

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

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

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.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Général (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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 type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |

WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
that they
should
do unto
you.

R. P. SMITH - CO. TORONTO.

Vol. V.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1887.

[No. 21.]

Brazil.

BRAZIL is one of the largest countries in the world, being 2,600 miles in length by 2,500 in breadth, larger than the whole of Europe.

Yet this great empire is but sparsely peopled, having only about ten millions of inhabitants, including whites and negroes. Its principal characteristics are its vast forests and its immense river system. The Amazon is the largest river in the world, being two hundred miles wide at its mouth. Under the equatorial sun, the fertile soil produces the greatest profusion of fruits, flowers and useful plants. Sugar, coffee, cotton, tobacco, spices, drugs and horns from the cattle on its vast pampas or plains are its chief exports. Its diamond mines are the richest in the world. The central part of the large picture shows the process of washing the diamond-bearing earth for these glittering stones. The lower part shows the rich vegetation of an island plantation, and above is seen one of the primitive villages of the interior, with the rude ox cart in the foreground.

Free Gifts.

A MINISTER called upon a poor woman, intending to give her help, for he knew that she was very poor. With his half crown in hand, he knocked at the door, but she did not answer. He concluded she was not at home and went his way. A little after he met her at his church and told her he had



BRAZIL.

remembered her need. "I called at your house and knocked several times. I suppose you were not at home, for I had no answer." "At what hour did you call, sir?" "It was about noon." "Oh, dear!" she said, "I heard you, sir, and I am so sorry I did not answer; but I thought it was the man calling for the rent."

I am asking nothing of you in the name of God or man. I make no requirement at your hands. I come in God's name to bring you a free gift, which it shall be to your present and eternal joy to receive. The Lord Jesus knocks with a hand that was nailed to the tree for such as you are. He that is a black sinner, he is the kind of man Jesus Christ came to make white.

A great artist had painted part of the city in which he lived, and wanted, for historic purposes, to include in the picture some of the characters well known in the town. A crossing-sweeper unkempt, ragged, filthy, was known to everybody, and there was a suitable place for him in the picture. The artist said to him: "I will pay you well if you will come down to my studio and let me take your likeness." He came round, but he was sent about his business, for he had washed his face and combed his hair and donned a respectable suit of clothes. He was needed as a beggar, and was not invited in any other capacity. Even so the gospel will receive you into its halls if you come as a sinner, but not else.—C. H. Spurgeon.

Autumn Days.

A WEALTH of beauty meets my eye—

Yellow and green, and brown and white,
In one vast blaze of glory fill
My happy sight.

The rich-robed trees, the ripening corn,
Bright-coloured with September fire—
Fulfillment of the farmer's hope
And year's desire.

Sweet in the air are joyous sounds
Of bird and bee and running brook;
And plenteous fruits hang ripening round,
Where'er I look.

The mellow splendour softly falls
On morning mists and evening dews,
And colours trees and flowers and clouds
With thousand hues.

O dreaming clouds, with silver fringed!
I watch ye gathering side by side,
Like armies in the solemn skies,
In stately pride.

I love the woods, the changing woods,
Fast deepening down to russet glow,
When autumn, like a brunette queen,
Rules all below.

The soul of beauty haunts the heavens,
Nor leaves for long the warm-faced earth.
And, like a mother, the kind air
To life gives birth.

Buz death rides past upon the gale
And blows the rustling golden leaves;
They whirl and fall, and rot and die,
And my heart grieves.

Farewell! O autumn days—farewell!
Ye go; but we shall meet again,
As old friends, who are parted long
By the wild main.

Deep-Sea Wonders.

BY EMMA J. WOOD.

Do you remember the sea-cucumber? You know he looks like a real cucumber, and has no head, only an opening for a mouth with little fringes about it. The Chinese call these trepangs, and are fond of them to eat. Men dive down to the bottom of the sea and pick them up just as easily as if they were real cucumbers. The other day I saw a picture of one of these animals, but he looked queer, for out of the hole that he uses for a mouth was sticking a real head—the head of a fish. It seems some one had caught the trepang and put him in a jar of water. If you have ever tried to keep a water animal you very well know that the water must be changed very often or they will begin to gasp for breath. So, after a little time, the air that was in this jar began to get used up, and the fish thrust his head out to see what was the matter. It was a real fish, though small, with fins, gills, and every thing necessary to take care of himself. But he cannot seem to live alone and get along very well, for in a few minutes after coming out he drops down to the bottom and that seems to be the end of him. But how do you suppose the trepang likes it? Some say there is a place in his body fixed on purpose for this fish to live in, so he does not mind; indeed, he seems to be lonesome when his lodger is absent. It is said that if you hold one of them up to the light, you can see every thing that is going on inside him

almost as well as if he were a glass fish. May be this is because he lives down there out of the light; for you know how pale plants are when the sunshine does not reach them.

Here is another animal that is said to have one, two, or even three fishes with it; but instead of living in the body, the little fellows stay just below in the water. This animal belongs to the jelly fish family and is called the physalia, or Portuguese man-o-war. No doubt you have heard of him before. He lives on the top of the water, sailing about in a little boat shaped like a shoe with the toe turned up. It is a blue boat, dark near the water and lighter at the top, where is a little ruffled sail of white fringed with rose colour. Under the boat are long lines charged with poison streaming out to catch fish and other animals. When caught they cannot get away, for as soon as a line touches them they are dead. Now it is down here in this dangerous place that these little fish called blue-jacks live; but they suffer no harm. It is said that if the physalia be lifted out of the water the little fish will hurry about for a time, and then disappear. But put him in again and back they come and take their old place close underneath him.

Here is a branch of sea-coral, and lying across it is a stranger to us, although the little coral animals know him only too well. Looking closer we can see that it is only a worm, or caterpillar, about as long as a man's hand. He has the end of the branch in his mouth, and seems to be sucking it like a child sucks candy. And so he is, for on pulling the branch out, we find that about an inch on the end is just the bare coral with not a single living animal in it. But you had better not touch the coral worm, for all over his body are barbed bristles, or hairs, and if one of them should get into your fingers you would cry out, "O, how it hurts."

You remember the star-coral, do you not? It, too, has a worm living with it. He fastens himself to a rock right in the midst of the coral, letting his feelers, or tentacles, stick out till they make one think of a bright pompon. The corals keep on increasing and building till the worm would be covered up by them, if he, too, did not try to keep ahead of them by building higher and higher. They seem to be fast here, but it is said that if any thing gets after them they can run quite rapidly.

There are several kinds of this worm, and you may know which is which by just looking at the home he lives in. One kind makes his round hollow house out of sand, and the largest kind always have doors to their houses. These doors are large shells so set up that they will open and shut only from the inside. How do you suppose they manage when they want to go away from home for a while? Ah! but you see, they are a stay-at-home class of people—indeed, they never put some

of their feet out of doors, so, of course, the only time they want to shut up their houses is when they want to keep every one else out and have a good time all alone by themselves.

And now do not say that you are tired of ugly worms, but just shut your eyes and fancy, while I am telling you about it, that you can see this one lying down underneath the sea. First, his name. He is called the sea-mouse, and O, how bright and pretty he is. Not the most brilliant humming bird you ever saw can compare with him, for his sides are covered with bristles that sparkle and glisten and shine out with all sorts of colours; indeed, just one bristle with the sunshine falling upon it is a little rainbow. And yet the sea-mouse is not the least bit vain; for instead of trying to show off his fine appearance he gets out of sight under a stone or hides in the mud. Some sea-mice have two eyes and some have four, while all have feelers on their heads so they can know when any thing comes near them, even if they are not looking about. They are shaped something like an egg, only not so thick, and have two rows of scales going up and down the body. He is like a fish and breathes with gills. These scales are right over the gills, so every time he draws a breath they move up and down. And then there is still another covering over this, something very much like felt. This keeps the mud and sand out of the gills, but of course the water, which is the only thing he wants, can get through.

Arrived.

A FEARFUL gale was blowing from the westward up the English Channel, directly into the unsheltered port of Havre, and hundreds of people had come down on the long pier to watch the ships come in. Havre harbour is made by two stone piers stretching out, one a mile, and the other something less, westward into the sea. Along the shore outside these piers are shoals and sand-bars; and inside, between them, close to the city, is the excavated harbour, with its fine granite quays and storehouses and shipping. Upon these long piers swarm always at "tide time" vagrant old beggars who are ready to lend a hand in towing the coming vessels along up the piers and into the harbour, thus to earn a few sous now and then. But on this day all the world had come down and stood looking seaward, in spite of the wind that threatened to blow them off their feet, and of the spray that in the fury of the storm broke quite over the piers. Such of the Havre-bound ships as were well to windward were in no great danger, but came on before the gale with their storm sails set, like great white gulls. Now came a French merchantman, now a New York packet ship, and now a full-rigged man-of-war, all bearing on and bounding over the waves as though full of free life. One by one they came down skilfully guided

by pilot and holmsman. As they neared the port they reduced even their little canvas, and riding gracefully on the top of the huge billows, swept in by the pier-head, and then into the smooth and safe waters of the inner harbour. One might go the world over, and live a lifetime, and never see a fairer sight.

But presently, away to leeward, almost among the sand-banks, came a poor, crippled collier, most of her sails torn to shreds and her masts bending under force of the gale. Once upon a sand-bank, and her day was over. She fought gallantly for her life.

"She can't weather the shoals! She can never fetch the pier-head," cried the men, turning their eyes from the well-equipped windward vessels to this forlorn craft, struggling at such odds with the winds and waves.

Now she seemed to be making a little progress, and then the great brute forces of nature bore her away and away again, till she trembled and panted, breathless and baffled, like a living thing hunted and brought to bay. Now, in her efforts to gain the harbour she seemed blown down into the very edge of the breakers. Then, by skilful evolutions, her course has changed; or, as the sailors say, she "wore ship" and stood off. But again the wind sent her back, and again she neared the breakers, and had to tack once more. By and by the turn of the tide began to help the desperate will of the sailors. Then slowly she drew along toward the port; and as she approached the most dangerous point of the shoals the eyes of every looker-on followed each motion eagerly. One moment she seemed whelmed in the breakers, but the next she had passed toward the pier-head. When she reached it, both men and ship seemed exhausted. But ropes were thrown from the pier, and were secured by the sailors, and then, as five hundred pairs of hands seized them and drew the poor tempest-worn vessel into the harbour, five hundred voices shouted welcome.

"There was more rejoicing over the poor collier than over all the others," said the captain. And just so I expect it will be when we come to reach heaven. One may get there ever so hardly, he may be overthrown and scarred and stained, but if he perseveres to the end he will find the waiting multitude ready with outstretched hands and songs of victory. For so an entrance shall be ministered abundantly into the everlasting kingdom—our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

A SMALL boy in one of our public schools was reading and came to the word "napkin" and hesitated. "Why do you stop there, Johnny?" said the teacher; "you know what a napkin is, don't you?" "Oh, yes!" said Johnny, his face brightening up; "that's something we use when we have company." —*Bangor (Me.) Commercial.*

Summer's Done.

THINNER the leaves of the larches show,
Motionless hold in the languid air;
Fainter by waysides the sweet-briers grow,
Wide bloom laying the gold hearts bare,
Languishing one by one;
Summer is almost done.

Deeper-hued roses have long since died;
Silent the birds through the white mist fly;
Down of the thistles by hot sun dried,
Covers with pale fleece vines growing nigh;
Little brooks calmer run;
Summer is almost done.

Later the flush of the sunrise sweeps,
Shortening the reign of the slow-coming
day;
Earlier shade of the twilight creeps
Over the swallows skimming away;
Crickets their notes have begun;
Summer is almost done.

Darkened to mourning the sad-coloured
beech
Empty the nests in its purple boughs lie;
Something elusive we never can reach
Deepens the glory of days going by;
Aftermath lies in the sun:
Summer is almost done.

Child! why regret that the summer must go?
Sweet lies the aftermath left in the sun;
Lives that are earnest more beautiful grow
Out of a childhood in beauty begun:
Harvest of gold can be won
Only—when summer is done.

Conrad, the Little Captain.

THE great cathedral clock of Stras-
bourg has just boomed out the hour
of twelve, the hour when school is
over, and the boys burst forth with
the peculiar noise common to liberated
school-boys all the world over. But
why do all these eager little faces
crowd around that bright, fair-haired,
blue-eyed boy?

"What am I to do?" "Where am
I to stand?" are the eager questions
which assail him on all sides. When
he at last makes himself heard he
marshals them and gives them their
orders with the conciseness of an ex-
perienced general, and also delivers an
enthusiastic address on the propriety
of beating the Germans over the
bridge; and then he marches at their
head down the old narrow streets.

For this is a patriotic little band
of French boys who had agreed last
night to fight the Germans on the
bridge, arranging that whoever drove
the opposite party over the bridge
first should be accounted the victors.
The French boys had chosen Conrad,
the fair-haired little boy who had mar-
shalled his men in such good order, as
their captain; and the Germans had
chosen Hans, a tall, dark, fierce-look-
ing boy, who detested the French as
much as Conrad did the Germans; and
Conrad had had good reason not to
like the Germans, as his father and
brother had been killed and his little
sister died during the terrible siege
which their city had just suffered.

But the captain's animosity does not
extend to each other personally; they
themselves are friends. Many a head
is turned as they pass down the quaint
old streets, and many smile kindly on
the little army and on its gallant little
captain with his erect, sturdy figure,

brave, bright eyes and curly golden
hair.

Before they begin Conrad goes to
Hans with outstretched hand. "I
say, Hans," he says, "just let's shake
hands first of all, to show that it's
all right between us, and that it's
not against each other—only for our
country—we are fighting."

Hans' face softens for one moment;
then pushing away the proffered hand,
he says scornfully, "Get along! you're
afraid of being hurt, you coward!"

Conrad's face crimsoned, and he
bursts out, "We'll show whether
we're afraid or not!" and, crossing
back to the Strasbourg side of the
bridge, the order to charge is instan-
taneously given to both armies.

And now the fight begins. The two
armies fly at one another; Conrad is
cheering, directing and fighting with
all his might. In spite of French force
and French will, the Germans are, step
by step, gaining the bridge. On the
Germans come, steady, persevering,
sure, and the French, impetuous, fiery
and valiant, are well nigh beaten. A
moment's pause—"Courage, friends!"
shouts the little captain—"Courage!
One more struggle! *C'est pour la
Patrie!*"

Like one man the little Alsations
rally, and with a shout of "*Vive la
Patrie!*" bear down on the Germans,
who, surprised, stagger backward;
they have lost their footing, and, in
spite of their best efforts, recede be-
fore the impetuous charge of Conrad's
small men. Backward they go; the
bridge is nearly gained, when the
shout of victory is nipped in the bud
by a Prussian policeman, who, coming
up, lays a hand on the captain's collar
and commands them to desist.

"Unfair! unfair!" shouts Conrad.
"You did not stop us when we were
nearly beaten; it's just because we
are beating them. Boys, down with
the Germans! *Vive la Patrie!*"

The policeman, shaking him by the
collar, threatens him with imprison-
ment, and two other policemen coming
up at the same moment, the little
soldiers are separated and dispersed.

"We'll beat you again to-morrow if
you like, Hans," shouted Conrad gaily.

What evil thought takes possession
of Hans? Stooping he picks up a
small sharp stone and flings it with a
swift, sure aim straight at Conrad.
An inarticulate cry, a stagger, and
the curly head of the little captain is
lying low in the dust.

By the unanimous wish of the
Strasbourg citizens Conrad is to have
a soldier's burial. The little coffin is
covered with a flag, although that is
almost hidden by the wreaths that
cover it; the grand old cathedral is
crowded, rich and poor, old and young,
are there assembled when Conrad's
little army marches slowly in, bearing
their flower-laden burden, while the
splendid old organ peals forth, echoing
down the lofty aisles, filling the cathed-
ral with its beautiful yet awful music
for the dead. Gentle old Père Sylvestro

breaks down in the address he has pro-
mised to give, and the singing is broken
by the sobs of the choir boys. The
crowd follows the procession to the
grave, which also is filled with flowers.
The coffin is laid in, and a gun fired
over the little captain's grave; then
all is over.

But what of Hans? He went home
and entered the kitchen with such
a white, seared face that his sister
Lottechen shrieked, and followed him
to his bedroom to ask him if he was
ill. He said "No," and told her to
leave him alone. She left him till
supper-time, and then sent one of the
children to ask if he wanted supper.
The child came back saying Hans was
not there. Lottechen, with a startled
exclamation, followed the child into
the bedroom. It was deserted. Hans
had run away, nor was he ever seen in
Strasbourg again.

* Alas for the fruits of passion!—
From Little Folks.

The Father's Favourite.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Go to! ye poets! who in strains as sober
As the low chantings of a funeral hymn,
Keep ever singing that the glad October
Is full of heart-break—melancholy, dim,
With hushed forebodings, whispered under-
breath,
Of hectic flushes that betoken death.

Not one of all the months so linked together
In joyous sequence, hath a brow so bright:
None brings us gifts of such delicious
weather—
Crisp morn'g so cool—noons of such lucent
light—
Transfigured atmospheres, and sapphire
skies
As fathomlessly blue as angels' eyes!

What flowers of June, in June's supremest
lustre,
Can rival in its gorgeous glory now,
The orient splendour of the tincts that
cluster
Their autumn blazonry on yonder bough,
With not one burning leaf among them all,
That owns monition of decay or fall.

O, gladdest month! O golden-hued October,
Serene in tasks completed, duty done,
What mockery to call thee sore and sober,
As thou sitt'st laughing in the happy sun,
Clapping thy hands in jocund, merry way,
With right to be light-hearted as the May.

Yea, verily—of all the banded brothers,
Thou art the Father's favourite, though
thou be

Amid the youngest; for he gave the others
No "coat of many colours," such as he,
For love, hath clothed thee with, as held
most dear

Of all the twelve—the Joseph of the year!

Putting Resolutions into
Practice.

At a missionary meeting held among
the negroes in the West Indies, these
three resolutions were agreed upon:

1. We will all give something.
2. We will all give as God has enabled us.
3. We will all give willingly.

So soon as the meeting was over, a
leading negro took his seat at the
table, with pen and ink, to put down
what each came to give. Many came
forward and gave, some more, and

some less. Amongst those that came
was a rich old negro, almost as rich as
all the others put together, and threw
down upon the table a small silver
coin. "Take dat back again," said the
negro that received the money, "dat
be not according to de second." The
rich old man accordingly took it up,
and hobbled back again to his seat in
a great rage. One after another came
forward, and as almost all gave more
than the rich man, he was fairly
ashamed of himself, and again threw
down a piece of money on the table,
saying, "Dat, take dat!" It was a
valuable piece of gold, but it was
given so ill-temperedly, that the negro
answered again, "No, dat won't do
yet. It may be according to de first
and second resolutions, but it not
according to the last;" and he was
obliged to take up his coin again.
Still angry at himself and all the rest,
he sat a long time, till nearly all were
gone, and then came up to the table,
with a smile on his face, and very
willingly gave a large sum to the treas-
urer. "Very well," said the negro,
"dat will do. Dat according to all de
resolutions."

A Railway Story.

A FEW years ago an enormously
wealthy banker, of the Hebrew per-
suasion, was travelling from Munich
to Vienna by rail. In the same
carriage with himself was a gentle-
man accompanied by a friend. The
stranger was of pleasing manners, and
the purse-proud banker at length con-
descended to enter into conversation
with him, and gradually even (as he
himself expressed it) took a liking to
"the man." He even went so far as
to say at last, "You seem to be a
good sort of a fellow and a gentleman.
Look here I am going to Vienna to see
my daughter, who is married there, is
awfully rich and keeps a tiptop house.
I will introduce you to her." The
stranger thanked him, and mentioned
that, by a curious coincidence, he, too,
was travelling to Vienna to see his
daughter. "Your daughter, indeed!"
said the Jew banker with considerable
arrogance; "and who may she be?"
"The Empress of Austria," was the
calm reply. The stranger was the
Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, father
of the present Empress of Austria and
the ex-Queen of Naples; the compan-
ion was aide-de-camp. It is needless
to say that the Hebrew millionaire
utterly collapsed.—*London Society.*

Dr. JOHNSON, in giving advice to an
intimate friend, said: "Accustom your
children always to tell the truth, with-
out varying in any circumstance." A
lady who was present protested that
this was too much to expect. "For
instance, in repeating another's words,
relating what happened, etc., little
variations will occur a thousand times
a day, unless one is perpetually watch-
ing," she said. "Then, madam, you
ought to be perpetually watching," re-
plied the doctor.

The Dirge of the Leaves.

As the leaves are falling, falling,
On the meadow and the lawn,
Hear them in the twilight calling,
Hear them in the frosty dawn—
Farewell, summer, in whose morning
We put on our primal green,
Now in gold and crimson burning,
Quivering in the autumn sheen.

As the leaves are falling, falling,
Seem they pensive thus to say
(White the tinted meadow palling),
Farewell, summer, for decay
Sends us to the earth to moulder
'Neath our dwelling on the bough;
Dimmer are the suns, and colder
Is the breeze that fans us now.

As the leaves are falling, falling,
Cometh, too, a triumph tone,
As of stricken heroes calling
After final victory won.
Saith it: Mortal, can your story
Witness, at the closing strife,
On your shroud a brighter glory
Than the fairest hues of life?

—E. W. B. Canning.

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, 60pp., monthly, illustrated | 2 00 |
| Methodist Magazine and Guardian together | 3 50 |
| The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly | 1 50 |
| Sunday School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly | 0 60 |
| Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16pp., 8vo. | 0 06 |
| Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 21c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz., 50c. per 100 | |
| Home and School, 8pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies | 0 30 |
| Less than 20 copies | 0 25 |
| Over 20 copies | 0 22 |
| Pleasant Hours, 8pp., 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 upwards | 0 12 |
| Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month | 5 50 |

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
75 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURDIS,
3 Beury Street, Wesleyan Book Room
Montreal, Halifax, N. S.

Home and School

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1887.

\$250,000

FOR MISSIONS

FOR THE YEAR 1887.

A Lesson from Nature.

THE season through which we are now passing should teach us an important lesson for the higher life of the soul. In the autumn, the part of the earth on which we live turns away from the sun. The result of this is, after awhile, cold and frost and snow. The trees are robbed of their leaves, and the fields everywhere are bare and desolate. But, as the earth swings around once more toward its great friend, the reign of coldness and death begins to be broken. The snows gradually disappear, and the icy fetters of the streams are melted. By-and-by the trees show signs of renewed life; the grass taken on a deeper shade of green, and the birds come back to fill the air once more

with their melodies. At last the winter is over, and joy and beauty reign supreme.

What is all this but an analogue for our spiritual life? When we turn our faces away from him who is our Sun, coldness is sure to settle down upon our hearts; and, if we keep this position, soon the desolate winter-time of spiritual torpor and death will wrap us in. What we need is always to lay our hearts open to God, and wintry experiences are impossible. Oh, ye that are cold and dead to spiritual things, swing round like the earth towards the Sun of your souls, and you will know a spring-time which, like that of Nature, will be a prophecy and pledge of the yet grander summer sure to be yours.

The Drinking Trough.

(See next page.)

THERE is in London a benevolent association for the purpose of supplying fountains and drinking troughs for man and beast. Few things are more useful or give greater comfort and happiness. Oh the blessing of these wayside fountains. Let us think of him who, long ago, wearied with the way and the heat, sat by a well and taught a sinning woman how to draw water out of the well of Salvation, and who still says, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink."

The Covenanters.

IT was now that the cup of the suffering Presbyterians was filled to the brim. The Government eager to improve the advantage they had obtained on the fatal field of Bothwell Bridge, struck more terribly than ever, in the hope of effecting the utter extermination of the Covenanters before they had time to rally. Twelve hundred had surrendered themselves prisoners on the battlefield. They were stripped almost naked, tied two and two, and driven to Edinburgh, being treated with great inhumanity on the way, and on arriving at their destination, the prisons being full, they were penned like cattle, or rather like wild beasts, in the Greyfriar's Churchyard. What a different spectacle from that which this famous spot had exhibited forty years before! Their misery was heartrending. The Government's barbarity toward them would be incredible were it not too surely attested. These 1,200 persons were left without the slightest shelter; they were exposed to all weathers, the rain, the tempest, the snow, they slept on the bare earth; their guard treated them capriciously and cruelly, robbing them of their little money, and often driving away the citizens who sought to relieve their great sufferings by bringing them food or clothing. Some made their escape; others were released on signing a bond of non-resistance; others were freed when found to be sinking under wounds, or disease contracted

by exposure. At the end of five months—for so long did this miserable crowd remain shut up in the graveyard—the 1,200 were reduced to 250. On the morning of the 15th of November, 1670, these 250 were taken down to Leith, and embarked on board a vessel, to be transported to Barbadoes. They were crowded into the hold of the ship, where there was scarce room for 100. Awful were the heat, the thirst and other horrors of this floating dungeon. Their ship was overtaken by a terrible storm off the coast of Orkney. It was thrown by the winds upon the rocks, and many of the poor prisoners on board were drowned. Those who escaped the waves were carried to Barbadoes and sold as slaves. A few only survived to return to their native land at the Revolution. —Dr. Wylie.

A Boy's Decision.

MANY years ago, Mr. Hall, an English gentleman, visited Ireland for the purpose of taking sketches of its most beautiful scenery, to be used in an illustrated work on Ireland, which has since been published.

On one occasion, when about to spend a day in the neighbourhood of Lake Killarney, he met a bright young Irish lad who offered his service as guide through the district.

A bargain was made with him, and the party went off. The lad proved himself well acquainted with all the places of interest in that neighbourhood, and had plenty of stories to tell about them. He did his work well, and to the entire satisfaction of the visitor. On their return to the starting point, Mr. Hall took a flask of whiskey from his pocket, and drank some. Then he handed it to the boy and asked him to help himself. To his great surprise the offer was firmly but politely declined.

Mr. Hall thought this was very strange. To find an Irish boy who would not touch or taste whiskey was stranger than anything he had seen that day. He could not understand it; and he resolved to try the strength of the boy's temperance principles. He offered first a shilling, then half a crown, and then five shillings, if he could taste that whiskey. But the boy was firm. A real manly heart was beating under his ragged jacket. Mr. Hall determined to try him further, so he offered the boy a golden half sovereign if he would take a drink of whiskey. That was a coin seldom seen by lads of this class in those parts. Straightening himself up, with a look of indignation in his face, the boy took out a temperance medal from the inner pocket of his jacket, and holding it bravely up he said: "This was my father's medal. For years he was intemperate. All his wages were spent in drink. It almost broke my mother's heart; and what a hard time she had to keep the poor children from starving! At last my father took a stand.

He signed the pledge and wore this medal as long as he lived. On his death-bed he gave it to me. I promised him that I would never drink intoxicating liquors; and now, sir, for all the money your honor may be worth, a hundred times over, I would not break that promise." That boy's decision about drink was noble. Yes, and it did do good, too. As Mr. Hall stood there astonished, he screwed the top on to his flask, and flung it into the water of the lake near which they stood.

Then he turned to the lad and shook him warmly by the hand, saying as he did so:

"My boy, that's the best temperance lecture I ever heard. I thank you for it. And now, by the help of God, I will never take another drink of intoxicating liquor while I live." —Rev. Dr. R. Newton.

A Mother in Jail.

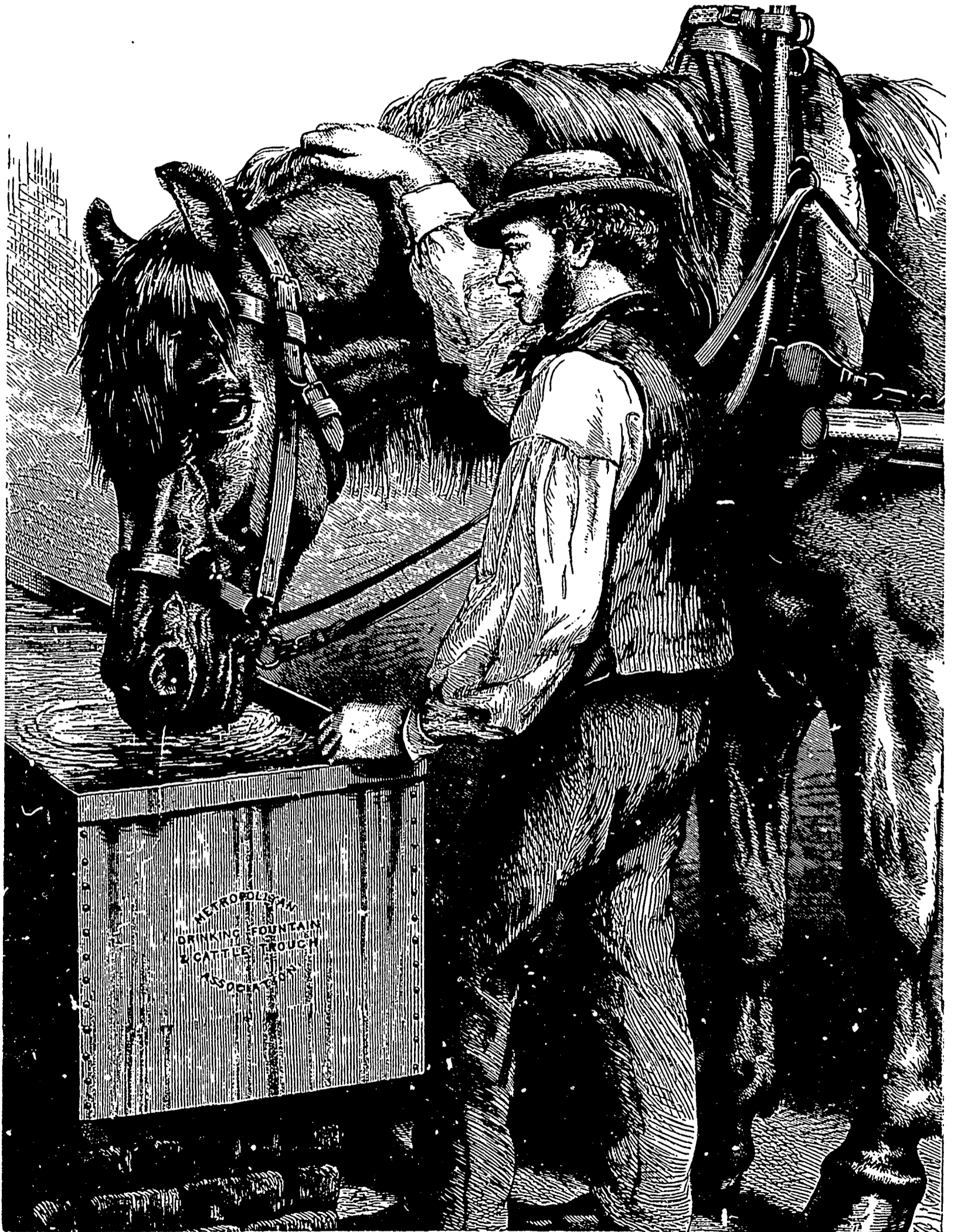
"Did you put my mother in jail?" asked a little tot of a girl, while she pushed her sunbonnet back and looked from one officer to another, as she stood in the police-station. She was so young that she could hardly speak plainly, and so small that a policeman had to help her up the steps of the station-house.

The officers stared at the little waif. They had arrested a tangle-haired woman, who spoke four languages in her rage, and fought the officers like a fury. They did not dream that this was her child.

The little thing seemed so innocent and pure that they did not want her to see her mother caged like a wild beast behind iron bars; but the mother heard her voice and called for her, and so they swung open the corridor door, and let the little creature in. She went to the cell, looked in, and cried out, "Why, mother, are you in jail?"

The mother shrank back ashamed. The child dropped on her knees on the stone floor, clung to the iron bars of the door, and prayed, "Now I lay me down to sleep, and I hope my mother will be let out of jail."

The strong men had a strange moisture about their eyes, as they gently led the little thing away. When the case came into court, His Honor whispered to the woman to go home, and, for her child's sake, to behave as a mother should. Perhaps she will do so—unless she should meet with some one licensed to deal out, for "the public good," that which makes fathers act like brutes, and mothers forget the suckling child. Perhaps she will prove a true mother, unless some honourable and respected citizen gets her crazy on a dram, on which he makes a profit of six cents. Strange things are done in this world, but few are more strange than the wonders wrought by the devil's draught, which in an hour turns love to hate, calmness to frenzy, quiet to confusion, and a mother to a fiend.—Selected.



THE DRINKING TROUGH.

THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

XII.

"WELL, children," said Uncle Beauchamp, when we returned, smiling as he caught Evelyn's triumphant glance, "safe out of the lion's den at all events! I thought Kitty was to have brought the lion himself in chains of roses, like a fairy queen she is. But she looks as if she had suffered in the encounter," he said, kissing my cheek, which was wet with tears.

"Kitty is only half pleased," said Evelyn. "She scarcely knows whether to rejoice about Jack or to weep over the wickedness of human nature in the person of Mr. Postlethwaite whereas I, on the other hand, having a hard and impenetrable heart, scarcely know whether to be most pleased that Cousin Jack is safe, or that Mr. Postlethwaite is not safe. I always have thought it one of the most delightful prospects held out to us in the Psalms, that the wicked are to be taken in their own net. But to draw the net tight with my own hands was a luxury to which I scarcely dared to aspire."

Then she narrated the interview. Uncle Beauchamp assured father and me that all would be right; and I was permitted to go at once to Jack, and tell him all we had accomplished.

Jack was very thankful, and most gentle and affectionate to me; but he said,—

"Don't think me the most ungrateful fellow in the world, Kitty; but I am not sure really, after all, whether it wouldn't have been easier on the whole to have been sent to the colonies, or even put out of the way altogether, than to have to meet every one, and to feel, as I do, that I have been the most selfish, cowardly dog in the world, all the while I thought myself a fine, open-hearted, generous fellow; and," he added, in a lower voice, "I'm not sure that *that* isn't easier than to have to look at one's self as I have had to for these last few hours. It's a terrible thing, Kitty, to be disgraced in your own eyes."

"Don't talk so, Jack," I said. "Say what you will to yourself and to God, but not to me. It will do you no good, and I cannot bear it. You don't know, Jack, how good and noble you may be yet," I said, and I put my arm within his, and looked in his face, and said, "I should feel proud to walk with you, Jack, now, through London, in that very dress. The people might say what they would, but I shouldn't mind a bit, for I should feel 'that is my brother, who would rather die than swear to a lie.'"

"It's a brave little Kitty," he said, in rather a husky voice. "But hush, Kitty, hush!" he added hastily, "don't lift me up on my fool's pedestal again."

But as I went away he called me back, and said softly,—

"You have hope of me, Kitty; don't

give it up, don't. And try to make father and mother have hope of me. It does me good to think you have, for God knows I have little myself."

The next day father and I went to him together; but that interview I cannot describe, because I never can think of it without crying, much less write. How father begged Jack's pardon, and Jack father's; and they both fell into weeping. It is such an overwhelming thing to see men, like father and Jack, hopelessly break down and cry like children.

To women. I think tears are a natural, easy overflowing of sorrow; but from men they seem wrung as if every drop were almost bled in anguish from the depths of the heart. With us tears are a comfort; to men they seem an agony.

But Evelyn was right. In a few days the Original Peruvian Mining Company's splendid offices were to let, and Elias Postlethwaite, Esq., was nowhere to be found.

And the prosecutor having come to nothing, of course the prosecution came to nothing too.

But that was not the chief joy—not by any means the chief joy to me, great as it was.

The day after I had told Jack the effect of our interview with the Secretary, I was permitted to sit with him some time in his cell. At first I talked to him about home, but I thought he seemed absent, and after a little while he said abruptly,—

"Kitty, I had a very strange visitor yesterday evening after you left—an old sailor called Silas Told—who, it seems, finds his way into all the prisons and to the hearts of the prisoners, in a very remarkable way. He was a sailor in his youth, and a very bad fellow from his own account; involved in all kinds of horrors in kidnapping blacks from the African coast. At last he grew tired of this wild life, and settled down to business in London, and married. Not long after this, a poor workman got him and his wife to go and hear Mr. Wesley at the Foundry. They were not convinced in a moment; but before long everything was thoroughly changed with them. They found great happiness in religion; and after a time he gave up his business to teach poor outcast children at a school in connection with Mr. Wesley's meeting-house at the Foundry, at a salary of ten shillings a week. For seven years he worked from morning till night for these destitute boys. He trained three hundred of them, teaching them to read and write, and fitting them for all kinds of trades. But one morning, when he and his boys were attending Mr. Wesley's five o'clock morning preaching, the text was, 'I was sick and in prison, and ye visited me not.' The reproach pierced his heart, he said, as if our Lord had looked sorrowfully at him while he spoke the words. For some days he was wretched; and from that time he has made it his

work to visit every cell in every prison to which he can find admittance. He has gone in the cart to the gallows with criminals, praying for them all the way. He has brought joy—absolute joy—with the news of God's mercy, into condemned cells. He has made the most hardened criminals weep in an agony of sorrow for their sins—such an agony, Kitty, that afterwards, when they were able to believe God had forgiven them their sins, it seemed nothing to go to the gallows. And what seems more wonderful still—(this the jailer told me)—sheriffs, hangmen, and turnkeys have been seen weeping, as he exhorted or comforted the prisoners. The authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, have tried again and again to keep him out of the prisons, but he will not be kept out; and so yesterday evening, Kitty, he found his way to me."

I said nothing, but waited for him to go on. After a little pause he continued,—

"He found his way to me, and when I am free—if ever I am—I will find my way to him, for he prayed with me, and prayer like that I never thought there could be. He prayed as if he saw my heart and saw our Saviour. I shall never forget it—I trust I shall never forget it. What the words were I am sure I cannot tell. They did not seem like words, so fervent, so sure, so reverent, so imploring, so earnest, it seemed as if he would have stormed Heaven; and yet all the time the great power of them seemed to be that he felt God was on our side, *willing* to give, *delighting* to give, stretching out His hands to give!"

"You had told him something of yourself," I said, when he had been silent a little while.

"I don't know what I told him, Kitty, or what he found out; I only know I intended at first to tell him nothing. I thought he was going to treat me as one case among a thousand of spiritual disease. But he came to me like a friend, like a brother; so full of pity, there was no standing it; and before he left I was telling him what was in my inmost heart."

"And it has done you good, Jack!" I said.

"It has opened a new world to me," he said. "It has made me see that what you and father felt for me in my sin and trouble, God felt infinitely more. He has been *grieved* at my doing wrong, because sin is the worst misery, and His one desire and purpose is to lift me out of it up to Himself. And He will do it, Kitty; I do believe He will do it."

It was some days before the formalities about Jack's liberation could be arranged, and very precious days they were to him. Silas Told saw him often, patiently encountering his variable tempers, and meeting his shifting difficulties, for at first Jack had many difficulties, and occasionally, I must confess, he was in an irritable state that did not always contrast favour-

ably with his old complacent equanimity. He often reminded me of a sick child waking up with a vague sense of hunger and discomfort which it could only express by fretting. But the great fact remained: he was no longer asleep, his whole being was awake. At one time he would defend himself captiously against his own previous self-accusations; at another he would bitterly declare that all hope of better days for him was an idle dream,—he had fallen, not perhaps beyond hope of forgiveness hereafter, but quite beyond all hope of restoration to any life worth living here. Yet although often, when I seemed to leave him on the shore, I found him again tossed back among the breakers, and buffeted by them hither and thither; nevertheless, on the whole, there was advance. There was a steadily growing conviction of his own moral weakness, and a steadily growing confidence in the forgiveness and the strengthening power of God, until on the day when he came out, when he and I were alone in the study in Great Ormond Street, he said,—

"It is the beginning with forgiveness, Kitty, that makes all the difference! Easy forgiveness, indeed, may make us think lightly of doing wrong; but God's is no easy forgiveness. The sacrifice which makes it easy for us was God's. It is pardon proclaimed with the dying words of the Son of God, and sealed with His blood. It is wonderful joy to know that God does not hate us on account of our sins; but I think it is almost greater joy to know that He hates our sins for our sakes, and will not let our sins alone, but will help and encourage us,—yes, and make us suffer anything to conquer them, and to become just, and true, and unselfish."

Many outside difficulties remained. It seemed difficult to find any career open to Jack. He was ready to try anything and to bear any humiliation; but the suspicions and distrust which doing wrong necessarily bring on people are a cold atmosphere for anything good to grow in. If he smiled, for instance, Aunt Henderson was apt to think him impenitent. If he was grave, Uncle Beauchamp was disposed to consider him sullen. It is so terribly difficult for any one who has fallen openly to rise again. If he stands upright and looks up, some people call him shameless; if he stoops and looks down, others call him base. At first we thought of home and the old farm-life; but much as I should have liked to have him with us again, I could not help seeing, with some pain, that although Jack made not an objection, and endeavoured to enter into it, the thought evidently depressed him.

One morning, while father and I were debating these matters, to our amazement the footman quietly ushered in "Mr. Spencer."

Hugh had that day arrived from America. Father left me to tell him all the sad yet hopeful history of the

last few weeks, and when almost before we had come to the end of it, Jack came in, I went away and left them alone together.

Jack told me afterwards that Hugh's warm welcome, and his honest and faithful counsel, were better than a fortune to him. "It is such a wonderful help," he said, "to feel you are trusted by one everybody can trust like Hugh."

Hugh has set it all right for Jack. Hugh thinks the old life at home would not be good for Jack; he thinks Jack and father naturally fret each other a little, and if they control themselves so as not to fret each other, they will fret themselves all the more by the effort. It was therefore arranged that Jack should go to America and take charge of a tobacco plantation.

So we were once more at the dear old home. Our own old party—father, and mother, and Jack, and Hugh, and I; for Hugh always was one of us, although now he is one of us in a nearer way.

How nearly we have all been severed in the storms of this "troublesome world!" and how sweet the past dangers make the present calm!

There is much indeed still to remind us that we are at sea, on the open sea, with no promise of exemption from storms in time to come. But we are not without a pilot! And we have proved Him, which is something to gain from any storm.

Mother is much more willing to part with Jack for America than we dared to hope she would be. She says she feels it easier to part with him now than when he went to the army in Flanders. She feels he is not going alone. And by that we know well she does not only mean that Hugh is going with him to settle him in the new country.

For Hugh is going, but with a hope that makes his going easier for us both than when he left us last.

For a few days after our return, we had a visit from Cousin Evelyn's great-uncle, our new vicar.

He looked more aged and thinner than when we saw him last, and he was more nervous than ever.

He said he believed it was too late to transplant an old man like him from the centre of civilized and learned life at Oxford to what he hoped he might term, without offence, a region rather on the outskirts of civilization.

He said, between wrecking and poaching, aversion to paying tithes, their Cornish dialect, and what he could not help calling remnants of native barbarism on the one hand and Methodism on the other, he could make nothing whatever of the people, and if any one else could he was sure they were welcome to try.

He had therefore come to propose that Hugh should take the curacy, with a liberal salary. He himself would settle in London. He had spoken to the patron, who, considering

the circumstances, said perhaps it was the best thing that could be done. So all is settled.

Hugh and Jack are gone. They sailed from Falmouth.

I feel more anxious now they are actually gone than when it was first proposed. From not having much imagination I never can measure the pain of things beforehand, which sometimes makes it worse afterwards.

The ship they sailed in is an old one. I heard some sailors talking disparagingly of her as we left the quay. And the evening after they left was stormy. Heavy masses of thunder-cloud gathered in the west as I looked from the cliffs, just where I thought the ship must be.

It is now two months since Hugh and Jack left us. We have had letters full of hope and promise; and all the weight of foreboding, which settled down on me during the long days of silence between their leaving and our hearing, seems melting away. Every breath of this soft spring air, every smile of this life-giving spring sunshine, seems to blow or shine my cares away.

Those American forests, with their depths of pillared shade, and all the rich traceries of their brilliant creepers, would be only a picture to me—a glorious picture indeed, painted by the Master's hand, but wanting the sweet fragrance of time and home which breathes to me from every blossom of the hawthorn under my chamber window.

And now there is another new light on all the dear familiar old places, for Hugh is coming back so soon—so soon; and we are to work together, he and I, all our lives long, for the good and happiness of the old parish and the old friends; to bring new eternal hope and life, I trust, into many a heart and home.

There has been a letter from Hugh. Jack's affairs will take longer settling than we thought. And meantime Hugh finds plenty of missionary work among the poor blacks, so that I must try not to wish him back before the autumn, to which time his return has been delayed; and not to let the intervening days be merely a kind of waste border-land between two regions of life, but to fill them with their own work, which, no doubt, if I ask God, He will give me.

One piece of work has come already. Toby Tressly, when mother and I went to visit him to-day, asked me, as a great favour, if I would let him come to our house for an hour now and then and help him on a little with his reading, which, with all his pains, he still finds to be a very slow and not very certain mode of gaining information or edification.

This evening he came for the first time, and, with some hesitation, made known the chief reason for his coming. He has contrived to collect a few of

the idle boys of the parish on Sunday afternoons to teach them. And the attempt to teach others has made him feel his own deficiencies.

This accounts for the sounds father and I heard issuing from Toby's cottage as we were walking through the fields last Sunday.

The singing was hearty enough, at all events. From time to time the voices seemed to grow uncertain and scanty, and to wander up and down without knowing where they were going. But after such intervals Toby's voice was heard again, like a captain's collecting his scattered forces after a chase, and the whole body came in together at the close with a shout which father and I concluded was the chorus.

I suggested to Betty that a little elementary instruction in singing, such as I could give, might not be useless to Toby, if he is to be choirmaster as well as schoolmaster.

"More than that too, Mrs. Kitty," said Betty. "Toby is appointed local-preacher in our district."

This announcement was made as Betty was taking away the supper, and the demand on mother's faith in Methodist arrangements was more than it could stand.

"Toby a preacher, when he can scarcely read!" she said.

"It's my belief, missis," said Betty, "folks can learn to read a deal easier than they can learn what the Almighty's learned Toby's poor soul. There be things seen in the depths Toby's been brought through never written in any lesson-book I ever see."

"But whatever the profit may be to others," said mother, "it must certainly be dangerous to Toby himself to set himself up to teach when he has still so much to learn."

"Well, missis," said Betty, very respectfully but very determinedly, "seems to me if folks weren't to teach till they've no more to learn, they may wait till doomsday, and beyond that, for that aught I know by. And more than that, the folks that do set up to teach because they've done learning be most times mortal dull teachers. Nothing comes so home, it's my belief, as a lesson the teacher has just learned himself from the Almighty, whether from His word or His hand. However, Toby's not to set himself up to preach, anyway. Folks felt the better for what he'd got to say, and they would make him preach, and that's the end of it."

"A congregation who will listen is a good beginning for any parson certainly," said father. "And I suppose Toby's salary is not very high."

"The pay of them local-preachers," replied Betty drily, "is most times the wrong way as far as the world goes. Toby often walks ten or twenty miles to his preaching, and when it rains he's got to preach in his wet clothes, and it's in them till they dry; so that his pay is like to be weary bones now and rheumatics in old age. But he's content enough."

But when afterwards I questioned Toby about his self-denying labours, he coloured and stammered, very little like a man accustomed to public speaking, and at last he said,—

"They've only taken me on trial for a year. And as to the pay, the times I have alone on my walks, thinking over the Lord and His goodness, and all I've got to tell them, is pay enough for a prince, let alone the joy of seeing the poor souls comforted and cheered up a bit, while I talk to them, and the hope of meeting them all and thanking the Lord together by-and-bye."

(To be continued.)

Content as a King.

ONCE upon a time—so runs the story, and a pleasant story it is—when Louis XII. of France was at the royal castle of Plessisles-Tours, he went one evening into the kitchen, where he found a small boy engaged in turning a spit for the roasting of a loin of beef. The lad had a peculiarly bright-looking face—keen, bright eyes, and features, really fine; and his appearance greatly prepossessed the King in his favour. Laying his hand upon his head, he asked the little fellow who he was. The boy, looking up and seeing a plain-looking man in a hunting garb, supposed he might be speaking with one of the grooms or, perhaps, chief rider of the royal stables. He answered, very modestly, that his name was Simon. He said he came from La Roche, and that his parents were both dead.

"Are you content with this sort of work?" Louis asked.

"Why not?" answered the boy, with a twinkle in his eye and a suggestive nod. "I am as well off as the best of them. The King himself is no better."

"Indeed! How do you make that out?"

"Well, fair sir, the King lives; and so do I. He can do no more than live. Further, I am content. Is the King that?"

Louis walked away in a fit of thought deep and searching; and the image of that boy remained in his mind even after he had sought his pillow. On the next day, the astonishment of the turnspit may be imagined upon being summoned to follow a page, and finding himself in the presence of the King, and the King his visitor of the previous evening. On the present occasion, Louis conversed further with the lad, when he found him to be as intelligent and naturally keen-witted as he had at first appeared. He had sent for him with the intention of making him a page; but, instead the cof, he established him in his chamber as a page in waiting—really the position of a gentleman. And Louis had not been deceived in his estimate of the boy's abilities. The youth served Louis faithfully; and, in the last years of the reign of Francis I. he was known and honoured as General Sir Simon de la Roche.—*Standard*.

Life and Death.

"What is Life, father?"
 "A battle, my child,
 Where the strongest lance may fail,
 Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
 And the stoutest heart may quail,
 Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
 And rest not day or night,
 And the feeble little ones must stand
 In the thickest of the fight."
 "What is Death, father?"
 "The rest, my child,
 When the strife and toil are o'er;
 The angel of God, who, calm and mild,
 Says we need fight no more:
 Who, driving away the demon band,
 Bids the din of the battle cease;
 Takes banner and spear from our failing
 hand,
 And proclaims an eternal peace."
 "Let me die, father! I tremble, and fear
 To yield in that terrible strife!"
 "The crown must be won for Heaven dear,
 In the battle-field of life.
 My child, though thy foes are strong and
 tired,
 He loveth the weak and small;
 The angels of Heaven are on thy side,
 And God is over all!"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO
 MATTHEW.

A. D. 28] LESSON III. [Oct. 16

POWER TO FORGIVE SINS.

Matt. 9. 1-8. Memory verses, 4-7

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man hath power on earth to
 forgive sins. Matt. 9. 6.

OUTLINE.

1. Power to Heal.
2. Power to Forgive.

TIME.—28 A. D.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

RULERS.—Same as in Lesson I.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The connections for
 this story leads us backward. The scene is
 at Capernaum, some months before the storm
 upon the sea. Matthew's chapters are not
 arranged in the order of events, but contain
 incidents of the life, recorded as the writer
 recalled the scenes with which he had doubt-
 less been familiar.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Faded over . . . into his
 own city*—From the east side of the Sea of
 Galilee he sailed back to Capernaum; he
 seems to have been often crossing back and
 forth. This one verse probably belongs,
 chronologically, exactly after the last lesson,
 and should close the eighth chapter. *Sick of
 the palsy*—One who had been stricken by
 paralysis. *Lying on a bed*—Carried upon
 the Oriental rug, which made the bed or
 couch. *Be of good cheer*—Take courage, all
 will be well. *Thy sins be forgiven*—As if
 some form of sins had brought the evil, and
 their forgiveness must precede cure. *Blas-
 phemeth*—Speaks profanely, taking to him-
 self God's power. *Knowing their thoughts*—
 Read John 2. 25. *Take up thy bed*—A thing
 easily done; much as if he had said, Roll up
 your rug and go.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Power to Heal.*
 What was the occasion of the miracle of
 our lesson?
 What reason is assigned for the words
 which Jesus spoke to the paralytic?
 How had they shown their faith?
 How publicly was this miracle performed?
 See Luke's account?
 What did Jesus avow to be the direct
 purpose of the miracle?
 What was its effect upon the assembly?
 How was Jesus at this time regarded by
 the people generally? ver. 8.
2. *Power to Forgive.*
 In this incident what different kinds of
 power did Jesus display?

Which was first displayed?
 What was the effect upon the assembly?
 What showed the second kind of power
 which Jesus possessed?
 In what respect was the criticism of the
 Pharisees correct?
 In what respect was it evil?
 What proof of the divinity of Jesus is
 contained here other than that afforded by
 the miracle?
 What thing did the paralytic's rising and
 going prove?
 What does it teach concerning faith?
 What inspiration ought it to be to pray
 for others?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Notice the care and faith of these four for
 their friend; but it was for his body. Jesus
 showed himself willing to do vastly more
 than they asked.
 Jesus knew their thoughts; a man's
 thoughts are his most secret possessions;
 he who knows a man's secret heart must
 be his Maker.
 Jesus has power over sin; over the heart
 or thought that plans sin; over the body
 that executes the plan.
 Any one can hear that same voice to-day,
 if he will; not with the earthly, but with
 the spiritual, ear.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Make a plan for teaching this lesson—
 1st. Write twenty questions.
 2nd. Find ten phrases that need to be
 explained.
 3rd. Make an analysis. There were
 four classes of persons here—
 (a) One who needed forgiveness.
 (b) Four who had great faith.
 (c) Men who criticised, and said
 blasphemy.
 (d) One who said, I forgive.
2. Review carefully the first and second
 lessons of the quarter.
3. Study the incidents that lead backward
 to the time when this occurred. Write out
 in proper order the events of Jesus' life given
 in this quarter.
4. Find proofs of faith exercised by five
 persons in this lesson: of wilful blindness;
 of ignorant blindness; of patient forbear-
 ance; of earnest persistence; of divine
 power.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Omniscience.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

3. What do you mean by satisfaction and
 atonement?
 I mean that the death of Christ in our
 stead was so precious, that for the sake of
 it God the righteous Judge can forgive our
 sins and receive us to his favour.
 1 Peter i. 18, 19; 1 Peter iii. 18; 1 John i. 9.

A. D. 28] LESSON IV. [Oct. 23

THREE MIRACLES.

Matt. 9. 18-31. Memory verses, 23-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

According to your faith be it unto you.
 Matt. 9. 29.

OUTLINE.

1. The Diseased.
2. The Dead.
3. The Blind.

TIME.—28 A. D.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

RULERS.—Same as in Lesson I.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The story goes for-
 ward once more to the time of Lesson II.
 The tempest on the lake Tiberias had been
 stilled by the single word of Jesus. The
 little boat had brought them safely to the
 land. The country is Galilee. Here multi-
 tudes of swine are feeding. Here are two
 poor demons. The miracle that follows
 frees two human souls from bondage, but
 the swine are lost, and the people beseech
 Jesus to depart. Now Matthew makes a
 great feast for the Saviour, and scribes and
 Pharisees murmur against his carelessness
 of human custom. And so we have come
 to the story where we are to see his power
 anew.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Ruler (of the synagogue)*
 —Every synagogue had a presiding officer,
 who acted not only as president of the board
 of elders, but also directed the services of
 the Sabbath. *The hem of his garment*—The
 fringe upon the border of the garment worn
 in obedience to the law in Num. 15. 38.

Minstrels and the people—The customary
 ceremonial which followed death and pre-
 ceded burial had begun; these were hired
 mourners and pipers to conduct the mourn-
 ing service. *Maid is not dead*—She was
 dead; but Jesus meant to prepare them for
 the restoration of life, and also to teach
 them to look upon death as other than an
 absolute ceasing to be, as so many believed.
Laughed him to scorn—Laughed loud and
 scornfully, till they aroused him to severity.
People were put forth—He was there by
 authority of the ruler, and for a set purpose,
 and he used his authority to expel the
 scoffers. *Son of David*—A common desig-
 nation of the Messiah. *Into the house*—
 Into Christ's own dwelling at Capernaum.
Eyes were opened—They were made to see.
Straightly charged—Explicitly and sternly
 commanded them.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Diseased.*
 How was the life of Jesus passed during the
 last months of this second year's ministry?
 What were the three miracles which
 furnish the title for our lesson?
 What was peculiar in the case of this
 suffering woman?
 What was her evident purpose?
 What does her purpose display as to her
 condition, physical and mental?
 How did she succeed in her purpose?
 Did the cure precede or follow her con-
 fession?
 What was that silent touch in God's sight?
2. *The Dead.*
 How was the spirit of Jesus tried at the
 ruler's house?
 Can it be that here was one of the places
 in which he was tempted as we are?
 How was death regarded by the ancient
 world?
 How did one powerful party among the
 Jews regard it?
 When, besides here, did Jesus use the
 term sleep in speaking of death?
 What had he been asked by the ruler to do?
 What was the effect of this miracle?
 What did the Sanhedrin fear would be
 the effect of such miracles? John 11. 48.
3. *The Blind.*
 What was the immediate consequence of
 this miracle?
 By what title is Christ now for the first
 time called?
 What would that mean to the Jewish
 nation?
 What condition did Jesus put upon these
 two men, before their sight came?
 What proves that they did have just that
 particular faith?
 Why was the charge of secrecy given?
 Under what great danger was Jesus all
 this time?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

What a Saviour! A poor woman; an
 honoured ruler; two helpless blind men;
 and for each Jesus had a blessing. His
 grace is boundless; we cannot exhaust it.
 Christ will have no secret disciples; if
 his grace is worth having, his name must
 be confessed.
 "One work of love always leads to an-
 other."
 The scoffers were put forth from the
 ruler's house. They will as surely be put
 forth in the day when Christ comes in power.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Read very carefully the whole story as
 told in Mark 5. 21-43. There are many
 things told there that are not here.
2. Read also Luke 8. 41-56. There are
 some facts there not found in either of the
 other accounts.
3. Write the whole story in correct order,
 putting in all the details from the three
 Gospels.
4. Find a reason why Mark and Luke
 should each have told this story with so
 much more care and fulness than Matthew.
5. Learn what you can of the customs of
 Hebrew funerals.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The resurrec-
 tion.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

4. What lesson does the death of Christ
 teach us?
 The great evil of sin, and the strict holi-
 ness of God, which could not suffer sin to
 go unpunished.
 Galatians iii. 13. Christ redeemed us
 from the curse of the law, having become a
 curse for us.

C. L. S. C.

**COURSE OF READING FOR
 1887-88.**

REQUIRED READINGS

Prices to Members.

- Canadian History and Literature. By
 W. H. Withrow, D.D., F.R.S.C.,
 and G. Mercer Adam, M.A. \$0 50
- Chautauqua Text Book, American
 History. 0 12
- American Literature. By Prof. H. A.
 Beers, A.M., of Yale College 0 70
- Physiology and Hygiene. By Dr. M. P.
 Hatfield 1 10
- Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation.
 By J. B. Walker, LL.D. 0 30
- Readings from Washington Irving. . . . 0 50
- Classical German Course in English.
 By Dr. W. C. Wilkinson 1 10
- History of the Mediaval Church. By
 J. F. Hurst, D.D., LL.D. 0 50
- American History. By Edward Everett
 Hale, D.D., (recommended to
 Canadian members, but not re-
 quired) 1 10

The set, excluding American History,
 mailed post-free on receipt of \$4.75. With
 American History, \$5.75 for set.

JUST READY.

A NEW VOLUME

By PANSY, Entitled

"Eighty-Seven."

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT EDITION.

A Chautauqua Story, dedicated to the
 "Class of '87."

12mo, Cloth, 342 pp., \$1.00.

Will be mailed, post-free, to any address
 on receipt of \$1.00.

CHEAP EDITION.

PANSY BOOKS

Printed from Original Plates.

NOW READY.

- FOUR GIRLS AT CHAUTAUQUA.
- NEW GRAFT IN THE FAMILY TREE.
- MRS. SOL SMITH LOOKING ON.
- ONE COMMONPLACE DAY.

IN PRESS.

- RUTH ERSKINE'S CROSSES.
- CHAUTAUQUA GIRLS AT HOME.

Price, Cloth, 50 Cents Each.

Just Issued from Our Press.

"TACTICS OF INFIDELS."

By REV. F. A. LAMBERT,

Author of "Notes on Ingersoll," "Hand
 book of Scripture Reference," etc.

In Paper Covers, 357 pp., at 30 Cents, and
 Cloth, 60 Cents.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 & 80 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL, QUE.

S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX, N.S.