

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

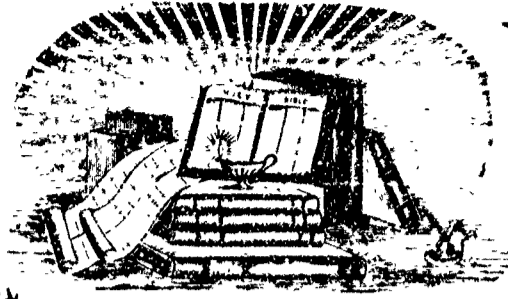
- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
			<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>								

HOME & SCHOOL.



Vol. IV.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 20, 1886.

[No. 24.]



The Brave Scottish Maid.

BY DELIA BOGERS.

'Twas in Old Scotland, land of the mountain and dell,
With its clear gurgling brooklets and deep river's swell;
One bright summer's day in the gay month of June,
When the fields were resplendent with heather abloom,
And the birds sang their sweetest, most joyous of lays,
To the God of the universe, heralding praise;
And the gay bells rang merrily out through the glen,
Crying, "God bless the bride; Good will to all men."

For, for three Sundays past, the banns had been read
For brave Bessie Douglas and Jamie McBeth,
And, with hand clasped in hand, and as heart beats to heart,
They vow to be faithful "till death do us part."
With feasting and laughter the hours speed in their flight,
With no cares to annoy, no dangers to fright;
All joyous and happy ebbs fortune's full tide,
For brave Jamie McBeth and his blushing young bride.

Just one year has passed with its weal and its woe,
Bringing sorrow to many and bitterest woe,
For the storm-cloud long gath'ring has burst o'er the land,
By the fierce fire of prejudice and bitter hate fanned,
"And crags rear their foreheads in solemn surprise,
And the heather waves slowly, while liberty dies."

For the sake of the truth men are forced from their homes,
To dwell in dark caverns or mid wild glens to roam;
Or, are hunted like deer over mountain and dell,
Because that they dared the true story to tell
Of Him, who didst die the world to reclaim
From the bondage of sin, of death and of shame,
That man might yet be at peace with his God,
E'er the life here is ended, and he rests 'neath the sod.

Just one year from the day that she stood a gay bride,
The fairest of all the fair maidens who throng round her side,
She toils up the side of the steep mountain road
To the glen where brave Jamie has fixed his abode;
And she thinks of a time when she trod that same pass
With no thought of sorrow, a light-hearted lass;
And the scent of the heather floats on the soft zephyr's breath
While she hears of a love that is stronger than death.

"Do the birds sing as sweetly as they did at that time?
To me it sounds like the cadence of some sad mournful chime,
And see! The wild flower so sadly is drooping its head,
Does it know that this heart is as heavy as lead?
For Jamie e'en now Claverhouse may have spied,
And his warm heart's life-blood the heather has dyed!
Or is dragged from his refuge to dungeon or stake,
Oh God! Is it not robbery thus a young life to take?
Would to Heaven 'twere so I my own life couldst give,
How gladly I'd die if Jamie might live!"

When, lo! down the side of the steep mountain height
Flashes a long line of redcoats with swords glittering bright,
'Tis Claverhouse' troopers hunting now for their prey,
Who in dens in the wild wood or dark caverns stay;
And boisterous the shout that is borne on the breeze
As before him the form of the fair maid he sees.
"Now, show us the cave where those heretics hide!
For days we have scoured the steep mountain side,

And searched every cavern or den that is near,
So tell us, fair maid, and you've nothing to fear.

"What! You never will tell! Seest thou you bright blade"
One moment, and it in thy proud heart is stayed!"
She looked at the faces that were glowing around,
But no touch of pity in any she found;
She looked at the rocks, that stretched far down beneath,
Far away where a cot decked the blossoming heath;
She looked to the God upon whom she relied,
Then in tones firm and low she bravely replied:
"Though you thrust with your dagger, or drag me to stake,
To prison or dungeon, though my life's blood you take,
You cannot compel me this secret to tell;
I cannot, I dare not, I never will tell!"
Astounded, they gazed at the brave Christian maid,
Then in tones loud and angry Claverhouse said:
"Five minutes I'll give thee in which to decide,
And if thou dost still in thy obstinacy bide,
I'll make thee an example for the rest of thy clan,
Till of all such vile heretics we'll soon rid our land.
Five minutes I'll give thee in which to consider,
And if then tell thou wilt not thy blood stains the heather."

Hark! What sweet strain is that—that sad plaintive sound
That brings tears to the eyes of the rough soldiers around,
As is borne on the breeze, and resounds through the air,
Then is wafted to Heaven—a maiden's last prayer:
"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green, He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
Goodness and mercy all my life,
Have surely followed me,
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be."

Ended the song, and on down the glen
Rode Claverhouse' troopers, and out through the glade;
But up on the mountain there lieth at rest
Poor Bessie, the brave Scottish maid.
Yes, ended the song and ended this life,
But the spirit bright angels attend,
And bear it away on their swift wings of light
To that land where joys never end.

Only a grave on the soft downy heath,
Where standeth a sad youth beside,
And I hear him murmur to the lov'd one beneath,
"Dear Bessie! for me thou hast died,
But 'twill not be long, something tells me so now,
Ere I pass to the bright golden shore;
In that beautiful land, the home of the blest,
We shall meet to part never more."

Helping Sister.

(See first page.)

THIS is just what an older brother ought to do. Yet sometimes brothers are selfish and unwilling to take the trouble to help their sisters. But if they will only do so, they will find that it will be its own reward, as doing right always is; and that they will so win the affections of their sisters and all whom they oblige that they will do almost anything for them in return.

A Good Testimony.

JOHN H. RAGER, ROME, ITALY.

I SUPPOSE many of you will be surprised when I tell you that probably most of the priests in Italy are not Christians; are not converted men; and that many of them are really bad men. Thousands of them are priests simply because they get their food and

clothing, and a place to sleep; and not because they want to be useful, and lead men to Christ. How can we expect the people to be good when the religious teachers are bad? This is one reason there are so few really pious, intelligent Christians in Italy.

Many people in this country have no confidence in the priests, and they do not hesitate to say so. You may think it strange, but I have never heard worse things said against the priests, and the Catholic Church, and the Pope himself, than in Rome, the great capital of the Catholic world. Some of you will remember how disappointed Luther was when he went to Rome and found the priests so bad, and the whole city so corrupt. He had imagined Rome to be a holy place.

Of course, some of the priests are good men; and others would be much better than they are, if they were situated differently. Sometimes a priest becomes a Protestant and a preacher, and proves himself a worthy, useful, and pious man. I want to tell you something about one of these.

Many years ago he was a priest, and lived in Southern Italy, where many of the people are ignorant and superstitious. When he was quite young, he occupied a prominent position in the church, being a Superior, or Director, of a convent. He was conscientious and tried to do his duty; but he had many false and strange ideas. He was a bigoted Catholic, believed just what the Church taught, and thought only Catholics were right, and all the rest of the world were blind to the truth and on the wrong road. He disliked the Protestants very much; and when they first came to his town he was very angry with them, and would have willingly driven them away, had it been possible. He knew he was right, and was just as sure the Protestants were wrong. I heard a man preach a sermon on infant baptism once, and at the conclusion of his sermon, he said, "I am right, and I know I am right." Our priest felt just as certain; and so he determined to go to the meeting and convince the people, and the preacher, by fair argument.

One day he went; and he went again and again; but instead of convincing he was convinced; and after several private interviews with the preacher, he decided to become a Protestant. That was some twenty years ago, and he has been faithful ever since. He is a good man, and his example is such as to make even his enemies respect him. For more than ten years, he has been living in the same city, a bigoted Catholic place, much under the influence of the Jesuits—a crafty bad party in the Catholic Church. Those Jesuits hate him, and would willingly drive him away, if they could. They would be very glad to find some grave fault in his character that would shake the confidence of the people and lessen his influence. They would not hesitate to tell a lie on him, if they were sure it would be believed.

In spite of all this, he has the respect and confidence of some of the best people of the city, and numbers among his best friends several of the Professors of the University. Not long ago he heard something from one of these Professors that encouraged him very much. In one of their meetings they were talking about the priests, and it seemed to be the general opinion that when a priest abandoned the priesthood he came to

nothing—turned out badly. One of the gentlemen present, who lived next door to our brother, and knew him well, said: "No; I can testify that this is not true in every case, for I know one ex priest who has done well, who is a worthy, good man; who sets a good example to every man in this city, and deserves our respect and esteem." All were surprised, and wished to know who it was. "The Protestant minister," replied the gentleman. They acknowledged that he was right; for they knew nothing against him. What a valuable and comforting testimony! I know this aged minister well, and always enjoy being with him.

Every boy and girl ought to live in such a way as to have a good testimony from others. But in order to have this, you must set a good example. If you are impatient and cross as a selfish; if you tell stories, and say naughty words, and disobey your parents, and quarrel with your brothers and sisters, you cannot expect to have this testimony. The only perfect example is Christ's, and He has taught us to imitate Him, and seek daily to be like Him.

Don't Cross the Line!

A MAN who owned an orchard planted with trees that bore very rare fruit was annoyed by the town boys climbing the fence and carrying away the choicest fruit. He resolved to stop these raids. He prepared an explosive made of nitro-glycerine, and placed it in the orchard at a short distance from the fence, so that by treading on one of the many traps he hid among the grass the box containing the nitro-glycerine would explode. He then placed a sign of warning just inside the fence, so that all could read it and be faithfully warned. Two boys, more bold than the others, determined to risk the dangerous venture within the orchard. One stepped upon a trap, the nitro-glycerine exploded, and he was fearfully injured. It was unsafe to cross the line-fence. He was faithfully warned, but disobeyed, and the disobedience brought its just punishment. So there is a line between safety and danger to the soul. God has placed signs of warning all around us; and yet these warnings are constantly disregarded. God says: "Thou shalt not steal," and yet men do steal. God says: "Thou shalt not lie," and yet men, like Ananias, will lie to God, even at the risk of terrible punishment. Children, do not cross the line of danger. Remain where you are safe. Be honest, truthful, just and always do the right.

Did you ever notice the line between the light and the shadow? It takes but one step to cross that line, and that one step leads you out of the light into the darkness. So with the soul. There is a line, clearly marked, between right and wrong. It is only one step across that line, and you pass from moral light into the darkness of sin. Don't cross the line. It is not safe. It is sinful. —Sunday-School Messenger.

THERE is no place like home, however poor or small. It is the place where all family affection loves to gather. Take away home from the heart, and you remove the brightest part of earthly existence and drop a blank on the best years of any man's life. To be home-sick is a good malady, and one that it is no disgrace to suffer from.

The John Brown Song.

[The original version of the John Brown Song is said to have been as follows]:

John Brown died on the scaffold for a slave;
Heck was the hour when wed'g his hallowed
grave:

Now God avenge the life he gladly gave,
Freedom reigns to-day!

CHORUS.

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah,
Glory reigns to-day!

John Brown sowed and the harvesters are
we; [free;
Honour to him who has made the bondsmen
loved over more shall the noble ruler be,
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the
grave. [rave;
Bright o'er the sod let the starry banner
lead for the millions he perilled all to save,
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown's soul through the world is
marching on; [gone;
Hail to the hour when oppression shall be
All men will sing in the better day's dawn,
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown dwells where the battle strife
is o'er, [more;
Hate cannot harm him nor sorrow afflict him
Earth will remember the martyrdom he bore,
Freedom reigns to-day!

John Brown's body lies mouldering in the
grave: [brave;
John Brown lives in the triumph of the
John Brown's soul not a higher joy can crave,
Freedom reigns to-day!

BARBARA HECK

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF
UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XVIII.—LAST MEMORIES.

ON the bank of the majestic St. Lawrence, about midway between the thriving town of Prescott and the picturesque village of Mattland, on the Canada side, but in full view from the American shore, lies a lonely graveyard, which is one of the most hallowed spots in the broad area of the continent. Here on a gentle rising ground overlooking the rushing river, is the quiet "Gods Acre," in which slumbers the dust of that saintly woman who is honoured in both hemispheres as the mother of Methodism in both the United States and Canada. On a bright day in October, 1881, I made, in company with my friend the Rev. T. G. Williams, of Prescott, a pilgrimage to this place invested with so many tender memories. The whole land was ablaze with autumn's glowing tints, each bank and knoll and forest clump, like Moses' bush, "ever burning, ever unconsumed." An old wooden church, very small and very quaint, fronts the passing highway. It has seats but for forty-eight persons, and is used on funeral occasions. Its tiny tinned spire gleams brightly in the sunlight, and its walls have been weathered by many a winter storm to a dusky gray. Around it on every side "heaves the turf in many a mouldering mound," for during well-nigh one hundred years it has been the burying-place of the surrounding community. A group of venerable pines keep guard over the silent sleepers in their narrow beds. But one grave beyond all others arrests our attention. At its head is a plain white marble slab on a gray stone base. On a shield-shaped panel is the following inscription:

IN MEMORY OF

PAUL HECK,

BORN 1730, DIED 1792.

BARBARA,

WIFE OF PAUL HECK,

BORN 1731, DIED AUG 17, 1804

And this is all. Sublime in its simplicity; no laboured epitaph; no fulsome eulogy; her real monument is the Methodism of the New World.

Near by are the graves of seventeen other members of the Heck family. Among them is that of a son of Paul and Barbara Heck, an ordained local preacher, whose tombstone bears the following inscription: "Rev. Samuel Heck, who laboured in his Master's vineyard for upwards of thirty-eight years. Departed this life in the triumphs of faith on the 18th of August, 1844, aged seventy-one years and twenty-one days." Another Samuel Heck, son of the above-named, a Wesleyan minister, died in 1846, aged, as is recorded with loving minuteness, "thirty years, seven months, fifteen days." To the members of this godly family the promised blessing of the righteous, even length of days, was strikingly vouchsafed. On six graves lying side by side I noted the following ages: 73, 78, 78, 63, 75, 59. On others I noted the following ages: 63, 62, 70, 70. I observed, also, the grave of a little Barbara Heck, aged three years and six months. The latest dated grave is that of Catharine Heck, a granddaughter of Paul and Barbara Heck, who died in 1880, aged seventy-eight years. She was described by my friend Mr. Williams, who, while I made these notes, sketched the old church, as a saintly soul, handsome in person, lovely in character, well educated and refined. She bequeathed at her death a generous legacy to the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada. Near the grave of Barbara Heck is that of her life-long companion and friend, the beautiful Catharine Sweitzer, who married at the age of sixteen Philip Embury. Here also is the grave of John Lawrence, a pious Methodist who left Ireland with Embury, and afterwards married his widow.

After visiting these honoured graves, I had the pleasure of dining with three grandchildren of Paul and Barbara Heck. The eldest of these, Jacob Heck, a vigorous old man of eighty, was baptized by Losee, the first Methodist missionary in Canada. A kind-souled and intelligent granddaughter of Barbara Heck evidently appreciated the honours paid her sainted ancestry. She brought out a large tin box containing many interesting *souvenirs* of her grandparents. Among these were a silver spoon with the monogram

P. B.

H.,

stout leather-bound volumes of Wesley's journal, dated 1743; Gen. Haldimand's "discharge" of Paul Heck from the volunteer troops, etc. But of special interest was the old German black-letter Bible, bearing the clear-written inscription: "Paul Heck, sein buch, ihm gegeben daria zu lerna die Nider-reiche sprache. Amen." The printed music of the psalter at the end of the book was like that described by Longfellow in Priscilla's psalm-book:

"Rough-hewn angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses."

This, it is almost certain, is the very Bible which Barbara Heck held in her hands when she died. Dr. Able Stevens thus describes the scene: "Her death

was baffling to her life; her old German Bible, the guide of her life in Ireland, her resource during the falling away of her people in New York, her inseparable companion in all her wanderings in the wilderness of Northern New York and Canada, was her oracle and comfort to the last. She was found sitting in her chair dead, with the well-used and endeared volume open on her lap. And thus passed away this devoted, obscure, unpretentious woman, who so faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundations of one of the greatest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose name shall shine with ever-increasing brightness as long as the sun and moon endure."

Many descendants of the Embury and Heck families occupy prominent positions in the Methodist Church in Canada, and many more have died happy in the Lord. Philip Embury's great-great-grandson, John Torrance, J. Esq., has long filled the honourable and responsible position of treasurer and trustee-steward of three of the largest Methodist churches of Montreal.

Just opposite the elegant home of Mr. George Heck, whose hospitalities I enjoyed, is the old Heck house, a large old-fashioned structure dating from near the beginning of the century. It is built in the quaint Norman style common in French Canada, and is flanked by a stately avenue of venerable Lombard poplars. Its massive walls, three feet thick, are like those of a fortress, and the deep casements of the windows are like its embrasures. The huge stone-flagged kitchen fire-place is as large as half a dozen in these degenerate days, and at one side is an opening into an oven of generous dimensions which makes a swelling apse on the outside of the wall. In the grand old parlour the panelling of the huge and stately mantelpiece is in the elaborate style of the last century. From the windows a magnificent view of the noble St. Lawrence and of the American shore meets the sight, as it must with little change have met that of Barbara Heck one hundred years ago. Is not the memory of this sainted woman a hallowed link between the kindred Methodisms of the United States and Canada, of both of which she was, under the blessing of God, the foundress? Her sepulchre is with us to this day, but almost on the border line, as if in death as in life she belonged to each country.

The Methodists of the United States have worthily honoured the name of Barbara Heck by the erection of a memorial building in connection with the Garrett Biblical Institute at Evanston, Ill., to be known forever as Heck Hall—a home for the sons of the prophets, the Philip Emburys of the coming century, while pursuing their sacred studies. "Barbara Heck," writes Dr. C. H. Fowler, in commemorating this event, "put her brave soul against the rugged possibilities of the future, and throbbled into existence American Methodism. The leaven of her grace has leavened the continent. The seed of her piety has grown into a tree so immense that a whole flock of commonwealths come and lodge in the branches thereof, and its mellow fruits drop into a million homes. To have planted American Methodism; to have watered it with holy tears; to have watched and nourished it with the tender, sleepless love of a mother, and pious devotion of a saint; to have called out the first minister, convened

the first congregation, met the first class, and planned the first Methodist church edifice, and to have secured its completion, is to have merited a monument as enduring as American institutions, and in the order of providence it has received a monument which time years cannot crumble, as enduring as the Church of God. The life-work of Barbara Heck finds its counterpart in the living energies of the Church she founded."

As I knelt in family prayer with the descendants of this godly woman, with the old German Bible which had nourished her early piety in my hands, I felt myself brought nearer the springs of Methodism on the continent; and as I made a night railway journey to my distant home, the following reflections chafed themselves into verse:

AT BARBARA HECK'S GRAVE.

I stood beside the lowly grave where sleep
The ashes of Dame Barbara Heck, whose
hand

Planted the vital seed wherfrom this land
Hath ripened far and wide, from steep to
deep,

The golden harvest which the angels reap,
And garner home the sheaves to heaven's
strand.

From out this low grave there doth ex-
pand

A sacred vision and we dare not weep.
Millions of hearts throughout the continent

Arise and call thee blessed of the Lord,
His handmaiden on holiest mission sent—

To teach with holy life His Holy Word.
O rain of God, descend in showers of grace,
Refresh with dews divine each thirsty place.

BARBARA HECK'S GERMAN BIBLE.

I held within my hand the time-worn book
Wherein the brave-souled woman oft hath
read

The oracles divine, and inly fed
Her soul with thoughts of God, and took
Deep draughts of heavenly wisdom, and for-
sook

All lesser learning for what God hath said;
And by His guiding hand was gently led
Into the land of rest from which we look.

Within her hand she held this book when
came

The sudden call to join the white-robed
throng.

Her name shall live on earth in endless fame,
Her high-souled faith be theme of endless
song.

O book divine, that fed that lofty faith,
Embrace, like hers, our souls in hour of
death.

END.

Be Truthful.

"HARRY," said little Annie one day, after working a long time over her slate, "won't you tell me just what this means? I forgot what Miss Acton said about it."

"I can't," replied Harry. "I've got lots to do to get ready for my lessons to-morrow. I shall not have a minute to myself all the rest of the day."

"Oh dear!" sighed Annie, as she bent her little tired head over the slate again. Just then Edward Ellis came rushing into the room.

"Come on, Harry," he said; "we're all going off to Mr. Jones' woods for nuts. You've got time to go along, haven't you?"

"All right!" cried Harry, springing up and flinging his book aside. "I'll put off studying my lessons until this evening." And within five minutes he was on his way to the woods.

Should you call Harry a very truthful and generous little boy this afternoon?

WHAT signifies a man's trade?" said the King, George III., to one who spoke of a "man's" trade. "A man of any honest trade may make himself respectable, if he will."

The Will and the Way.

There's something I'd have you remember,
boys,
To help in the battle of life;
'Twill give you strength in the time of need,
And help in the hour of strife. [done,
Whenever there's something that should be
Don't be faint-hearted and say,
"What use to try?" Remember then,
That where there's a will there's a way.

There's many a failure for those who win,
But though at first they fall,
They try again, and the earnest heart
Is sure, at last, to prevail.
Though the hill is rugged and hard to climb,
You can win the heights, I say,
If you make up your minds to reach the top,
For where there's a will there's a way.

The men who stand at the top are those
Who never could bear defeat;
Their failures only made them strong
For the work they had to meet;
The will to do and the will to dare
Is what we want to-day;
What has been done can be done again,
For the will finds out the way.

—Harper's Young People.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	2 00
Sunday-School Hammer, 32 pp., monthly	0 6
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo	0 06
Quarterly lesson service. 17¢ the year, 21¢ a dozen. \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6¢ a doz; 50¢ per 100.	
Home and School, 5 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Day, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.
C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS,
2 Bleury Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N. S.

Home & School.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 20, 1886.

A Sunday-School Boy.

OUR Thomas dropped a fine red apple out of the front window, which rolled very near the iron railing between the grass plat and the street. Thomas forgot to pick it up. Shortly after, two boys came along.

"Oh, my!" cried one. "See that bouncing apple. Let's hook it out!" The other boy nudged him with a whisper, "Oh, don't; there's somebody looking." And on they went.

A little girl next passed. She spied the apple, and stopped, looking very hard at it; then put her hands through the rails, and tried to reach it. Her fingers just touched it. She looked around; a man was coming down the street. The girl withdrew her hand, and went away.

A ragged-looking little fellow came by soon after. "That boy will grab the apple," I said to myself, looking through the blinds. His bright eye at once caught sight of it, and he stopped. After looking at it for a moment, he ran across the street and picked up a stick. He poked it through the rails, and drew the apple near enough to pick it up. Turning it over in his grimy hands, I could not help seeing how he longed to eat it. Did he pocket it, and run? No. He came up the steps,

and rang the bell. I went to the door.

"I found this big apple in your front garden," said the boy; "and I thought maybe you had dropped it out, and didn't know that it was there; so I picked it up, and have brought it here."

"Why did you not eat it?"

"Oh," said he, "it's not mine."
"It was almost in the street," said I, "where it would have been hard to find its owner."

"Almost is not quite," replied the boy; "which, Mr. Curtis says, makes all the difference in the world."

"Who is Mr. Curtis?"

"My Sabbath-school teacher. He has explained the Eighth Commandment to me, and I know it! What's the use of knowing, unless you act up to it!" Here he handed me the apple.

"Will you accept the apple?" said I.
"I am glad you brought it in for I like to know honest boys. What is your name?"

He told me. I will not tell you, however; only I think you will agree with me that he is the right sort of Sabbath-school scholar. He squares his conduct by the faithful Christian instruction which he gets there.

The Popular Science Monthly for November contains an article by Dr. B. W. Richardson on "The Hygienic Treatment of Consumption," which is full of information of the utmost practical value to those who are suffering, or who are threatened, with that fatal disease. The paper consists of ten simple rules of living, with full explanations of the reasons for them, which any one of ordinary capacity can understand. They may be followed with or without the aid of a doctor, with the certainty of salutary results, where the present methods of treatment usually end in death.

MR. GEO. PARSONS LATHROP makes his first appearance as teller of stories for children in a volume called "Behind Time," which Cassell & Company will issue immediately. The story is told somewhat in the vein of "Through the Looking Glass," that is, with that strange mixture of the probable and the improbable. The book is dedicated to the author's nieces, the children of Julian Hawthorne—"Hildegard and Baby Imogen."

"THE Stories Grandma Told" is the title of a collection of stories by Mary D. Brine, which Cassell & Company will publish at once. They are in Mrs. Brine's happiest vein, which has proved so attractive to the young people.

"How Long will it Do to Wait?"

DR. NETTLETON had come home from the evening service in a country town. The good lady of the house, after bustling about to provide her guest with supper, said before her daughter, who was in the room, "Dr. Nettleton, I do wish you'd talk to Caroline. She don't care nothing about going to meeting, nor about the salvation of her soul. I've talked and talked, and got our minister to talk; but it don't seem to do her any good. I wish you would talk to her, Dr. Nettleton." Saying this, she soon went out of the room.

Dr. Nettleton continued quietly taking his repast; when he had finished, he turned round to the young girl, and said:



TRENTON FALLS.

Trenton Falls.

THE most enjoyably beautiful spot among the resorts of romantic scenery in our country is Trenton Falls. To the lovers of nature who visit it, the remembrance of its loveliness becomes the bright spot to which dream and reverie oftener return. It seems to be curiously adapted to enjoy, being somehow not only the kind, but the size of a place the arms of a mortal heart can enfold in its embrace. Trenton Falls is the place above all others where it is a luxury to stay—which one oftener revisits—which one most commends to strangers to be sure and see.

The Methodist Church.

SOME VERY INTERESTING STATISTICS.

THE billet book of the General Conference contains a table of religious statistics, of which the following is part:—

PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.				
Rank in 1881.	Denom.	1881.	1871.	1871.
1	Methodists...	591,503	462,264	1
2	Presbyterians	417,749	356,442	2
3	C. of England	366,539	330,995	3
4	R'n Catholic	350,839	274,163	4
5	Baptists	106,676	86,630	5
6	Lutherans	37,901	32,399	6
7	Con'g'tion's.	16,340	12,868	7
8	Disciples	16,031
9	Brethren	7,714	3,600	10
10	Quakers	6,307	7,100	8

It also contains a table showing the relative growth made by each of the five principal denominations in the Dominion, Province, and city, compared with the growth of population.

	Dom.	Prov.	City,
	p.c.	p.c.	p.c.
Methodist	35	28	73½
Presbyterian	24	17	62½
Baptist	24	23	88
Church of England	16½	10½	49
Roman Catholic	21	17	32½
Increase of Population	25	18½	54

It is easier to fall than to rise; therefore, take good heed to thy ways.

"Now, just tell me, Miss Caroline, don't they bother you amazingly about this thing?"

She, taken by surprise at an address so unexpected, answered at once:

"Yes, sir, they do: they keep talking to me all the time, till I am sick of it."

"So I thought," said Dr. Nettleton "Let's see; how old are you?"

"Eighteen, sir."

"Good health?"

"Yes, sir."

"The fact is," said Dr. Nettleton, "religion is a good thing in itself; but the idea of all the time troubling a young creature like you with it! And you're in good health, you say. Religion is a good thing. It will hardly do to die without it. I wonder how long it will do for you to wait."

"That's just what I've been thinking myself," said Caroline.

"Well," said Dr. Nettleton, "suppose you say till you are fifty! No, that won't do; I attended the funeral of a lady fifteen years younger than that. Thirty! How will that do?"

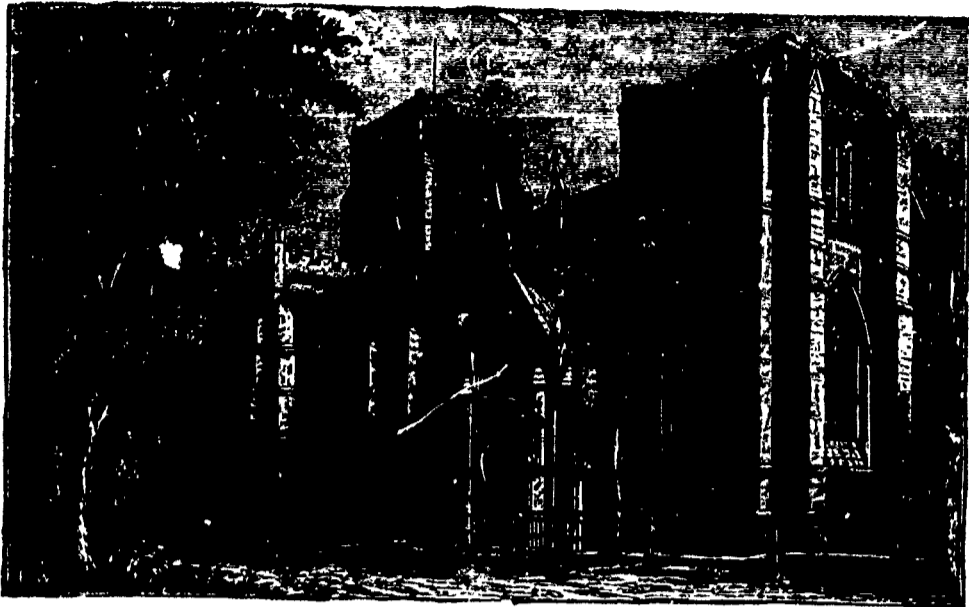
"I'm not sure it would do to wait quite so long," said Caroline.

"No; I don't think so either. Something might happen. Say, now, twenty-five, or even twenty—if we could be sure that you would live so long. A year from now—how would that do?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Neither do I. The fact is, my dear young lady, the more I think of it, and of how many young people, as well, apparently, as you are, die suddenly, I am afraid to have put it off a moment longer. Besides, the Bible says, "Now is the accepted time." We must take the time. What shall we do? Had we not better kneel down here, and ask God for mercy through His Son, Jesus Christ?"

The young lady, perfectly overcome by her feelings, kneeled on the spot. In a day or two she came out rejoicing in hope, finding she had far from lost all enjoyment in this life.—*Band of Hope.*



BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

Beautiful Hands

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They are neither white nor small,
And you I know would scarcely think
That they were fair at all.
I've looked on hands whose form and hue
A sculptor's dream might be,
Yet are these aged, wrinkled hands
More beautiful to me.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
Though heart was weary and sad,
These patient hands kept toiling on,
That children might be glad.
I almost weep, as looking back
To childhood's distant day,
I think how those hands have rested not
While mine were still at play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands!
They are growing feeble now:
For time and pain have left their mark
On hand and heart and brow.
Alas! alas! the nearing time,
And that sad, sad day to me,
When 'neath the daisies, out of sight,
These hands will folded be.

But O, beyond this shadowy land,
Where all is bright and fair,
I know full well those dear old hands
Will palms of victory bear;
When crystal streams through endless years
Flow over golden sands,
And when the old grow young again,
I'll clasp my mother's hands.

Bristol Cathedral.

THIS is the famous cathedral of which Sidney Smith was canon, after his heroic struggle with poverty in Yorkshire and elsewhere. Among the names of notes who have lived beneath the shadows of this ancient pile, and who have worshipped within its sacred inclosure, are the poets Southey and Chatterton; the artists Lawrence and Baly; Robert Hall, Coleridge, and Hannah More; the Misses Porter; Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Pritchard. Its fame, however, is owing most to the wonderful boy poet, Chatterton; and thousands go each year to see the cathedral in which he said, that while accidentally locked in, he found the remarkable Rowley Manuscript.

Sam Jones on Joining the Church.

I NEVER shall cease praising the Lord for giving me a church to join. If they were to turn me out of the Church to-morrow, the first one they opened the doors I would go in again. Some people don't want to join a church because they think it will cost them something. Why, it costs less to sit in six first-class

Methodists in Toronto than one old red-nosed drunkard. If it's better to be sober than drunk, and better to be good than bad, and better to go to heaven than to go to hell, let us pay our little bills and go along and shut our mouths. A man said to me in Cincinnati, "I wouldn't have missed that sermon for ten dollars," and when the collection plate came round he put a copper cent in. (Laughter.) There's many a fellow round meeting-house paying in the widow's mite. A great big, old, long-whiskered fellow paying in the widow's mite. Are you a widow? How long has your husband been dead, old fellow? (Laughter.) How can anyone but a widow put in a widow's mite? That's the way I look at it. Brethren, we have not appreciated the Church enough. A man will sit in his pew and say, "I will give so-and-so." Never say what you will give to the Church, but say, "I will pay my dues to God." "That's it, Oh! brethren you owe a debt to the Church which you will never pay." Just say after this: "I will pay as much as I can on the debt I owe God and the Church." And I will say another thing, the Church has never lived a day without praying God to help sinners. And when you come into the Church and try it a while, you will think we have done pretty well. I hear people say, "I am not worthy to join the Church." Well, I have been in the Church fourteen years, and I have never felt fit to be in the Church. I am not running on my fitness, but glory to God, I am running on my unfitness; for the fitness He requires is, that I feel my need of Him.

We Move in Strata.

BY SAM JONES.

SOME of you good women know there is a certain strata you run with. There may be thirty or forty ladies in the Metropolitan Church, about a dozen of whom you call upon, and about half a dozen you are really intimate with. Take the Metropolitan Church with all her history, and if we were all called up to heaven to-morrow it would take the angels two or three weeks to get you all introduced to each other. It would just keep the angels busy a while. In his natural voice he continued:—"This is Miss So-and-so from Toronto, a

member of the Metropolitan Church." Imitating the high female voice, he continued:—"Why, was you a member of the Metropolitan? When?" Natural voice, "Why, in the year 1886." High female voice, again, "Law, me! I was a member at that time, but I never knew you." (Laughter.) Now what sort of religion do you call that when two or three button members get off to themselves? "I can tell you why I never met her. She was a cook with Mrs. So-and-so, and we never associate with this sort." Sister, what are you going to do in heaven? Won't you hate to run with your cook in glory. Is it not true?

Woolly Bear or Tiger Caterpillar.

BY ROBIN MERRY.

THIS is a rather large name for so small a creature as a caterpillar. I can easily understand why the caterpillar should be called woolly, but why he should also be called bear or tiger I do not know. I do not know that he has ever been known to eat anybody alive. Indeed, I do not think he could if he wanted to. But that he is a most interesting creature is certainly true. He is rich in colouring. Those brilliant brown and black dyes are worthy of the highest imitation in art. His movements are quiet and unobtrusive. He will not attempt to thrust himself in anybody's way; and just as soon as he thinks his presence is not entirely agreeable to his larger companions of the human species he tries to get out of the way. He is not at all unpleasant to handle. You can take him up in your hand if you wish and he will not make himself offensive. A little squirming expression of his love for liberty is about all that you will get from him. But do not by any means hurt the poor fellow. Take him up kindly, look into his shining dark eyes, examine the rich colouring of his hairs, handle him any way you wish, only be very gentle with him, and lay him down softly again on the ground.

But one of the very interesting facts about this caterpillar is that he shall by and by become a most brilliant butterfly. When the autumn days become colder, and he begins to feel that winter is not far away, he will hide himself in some secluded place, and wrap himself up in a shroud made of the coverings of his own body. While the long winter lasts he will never stir, and will seem as though he were dead. In fact, however, he will be alive, and when the warm days come again he will complete his wonderful transformation and come forth a large, brilliantly-coloured butterfly. To complete this strange circle of life, so wonderfully arranged by the wise and good Creator, the butterfly in due time will deposit its eggs from which again the caterpillar is hatched. Thus from year to year the marvellous process is continued.

There is a beautiful lesson in this transformation of the caterpillar into the brilliant butterfly. It suggests the resurrection and transformation of our own perishable bodies. In the order

of the Lord's arrangement we shall be hidden away in the earth. But the Bible tells us that after awhile our bodies shall come forth again to a glorious resurrection. The power of what we call death shall be overcome, and we shall live in a glorified state forever.

Alexander the Great.

A YOUNG and ever-active king, handsome, brave, and famous, was Alexander, son of Philip. What more? After twelve bright years of glory he went down to the grave, killed, at the age of thirty-two, by strong drink. Soon after he became king he crossed into Asia, and beat the Persians at the river Granicus. After this battle the hero visited the wounded soldiers, and cared for the widows and orphans of the dead. Then came another dreadful battle, in the Plain of Issus, near the sea-side. The numbers killed were countless. The king of Persia fled, and his kingdom was broken up. Alexander next took the great, rich city of Tyre, which was the London of those days. Tyre was situated on an island, about half a mile from the shore. Alexander made a causeway across the channel, which work still remains. After seven months Tyre was taken, and eight thousand of the citizens were killed; besides this, thirty thousand were sold as slaves. The conqueror then marched toward Jerusalem. He was angry with the citizens of Zion, for they had refused to help him, and he meant to punish them. But the Jews found a road to Alexander's heart. They melted his anger into kindness. The high-priest Jaddus, warned by God, adorned the city with banners and flowers, and flung upon the gates. By his advice, too, all the people put on white robes, and the priests their peculiar dresses; and then they went in a long procession to meet the terrible young soldier who was conquering the world so fast. When Alexander saw the multitude in their white garments, and the priests in fine linen, and the high-priest in purple and scarlet, with his mitre on his head and God's holy name on a gold plate in the front of it, the young conqueror saluted the high-priest, and made a sign of worship before the name. When someone asked Alexander why he did so, he said, "I do not adore that man, but the God who made him a high-priest; for I saw this same man in a dream, when I was wondering how to conquer Asia. He told me to pass the sea boldly, and he would lead my army and help me to beat the Persians."

Giving his right hand to the high-priest, Alexander came into the city, and visited the temple, where he offered sacrifice; and when the Book of Daniel was unrolled and shown to him, he was much surprised while he read in the eighth chapter about a he-goat coming from the west, and running at a ram and breaking his two horns and casting him to the ground and stamping on him, and how the he-goat waxed very strong. The he-goat was the king of Greece, Alexander himself; and the ram with two horns was the king of Media and Persia, whom Alexander had overthrown.

The young conqueror was greatly surprised and delighted with this eighth chapter of Daniel, which showed things to come; and he gave the Jews all they wished to have, and left their city much happier than it was before his visit.—*The Prince.*

"De Massa ob de Sheepfol!"

[The following poem is by Miss Sally Pratt M'Lean, author of "Cape Cod Folks." "Without regard to its dialect," says a critic, "it is one of the most beautiful poems in the English language."]

De Massa ob de sheepfol!
Dat guard de sheep'ol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin—
So He call to de hirella' shepa'd
Is My sheep, is dey all come in!

O, den says de hirellin' shepa'd,
Dey's some, dey's blaok and thin,
And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's,
But de res' dey's all brung in,
But de res' dey's all brung in.

Den de Massa ob de sheepfol!
Dat guard de sheep'ol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows
Whar de long night rain begin—
So He le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof', Come in, Come in,
Callin' sof', Come in, Come in!

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro' de col' night rain and win',
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf
Whar de sleet fa' pie'oin' thin,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

David Maydole and His Hammer.

In one of his lectures, Mr. James Parton tells "how some men have become rich." In connection he relates the story of the famous American hammer-smith. It proves the frequently-urged lesson that the sure way to prosperity is the honest way—to do everything well, better than anybody else if you can.

Last winter, in Norwich, a beautiful town near the centre of New York, I went over to David Maydole's manufactory, where one hundred men were employed making hammers—enough men, you would suppose, to supply the world with hammers. He is one of the most perfect examples of a king of business I have ever met with in my life. If every king of business were such as he, we should have the millennium the year after next. A plain little man is he, past sixty now, but in the full enjoyment of life, and in the full enjoyment of his work. Upon being introduced to him, in his office, not knowing what else to say, and not being aware that there was anything to be said or thought about hammers,—having in fact taken hammers for granted,—I said, "And here you make hammers for mankind, Mr. Maydole?"

"Yes," said he; "I've made hammers here for twenty-eight years."

"Well, then," said I, still at a loss for a talk-opener, "you ought to be able to make a pretty good hammer by this time."

"No, sir," said he, "I never made a pretty good hammer; I make the best hammer made in the United States." And so he does. Every hammer is made most carefully by hand, and tempered over a slow fire as delicately as Delmonico's cook broils a steak for his pet gourmand. Then a hickory handle that has been seasoned for two years is put to it and it is a hammer that dare show itself anywhere in the world. There is thought, and conscience, and good feeling, and high principle, and business sense in it. It speaks its maker's praise wherever it goes, and as long as it lasts—and it will last very long indeed.

He did me the honor to give me one of his hammers, which has ever since hung conspicuously in my room, admonishing me to work, not fast nor too much with a showy polish, nor with

any vain pretence but as well as I can every time, never letting one thing go till I have done all that was possible to make it what it should be.

Upon our return to his office, after going over the works, he told me his story. It is a representative story. Twenty-nine years ago, when he was a road-side blacksmith, six carpenters came to the village from the next county to work upon a new church, one of whom, having left his hammer behind, came to the blacksmith's to get one made, there being none in the village store.

"Make me a good one," said the carpenter; "as good a one as you know how."

"But," said the young blacksmith, who had already considered hammers, and had arrived at some notion of what a hammer ought to be, and had a proper contempt for cheapness in all its forms, "perhaps you don't want to pay for as good a one as I can make."

"Yes, I do; I want a good hammer." And so David Maydole made a good hammer—the best one, probably, that had ever been made since Tubal Cain, and one that perfectly satisfied the carpenter. The next day the man's five companions came, each of them wanting just such a hammer; and when they were done the employer came and ordered two more.

Next, the store-keeper of the village ordered two dozen, which were bought by a New York tool-merchant, who left a standing order for as many such hammers as David Maydole could make. And from that time to this he has gone on making hammers, until now he has one hundred and fifteen men at work. He has never advertised, he has never pushed, he has never borrowed. He has never tried to compete with others in price. He has never reduced a price because other men had done so. His only care has been to make a perfect hammer, to make as many such as people wanted and no more, and to sell them at a fair price.—*Good Works.*

Treating.

ONE of the most absurd of all foolish customs is that of inviting a crowd of friends or strangers up to the bar to "take something at my expense." Men do not buy other things, either useful or ornamental, in this way; why should they make an exception in favour of this poisonous draught, which is the cause of most of the crimes which curse the land, and which fills the community with poverty, mourning and woe? Some one has sensibly said:

"Now, boys, if you want to be generous, and treat each other, why not select some other place besides the liquor-shop? Suppose as you go by the post-office you remark, 'I say, my dear fellow, come in and take some stamps; these stamps will cost no more than drinks all around. Or go to the clothier's and say, 'Boys, come in and take a box of collars.' Walk up to a grocer's, free and generous, and say, 'What kind of coffee will you have?' Why not treat to groceries by the pound as well as liquors by the glass? Or, take your comrades to a cutler's and say, 'I'll stand a good pocket-knife all around.'"

This would be thought a strange way of showing friendship; but would it not be better than to offer to friends a maddening, poisonous, deadly draught?

Suppose a man should keep a den of rattle-snakes, and allow men to come in and be bitten at sixpence a bite. Would it be a sensible thing for a man to in-

vite all his friends in to be bitten at his expense? Is it worth our while to turn our friends into brutes, maniacs, and murderers and their homes into hells of trouble and distress, by giving them "something to drink at my expense?" "At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—*Wayside.*

Like Cures Like.

"HALLOO, TOM!"

"Is that you, Joe? I haven't seen you for a long time." Joe was returning home with his tools hung over his back. Tom was walking towards the town with a clock under his arm. Their paths lay together, so they walked on.

"Where are you going, Tom?"

"On a bit of an errand for my missus."

"What, the timepiece won't go?"

"Well, not exactly that." After a few minutes' silence,

"Tom," said Joe earnestly.

"Well, speak on man."

"Maybe I shall offend you if I do. But I was going to say, you're not going to 'The Golden Bells' with your clock, are you?"

"What if I am?" said Tom, trying to laugh. "It will make the tenth pledge ticket for my missus to hide up, so careful as she does, on the mantel-piece; and then she says to me, 'Tom,' says she, 'the house gets bare as the pledges do increase, and then there's the interest on 'em too.' 'But,' says I, 'what's a man to do? the wages is low, and the food's dear, and if the two ends won't meet, they won't, that's all.'"

"Aye, my wife and yours would tell a different story," said Joe. "I pledged something once; my missus did say it was the best thing in the house, too, though I don't know for that, but this I know, she cried for joy when she saw the pledge ticket—and, best of all, there was no interest to pay. Somehow it has paid me interest each week since, so that we've got along quite handsome like."

"Here's fine talk; none of your jokes, Joe."

"I's no joke at all, Tom, but sober earnest, every word, and if you like, I'll explain. I needn't tell you, Tom, that I knew the inside of the 'White Lion' once as well as ever you did."

"That's true, and a fine fellow you were for a song, too: we've missed you this long time."

"It's not been a 'miss' but a 'find' to me," said Joe, laughing—"a silver mine nigh at hand—even in my own pocket. But to explain; I was looking over some old books one day outside Bean's shop, and took up one that seemed to me medical like; 'so,' thinks I, 'I don't care for you;' but just as I was shutting of it up I saw these words, 'Like cures Like.' 'That's odd,' thinks I; 'like do cure like;' what do it mean? Well, then, these words stuck to me, and I turned them over and over again in my mind, but no meaning like seemed to come out of them. Well, one day in comes our tract distributor—"Oh, Bridge," says she, 'are you in? I'm so glad to find you at home;' and then talked to me a bit very pleasant like, and presently she remarked a picture over the chimney, and said how pretty it was. 'That belonged to my mother's mother,' said I, 'and I thought never to part with it.'"

"And I hope you never will," says she,

'Says I, 'It's what I shall have to afore night.'

"Oh I'm so sorry," says she, 'are you obliged to pledge it? Can nothing be done to save it?'

"Not a I know," says I. She looked a bit smiling and said, 'I think I know what would. Some doctors say, "Like cures like," and I think there's some truth in it. What will you say if I suggest a pledge for a pledge as a remedy? The total abstinence for the pawnbroker's pledge.'

"Well, it came down upon me like thunder that there was the meaning of 'Like cures like.' 'I'll try it,' says I, 'that I will,' and with that if I didn't hear my wife whisper, 'Thank God.'

"Then my remedy will be too late next week," says she.

"Well, it's coming down pretty sharp upon me to do it all of a moment though."

"I don't wish to hurry you," says she, 'only it seems to me your choice will be to-night between whether you will pledge yourself or your picture; on the one pledge you'll be paid interest, namely, the weekly amount of your hard earnings with which you now help to make the publican rich. On the other you must pay.'

"It's true as I'm alive," says I, 'and I'd sign this very minute if I could.'

"You can," says she, 'lending down a paper before me, with these words— I hereby promise, by the grace of God, to abstain totally from all intoxicating liquors.'

"And with that I took and signed it."

"And now, says she, 'let us kneel down and ask the Lord Jesus Christ to put his seal upon it and strengthen you never to break it.'

"And," added Joe in a reverent voice, I bless God, though that was my first prayer it hasn't been my last. When a man has the drink in him he can't pray."

"Joe," said Tom, suddenly standing still and turning round, "I'll go back. I'll not pledge this clock—it's the wrong thing. It's myself I'll pledge and save my clock, that I will."

"Bravo, friend," said Joe, grasping his hand.

"Come along home with me," said Tom; "come and write out for me what you have signed, that I may sign it too, and hear my wife say, 'Thank God.'"

And so she did; and from that day the pledge tickets began to disappear, and the furniture to reappear, and the bare room looked homelike again.

And Joe and Tom, now fast friends, were often seen together talking earnestly to a brother workman, and the burden of their talk was—"Like cures like."—*Temperance Record.*

Leaves, Plants and Roots.

HERB is a remedy for the ills of flesh and spirit, composed of leaves, plants, and roots, which, if taken without a wry face, will make any person respectable and happy:

Leave off smoking and drinking.
Leave off chewing and puffing.
Leave off sweating.
Plant your pleasure in some home circle.
Plant your business in some honourable employment.
Plant your faith in truth.
Root your habit in industry.
Root your feelings in benevolence.
Root your affections in God.
Root your actions in duty.
For directions see the Holy Scriptures.—*Tr. Temperance Banner.*

Daisies.

SHE was a little Irish maid,
With light brown hair and eyes of gray,
And she had left her native shore
And journeyed miles and miles away.
Across the ocean, to the land,
Where waves the banner of the free,
And on her face a shadow lay,
For sick at heart for home was she.

When from the city's dust and heat
And ceaseless noise, they took her where
The birds were singing in the trees,
And flower fragrance filled the air,
And their leaf-crowned heads upraised
To greet the pretty gray-eyed lass,
A million blossoms starred the road
And grew among the waving grass.

"Why, here are daisies!" glad she cried,
And with hands clasped, sank on her knees;
"Now God be praised, who east and west
Scatters such lovely things as these!
Around my mother's cabin door
In dear old Ireland they grow,
With hearts of gold and slender leaves
As white as newly fallen snow."

Then up she sprang with smiling lips,
Though on her cheek there lay a tear,
"This land's not half so strange," she said,
"Since I have found the daisies here."
—*Alden's Juvenile Gen.*

Gertrude's Diary.

My sin is ever before me.
Honour thy father and thy mother;
that thy days may be long upon the land
which the Lord thy God giveth thee.
Whoso curseth his father and mother,
let him die the death.
So the Lord was entreated for the
land, and the plague was stayed from
Israel.
Thou hast magnified Thy word above
all Thy name.

LOCUST SHADE, August, 1884

Yesterday was my birthday and I had the girls here to tea. We had a great deal of fun, and some things that were improving. For instance, we read over our verses and talked about them. The way we happened to do that, was because Namie said she thought they were easy this time. We asked her what she meant, and she said, "Why, they kind of had nothing to do with us girls." We laughed at her a little. Prissy said we must remember that people who gave Namie an easy time were those who had nothing to do with her, but of course she did not mean that. And then we got to talking over the verses, and making Namie prove why they had nothing to do with us.

She said the first one was for dreadfully wicked people—murderers, and thieves, and such. That their conscience troubled them all the time. And the third one was for very wicked people too. Who but a person who was fearfully wicked would think of cursing his father and mother? Then the fourth was about a plague, and we didn't have plagues in this country; and the last one couldn't be practiced, it was just a fact.

Then Ruth said: "Why, you have skipped the one that speaks right to us—Honour thy father and thy mother."

No, Namie said, she hadn't skipped it; but it was easy enough to do, for girls who had such fathers and mothers as we had. Of course we would honour them. We never thought of doing anything else. For her part, she thought her mother the best woman in the world. But I told her that that couldn't be, for it would not be possible for her to be better than my mother. Then we all got to laughing, and we were real gay over it. I didn't say much, but, after all, I didn't quite agree with Namie about some things. I know my conscience had spoken pretty loudly to

me sometimes, and wouldn't let me study or sleep, because I had done something wrong; and I hadn't stolen anything or murdered anybody either, but such things are hard to explain, so I didn't try.

It was after supper that I meant to tell about. We had a real splendid supper. Mother did everything that she could to make the table look lovely.

The girls said how lovely everything was, and Namie spoke of the verses again, and said it was easy enough for us to honour our mothers, she was sure, when they took such trouble for us.

Then we went out for a walk. We were going to the lake for a row, but Ben didn't come in time, so we went downtown instead. We walked away out to the long bridge, and rested awhile, until it began to grow dark. When we came down Duane street the lamps were lighted. By that time we were getting pretty tired. I don't know how it is that girls most always get so kind of wild and reckless when they are tired, but we do. Ruth said we better turn to Main street, for the west end of Duane street was always dark, and she did not like to walk there. So we came up Main, laughing and talking. We stopped at the postoffice, for Prissy expected a letter by the last mail. It wasn't quite distributed, and we had to wait. The office was pretty full. I never liked to wait there, but Prissy said, "Oh, do! There are four of us" Charlie Porter was there, and he is the worst tease in town. He came over to us and began to bother. He wanted to see the letter in my hand; it was nothing but a circular that I found in my pocket, and might have shown it to him as well as not, only it was no concern of his, and I thought I wouldn't. Then he snatched at it, and I snatched back, and in doing that I accidentally knocked his hat off; then he caught my sleeve and said, "Hallo! bring back that stolen property." I don't know how it was, but we got in a real frolic right there in the crowd. Ruth came to her senses first, and said, "Do come on, girls;" so, after all, we didn't get the mail.

"Mother doesn't like us to wait in the postoffice in the evening," Ruth said, as soon as we were out. "I am sorry we waited at all."

I never heard my mother say anything about it, because I don't go to the office, Ben does that. But I know as well as anything that she wouldn't have liked it.

I should have thought that we would have sobered down after that, but Prissy was in a real frolic.

"Let's have some fun," she said. "Let's go into the drug store here, and get some soda."

She has a cousin who is clerk in the store, and we sometimes go there. Ruth held back, but Prissy coaxed, and said she had twenty cents to spend as she liked, and it was burning a hole in her pocket, and she was dreadfully thirsty. So at last we went. There were a good many people there; among them a young man who used to board at Prissy's. He came over to where we were and began to frolic with us, and we talked and laughed, and had just the gayest time! I didn't think how late it was getting and none of us did, until just as we were going out. Dick—that is the young man—asked us to wait a minute; that he had a package he wanted Prissy to take to her brother. We stood in the door and waited, and we were laughing then over some of the funny things

Dick had said; but we heard a man in the back part of the store say: "Who are those girls?" His voice sounded real gruff. I turned around and looked at him, but I did not know him. The clerk answered:

"Oh, they are some of our townspeople."

"Well, they must have queer mothers!" This was what the gruff voice said next, and I tell you we girls were still enough. We looked at one another, and wondered if he could possibly mean us, and we didn't speak a word.

He did though. "I have been watching them," he said; "I never saw properly brought up girls act so badly on the street. They have been in the postoffice, talking loud and shouting with laughter, and romping with a young fellow there; and now they are doing the same thing here. It isn't possible that they have been properly taught, or they would not behave like that on the street. If they have respectable mothers they ought to know that their daughters are disgracing them."

Only think of it! O, Journal, if you could think, sometimes it would be a great comfort to me! We stood still and looked at one another. Our cheeks were as red as blush roses; mine burned like fire, away out to my ears. Dick hadn't come back yet, so we couldn't rush out as we felt like doing.

"He can't mean us!" Prissy whispered, and her teeth chattered.

"Yes, he does mean us," said Namie. "Mean old fellow that he is. Our mothers, indeed! Only think of it!"

Someway that seemed to make every one of us think of the verse that we had decided was so easy. I looked at Ruth and she looked at me. "Honour thy father and"—I said, and then stopped.

"Yes," exclaimed Ruth, "I should think as much!"

Then she walked right across that drug store like a queen and marched up to the man.

"I want to tell you, sir," she said, "that you are mistaken. We have good mothers, who have taught us how to act. We just got into a frolic and forgot; but you need not blame them, sir, not one bit, for they would be as sorry as you are."

Then she walked away before that astonished man could say a word.

We all marched out the next minute, and we all talked at once when we reached the street. We said that was a horrid old man, and he ought to be ashamed of himself, and we were glad Ruth told him the truth. But at last Ruth said:

"Girls, he told the truth, too; we did disgrace our mothers. They wouldn't have liked the way we have acted ever since we started out."

Well, we went home every one of us. And we all told our mothers every bit about it. We said we would. Mine cried a little, and said she was shocked and sorry. But she kissed me and said she was glad I had told her. And she promised to expect me to honour her after this. I guess I shall be more careful than I have been. I don't believe there is a verse in the Bible but what fits us girls.—*The Pansy.*

NEVER seek to play when you can be more usefully employed.

Who is the great man? He who is strongest in the exercise of patience; he who patiently endures injury.

Some Queer Ants.

"WHAT would you think, to see an ant carrying a parasol?" asked Uncle Fred.

"Oh, uncle!" cried Johnny and Puss at the same time.

"You know an ant could not carry a parasol," added Puss.

Their uncle had just come home from a long trip to the West Indies and South America. He had a great many wonderful stories to tell them about the queer sights he had seen and the strange places where he had been. But they thought he must be joking with them now, for they could not believe that an ant could do such a thing.

"Well," said Uncle Fred, "their parasols were not made of silk stretched over a wire frame. They were only pieces of leaves from trees, and the ants held them in their mouths in such a way that they covered their bodies entirely. You could not see the ants at all; so the leaves looked as if they were marching along of their own accord. The first time I saw any was in the West Indies. One day, when I was riding with a friend out to his plantation, a great swarm of these ants crossed our road. We watched them a long time. It was a very queer sight, I assure you. They did not travel very fast. There must have been thousands and thousands of them; for we could not see either end of the column."

"Where were they going, I wonder," said Johnny.

"They were carrying the leaves to their nests. They did not eat the leaves, but they are very fond of a fungus which grows on them after they have been a little while in their underground nests. The ants are very destructive, and do a great deal of damage. Sometimes they will cut every leaf off a tree."

"Don't we have any here?" asked Puss, who was much interested, and wished she could see some.

"No," said Uncle Fred. "We have some curious ants, but none like those I have been telling you about."

What Ought We to Do?

"PATTY, come here; for I want to ask you some curious questions that my mother has been asking me. What ought we to do in March, when the wind blows?"

"What ought we to do? Why, hold our bonnets fast, that they may not be blown away."

"Yes; but that is not the answer. I will tell you what it is: we ought to love one another."

"Very true; but I did not think of that."

"Now for another question. What ought we to do in April, when the showers fall?"

"Why, put up an umbrella, or run under a tree, or into the house."

"You have not given me the right answer now." This is the right answer: we ought to love one another."

"That is just the same as the other."

"Yes, it is. And now for my last question. What ought we to do when May comes with its flowers?"

"Why, love one another, I suppose."

"You are right, Patty. List the month be what it may,—whether the wind blow, the showers fall, and the flowers spring or not, just the same,—every month of the year, and every hour of the day, we ought to keep the commandment of the Saviour, 'Love one another.'—*Guiding Star.*

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A.D. 95 or 96.] LESSON IX. [Nov. 28.

JOHN'S VISION OF CHRIST.

Rev. 1. 1-18. Commit vs. 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore. Rev. 1. 18.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The once crucified Jesus is now the glorious, all-powerful, conquering King of kings.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Rev. 1. 1-20. Tu. Rev. 2. 1-29. W. Rev. 3. 1-22. Th. Matt. 24. 14-42. F. Dan. 7. 1-14. Sa. Isa. 6. 1-13. Su. Rev. 19. 1-16.

TIME.—The Book of Revelation was written probably A. D. 95 or 96.

PLACE.—The island of Patmos, in the Egean Sea, a small, rocky island, 6 or 8 miles long, by 1 broad.

AUTHOR.—St. John the apostle.

THE BOOK OF REVELATION is a prophetic book to comfort the churches in their weakness and persecutions, with the assurance that Jesus was alive, guiding all events, and would triumph in the end, bringing complete redemption to the world.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—Seven churches—Named in ver. 11, but also typical of the whole Church. Asia—The proconsular province, called Asia, in Western Asia Minor. Which is, etc.—The eternal Father. The seven spirits, the Holy Spirit—Called seven as the perfect, and representing his manifold ways of working. 5. First begotten of the dead—First to rise from the dead, and have a resurrection body. 6. Kings—Or a kingdom, all Christians together forming a kingdom; each one being also a king. Priests—To teach, to sacrifice for, to lead to God. 7. Cometh with clouds—Of attendants, or symbols of majesty. Kindreds of the earth—The worldly, in opposition to his kingdom. 8. Alpha and Omega—The first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. He exists from eternity to eternity. 9. Was in Patmos—Banished there by Domitian. 10. In the spirit—In a devotional, exalted ecstatic state of mind. 11. Smyrna, etc.—Cities of Asia, not far from Ephesus. 12. Candlesticks—Lampstands, the churches who hold up before the world the light of Jesus. 13. Clothed—In royal raiment. 14. Hairs white—Typical of wisdom and experience. 15. Feet like brass—To tread down all opposition. 16. Seven stars—The angels, ver. 20; the ministers of the churches. 17. Two-edged sword—His Word. 18. He that liveth—The living one, the eternal, God. 19. And was dead—Became man, and died as man dies.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The Book of Revelation.—The seven churches.—The description of the Trinity.—Christians as kings and priests.—Patmos.—Golden candlesticks.—The seven stars.—The description of Jesus.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who wrote the Book of Revelation? When? Where? What was its purpose? Who revealed it to John? (v. 1.)

SUBJECT: THE DIVINE JESUS, THE HEAD OF THE CHURCH.

I. THE TRIUNE GOD (vs. 4, 5).—To whom did John write? Name these seven churches. (v. 11.) Where are these churches? Was the revelation for them alone? What two things did he ask for the churches? From whom? How is the Father described? The Holy Spirit? Why is he spoken of as the seven spirits? Who is the third person mentioned? Prove from this lesson that he is divine.

II. THE WORK OF JESUS (vs. 5-8).—How many descriptive titles are given to Jesus in these verses? How is he the first begotten from the dead? How is he the prince of the kings of the earth? Meaning of "Alpha and Omega"? How many things has he done for us, mentioned in these verses? How will he come? What is meant by his coming? (Dan. 7. 13, 14; Isa. 60 15-22; Rev. 21. 1-8.) What commitment to the Church in this promise?

III. THE VOICE OF JESUS (vs. 9-11).—What troubles were upon the churches at this time? In what three things was John their companion? What is it to be in the Spirit? What day was called the Lord's day? What did John hear? What did it say?

IV. THE VISION OF JESUS (vs. 12-18).—What is represented by the candlesticks? (v. 20; Matt. 5. 14.) Who appeared among them? What does that represent? Describe the vision of Jesus. What is symbolized by his white hair? (Rom. 11. 38, 34.) By his flaming eyes? (Prov. 15. 3; Heb. 4. 13.) By his feet of burnished brass? (Dan. 4. 35.) By his voice? By the two-edged sword (Heb. 4. 12) What does all this teach us about Jesus, the captain of our salvation? Why does he again declare his divinity? Meaning of v. 18?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. God is presented to us as the triune God, that we may have some understanding of his varied nature and relations to us.

2. Jesus Christ is (1) the witness of God's message to us; (2) the proof that there is resurrection and life for us; (3) the ruler of all earthly forces and powers; (4) our loving friend; (5) our redeemer from sin into the greatest glory.

3. He has made Christians to be kings over all earthly powers; over evil; over heavenly influences, that they may use them for the good of men.

4. Christians are priests, to teach men, to make sacrifices for their good, to pray for them, and lead them to God.

5. With a Saviour like ours, victory is certain in the end, the redemption of the whole world.

6. Christians are light-bearers for Christ, to cause his life and teachings to shine over all the world.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Who wrote the Book of Revelation? ANS. The apostle John, in the Isle of Patmos, about 96 years after Christ. 2. What was the object? ANS. To assure the churches that Jesus is alive, and divine, and among them, and will surely come in his kingdom. 3. What vision was shown to John? ANS. He saw the same Jesus who had loved us and died for us, now in his glory, prepared to triumph over all evil.

A.D. 96.] LESSON X. [Dec. 5.

Rev. 5. 1-14. Commit vs. 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.—Rev. 5. 13.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Every one should join with the angels and the whole creation in worship and praise of him who has redeemed us by his blood, and made us kings and priests unto God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Rev. 4. 1-11. Tu. Rev. 5. 1-14. W. Rev. 6. 1-17. Th. Ezek. 1. 4-28. F. Philip. 2. 1-11. Sa. 2 Cor. 5. 1-19. Su. Eph. 3. 1-21.

TIME, etc.—See last lesson.

INTRODUCTION.—Following our last lesson are two chapters containing the messages of warning and encouragement to the churches. Then, with chapter 4 begins the series of visions; chaps. 4 and 5 are introductory pictures of the glory of the heavenly guardians of the Church, and of their watchful care over her destiny.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—And I saw—See the vision in chap. 4, of which this is a continuation. A book—In the form of a roll; containing the future history of God's people, unfolded in the Revelation. 2. To open the book—To reveal what was written therein, and to bring it to pass, to guide the Church in its conflict to the triumphant end. 4. No man—No human being or angel could know or guide the future. It would take divine wisdom and power. 5. Lion—Typifying courage, strength, victory. Of the tribe of Judah—From whom Jesus sprang. Root of David—Shoot from the stock of David. 6. In the midst of the throne, etc., i.e. between the throne and the living creatures. Four beasts—Living creatures, described in chap. 4. They typify either creation or Providence, or, more probably, the great body of Christians, who have the qualities represented by these living creatures. Elders—Representatives of the churches, leaders. They were 24, as many as the patriarchs for the Old Testament Church, and the apostles for the New, taken together. A Lamb—Signifying Christ, as the atoning sacrifice. Seven horns—Types of power, seven signifying that the power was omnipotent. Seven spirits—The Holy Spirit in his manifold works, sent by Jesus.

8. Golden vials—Bowls or censers. Odours—Incense, type of prayer, only fragrant to God when, like incense, it is burning in the love of the heart. 10. And we shall reign—Or do reign, as in Rev. Ver. Their principles are beginning to rule on earth, and shall yet entirely prevail.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The vision of the opened heaven (chap. 4).—The sealed book.—The Lion of the tribe of Judah.—The four living creatures.—The representation of Jesus in vs. 5 and 6.—The golden vials.—The new song.—The chorus.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What is the subject of the two chapters following our last lesson? In what chapter did the visions of St. John begin? Where is the scene of to-day's lesson laid? (Chap. 4. 1.)

SUBJECT: WORSHIPING GOD AND THE LAMB.

I. A SEEN IN HEAVEN (vs. 1-4).—What had John seen in heaven? (chap. 4.) What was in the hand of him that sat on the throne? What was the form of this book? How was it sealed? What did it represent? What is meant by opening the book? What proclamation was made? Why did John weep?

II. THE ONE TO BE WORSHIPED (vs. 5-7).—Who came forward to open the book? Why was he worthy? Why is he called "the Lion of the tribe of Judah?" Why "the Root of David?" Why a Lamb? Where was he? What did he do? What is represented by the seven horns? By the seven spirits? What idea of Christ do you obtain from this picture?

III. THE WORSHIPPERS (8, 11, 13).—What three classes joined in the worship? What was the form of the four living creatures? (4, 7, 8. Ezek. 1.) Who are represented by them? By the twenty-four elders? How many angels joined in the new song? (v. 11.) Why? (Luke 15. 7, 10.) Who else joined in the song? (v. 13.) How does creation praise God? What was the difference between their song and that of the redeemed ones?

IV. THE WORSHIP (vs. 8, 9, 10, 12, 14).—What instrument of music did the elders have? For what purpose? What were the golden vials? What reverential position did the elders take? Why? What was the new song? Who can sing it? What would seem to be the number of the redeemed? What had Jesus done for them? What did they wish for him? (v. 12.) Who took part in a responsive service? When is singing well pleasing to God? (Eph. 5. 19, 20.) What do you learn from this scene about true worship.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Heaven has great interest in what takes place on earth.

2. It is a great comfort to know that God knows and controls the future.

3. The four living creatures show the qualities that should be in all Christians: patient toil, wise intelligence, kingly power, far-sighted and swift-winged obedience.

4. Prayer like incense is sweet to God when it comes warm from the heart.

5. New mercies demand new songs of praise.

6. All the universe joins in praising God. 7. Worship, as here seen, is from the heart, consists of prayer and praise, is joined in by many, is responsive, is in reverential forms, expresses grateful love, is pleasing to God.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

4. What did John see in heaven? ANS. The sealed book of the future. 5. Who alone could open it? ANS. Jesus, the Lion of the tribe of Judah. 6. Who joined in his praise? ANS. The redeemed, the angels, and all created things. 7. What was their song? ANS. (Repeat the Golden Text)

A MINISTER in a country church in Scotland stepped in the course of his sermon, one day, and thus addressed a member who was somewhat deaf: "Are ye he-ring, John?" "Oh, yer air," was John's prompt reply; "I am he-ring, but to very little purpose." A great many folks, young and old might as well be deaf as to attend church and yet not hear the Word. Those whose hearing is defective are not the only ones who hear to very little purpose.

CHOICE

Library Books

FOR THE YOUNG.

EACH 35 CENTS.

- Friendly Chats with Young Men and Maidens. H. O. Maukoy.
- George's Temptations. By Emma Leslie.
- Jessie's Troubles. By the author of "Under Suspicion," etc.
- Juvenile Smoking. The Prize and other Papers on the Evil Influence of Smoking. By Various Writers.
- Kidnapped; or, Louis Loyd's Adventures in Virginia. A. R. Hope.
- Little Boss; or, The Pure in Heart. By Mary W. Ellis.
- Long Marly; or, "Heart Within and God Overhead." By Miss E. Larter.
- Minnie; or, a Child's Path to Heaven.
- Miss Herbert's Keys; or, Honesty in Little Things. By Mrs. H. B. Paul.
- Miss Irving's Bible. By Sarah Doudney.
- Nuts and Crackers for Christmas.
- Old Oak Farm. By the late Rev. T. T. Haverfield.

EACH 50 CENTS.

- A Life's Motto; or, Clement Markwood's Victory. By W. J. Lacey.
- Ancient Nineveh: A Story for the Young.
- Anthony Rogers; or, Led by a Child. By Mrs. Skinner.
- Bible Pictures for Little People. New Testament. By Uncle Harry. Ninety-six pages, small 4to, with One Illustration and descriptive letter-press on each page; gilt edges.
- Bible Pictures for Little People. By Uncle Harry. Old Testament, Vol. I. Illustration on every Page. (Same as above.) Small 4to, cloth; gilt edges.
- Bible Pictures for Little People. By Uncle Harry. Old Testament, Vol. II. (Same as above.) Small 4to, cloth; gilt edges.
- Child's Own Magazine (The). Vol. 1853. Ditto, Vol. 1855.
- Claude Russell's Sister, and other Stories. By E. C. Kenyon.
- Con's Acre. A Tale of Gillcourt Farm. By Mrs. O. M. Clarke, Author of "Anthony Ker," &c.
- Cousin Dorry; or, Three Measures of Meal. By Mrs. Clarke.
- Drifted into Port: A Story of School Life. By Edwin Hodder.
- Exiles (The) and other Stories.
- Facts and Fancies: A Book of Counsels for the Young. By Cousin William.
- Ferryman's Family; or, Daisy Hope's Fortune. By Emma Leslie.
- Five-Barred Gate: A Story of the Seneca. By Jas. Crowther.
- High and Low; or, Help each Other, and our Little Drum-Major. By Jeannie S. Darrist.
- Infant Zephyr: A Tale of Strolling Life. By Benj. Clarke.
- Life and Work of John Wicliff (The). By Rev. J. Radford Thomson, M.A.
- Miss Blake's Isles. By Fanny Simon.
- Not Worth His Salt; or, Sammy's Service. By Mrs. Clarke.
- Robert Ralston: A History of the Origin of Sunday Schools. By A. Gregory.
- Sam and Tim; or, Pebbles for Polishing. By E. H. Russell.
- Science of Common Talings. By J. A. Bower.
- Vacant Chair (The).
- Walter's Mistake. By Mrs. E. B. Paul.
- Young Missionaries (The) By Mrs. Seamer.

Any of the above Books mailed free on receipt of price.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
78 & 80 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.
C. W. COATES, Montreal Que.
S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.