

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

WELCOME AND SCHOOL

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

Vol. VI.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1888.

[No. 24.]

The Tobacco Vice.

ONE of the incidental evils of tobacco using is its tendency to deaden the finer moral sense, and to make one oblivious to the rights and to the preferences of others. The more attractive aroma of the best tobacco is secured by the smoker himself at the time of his smoking. The more offensive odours from it are puffed out from his mouth and nostrils after he has absorbed the better portions; and vilest of all is the stench of the residuum

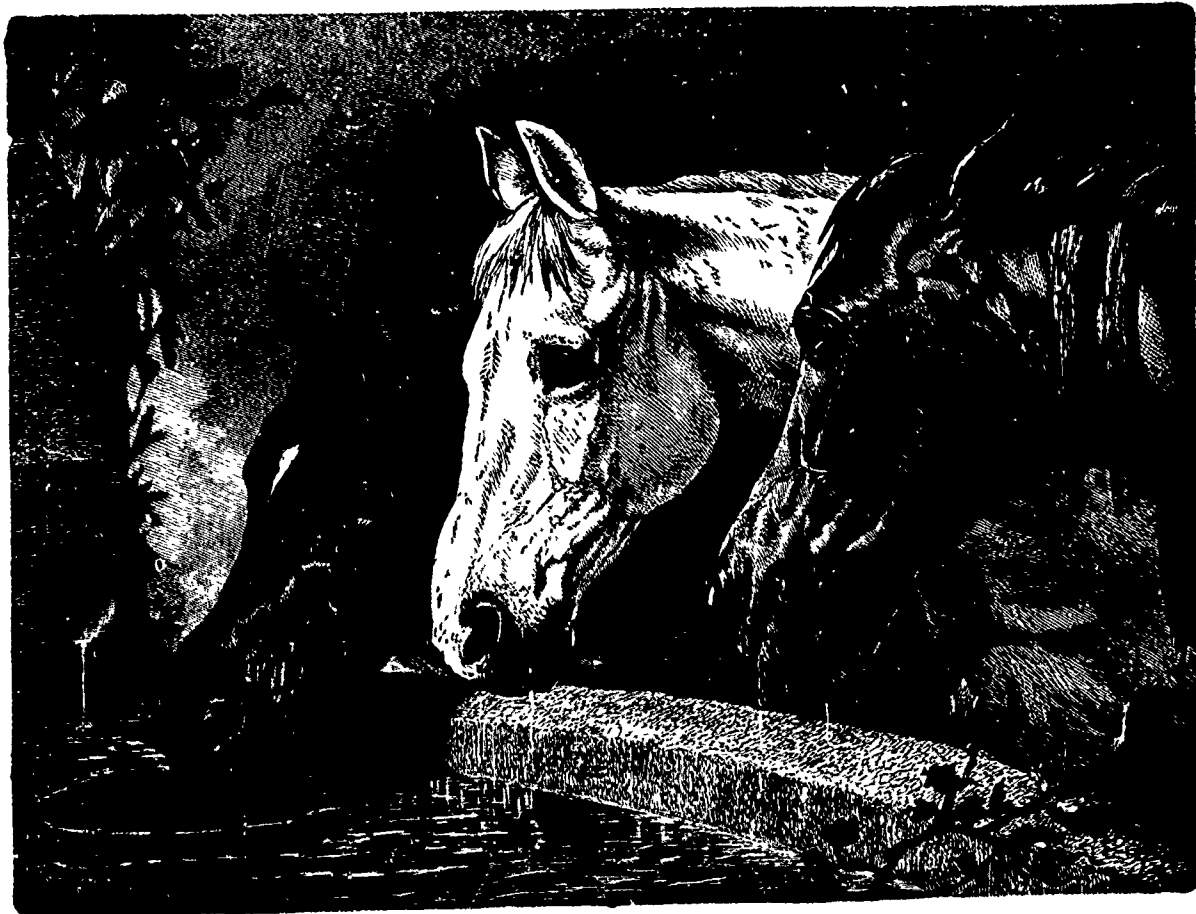
smoke while doing business at those desks. So, also, there are similar notices posted in other places of business frequented by gentlemen. Yet these notices are often disregarded, not wilfully, but through the sodden indifference to the feelings of others which comes of the semi-stupor of the finer senses in tobacco using.

And there is never a day when in the lines of passengers at the ticket-windows, or at the gateways of our principal railway stations, there are

not to be denied; but it is a sore tax on a man—a tax which most smokers are unwilling to submit to.

Live for Something.

THOUSANDS of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? None were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went



THREE MEMBERS OF THE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

which clings to his beard and clothing, or which is left in the hangings of the room where he has been enjoying his tobacco-smoking. Ladies are continually making protests of the disregard of their comfort by smokers on the decks of ocean steamers. Many a steamboat state-room, or a room in a first-class hotel, is found to be almost unbearable for a person whose sense of smell is undefiled, because of the stench of stale tobacco remaining in it.

It has actually become necessary for some of the larger city banks to post a notice at the desks of the paying or receiving tellers, requesting gentlemen to abstain from puffing out their tobacco-

not to be seen those who would resent the idea that they are not gentlemen, puffing tobacco-smoke in the faces of ladies and gentlemen who are unable to protect themselves from this annoyance.

A termagant woman was recently arrested in Philadelphia for throwing dirty water from her window upon some of her inoffensive neighbours. Yet her misdemeanour was less objectionable than that of the man who puffs his offensive tobacco-smoke in the face of an inoffensive neighbour at a railway station, or in a place of business.

That it is possible to retain the habits of a gentleman while in the habit of tobacco using is

out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die? O, man immortal, live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy.

Write your name by kindness, love and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of evening.

Good deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars in heaven.—Dr. Chalmers

Witnesses.

"I AM working alone, and no one heeds!"
Who says so does not know
There are clear eyes watching on every side,
And wherever our feet may go.
We are "compassed about with so great a cloud,"
That if we could only see,
We could never think that our life is small,
Or that we may unnoticed be!

We seem to suffer and bear alone
Life's burdens and all its care;
And the sighs and prayers of the heavy heart
Vanish into the air.
But we do not suffer, or work alone,
And after a victory won,
Who knows how happy the hosts may be
Who whisper a soft "Well done!"

O do not deem that it matters not
How you live your life below;
It matters much to the heedless crowd
That you see go to and fro;
For all that is noble and high and good
Has an influence on the rest.
And the world is better for every one
Who is living at his best!

But even if human eyes see not,
No one is unobserved,
There are censurers deep and pious high
As each may be deserved;
We cannot live in a secret place,
There are watchers always by,
For heaven and earth are full of life,
And God is ever nigh.

O for a life without reproach,
For a heart of earnestness!
For self forgotten, for meanness slain,
For hands well used to bless!
God, raise us far from the little things,
And make us meet to be
Skilled workers here in the place we fill,
And servants unto thee.

—Marianne Farningham.

A Prison Incident.

MRS. EMMA MOLLOY relates the following incident in one of her speeches referring to the relation of intemperance to crime:—

In a recent visit to the Leavenworth, Kansas, prison, during my address on Sabbath morning, I observed a boy, not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, on the front seat, intently eyeing me. The look he gave me was so full of earnest longing it spoke volumes to me. At the close of the service I asked the warden for an interview with him, which was readily granted. As he approached me, his face grew deathly pale. As I grasped his hand, he could not restrain the fast-falling tears. Choking with emotion, he said:—

"I have been in this prison two years, and you are the first person that has called for me—the first woman that has spoken to me."

"How is this, my child?" I asked. "Have you no friends that love you? Where is your mother?"

The great brown eyes, swimming with tears, were slowly lifted to mine as he replied, "My friends are all in Texas. My mother is an invalid; and fearing that the knowledge of my terrible fall would kill her, I have kept my whereabouts a profound secret. For two years I have borne my awful home-sickness in silence, for her sake." And he buried his face in his hands, and heart-sick sobs burst from his trembling frame. It seemed to me I could see a panorama of the days and nights, the long weeks of home-sick longing that had dragged their weary length out over two years.

So I ventured to ask, "How much longer have you to stay?"

"Three years," was the reply, as the fair young head dropped lower, and the frail little hand trembled with suppressed emotion.

"Five years, at your age!" I exclaimed. "How did this happen?"

"Well," he replied, "it's a long story, but I'll make it short. I started from home to try to do something for myself. Coming to Leavenworth, I found a cheap boarding-house, and one night accepted an invitation from one of the young men to go into a drinking-saloon. For the first time in my life I drank a glass of liquor. It fired my brain. There was a confused remembrance of a quarrel. Somebody was stabbed. *The bloody knife was found in my hand.* I was indicted for assault with intent to kill."

Five years for the thoughtless acceptance of a glass of liquor is surely illustrating the Scripture truth, that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

I was holding the cold, trembling hand that had crept into mine. He earnestly tightened his grasp, and imploringly he said, "Oh, Mrs. Molloy, I want to ask a favour of you."

At once I thought he was going to ask me to help obtain a pardon, and in an instant I measured the weight of public reproach that rests upon the victims of its legalized drink traffic. It is all right to legalize a man to craze the brains of our boys, but not by any means wise to ask that the state pardon its victim. Interpreting my thoughts, he said:

"I am not going to ask you to get me a pardon, but I want you to write to my mother, and get a letter from her and send it to me. Don't for the world tell her where I am. Better not tell her anything about me. Just get a line from her, so I can look upon it. Oh, I am so home-sick for my mother!"

The head of the boy dropped into my lap with a wailing sob. I laid my hand upon his head. I thought of my own boy, and for a few moments was silent, and let the outburst of sorrow have vent.

Presently I said, "Murray, if I were your mother, and the odour of a thousand prisons was upon you, still you would be my boy. Is it right to keep that mother in suspense? Do you suppose there has ever been a day or night that she has not prayed for her wandering boy? No, Murray, I will only consent to write to your mother on consideration that you will permit me to write the whole truth, just as one mother can write it to another."

After some argument, his consent was finally obtained, and a letter was hastily penned and sent on its way. A week or so elapsed, when the following letter was received from Texas:

"Dear Sister in Christ,—Your letter was this day received, and I hasten to thank you for your words of tender sympathy, and for tidings of my boy—the first word we have had in two years. When Murray left home, we thought it would not be for long. The months have rolled on—the family have given him up for dead; but I felt sure God would give me back my boy. As I write from the couch of an invalid, my husband is in W—, nursing another son, who is lying at the gates of death with typhoid fever. I could not wait his return to write to Murray. I wrote and told him, if I could, how quickly I would go and pillow his head upon my breast, just as I did when he was a little child. My poor dear boy—so generous, so kind, and loving! What can he have done to deserve this punishment? You do not mention his crime, but say it was committed while under the influence of drink.

"I did not know he even tasted liquor. We have raised six boys, and I have never known one of them to be under the influence of drink. Oh! is there no place in this nation that is safe when our boys have left the home-fold? O God! my

sorrow is greater than I can bear. I cannot go to him; but, sister, I pray you talk to him, and comfort him, as you would have some mother talk to your boy were he in his place. Tell him that, when he is released, his place in the old home-nest, and in mother's heart, is waiting for him."

Then followed loving mother words for Murray, in addition to those written. As I wept bitter tears over the words so full of heart-break, I asked myself the question, "How long will this nation continue this covenant with death, and league with hell, to rob us of our boys?"—*Inter-Ocean*

Bad Habits Have Strong Roots.

AN old monk was once taking a walk through a forest, with a scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped, and pointed to four plants that were close at hand. The first was just beginning to peep above the ground, the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth, the third was a small shrub, while the fourth and last was a full-sized tree. Then the monk said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The boy easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull up the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And now the third."

The boy had to put forth all his strength, and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the monk, "try your hand upon the fourth."

But, lo! the trunk of the tall tree, grasped in the arms of the youth, scarcely shook its leaves, and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth. Then the wise old man explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our bad habits and passions. When they are young and weak, one may, by a little watchfulness over self, easily tear them up; but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them—the almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out. For this reason, my child, watch your first impulses."

His Recipe.

THE old adage, "Hunger makes the best sauce," was amusingly illustrated, some years ago, at a dinner-party in Philadelphia, given by Commodore Bainbridge. Among the guests was Silas Dinsmoor, who had been United States Agent among the Cherokee Indians.

The conversation drifted upon the merits of the different brands of ham, and Mr. Dinsmoor remarked, "I do not think the quality of a ham depends so much on the brand as on the cooking."

"Well, sir, be good enough to give us a recipe for cooking a ham," said Mrs. Bainbridge, a lady famous for her culinary skill.

"Take a ham of any of the approved brands," said the guest, bowing to the hostess, "wash it clean, put it in a pot and cover with cold water, place it over the fire, and bring it nearly to the boiling-point: keep it there until thoroughly tender, and let it boil rapidly a few minutes. Then take it off the fire, wrap it in a coarse cloth, place it in a knapsack, bind the knapsack upon your shoulder, then march twenty-five miles through the woods, taking a bee-line over logs and brush-piles, and you will find the ham possessed of a most exquisite flavour."

There was silence for a moment after the guest had given his recipe. Then there was a burst of laughter, as all saw what it was that gave the ham its appetizing flavour.

Moses on Pisgah.

By the Rev. THOMAS MCCULLOUGH, Ex President of the Wesleyan Conference, 1883-4.

WITH bold and tireless footstep, by precipice and scar,
He climbed the steeps of Abarim and Nebo's range afar;
Till the gray crest of Pisgah the grand old prophet bore,
His heart as warm, as strong his arm, as a hundred years before.

His eagle eye as piercing as when, in youthful days,
O'er the strange old lore of Egypt it burned with ardent blaze;

And to that eye of lightning God showed the promised land
In all its worth, from north to south, from east to utmost strand.

Lebanon, goodly mountain, the old man joyed to view,
And Bashan, too, with its oak-wreathed crown, and Carmel's fading blue,
And Gilead and Tabor, and Olivet in green,
And Zion's hill with rapture's thrill and Calvary were seen.

All pleasant were the valleys o'er which his vision rolled—
Achor, with all its lowing herds, and Sharon's verdant fold;
Jezreel showed its vineyards, Jehoshaphat its stream,
And Eschol's vale and Shaveh's dale looked like a prophet's dream.

The land of brooks and fountains lay under the seer's glance;

He saw the Arnon gambol, he saw the Jabbok dance;
The ancient river Kishon swept on in wrathful force,
And the Kedron wild, like a playing child, laughed in its flowery course.

The Dead Sea and Gennesareth, like gems on a stately queen,
Were joined on Canaan's royal robe by Jordan's pearly stream;
And the mantle green of the beauteous queen with many a jewel beamed,
And the distant rills amongst the hills like threads of silver seemed.

Oh! who can tell the rapture that fired the prophet's breast,
As afar he saw where the oath was sworn that his forefathers blest;

Old Mamre's plain and Sychem Bethel, by angels trod,
And Gerar, too, where the promise true was ratified by God!

But, alas! the princely quarry which Death pursued so long,
Upon the brow of Nebo is struck by the archer strong;
The eagle eye grows strangely dim, the beauteous landscapes fade,
And a funeral band of angels stand around the kingly dead.

He might not cross the Jordan, nor sleep in the goodly land,
But the "better country" welcomes him to its glorious prophet band;
Not cedar trees, but trees of life forever flourish there;
Not Jordan's rush, but rivers gush with living water clear.

Thus oft the God of Moses with sorrow bows the head,
For which he gems a crown of life to give the faithful dead;

Thus oft refuses earthly bliss while higher bliss is given,
Denies us health, denies us wealth, but bids us enter heaven.

The Little High-Chair.

THERE was an auction at one of the salerooms recently. A pale, sad-faced woman, in a plain, calico gown, stood in the crowd. The loud-voiced auctioneer finally came to a lot of plain and somewhat worn furniture. It had belonged to the pale woman, and was being sold to satisfy the pledge on it.

One by one the articles were sold—the old bureau to one, the easy rocker to another, and the bedstead to a third. Finally, the auctioneer hauled out a child's high-chair. It was old and rickety, and as the auctioneer held it up everybody laughed—everybody excepting the pale-faced woman. A tear trickled down her cheek.

The auctioneer saw it, and somehow a lump seemed to come up in his throat, and his gruff voice grew soft.

He remembered a little high chair at home, and how it had once filled his life with sunshine. It was empty now. The baby laugh, the two little hands that were once held out to greet "papa" from that high-chair were gone forever.

He saw the pale-faced woman's piteous looks, and knew what it meant—knew that in her eye the little rickety high-chair was more precious than if it had been made of gold and studded with diamonds.

In imagination he could see the little dimpled cherub which it once held; could see the chubby little fist grasping the tin rattle-box, and pounding the chair full of nicks; could see the little feet which had rubbed the paint off the legs; could hear the crowing and laughing in glee, and now—the little high-chair was empty! He knew there was an aching void in the pale-faced woman's heart—there was in his own.

"Don't laugh!" said the auctioneer softly, as somebody facetiously offered sixpence, "many of you have little empty high-chairs at home which money would not tempt you to part with."

Then he handed the clerk some silver out of his own pocket, and remarked, "Sold to the lady over there;" and as the pale-faced woman walked out, with the little high-chair clasped in her arms, and tears streaming down her cheeks, the crowd stood back respectfully, and there was a suspicious moisture in the eyes of the man who had bid sixpence. —*Detroit Free Press.*

An Indian Funeral.

BY W. P. M'HAFFIE.

ON Saturday, while busy with my preparations for the coming Sabbath, I was aroused by a tap at the door. On answering, I was met by an Indian, who informed me that an Indian woman, who lived across the river, wanted me to go and baptize her dying child. A few minutes later I wended my way toward the humble dwelling, and found an infant, a week old, which seemed and proved to be in the last few hours of its life. The little lamb was duly dedicated to God, and given the name of "Henghie." A little later the Lord accepted the gift, and carried the lamb to his bosom.

On Sunday morning I was informed that the parents wished to have their child buried that day. Accordingly, at the close of the afternoon service, the funeral took place. A large number of the congregation went over in boats to the house, the others remaining at the church. After a short service of prayer, praise, and a few words of comfort to the parents, a woman approached the little coffin, which was made of lumber, neatly planed, covered with white cotton and trimmed with black, a neat black cross occupying the place of a coffin-plate. Taking it in her strong arms, she carried it to the bedside of the mother. The poor mother moaned, and kissed her child again and again. Her devoted husband, with her hand in his—the tears streaming down his face—did his best to comfort her.

The coffin was carried back to its place by the same hands, and a kiss impressed upon the little sleeper as she laid it down. This was the sign for all; and one after another—women, strong men, maidens, young men, and children—came silently forward, kissed the little icy face, and just as silently returned to their places. It was a most affecting scene, and my heart was melted within me as I gazed upon it. The lid was now fastened down, a strong man took it in his arms, and we moved silently down to the river.

As the boats started out for the other shore, the words of Wesley's hymn came vividly to my mind:

"One army of the living
To his commands we bow;
Part of his host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."

The church bell which commenced tolling as we left the house, tolled on until we entered the church-yard, and there, amid the solemn words, "dust to dust, ashes to ashes" we laid the little form away, to await the general resurrection at the last day, when the great Judge Eternal will not ask the question: Who slept in the fashionable city cemetery, or who in the burying ground of an Indian reserve.

"Ask, and Ye Shall Receive."

H. E. O.

THIS is a promise just suited to a child's needs. This I took to my Heavenly Father; and having asked forgiveness, trusting on that word, I said: "I believe he does pardon all my sins." At once my mind felt relief at this little step of faith. But I kept on seeking to *know* his love.

One evening, as I was watching by the cradle, and thinking of these things, I was tempted. Procrastination said to me, "You are too young: wait till you are older and wiser." But soon after, something led me to go up stairs, and on the way I met my brother, who was older than I, and had been converted a year before. He asked if I had been blessed yet? I soon told him all my fears. "Come, and I will pray for you," said he.

We came down, went into a room, and, kneeling by a little box, he prayed. But my heart felt hard. "Don't you love Jesus?" he now asked. I could only answer, "No."

"Supposing," he said, "you owed a large sum of money that you could never pay; but a rich friend came and offered to pay all your debt, how would you think of that friend? Would you not love him?" All at once the light of Jesus' love filled my soul. I knew my sins were forgiven. To my brother I said, "I see it now." And leaving him, ran up to my room to be alone with him whom I had just found.

As I tried to thank him for his love, he put into my mouth this new song: "O Lord, I will praise thee: though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortest me." Isa. xii. 1.

Dear young friends, be in earnest. Seek the Saviour until you find him.

Now, with a full trust, I find not only peace, but rest in Jesus.

An Ocean Masquerade.

ALTOGETHER, you can hardly help fancying that the sea-slug has dressed himself up in the sea-weed's clothes, and is playing a sort of masquerade.

But the sea-slug has been disguised as a plant for a good reason. For the sea is full of hungry fishes, always roving about on the lookout for just such a tidbit as a sea-slug. The sea slug, therefore, has been coloured and shaped like the sea weed it lives on, in order that, when some sharp-eyed fish comes swimming along, he may never dream so tempting a morsel to be near. I suppose he looks at it and turns up his nose, saying to himself, "Pooh, that's nothing but an old sea-weed!" and off he goes, while our sea-slug, no doubt, laughs in its sleeve, and says, "Sea-weed, indeed!"

This wonderful resemblance is an example of what naturalists call "Protective Resemblance," which in this case is so perfect as to merit the name of "Mimicry," because, you see, the animal *mimics* the plant, and is thus *protected* from its enemies.—*St. Nicholas.*

In the Heart of the Woods.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

SOON beautiful things in the heart of the woods !
Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss ;
Such love of the birds, in the solitudes,
Where the swift wings glance, and the tree-tops toss ;
Spaces of silence, swept with song,
Which nobody hears but the God above ;
Spaces where myriad creatures throng,
Sunning themselves in his guarding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,
Far from the city's dust and din,
Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,
Nor fashion nor folly has entered in.
Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone,
Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink ;
And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn,
To peep at herself o'er the grassy brink.

Such pledge of love in the heart of the woods !
For the Maker of all things keeps the least,
And over the tiny floweret broods,
With care that for ages has never ceased.
If he care for this, will he not for thee,—
Thee, wherever thou art to-day ?
Child of an infinite Father, see ;
And safe in such gentlest keeping stay.

OUR S. S. PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 50 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Westman, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 80
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16pp. 8vo	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen ; \$2 per 100 ; per quarter, 6c. a doz. ; 50c. per 100	
Home and School, 8 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 Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upward	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

Address: **WILLIAM BRIGGS,**
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATNE, **S. F. HURSTIS,**
3 Bloury Street, Wesleyan Book Room.
Montreal. Halifax, N.S.

Home and School.

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1888.

Christ Alive.

THE first Sunday I ever spent in England was at Walthamstow, a few miles north of London. The good minister in whose house I was to pass the Sabbath was called out of the room on the Saturday evening, to see some one, and left me to amuse myself with books and magazines for half an hour. When he returned he excused himself for leaving me so long, saying I would forgive him when he told me all about it. It seemed a gentleman in the neighbourhood had been in Italy a few years before, and brought back with him an Italian body-servant. This man had duties to attend to on Sunday mornings, but was always present at public worship in the afternoons. "You will have him in your congregation to-morrow afternoon," said my friend ; for I was to take his place in the afternoon, while he should go out to preach under one of the few trees now remaining in Epping Forest to the throngs of Sabbath-idlers who came down from London.

The Italian had been thoughtful, and had finally begun to indulge a hope in Christ Jesus. He had come to the minister on that Saturday night, and in his broken English told him his tale.

"In my countree," said he, "in my Italie, the priests always show us Jesus dying ; Jesus on the cross ; Jesus in the grave. You show me Jesus alive ; Jesus in the love me ; Jesus think of me ; Jesus in heaven. And I love Jesus, and I thought I would come and tell you I love that Jesus who is alive."

It is even so. While our sins are atoned for by his sufferings and death, let us remember that Christ's death is always connected with his resurrection ; the pledge of our rising from the grave ; the evidence of the Father's acceptance of his substitution. He lives that he may love us, and we need, as the Italian did, a living Christ, to love us and think of us and reign over us.—*W. Wye Smith.*

Methodist Missions.

THE annual report of the Missionary Society of the Methodist church just issued shows that the total income for the year amounts to \$219,480, being an increase of \$19,278 06 over the previous year. There has been an aggregate gain of 10,000 in the membership of the Church during the year. In the last fifteen years the income of the society has risen from \$108,000 to \$220,000. The report says that in Victoria, B.C., difficulties of various kinds have been encountered, but most of these have been overcome, and it is believed the mission is on the highway of success. There is "a marked improvement in the moral tone of Chinatown."

The Angler.

THIS extraordinary-looking fish makes his living by lying at the bottom of the water and angling for his prey. He has something that looks very like an artificial bait dangling just above his mouth, and when some curious but unwary creature proceeds to investigate what it is, he very suddenly finds out, but not quite to his satisfaction. Thus Satan angles for souls with tempting baits of pleasurable sin ; but the sinful indulgence brings with it a terrible retribution.

Having Christ.

I HAVE read a very beautiful story about a poor heathen woman out in India, who was converted, and became a Christian. I do not know for how long she served the Lord Jesus, but at last the call came for her to go.

As she lay on her death-bed a friend came to see her. He asked her how she felt, and she answered, in a faint voice, "Happy! Happy!"

Stretching out her thin hand, she laid it first upon the Bible lying next to her, saying, "I have Christ here," then touching her heart, "And I have Christ here," and lastly, pointing upwards, "I have Christ there!"

Dear children, what a happy death! This poor woman had Christ. Let me ask, "Is this true of you?"

It is in the first instance, for you have Christ in the Bible, as she had. But have you got him in your heart? Oh! stop and think before you answer this question, because, if you have not, you cannot have him in heaven.

Is there any real love to the Lord Jesus in your heart? Are you trying every day to please him in all you say and in all you do? Are you trusting in him as your own Saviour?

If you feel you cannot say "Yes" to these questions now, do not rest until you can. Then you, too, will be able to point up, and say, "I have Christ there."—*Selected.*



THE ANGLER.

How to Read the Bible.

REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

You cannot be holy, my young friends, unless you in secret live upon the blessed Word of God, and you will not live on it unless it comes to you as the sacred word of his mouth. It is very sweet to get a letter from home when you are far away. It is like a bunch of fresh flowers in winter-time. A letter from the dear one at home is as music heard over the water ; but half-a-dozen words from that dear mouth are better than a score of pages of manuscript, for there is a sweetness about the look and tone which paper cannot carry.

Now, I want you to get the Bible to be not a book only, but a speaking trumpet, through which God speaks from afar to you, so that you may catch the very tones of his voice. You must read the Word of God to this end ; for it is while reading, meditating, and studying, and seeking to dip yourself into its spirit, that it seems suddenly to change from a written book into a talking book or phonograph. It whispers to you or thunders at you as though God had hidden himself among its leaves, and spoke to your condition—as though Jesus, who feedeth among the lilies, had made the chapter to be lily-beds, and had come to feed there. Ask Jesus to cause his word to come fresh from his own mouth to your soul ; and if it be so, and you thus live in daily communion with a personal Christ, you will make good speed in your pilgrim way to the eternal city.

Ways of Working.

THE Metropolitan Sunday-school, Toronto, distributes a nicely printed card, like the following, with the order of service printed on the back. It works well:—

METROPOLITAN BIBLE CLASSES.

Our Motto—I expect to pass through this world but once. Any good thing therefore that I can do, or any kindness that I can show, or any word that I can speak for the good of others, let me do it now ; let me not neglect nor defer it, for I shall not pass this way again.

The fields are ripe unto harvest. Will you not help us in the reaping?

- Our Aim*—God's Glory.
- Our King*—Christ the Lord.
- Our Hope*—Eternal life.

God denies a Christian nothing but with a design to give him something better.



LOST IN THE SNOW.

Lost in the Snow.

THIS picture tells its own story. The little shepherd laddie, such as they have to watch the flocks in Scotland, has become benumbed and lost in a sudden snowstorm. So he huddles with the sheep in the snow, and, let us hope, will be found safe when the morning comes, though he seems ill-prepared to endure a night's exposure on the bleak hill-side. May he who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb protect this poor boy.

Anniversary of the General Conference Missionary Society at Winnipeg.

THE Rev. Dr. Williams occupied the chair. After an anthem by the choir, J. J. Maclaren, LL.D., Q.C., of Toronto, in a spirited manner addressed the audience in reference to the necessity of a more vigorous gospel and educational work being done among the French-Canadians. The Rev. J. G. Bond, B.A., President of the Newfoundland Conference, gave a lucid account of the geography, scenery and physical formation of the Island of Newfoundland. Passing from this, he stated that the Island was the first mission ground of Methodism; and the first subscription to the Methodist Missionary Society outside of England and Wales was from the city of St. John's. The fishermen were liberal for their means, but they were very poor, and needed additional help from the Missionary Society. Dr. Allison, LL.D., Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia, was delighted to visit Manitoba, where he saw vast opportunities for usefulness. In his own province Methodism under God had accomplished a glorious work; but a far greater work would be done when the Church was fully alive to its blessed opportunities and great responsibilities.

The Rev. W. Briggs, D.D., was introduced by the Chairman as the "silver-tongued orator" from Toronto, and his speech fully justified the announcement. It was full of facts, enlivened and enforced by striking illustrations, and delivered with a

glowing fervour which enthused the entire audience. As the hour was late, the Rev. James Woodsworth, Superintendent of Missions in Manitoba and the North-West, spoke but a few words. The last speaker of the evening was the General Secretary, Dr. Sutherland, who in a masterly manner reviewed the entire field of missionary operations in charge of the Society. He pointed out the good work done by Domestic Missions in every province, and the obligations the State was under to the pioneer missionaries among the Indians who had done a work for the country which the politicians could never do. He emphasized the necessity for greater attention to the French Work, by strengthening our present positions and opening up new lines of operation. He pictured the heathenism, poverty, ignorance, superstition and cruelty which once prevailed among the Indians, of which, on many missions, not a vestige was now left. The Church needed many things to aid her in an onward movement

for Christ. Apathy and worldliness must be conquered at home, and then, instead of the income of the Society being \$220,000, we could reach up to the cent a day from each member of the Church, and a cent per week from each Sunday-school scholar, which would create a missionary revenue of more than three-quarters of a million of dollars. For this an advance should be made all along the line, and the forces of the Church centered upon the solid domain of heathenism. The collection was then taken up, and one of the best missionary meetings we were ever privileged to attend was brought to a close by the Rev. Principal King pronouncing the benediction.

Three Things to Avoid.

THERE are three things which boys, and girls, too, who wish to grow up good and noble men and women, must always avoid—but especially the boys, as these are not the sins which usually beset the paths of girls. Sometimes, indeed, we hear of women who are so lost to all good that they are guilty of all three; but, thank God! not often.

The first thing and worst thing you may easily guess. It is whisky.

O boys, I want you all to make a resolution now, while you are so young, never to use, buy, sell, make, give, or take that terrible thing called strong drink! Include the whole class—wine, cider, beer, whisky, brandy, rum, gin, alcohol—anything and everything which can intoxicate. They never bring good, but always do harm. The best physicians say that even where they are used in sickness, the patient would be better off without them, and that no life has ever been prolonged by their use.

The next thing to avoid is that nasty, filthy thing called tobacco. Oh, how much money, time, health, honesty, morality and happiness have been sacrificed to that terrible old tobacco worm!

O boys! as you hope to be men, don't chew it! Neither chew it, nor snuff it, nor smoke it in pipes, cigars, or those little evil things called cigarettes,

which lead as surely to the greater wrong, as a shadow follows a substance. Don't use tobacco in any form, at any time, in any place, and you will be better and happier for it.

The third thing to avoid is profanity. Oh, if God should take swearers at their word, when they call upon him so impiously, what a fearful fate would be theirs! Dear boys, don't open your lips to curse and swear. There is nothing manly or good about it. Keep your lips and your lives pure, and the world will be better because of you.

Home Calls.

WHEN the work-day hours are closing,
And the evening twilight falls,
How the homes throughout the city
Send forth their loving calls!

Calls so low, you may not hear them,
But how many hear and smile!
And tired hand and heads so weary
Are forgotten for the while.

The dear home sounds ring sweetly
In the ears of toiling men,
And, for love of wife and children,
They seek their homes again.

So I sit in a brooding twilight,
And watch as they homeward go,
With glad steps hurrying onward
To the hearths that love them so.

And I long to cry out to them:
"O, guard the home-love well;
Be tender and true to your dear ones—
How long yours, none can tell!"

For I know there is one among them
Whose heart in sadness roams,
Who hears no call in the twilight,
Save the call to the Home of homes.

Plucky College Girls.

A RECENT writer on college girls tells an interesting story of the trials and difficulties of five plucky young women, who had little money, but plenty of pluck and determination to get an education.

"A large-eyed brunette," says the writer, "not sturdy, but fragile-looking, graduated from Boston University, a few years ago, by finding a situation as waitress in a restaurant, wearing the white apron during the rush-hours at morning and night, and in vacation season the day through.

One group of four girls—two from Boston University and two at the Harvard annex—engaged two adjoining rooms in a quiet house in Boston, and boarded themselves on an average of \$3.70 per week. Their rooms cost \$5, or \$1.25 each. They took breakfast at a small restaurant, where oatmeal and steak cost 20 cents. They ate an apple and a slice of bread for lunch; and at night they pooled resources, spreading napkins on the top of a trunk, and feasting on bread and milk, or bread and a taste of canned meats. Once a neighbour surreptitiously inserted six glasses of jelly in the bureau drawer, which served as commissary department, and then they dined royally for days. The food cost them each 35 cents per day, and not one of them suffered in health by the experiment. Their expenses for clothing were no greater in proportion. One member of the quartette possessed a single gown—a well-worn black casimere. Being invited to a professor's reception one evening, she remained away from a day's recitations, while she sat in a cloak and petticoat, cleaning and pressing and freshening with ribbons her only apparel. At night she enjoyed herself quite as thoroughly as the rest of the company."

Girls Who Are in Demand.

BY SOLOMON SLAY.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—
Cool from the heart to the lips;
Pure as the lily is white and pure,
From its heart to its sweet leaf tips.
The girls that are wanted are home girls—
Girls that are mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust to,
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearthstone,
And pleasant when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folks,
Ready and anxious to please.
The girls that are wanted are wise girls,
That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile and a soft word
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are girls of sense,
Whom fashion can never deceive;
Who can follow whatever is pretty,
And dare what is silly to leave.
The girls that are wanted are careful girls,
Who count what a thing will cost,
Who use with a prudent, generous hand,
But see that nothing is lost.

The girls that are wanted are girls with hearts;
They are wanted for mothers and wives;
Wanted to cradle in loving arms
The strongest and frailest lives.
The clever, the witty, the brilliant girl,
There are few who can understand;
But oh! for the wise, loving home girls,
There's a constant, steady demand.

Towed by a Whale.

BY EDMUND COLLINS.

THE story which I am going to relate is true, and it has often been told to me by one of the lads with whom the recital deals.

Some years ago the whale was hunted by dwellers on the Newfoundland coast, and the weapons taken against the mighty beast was the harpoon, or the "slow match." Upon the western part of Newfoundland, several fishermen had banded together, and provided themselves with a pair of sturdy whale-boats, and all the necessary hunting gear.

Each boat carried twelve rowers, a helmsman, and a harpooner. When there was a favouring wind the broad sails were hoisted.

One Sunday morning, while the whaler fishermen lay sleeping in their tilts, two lads—aged seventeen and eighteen—got into one of the whale-boats, hoisted sail, and steered toward a cape that loomed vaguely six miles distant. Having passed the cape, and while "lying" alongside the shore, they espied three grampuses, or rorqual whales, spouting in a bight about a half-mile distant in their course. As they drew near, they observed that the whales were fishing in the bight, for each beast rose within fifty or sixty fathoms of where he had gone down.

The boat was very close to the monster trio, and the opportunity was one that would have made the heart of a whaler thrill.

"Why, there would be no trouble in getting a throw at one of them," the eldest lad remarked. "Here, I'll have a trial, anyway. Steer for that piece of plank—the big fellow will rise not far from that."

"But suppose you strike him. What then?"

"Why, if he runs before the wind, I do not see why we can't hang on. If he doesn't, there is no harm done, for we can let him go."

Fixing himself in the bow, he seized his harpoon. To this weapon was fastened about three hundred fathoms of light rope, and this was so arranged that it might be let out or drawn in as the manœuvring of the grampus might require.

He was barely settled when the whale arose, not

more than twenty feet distant, his great jaws wide open. The boys instantly saw that he was an old veteran, for his sides were patched with barnacles, like the bottom of a soggy ship. As the boat balanced himself to descend again, the harpoon left Martin's hand with a whistling sound, and lodged with a faint quiver in the side of the whale.

Martin's shot surprised himself, and he held his hands out for many seconds in the posture which they had assumed when the harpoon left them.

"Where will he rise?" anxiously inquired the other boy.

"It is hard to say. The pain will make his movements irregular."

Meanwhile the cord went out so rapidly the cog sang, and the boys began to look anxiously at the diminishing coil. The whale soon arose, and not far from the boat; then, turning his head before the wind, he launched himself with a desperate lunge under the water. The line now began to move out more slowly, and while plenty of spare line remained, there was a chance of the monster's drowning. What, they both thought, if they should actually capture a whale!

For three weeks all the fishermen had caught but two. Then the whale arose, some distance ahead, and plunged again under water. But in going down this time he headed across the wind. This troubled the boys; for about three-quarters of a mile beyond lay an ice-floe, which had drifted hither with the southern tides. Once again the line, in its outward going, began to sing; and before the rorqual rose again not more than a dozen fathoms remained.

"We shall have to cut it," the elder one said.

Then the whale arose, showing no sign of exhaustion. The sun was now disappearing below the sky-and-water line in the west, and ugly clouds brooded low. Night would speedily wrap the sea, and they were many a league from home in this open boat. Again the prey dived, and this time directly for the ice, which was now not a quarter of a mile distant.

There was only one course for the boys, and that to cut the rope. But there was no knife, or axe, or thing capable of severing it; and when Martin sought to untie it he found—as indeed he had known—that the end was fastened through an auger-hole in the keel three feet under water! The cord was now tight, and the whale was still heading vigorously toward the ice. To add to the terror of the situation, the wind began to rise, and the adventurers saw that the cubes and pans of ice began to toss wildly with the rising sea.

"Merciful heaven, what is to become of us!"

These were the words that could be seen upon the mute, bleached lips. The suddenness of night-fall on this coast might be described by Coleridge's lines:

"The sun dropped down, the stars rushed out—
At one stride came the dark."

And before the whale rose again the hapless boys could only see the foaming water and the ghastly face of the ice-field spread before them. They did not speak, but sat there, unheeding tiller or sail, waiting for whatever *must* happen.

Presently they were in the midst of roaring water and rumbling ice, expecting each instant that the ribs and planks of their boat would be crushed; but she withstood the pounding—how they could not say—and each minute was forced farther into the ice. Martin caught the line with a gaff, and found that it suddenly grew slack; nay, in a little, he drew fifty fathoms of it on board. Thereafter it sometimes became slack, and was again drawn out; and while the fish was so moving, the boys were working with all their

might to get the boat farther into the floe, because here was little or no commotion. The wind roared, the ocean thundered against the ice, and the spray drove over them in a continuous shower.

But they were safe from the tempest, and spreading several skins that they had brought away in the bottom of the boat, they coiled themselves up and went to sleep as if they were moored in the safest haven on the continent. When they awoke, the sun was rising and the sea was calm. What was that which they saw floating, "long and large," at the edge of the floe? It was the whale, dead, with the harpoon clinging remorselessly in his side!

The wind freshened from an opposite point, the ice opened, and the wanderers sailed home, wing and wing with their magnificent prize in tow. Judge the wonder and the joy of the fishermen, of their mothers and sisters, as they rounded Shell Drake Point, and luffed up at the tilts!—*Our Youth.*

The Pint of Ale.

A MANCHESTER (England) calico printer was, on his wedding-day, asked by his wife to allow her two half-pints of ale a day, as her share of extra comforts. He made the bargain, but not cheerfully; for though a drinker himself—fancying, no doubt, that he could not well do without—he would have preferred a perfectly sober wife. They both worked hard. John loved his wife, but he could not break away from his old associations at the ale-house; and when not in the factory or at his meals, he was with his boon companions. His wife made the small allowance meet her house-keeping expenses, keeping her cottage neat and tidy. He could not complain that she insisted upon her daily pint of ale, while he, very likely, drank two or three quarts.

They had been married a year, and the morning of their wedding anniversary John looked with real pride upon the neat and comely person of his wife; and, with a touch of remorse in his look and tone, he said:

"Mary, we've had no holiday since we were wed, and only that I haven't a penny in the world, we'd take a jaunt to the village, and see the mother."

"Would thee like to go, John?" she asked.

There was a tear with her smile, for it touched her heart to hear him speak tenderly, as in the old times.

"If thee'd like to go, John, I'll stand treat."

"Thou stand treat, Mary! Has got a fortin' left thee?"

"Nay, but I've got the pint of ale," said she.

"Got what, wife?"

"The pint of ale," she repeated.

Thereupon she went to the hearth, and from beneath one of the stone flags drew forth a stocking, from which she poured upon the table the sum of three hundred and sixty-five threepences (£22.81), exclaiming:

"See, John, thee can have the holiday."

"What is this?" he asked, in amaze.

"It is my daily pint of ale, John."

He was conscience-stricken, as well as amazed and charmed.

"Mary, hasn't thee had thy share? Then I'll have no more from this day."

And he was as good as his word. They had their holiday with the old mother; and Mary's little capital, saved from the "pint of ale," was the seed from which, as the years rolled on, grew shop, factory, warehouse, country-seat and carriage, with health, happiness, peace and honour.—*Presbyterian.*

MOTHER (reading): "France uses peat for fuel." Bobby (interrupting): "What did they burn him for, mamma?" "Burn whom?" "Why, Peta."

Pansy-Lore.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

WILL you list to the secret the pansies told,
As I peered to-day in their faces sweet?
Freckled and flecked with the sunbeams' gold,
They trooped in their lustre the morn to greet.

And some were rich in a gala dress
Of velvet that never a loom could weave,
And some in their delicate loveliness
Had borrowed the 'ints of a summer eve.

They nodded and laughed like captive elves
Caught in the toils of a magic flower,
For nothing one-half so droll as themselves
Had donned a mask in the garden's bower.

Yet this is the secret they told to me,
Shedding their dainty fragrance round,
Till, I give you my word, I seemed to be
Kneeling to worship on holy ground:

"Take all you want, and gather and choose,"
The generous pansy people said;
"Loving and giving, we gain to lose,
By loving and giving our life is fed.

"The more to-day that your fingers pick,
The more to-morrow will meet your gaze;
Loving and giving, we'll cluster thick
To the crystal rim of the autumn days."

I think the secret too sweet to keep,
I tell it to you, dear little heart!
Into the pansy faces peep,
And beg a share in their blissful art."

Manitoba Methodism.

TWENTY years ago, the Rev. Dr. George Young first planted the standard of Methodism in the Red River Valley. Dr. Young gives interesting reminiscences of his arrival at Winnipeg, July 4, 1868, after a month's driving across the prairies; of the difficulty of securing accommodation; of storms and mud; of locusts, that had devoured gardens and destroyed all the crops; of the room which he obtained on the following December, and the erection of a parsonage and church in the two or three years that followed.

When Dr. Young began his work, there were only two Methodist families in all that vast country—one in the vicinity of Winnipeg and the other at High Bluff. But the intrepid pioneer of Manitoba missions stood at his post through the dark days of rebellion and the Riel reign of terror, of which the lamented Scott was a victim.

In view of the growth of the place, from a rude fort and settlement to a magnificent and metropolitan city, the twenty years of expansion has not been surpassed in the annals of the world's civilization—the history of which forms a chapter as romantic and splendid as almost to rival the marvels of the Arabian Nights.

We have seen that this mission was represented by two families in 1868. The Manitoba Conference has now one hundred ministers and missionaries, and a membership-roll of over seven thousand. Of the ninety-five stations or circuits, one-fifth are already self-supporting; and the financial outlook for the whole field is full of encouragement. Splendid possibilities of expansion have always to be kept in mind. \$87,530 were raised last year for all purposes, within the bounds of the Conference territory—an increase of \$22,000 over the previous year. This amount did not include the fund raised for Wesley College. Never, it is believed, were the prospects of Methodism in Manitoba brighter than at the present time. But the mission demands for the present a policy of generous sustentation. Every interest of the Church should be strengthened in that ample domain. No investment or expenditure can be made to better advantage.

Scanning the comparative statements and statis-

tics of the Central Board disbursements for home and foreign work, no one regarding the future weal of the Dominion, looking to the interests of our own Church, or hopeful that this Canada of ours may be won for him whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, would be likely to say that expenditure has been too lavish for the expansion of Methodism in Manitoba.

Twenty years ago it looked as if the astute schemes of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, some of whom, at least, give us occasion to believe that they would rather have this country governed from Rome than from Ottawa or London, would succeed in making Manitoba a second Quebec. But Winnipeg is pre-eminently a Protestant and a Sabbath-observing community.

Delegates to the Central Board of Missions seem to have been surprised that the quiet and order of the Sabbath in Winnipeg rivalled that of Ontario. It is of vital moment that the moral influence emanating from this great commercial city should have an elevating effect upon western life. Just in proportion as Methodism and kindred evangelical forces shall mould the religious and social and political life of the Manitoba people, may it be expected to contribute to the satisfactory settlement of our vexed eastern questions. Instead of holding the balance of power in favour of Quebec, there is every prospect now that the Province of Manitoba, religiously and politically, will be developed in Ontario lines. Protestantism is favourable to mental and religious freedom, and therefore a mighty factor in national progress.—*The Wesleyan*.

Not Hidden.

In the rapid advance of science, medical experts can now detect—by countless almost imperceptible signs in each part of a man's body—decay at the seat of his life.

By a few marks in the finger nails and teeth, specialists in diseases of the nose and throat can note the progress of catarrh.

A peculiar incertitude of gait denotes the beginning of a disease in the brain that will inevitably end in madness and death.

The wife of a well-known Western lawyer was, a few years ago, troubled with an unaccountable dimness of vision, and came to an Eastern city to consult a famous oculist. He placed her in front of a strong light, and, by the aid of a tiny mirror, turned its rays into her eye. He found certain characters on the gray tissue which told him that she was the victim of an unsuspected and incurable disease. She had but two months more to live.

The colour of the skin, the breathing, the shape of the fingers, the glance of the eye, all betray to the scientific observer the condition and probable duration of that mysterious power within us which we call life, and which, once gone, can never be recalled.

Boys or girls who read these lines, no doubt fancy that whilst physicians may thus detect the secrets of their bodies, those of the soul are within their own keeping.

"I can make my words and motions express what character I choose," the young man boasts, vain of his strength; "but my soul is known only to myself and God." Yet long before he passes out of childhood, the condition of his soul before God is written on his face and in his every action.

"When I heard Serena give orders to her servant," says the Swedish Lauké, "I knew that her soul was at peace with her Maker."

His laugh, the tone of his voice, his furtive glance, betray the pretender among men. Criminals have their misdoings written on their faces. Cain was not the only braided man.

For our secret sins, God brings us to judgment before our fellows, long before death; while the humble Christian, who seeks his Master alone in his closet, comes out among men with the blessing given him shining through his every act and word.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Triumph of Peace.

WHEN great armies meet in conflict, and leave behind them only smoking ruins of cities, towns and hamlets, and splendid fields of grain trampled by combatants and ploughed by shot and shell for their harvest of dead and wounded, great note is taken of it, and it is said revolutions are being wrought out to a conclusion, and history is being made. It is not so commonly noted, but is equally true and important, that revolutions are progressing and history making in these piping times of peace as in times of war.

The latest of these victories of peace has been achieved in far-off Brazil, and by a woman, too, the Princess Isabella—Princess Regent. It was she that brought about the dismissal of the anti-abolition ministry, and formed another pledged to abolition.

The new Government introduced its Emancipation Bill only recently to the Chambers of Deputies, which promptly passed it, as subsequently, with like celerity, did the Senate. It is law now; and the venerable and Democratic Emperor, Don Pedro, the hope of whose life was to see the emancipation of the slaves in his empire, has had the good news sent to him at Milan, while he lay ill and suffering, by the Princess Regent, that his desire has been accomplished.

It required four years of war to make freedmen of the 4,000,000 chattels in this country. In 1861, Alexander II. of Russia abolished serfdom—thus making free men of 48,000,000 serfs. Now Brazil adds 2,000,000 to the ranks of Freedmen.

In less than thirty years, war has freed 4,000,000 slaves, and peace 50,000,000. In the working out of revolutions, and making of history in that time, peace has much the better of it.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Mrs. Cyril Flower's Story.

MRS. CYRIL FLOWER, speaking at a temperance meeting in England, told a story about a lad she knew, ten years of age, the son of one of her grooms. The groom had an old man for a neighbour, who came nightly home the worse of liquor, and swearing to himself.

"Mother, we ought to ask that old man in to supper," said the boy; "he would see how comfortable we can be without beer. Do, mother, ask him in."

But his parents could not see their way to do this. "Well, mother, will you give me leave to go in and talk to the poor old man in his own home? You might give me leave."

And reluctantly the mother gave permission. The boy went in and talked with the neighbour, and was invited back, and he persuaded the old man to give up drinking. But that was not all. One night Mrs. Flower saw this lad of ten leading a man of sixty-five into her temperance meeting.

"Well," said she, "what can I do for you two?" "Oh, please ma'am, my friend wishes to take the pledge and blue ribbon, like me."

And he did take it; and she had the pleasure of giving the old man a medal for being true to his pledge for a year.

"Now," said Mrs. Flower, "if that one boy did it, why could not other boys do the same thing?"

The Land of Little People

Far away and yet so near us, lies a land where all have been, Played beside its sparkling waters, danced along its meadows green, Where the busy world do dwell in and its noises only seen, Like the echo of a tempest or the shadow of a dream; And it grows not old forever, sweet and young it is to-day-- 'Tis the Land of Little People, where the happy children play.

And the things they know and see there are so wonderful and grand, Things that wiser folks and older cannot know nor understand: In the woods they meet the fairies, find the giants in their caves, See the palaces of cloudland and the mermen in the waves, Know what all the birdies sing of, hear the secrets of the flowers— For the Land of Little People is another world than ours.

Once 'twas ours; 'tis ours no longer, for when nursery time is o'er Through the Land of Little People we may wander nevermore, But we hear the merry voices and we see them at their play, And our own dark world grows brighter and we seem as young as they, Roaming over shore and meadow, talking to the birds and flowers— For the Land of Little People is a fairer world than ours.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1249] **LESSON X.** [Dec. 9

GIDEON'S ARMY.

Judg. 7. 1-8. Memory verses, 2, 3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts. Zech. 4. 6.

OUTLINE.

1. The Host of Midian.
2. The Host of God.

TIME.—1249 B.C.

PLACE.—Near Mounts Gilboa and Little Hermon, west of the sea of Galilee.

CONNECTING LINKS.—After the general description of the life of the people under the judges, given in the last lesson, the history takes up the main events under the respective rulers, the narrative growing more and more graphic and detailed as we come toward the beginning of the new dispensation to be ushered in by Samuel. There have been already four judges, and Gideon, who is the fifth, is one of the ablest of the list. The lesson is a story from his life.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Beside the well*—That is, above, on the mountain side. *The people are too many*—The army is too large; it numbered thirty-two thousand, which number was greatly inferior to the Midianites. *I will try them*—Put them through some form of test: what the form was is at once described. *Down into the water*—That is, down the side of Mount Gilboa, to the well of Harod, or fountain, or spring. *The people took victuals*—The people who took supplies were the three hundred who took from the rest of the ten thousand soldiers, so that each had a pitcher and a lamp, as afterward described.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Host of Midian.* Who was Jerubbaal, or Gideon? Why was he called Jerubbaal? chap. 6. 32. What caused the invasion of the Midianites? Whose descendants were these Midianites? Gen. 25. 2, 4. Where did they dwell? Exod. 2. 15; 3. 1; Num. 22. 1, 4. In what part of the land was this invasion made? How great was the army of invasion? ver. 12. What was the general feeling throughout the army? ver. 3.

2 The Host of God.

By what name is God often called. Isa. 1. 9; Rom. 9. 29

What was the number of the host of God that made Gideon's army?

How was the choice made?

How were they equipped for the battle?

How had Gideon gathered his army?

What lesson ought Israel to have learned from this method of the Lord? Zech. 4. 6.

To whom did they ascribe the whole glory? chap. 8. 22.

How complete was the victory which God gave them? chap. 8. 28.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

God and one are a majority, some one has said. Will you be that one? Gideon was ready for any task. Are you?

There were fearful ones in this army. There are moral cowards everywhere. Are you one?

The hosts of Midian, like the hosts of sin, were a vast multitude. God was greater than they. God is greater than are the forces of sin.

Only one out of every one hundred and seven was accepted for this army.

When the Son of man comes with fan in hand to purge his floor, will he divide us closely? Will you be chosen or left?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Learn all you can of Gideon in chaps. 6, 7, 8.
2. Write the story of his life as fully as you can.
3. Locate these two armies so as to understand all that happened.
4. Mark the places that are difficult to understand, and ask some one about them.
5. Give the great characteristic of Gideon as a man.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What great danger was threatening Israel during the days of Gideon? Destruction by the Midianites.
2. To what tribe did Gideon belong? The tribe of Manasseh.
3. What made Gideon the leader of the army of Israel? "The Spirit of the Lord came upon him."
4. How large an army did he raise? Thirty-two thousand men.
5. How many did God choose to overthrow Midian? Three hundred picked men.
6. What lesson did he mean thus to teach them? "Not by might," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Lord of hosts.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

12. By what means were our first parents led to commit so great a sin against God? By the subtlety of the devil, who made use of the serpent to beguile Eve. Genesis iii. 13. And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.
- 2 Corinthians xi. 3. As the serpent beguiled Eve in his craftiness.

B.C. 1120] **LESSON XI.** [Dec 16

DEATH OF SAMSON.

Judg. 16. 21-31. Memory verses, 29, 30

GOLDEN TEXT.

Great men are not always wise. Job 32.

9.

OUTLINE.

1. Blind.
2. Mocked.
3. Avenged.

TIME.—1120 B.C.

PLACE.—Gaza, in south-western Palestine.

CONNECTING LINKS.—We have come far along in the story of the Judges; we are almost at the end of the list. Samson is the thirteenth of the fifteen who were raised up to work deliverance for Israel. The years have been years of distress, with occasional gleams of prosperity. Some of the romantic incidents of Scripture have occurred, Samson himself has contributed to these incidents, and has been the terror and scourge of the Philistine nation. But now he is near his end. Samson sins, and sin always brings penalty; not always in this world, but always somewhere. Samson suffered here. Read the story.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Put out his eyes*—A common Oriental way of effectually destroying the power of an enemy. *Fetters of brass*—Double fetters of some composite metal; double, as they were perhaps on both his hands and feet. *He did grind*—That is, he was reduced to the condition of a common slave. *Hair began to grow*—His strength was not in his hair, but in his consecration to Jehovah, of which the Nazarite's hair was

a sign. When he came into right relation to God once more God blessed him with strength. *Heavenly merriment*—Fluted with wine. *Maak sport*—Entertained them by feats of strength; or perhaps he danced and sung, as the word may mean, or by his awkwardness in his blindness aroused their mirth. *Put the pillars*—He leaned wearily, and asked to be allowed to rest upon or against the pillars which supported the house.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Blind.* Who was made blind by the Philistines. Who was he; what had he done; why was he made blind? How had he come into the power of the Philistines? How was he regarded by the Philistines? Under what vow had he been born? Had his long hair anything to do with his strength? What was the secret of his gigantic might?
2. *Mocked.* Where had Samson been confined? What occasion gave them opportunity to mock and deride him? What was the character of the gathering? vers. 25, 27. What inference do you draw as to the size of the town of Gaza at this time? How could people be on the roof of a house and see what went on inside? How could Samson "make sport" when blind? What can you find explaining this scene?
3. *Avenged.* How severe was the punishment put upon Samson? What was Samson's prayer? Does this teach that God approves of human vengeance taking? What do the Scriptures teach about self-avenging? Duet. 32. 35; Psa. 94. 1; Isa. 35. 4, etc. How was he avenged upon his enemies? What was the character of Samson? Was his life a success or a failure?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

The old story is told over; temptation, parley with evil, a moment of weakness, asleep in sin, bound hand and foot by the devil. Life is daily witnessin, the same scene. Are you acting in such a one? Men come to a spiritual crisis as Samson came to a physical one. If they yield, spiritual blindness comes and who will restore sight to those blind eyes? Is there a hint that it will ever come? *Samson died blind.*

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Study first the history from Gideon to Samson.
2. Study, second, the history of Samson's life.
3. Study the effect of his life on history.
4. See if you can find any references to him in other parts of the Bible.
5. What were the elements of success and failure in his life?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. When the Philistines had overpowered Samson what did they do to him? Put out his eyes.
2. What did they then compel him to do? To grind in the prison-house.
3. To whom did the Philistines ascribe their victory over Samson? To their god Dagon.
4. What do we know was the cause of his misery and death? His wicked forgetfulness of God.
5. What serious warning from this great man's life comes to us all? "Great men are not always wise."
6. Wherein only lies true wisdom? In loving God.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The fear of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

13. Who is the devil or Satan? The chief of the fallen angels, who before man's fall, sinned against God, and was cast out of heaven.
- 1 Peter v. 8. Be sober, be watchful: your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour.
- Jude 6. Angels which kept not their own principality, but left their proper habitation. He hath kept in everlasting bonds under darkness unto the judgment of the great day.

EVERY virtue has been reckoned more rare in proportion as it has been interiorly dissevered from all relations of interest, has been practised because right in itself.

THE TREE OF METHODISM.
A LARGE CHART.

Under the form of a tree is represented the original Methodism of Rev. John Wesley, with all its branches. On the branches are labels, giving dates of organization and present statistics. Other important facts are stated in tables. There are pictures of Mrs. Susannah Wesley, John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Bishop Coke, Bishop Ashbury, Mrs. Barbara Heek, Bishop Simpson, Bishop Pierce, and Rev. Wm. Arthur. The chart is a reminder of a multitude of Methodist facts and figures, and would be ornamental and valuable in the library, the study, and the Sunday-school.

REV. B. F. DIMMICK, Pastor of Christle Chapel, Cincinnati, O.

It will give those who do not know, and have not time to study our history, a good idea of our Church. I consider it a capital thing.

REV. C. C. McCABE, D.D., Corresponding Secretary of Missionary Society.

An object lesson of Methodist history. May 25, 1888

DR. BROWN, President of Cincinnati Wesleyan College, Cincinnati, O.

"The Tree of Methodism" will interest and enlighten wherever it is introduced. It is a good thought faithfully presented.

SIZE 30-34. VARNISHED AND MOUNTED. PRICE, \$1.50.

NEW
Sunday-School Music Book,
BY ASA HULL,

Author of "GEM OF GEMS," "JEWELS OF PRAISE," etc.

HAPPY GREETINGS:

A Collection of Choice, Original Hymns and Tunes suitable for Sunday school, Bible Classes, and the Home Circle.

Price 35c. each. \$3 60 per dozen.

JUST ISSUED!
Aims and Objects of the
Toronto Humane Society.

Edited by J. GEO. HODGINS, LL.D.

Royal octavo, 231 pages, 112 illustrations.

Paper covers, 25 cents each, five for \$1.00. Cloth, bevelled boards, gilt side and back, 50 cents.

This book contains a large number of anecdotes and stories in prose and poetry, showing that the objects of the society are to prevent cruelty to dumb animals, and to aid in the rescue of homeless waifs and neglected children.

With these objects in view the book is sent forth by the society on its mission of kindness and mercy.

AUTHORIZED EDITIONS.
Newest Book by
"PANSY."

JUST ISSUED!
Canadian Copyright Edition, from Original Plates.

JUDGE BURNHAM'S
DAUGHTERS.

A Sequel to "RUTH ERSKINE'S CROSSES"
12mo, cloth, 329 pp., post free,
PRICE, \$1.00.

This book is Pansy's latest, and is well, strongly, and tastefully bound in extra cloth, gilt, bevelled boards, etc.

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