Elijah's proposal?

IV. THE FAILURE OF BAAL TO STAND THE TEST (vs. 25-29).—What did the prophets of Baal do? What was their prayer? What did they do to make Baal hear them? What was the object in cutting themselves? What did Elijah say to them? How long did they continue their trial? With what success? Will the gods of this world—riches, pleasures, honours, or the various forms of infidelity—be any better able to help us in our times of need?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Every one must make the choice between God and the world.
2. Every person should faithfully examine the claims of true religion.
3. The test of true religion is the "answering by fire,"—the purifying, cleansing power of the Holy Spirit, the power that brings revivals, that gives spiritual life, that enlightens the mind, that cheers the heart.
4. Indecision in religion is stupidity and folly and death.
5. Let us rejoice in a God that never sleeps, but is so great that he can hear every cry of every person in his whole universe.

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

6. What did Ahab do for Elijah? Ans. He gathered the people of Israel and the prophets of Baal upon Mount Carmel. 7. What did Elijah say to the people there? (Repeat v. 21.) 8. What test did Elijah propose? Ans. That each party build an altar, and "the God that answereth by fire, let him be God." 9. What did the prophets of Baal do? Ans. They built the altar, laid the sacrifice upon it, and called upon Baal for several hours. 10. What was the result? Ans. "There was neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded."

B.C. 907.] LESSON VII. [Aug. 16.]

THE PROPHET OF THE LORD.

1 Kings 18. 30-46. Commit to mem. vs. 36-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God.—1 Kings 18. 39.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God answers the prayers of his people in a wonderful way.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 18. 30-46. Th. James 5. 13-20.
T. 2 Chron. 7. 1-14. F. Luko 11. 1-13.
W. Deut. 13. 6-18. Sa. 2 Kings 19. 8-20, 32-37.
Su. Ps. 65. 1-13.

TIME.—B.C. 907, immediately following the last lesson; the afternoon of the same day.

PLACE.—Mt. Carmel; the eastern extremity.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The people of Israel were assembled on Mt. Carmel, with king Ahab, to witness the trial between Elijah and the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal. These last had prepared their sacrifice, and for several hours had prayed to Baal for fire from heaven, but no answer came. Now it was Elijah's turn.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—30. *Come near*—To defend and to watch the prophet. 31. *Twelve stones*—To show that all the tribes should be one in serving the Lord. 32. *A trench . . . as great as would contain two measures of seed*—The measure here is the seah, containing about three gallons. The trench was as wide and deep as a vessel that would hold two measures. 33. *Fill four barrels (water jars) with water*—To prove to the people that there was no trick or deceit. 35. *Time of the evening sacrifice*—Three o'clock. 38. *The fire of the Lord fell*—From heaven, openly, before the eyes of the people. *Consumed the stones*—To show that it was no ordinary fire, but divine. *The dust*—The earth which filled the enclosed place between the stones. 39. *They fell on their faces*—In wonder, fear, and worship. 40. *The brook Kishon*—Which flowed at the base of Carmel. *And slew them there*—Not a massacre, but an execution for crime. So God had commanded (Deut 13. 1-18.) The king would not do it, therefore Elijah did.These men were criminals. They were ruining their country. They were traitors. And they were punished on the same principles that murderers are executed, or an invading army is attacked and slain. Not to do it would be cruelty, and not mercy. 44. *A cloud . . . like a man's hand*—As large as a man's hand. In Palestine this is the precursor of a rain storm. 46. *The hand of the Lord*—The power of the Lord, enabling him to run the seventeen miles to Jezreel. *Ran before Ahab*—To show that though a prophet he was still an obedient subject of the king.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The circumstances.—Elijah's altar.—His precautions against all possible deception.—Elijah's prayer.—The fire from the Lord.—The use of miracles.—The destruction of Baal's prophets.—The rain.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What company was assembled in our last lesson? In what place? For what purpose? What was the result of the trial on the part of the idolaters?

SUBJECT: TWO PRAYERS AND THEIR ANSWERS.

I. ELIJAH'S PREPARATION FOR THE SACRIFICE (vs. 30-35).—Why did Elijah gather people near him? Of what did he build the altar? Was it a new one? Why did he use just twelve stones? How large was the trench around it? How many "barrels," or water jars, of water were poured over the sacrifice? For what purpose? Why was this very important?

II. ELIJAH'S PRAYER (vs. 36, 37).—When was Elijah's sacrifice ready? Why did he choose this time? How did he address God? Why did he use this address? What did he desire in his prayer? Had God then already turned the heart of the people back again? What characteristics of true prayer do you find in this prayer?

III. THE ANSWER (vs. 38-40).—In what way did God answer? What showed that the answer came from God? What is a miracle? How do miracles prove the word to be from God? Why do we not need miracles now? What was the answer in the hearts of the people? Were they really converted? How did Elijah immediately set them to work? The object of this? How many prophets of Baal were slain? According to what law? (Deut. 13. 1-18.) Did they deserve it? Could the country have been saved in any other way? How was this execution an act of mercy to the nation? What practical lessons can you find in the above verses?

IV. ELIJAH'S SECOND PRAYER (vs. 41-43).—What did Elijah do next? Had rain been promised? (1 Kings 18. 1.) Why, then, was it necessary to pray for it? Why was the answer delayed? How many times did he send to see if the rain was coming?

V. THE ANSWER (vs. 44-46).—What did the watcher first see? What message did Elijah send to the king? Was this answer given by natural law? How does it differ from the answer to the previous prayer? Does God answer in both ways now? Where did Ahab and Elijah go? Why did Elijah run before the king? How far was it? What lessons can you learn from this part of the lesson?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The Church of God is one, in spite of all its apparent divisions.
2. There is advantage in worshipping God at stated times.
3. Miracles are God's signature to his message, and endorsement of his messengers.
4. God still approves his message and his messengers by his divine power in changing the hearts of men.
5. Righteous punishment of the criminal is mercy to the nation.
6. Persevere in prayer. Watch as well as pray.
7. Small beginnings often result in great endings.

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

11. When Baal's prophets failed, what did Elijah do? Ans. He rebuilt an altar of the Lord with twelve stones. 12. What did he do as a guard against deception? Ans. He flooded altar and sacrifice with water. 13. What followed Elijah's prayer? Ans. Fire came from God and consumed sacrifice and altar. 14. What was the effect on the people? Ans. (Repeat v. 39.) 15. What followed the repentance of the people? Ans. The rain came and the famine was ended.

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