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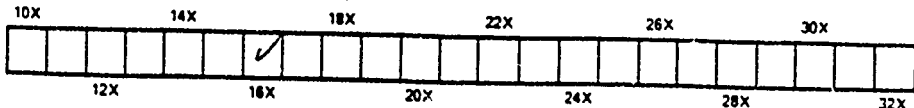
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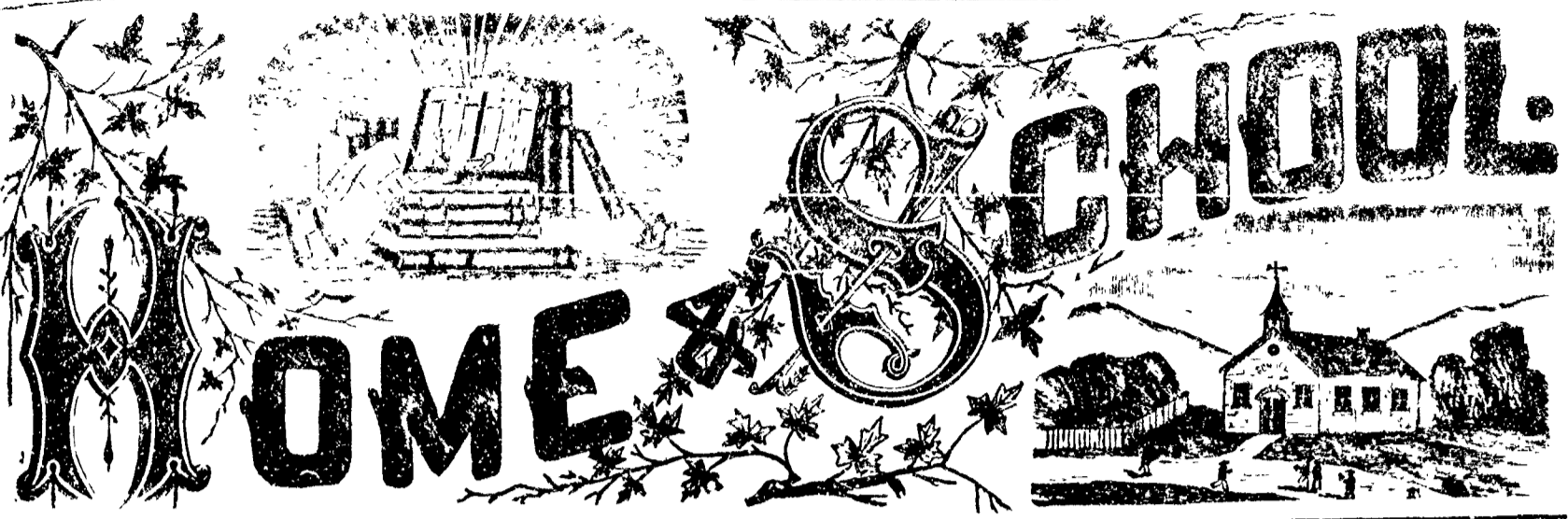
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HOME & SCHOOL

The header features the title 'HOME & SCHOOL' in a large, ornate, blackletter-style font. The word 'HOME' is on the left, 'SCHOOL' is on the right, and '&' is in the center. The text is surrounded by decorative floral and leaf patterns. In the background, there are two small illustrations: a school building with a steeple on the left and a church with a steeple on the right.

Vol. IV.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1886.

[No. 3.]



THE SNOWBIRDS.—(SEE TEXT ON NEXT PAGE.)

The Snowbirds.

"PRETTY little snowbirds,"
Sang a tiny maid—
"Pretty little snowbirds,
Where can you have strayed?"

"When the sparkling snowflakes
Fall upon your head,
Where do you find shelter?
Where's your little bed?"

"Pretty little snowbirds,
Aren't you cold to-day?
Don't you wish the winter
Soon will haste away?"

"No, dear little maiden,"
Thus the birds replied,
While they lightly bounded
Nearer to her side.

"Fear we not the snowflakes
Falling soft and white,
Sparkling like rich jewels
Mid the sunbeams bright?"

"For our robe of feathers
Keeps us warm and nice,
So we love the winter
With its snow and ice.

"And we sing as blithely
As we gaily roam,
As you, little maiden,
In your sheltered home."

"Jesus loves the snowbirds,"
Thus the maiden said,
As upon her pillow
Laid she her fair head.

"I'm so glad He gave them
Jackets soft and warm,
That the pretty snowbirds
May not feel the storm!"

Theodore Cuyler's Choice.

THEODORE CUYLER came of a family of lawyers. His father was a Justice of the Peace and Surrogate at the age of twenty-eight, when he died, leaving Theodore, at the age of four years, to the sole guardianship and training of his mother. His grandfather also was a lawyer, and the firm was widely known, with a large practice. To this it had been naturally desired by the father, grandfather, and family that the young child should succeed. He was born to be a lawyer and already his nest was feathered. But from his birth his mother had dedicated him to the service of the Temple. Her most earnest prayer was that he might be a good minister of Jesus Christ, in however humble a sphere, rather than occupy any other position, however lucrative and honourable.

Everyone knew the mother's wish; but all condemned her for it, and resolved to thwart it. The grandfather said to her, "I am about to make my will. I have the best legal library in the country, and shall leave it to Theodore if you make him a lawyer; but no books and no money if you make him a priest. All depends on you. I want your decision at once."

It was a great shock to the mother, but she replied, "I would not have him become a priest of my making, but as far as my influence can operate, I hope he will become a minister of the Gospel."

He replied, "Very well! Remember, I've no books and no money for priests."

She went to live at Auburn, where the youthful Samuel went to school. Her first gift to him was a pocket Bible. He was able to read at four years of age. But the mother was very anxious about the pecuniary means for education, cast off as she was by the family, through what they regarded as her obstinacy and blindness to the child's interests. But she was sustained by the promise, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He will bring it to pass." When the cloud was darkest the grand-

father died, and by his will had put Theodore in the same position as his deceased father. There was now no difficulty in the way of education.

When nine years of age, Theodore attended some Protestant prayer meetings held at the school; and after one of these, said: "Mother, I've decided for Christ." At that early age he made his public confession by membership with the Church. When sixteen, he matriculated at Princeton University, where he remained three years, and took honours. He was only nineteen when he came on his first visit to Europe, to complete his education by foreign travel. Bearing introductions of a high order, he was received by various distinguished men, who were charmed with the vivacious youth, overflowing with cultured curiosity and Yankee wit. Dickens and Carlyle were especially interested in him, and showed him no little kindness.

With the Indians.

By looking at the map you will see that if we journey westward, we shall come to a long, narrow strip of country between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean. It is called British Columbia, and though it looks so small on the map, it covers 233,000 square miles, which means it is about as large as France. A very beautiful country it is, with its lofty mountain range, picturesque river courses, and rich fertile valleys. Its climate, though mild, would be more enjoyed by young ducks than children, for it rains ten months out of the twelve, and ought therefore to be a capital market for umbrella makers. In the books of explorers, we find that only as far back as 1841, the people of British Columbia were rude savages of the most forlorn aspect and fierce habits. The country might have remained almost unknown to us had it not been that in 1856 it was found to be rich in gold, and there was a rush of fortune hunters from all parts of the world to that land. The poor Indians, instead of being the better for all these people coming from the civilized world, learned many of their worst vices, and especially drunkenness, which was unknown before.

In God's gracious providence a British ship of war, with a Christian captain, was ordered there, and the sad condition of the poor Indians touched the captain's kind heart, and when he came back for a time to this country he communicated with one of the great missionary societies, and promised if they would send a missionary he would make him free of cost. Now it happened a little before that time that, in a small village in this country, there was a missionary meeting announced, but when the night came it was so very wet that scarcely any one attended. The speaker, however, did not like to disappoint the little company, and so gave his address. There was present a young fellow who listened with intense interest, and he determined to offer himself as a missionary. He was accepted, and when the kind captain's offer came, there was no time to be lost and in ten days this young man was on his voyage. After six months' sailing, he landed and settled at Fort Simpson. Two days later he witnessed a terrible sight that made his heart sink. A crowd of howling, dancing Indians, with painted faces and feathers on their heads and beating drums,

hurrying to the beach, led on by two hideous, yelling, naked savages. The missionary watched them hunting for something on the shore, and saw to his horror that they had got a human body, which they were tearing to pieces like a pack of wolves. He found that he had come to live amongst cannibals.

With a brave heart he determined to remain, and set to work to learn the language, and with the help of a native who knew a little English, he soon had made such progress that he determined to preach a short sermon. Then he got permission from a chief to let him go into the people's houses, and found as he went about that the natives were so eager to hear him, that in some cases as many as two hundred were gathered together. After that he went round to the people who had let him have their houses and gave them little presents, and so did he win the heart of one chief Legiac, that he allowed his house to be used as a school for the children; and soon it was seen that the Indians, thinking the learning of the white men had so much to do with their power, both grown up men and women, came with the children. Then it was decided to have a separate building for a school. Legiac granted a piece of land near his own house, and the people were so delighted that they brought wood and set to work themselves, and others who were very poor took the planks off their own houses, and even brought the boards they used for beds.

One day a change came over Legiac. He asked the missionary that the school might be closed for a month. It appeared that in the autumn a certain tribe called "Medicine men" (we should call them conjurers) came round and pretended to make rain, to charm people, and to cause or cure trouble. The missionary saw that if once he gave way to this terrible curse he would lose his influence. He refused, and the chief flew into a fierce rage and threatened to shoot the children if they came to school. The next day, during school time, six of these medicine men, all painted and doped with feathers, burst in, and others hung about the door. Legiac ordered the children to go; the missionary forbade them. The chief stamped and raved and threatened to murder him. This continued for an hour, and then the "medicine men" sneaked away without doing any harm. Afterwards the missionary discovered how it was that he had escaped. His faithful interpreter, Olah, though not a Christian, yet fearing danger for the missionary he had learnt to love, had carried to school a pistol, hiding it under the blanket that he wore; and all the time he had been standing close behind the missionary, but facing the chiefs with the pistol pointed at them. From that time several of them gave up their wicked practices.

As time went on, the missionary saw with thankfulness that gradually the people ceased to paint their faces, and gave up wearing their hideous nose and lip rings, and became more holy and industrious. Yet he thought they would be better Christians if he could separate them from their heathen companions altogether; and finding a pretty spot twenty miles away, on the border of the bay, he told the people what he wanted them to do. Some of them were eager to go, but they had to promise to give up all their magic work and be clean, and leave off painting their faces, drinking, and gambling, to keep the Sabbath, and send their chil-

dren to school. It was hard work to promise so much, but fifty of them were ready to start with the missionary in his canoe. When they reached the spot they set to work and built houses, and laid out gardens, and made roads, and erected a beautiful little church and school, and soon there was quite a charming missionary village. Soon there followed three hundred more, and the work went on so well, that one day they had a glorious service, and fifty-six grown up people and fourteen little children confessed Christ and were baptized; and what gave the missionary special joy was that the brave old interpreter Olah was among them, and Legiac, who had got disgusted with the medicine men and had his heart touched by the Spirit of God, was another. Poor fellow! it had been hard struggle for him to come to this, and so terribly was he tempted, even after his baptism, that one day he took a sad farewell of his friends, and said he must go back; he knew it was wrong, but something pulled him away. They watched him with tears as his canoe faded out of sight, but to their joy the next morning they saw him back again, and he went straight to the missionary and told him what terrible suffering he had passed through. After that he not only settled down but himself became a brave missionary, and on one occasion went back to Fort Simpson, and preached pathetically to the old chiefs. When he was on his death-bed, it was at a distance from the missionary, and his great trouble was that he could not say "Good bye" to him, but he wrote a touching letter to him "who had showed him the ladder that reached to heaven," and, wrote the dying chief, "I am on that ladder now."

In 1878, twenty-two years after the good captain had landed the missionary on the shores of British Columbia, he came once more to visit the old scenes, and though so long a time had elapsed he was not forgotten. He was rowed on shore by the very men who twenty years ago had been cannibals and medicine men; when he drew near the beautiful little village, it was gay with decorations and flags, and in spite of rain, the whole village came out to welcome him; and when one night they had a meeting in their now large beautiful schoolroom, to speak in their own language their words of welcome, one of them said, "As children rejoice to see a father, so we rejoice to see you."

What Religion Does for Children.

RELIGION helps children to study better and to do more faithful work. A little girl of twelve was telling in a simple way the evidence that she was a Christian. "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school, and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me, making fun for the children to look at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well and keeping the school laws. I was selfish at home; didn't like to run errands, and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her in work. Now it is a real joy to me to help mother in any way, and to show that I love her."

Such a religion is essential to the best interest and moral growth of youth, and will make life sunny and cheerful.

His Mother's Songs.

HEATH the hot midsummer's sun
The men had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay.

Tiring of games and idle jests,
As swept the hours along,
They called to one who mused apart,
"Come, friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said;
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me long years ago."

"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?"

"And shall I fear to own His cause!"
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbled with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Faded the song; the singer said,
As to his feet he rose,
"Thanks to you all, my friends; good-night.
God grant us sweet repose."

"Sing us one more," the captain begged;
The soldier bent his head.
Then glancing round, with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me," he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air,
Sweet as the bugle call,
'All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall.'"

Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell
As on the singer sang;
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.

And up from many a bearded lip,
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer the mother taught
The boy long years ago.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The Mother's Blessing.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

It was the gray dawn of a winter's morning. A mother stood in the doorway of a New England farm-house with her hand upon her eldest son's shoulder. He was a tall boy and she was a little woman, with a fresh young look in her face, notwithstanding her forty years. Albert Morrison, her first-born child, was standing upon the threshold of his old home, ready to pass out of the door into the great broad world, and take his place among its countless workers. His overcoat was buttoned tightly up to his throat, for it was a very cold morning, and his travelling-bag stood by his side. The team was waiting in front of the house and his father sat in the sleigh, looking for his coming through the open door, for it was almost time to drive his son to the station.

As the words, "Hurry up, my son, or we shall be late!" fell upon the mother's ear, she lifted up her face for the good-by kiss, and when her much-loved boy bent down to receive it, she put her arms around his neck and said: "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace."

After giving his mother a succession of loving kisses, he bounded out of the door and was gone. His mother went and stood by the window and watched the retreating form of her boy until he was out of sight, and then she went

into the empty room, and kneeling down by her bedside, she committed him to the Lord.

A few days afterwards the young man stepped off the train that had just stopped in the large depot of a western city. He was going to take a position in a wholesale business house in that city, and after a few hours had passed, he reported at the desk of the senior partner of the firm, and was assigned to his immediate post of duty. He was a young man of great energy and an apt scholar, and soon became quite familiar with his particular duties. He had taken a room in a boarding-house where there were a number of other young men, with whom he was thrown in close companionship. The first few Sundays after he came to the city he attended church in the morning, and in the afternoon he wrote long loving letters to his mother. But his young companions did not go to church. They told him no one in the large city churches took any interest in strangers; besides, as they worked all the week they needed that time for rest. It was not long before Albert fell into their ways of thinking, and spent his Sundays with them, lounging about in the parlor, reading the newspapers, or wandering about the streets of the city. His employer paid for one of the highest priced pews in the largest church there, but he never inquired where his clerks attended church, or even if they went at all.

It was then for the first time that Albert heard arguments made and opinions expressed unfavourable to the truth of the Bible. His mother's teaching from that holy book had been so plain that hitherto he had "walked by sight," so implicitly did he believe in them. But now the child of faith was beginning to take the first steps away from the little fence of trust which had hedged in his pure life. "The first steps are these that tell." Soon Albert began to accompany his companions to places of resort that would have brought a blush to his face had his mother looked in upon him. He had already begun to take the "social glass." He was a generous, whole-souled fellow, and of course he must treat his companions and be treated by them. All his companions spoke of "wild oat sowing," as a necessity to be gone through with in order to reach a high degree of manhood. Of course they expected to reform by and by. They never calculated upon the harvest this "wild oat sowing" produces.

Albert Morrison was faithful to his business trusts, but when the office was closed for the day, he thought it his privilege to go where he enjoyed himself the most. His mother's letters came to him every week, full of loving counsels. When he read them the consciousness that he was travelling far away from his mother's teachings made him resolve for the moment to do as he knew his mother firmly believed he was doing, honouring her name and her loving counsels. But the thought of what his companions would say was too much for his foolish, wicked pride to overcome.

The "social glass" began to become a necessity to him. He found at certain hours that he could not resist "taking a drink." One Saturday night, after he had treated to an extra drink, he started to go to his room. When he left the saloon his step was unsteady, and in making an attempt to cross the street-car tracks, he fell in front of the

wheels of a coming car. The driver instantly stopped the car, but it was only just in time to save the prostrate man from being instantly killed. Albert Morrison was taken up in an unconscious state and carried into a drug store. He was recognized, and his companions had him carried to his room.

When he recovered himself the sound of church bells, calling the worshippers to God's house, came in through the window of his resting place. In a moment the scenes of the past night came to his mind. Then he listened to the solemn sound of the bells; their sacred music filled his heart with anguish and remorse. He thought of the little church at home; of his dear mother sitting in the pew—perhaps at that very moment with bowed head thinking of and praying for him—and then he remembered he had a letter, still unopened, from his mother, in his overcoat pocket. He took it from its neglected hiding place and opening it read it with tearful eyes. It began with bright pictures of the home life, and the loved ones there, and their pleasant talks about the absent one; then followed the bits of news in the neighbourhood and then some kindly loving counsel. The letter closed with the same words the mother had spoken in blessing when she bade her son good-bye. "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make His face to shine upon thee and be gracious to thee; the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee and give thee peace." Oh, how vividly the scenes of the morning when he left home came before his face. The sweet words wounded in his ears just as they did when they fell from her loving lips. He buried his face in his hands and repeated: "The Lord be gracious unto thee." How much he needed grace and mercy! Then he prayed, as he never prayed before, that the light of God's countenance might shine upon him and give him peace—"For Ourist's sake and my mother's sake, O God, turn me not away!" It was a true repentance.

When Albert Morrison resolved with the strength of his mother's God to take up the new life, he felt that he must leave all his old companions and begin entirely anew. But on second thought he felt assured that right there was the very place for him to stay and do a great work for others as well as for himself. It was a bold stand, but his influence was slowly gaining ascendancy as day by day passed. Success was never gained by easy stages. There are failures many times—discouragements, oh! so often. It is a constant warfare, but to the persistent soul God giveth the victory.

A year afterwards Albert visited his old home for the first time, and when his mother sat alone with him in the golden twilight of the summer's day, he told her all his temptations, and how God had helped him to resist them.

"I couldn't get away from my mother's God and my mother's blessing, even in that distant city!" he said, as he concluded his story, and imprinted a loving kiss on his mother's tearful face.

—Christian at Work

"ARE you in favour of enlarging the curriculum," asked a rural school director of a farmer in his district. "Enlarge nothing!" replied the old gentleman; "the building's big enough; what we want is to teach more things to the scholars."

Do You Attend Sunday-School.

BY REV. J. LAWSON.

It is likely most of those who read this question will be prepared to answer *Yes*, as it is into the hands of those who attend Sunday-school this paper is most likely to fall. But it is not unlikely that many will see this who seldom see the inside of a Sabbath-school room. A word to those, in all kindness and with only one motive, namely, to do you good.

If you are a father, do you take your children to the Sabbath-school where they will be carefully instructed in spiritual things and taught the way to heaven? If not, *why*? But perhaps you say you *send* them. Well, that is better than keeping them away, I admit, but how much better to *take* them. If all were to do as you do, what would be the use of sending them? Who would be there to teach them? But perhaps you say you can't teach. Well, you may think you are right, but I think you are wrong. Surely there will be some at the school whom you can teach. But even if you don't teach, go and encourage by your presence and approval those who can and do. Now, don't lay down this paper and forget all about it, and don't try to make any excuses in defence of your habit of staying away; but rouse up, do your duty, and you will never repent so doing.

Young men, do you attend Sabbath-school. If not, *why*? Has it no attractions for you? I trust you are not so far gone in the sins and follies of the world as that would intimate. It is a sad condition for any young man or woman to get into when they have no relish for the Sabbath-school. Do you say you are not wanted there? Great mistake. That you not needed there? But you are. All are needed, and are wanted either to teach or to be taught; to pray, and be prayed for; to sing, or to hear others sing; to fill some office, or to sit and look on and encourage the rest.

Children, come to the Sunday-school; youths, come to the Sabbath-school; parents, neighbours and friends, come to the Sabbath-school, and you will be benefiting both yourselves and others, and honouring the cause of God.

Cobden, Ont.

Drink.

It is easy to sum up and deliver to a jury consisting of all manhood, and womanhood, a charge against the tempter, the betrayer, the home-ruiner, the disease producer, the soul-destroyer, blighting mauling, ruining, wherever it obtains power; the fiend that negatives all prosperity, that baulks the teaching of virtue, the guidance of religion—the revealed, and natural, faith in hereafter. The curse of drunkenness is the everwhelming curse of our country—of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. It fills our poor-houses, insane asylums, and jails. It is the fertile source of crime; almost the only source. There is not a judge, a coroner, a magistrate, who will not tell us it gives him incentives of the work he has to do. There is not a physician who has not testified to the misery it induces, and for which he has no cure. It is the existing, but it is also the hereditary curse. The children of the drunkard are recognized by emaciated forms, diseased constitutions, and predisposition to crime!—*Retrospect of a Long Life*, by S. C. Hall.

The Sweet Old Story.

TELL me about the Master!
I am weary and worn to-night,
The day lies behind me in shadow,
And only the evening is light!
Light with a radiant glory
That lingers about the west.
My poor heart is aweary, aweary,
And longs, like a child, for rest.

Tell me about the Master!
Of the hills He in loneliness trod,
When the tears and blood of His anguish
Dropped down on Judea's sod.
For to me life's seventy mile stones
But a sorrowful journey mark;
Rough lies the hill country before me,
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master!
Of the wrongs He freely forgave;
Of His love and tender compassion,
Of His love that was mighty to save;
For my heart is aweary, aweary,
Of the woes and temptations of life,
Of the error that stalks in the noonday,
Of the falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever of sorrow
Or pain or temptation befall,
The infinite Master hath suffered,
And knoweth and pitieth all,
So tell me the sweet old story,
That falls on each wound like a balm,
And my heart that was bruised and broken
Shall grow patient and stong and calm.

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Home & School.

Rev. W. H. W' THROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1886

Ready!

If it is the same Jesus that went away from us who is coming, then let us be doing what He was doing before He went away. If it is the same Jesus that is coming, we cannot possibly put ourselves into a posture of which He will better approve than by going about doing good. If you would meet Him with joy, serve Him with earnestness. If the Lord Jesus Christ were to come to-day, I should like Him to find me studying, praying or preaching. Would you not like Him to find you in your Sunday-school, in your class, or out there at the corner of the street preaching, or doing whatever you have the privilege of doing in His name! Would you meet your Lord in idleness! Do not think of it.

I called one day on one of our members, and she was whitening the front steps. She got up all in confusion; she said, "Oh, dear, sir, I did not know you were coming to-day, or I would have been ready." I replied, "Dear friend, you could not be in

better trim than you are; you are doing your duty like a good housewife, and may God bless you." She had no money to spare for a servant, and she was doing her duty by keeping the home tidy. I thought she looked more beautiful with her pail beside her, than if she had been dressed according to the latest fashion. I said to her, "When the Lord comes suddenly, I hope He will find me doing as you were doing—namely, fulfilling the duty of the hour." I want you all to get to your pails without being ashamed of them. Serve the Lord in some way or other; serve Him always; serve Him intensely; serve Him more and more.

Go to-morrow and serve the Lord at the counter, or in the workshop, or in the field. Go and serve the Lord by helping the poor and needy, the widow and the fatherless; serve Him by teaching the children, especially by endeavouring to train your children. Go and hold a temperance meeting, and show the drunkard that there is hope in Christ, or go to the midnight meeting, and let the fallen woman know that Jesus can restore her. Do what Jesus has given you the power to do, and then, ye men of Britain, ye will not stand gazing up into heaven, but you will wait upon the Lord in prayer, and you will receive the Spirit of God, and you will publish to all around the doctrine of "Believe and live." Then when He comes He will say to you, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord." So may His grace enable us to do. Amen.—C. H. Spurgeon.

\$250,000 FOR MISSIONS.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.

- 1.—OBJECT.—To "preach the Gospel to every creature."
- 2.—FIELD.—All the Dominion—Newfoundland—Bermuda—Japan. "The field is the world."
- 3.—OPENINGS.—There are urgent calls for more Missionaries among the Indians, and in the New Settlements, and Japan.
- 4.—COST.—The re-adjustment of the work consequent upon union, caused an increase in the number of Missions. The effort to sustain the brethren labouring on them, without absolute suffering, has entailed an indebtedness of \$21,000. To meet this year's expenditure—on a very low scale of allowance—an advance of one-third, at least, over last year's givings is imperatively necessary.

IN VIEW OF ALL THESE FACTS WE BESEECH YOU

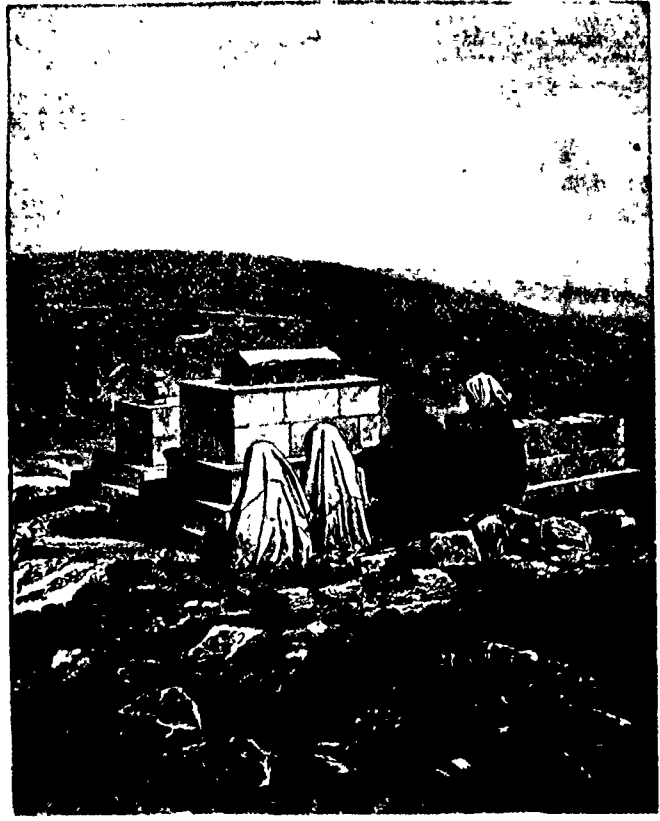
5.—GIVE.—Cheerfully—Prayerfully—Liberal—"As God hath prospered you."

6.—PAY.—Promptly (at the Missionary Meeting if possible.)—In any case not later than end of March next.

7.—"Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him!"—1 John iii. 17.

One cent a day from each member would yield \$640,000 a year.

"WELL, father," the young man said joyously, coming home from college, "here I am with the sheepskin of a graduate." "I see," said the old man grimly, "you're wearing it over your bones. That's right."



WOMEN WEEPING AT THE TOMB.

Christmas Sunday School Service.

ONE of the most interesting Christmas services we ever attended took place in the Metropolitan Sunday-school, Toronto, on the last Sunday of 1885. This school now numbers over 600 scholars, and has one of the best school-rooms on the American continent. A beautiful responsive service, descriptive of the birth of Christ, was read by the school and superintendent alternately, and was interspersed with the singing of appropriate hymns. Mr. Boustead, the energetic superintendent, to whom is chiefly due the success of the service, has organized an orchestra of young violinists and flutists, belonging to the school, and a large and efficient choir of the scholars. This was supplemented by the ringing of a sweet chime of bells in an adjoining room, which repeated beautifully the harmony of the hymns sung. Appropriate addresses were made by the pastor, Rev. E. A. Stafford; the ex-pastor, Rev. Hugh Johnston; and the editor of this paper. The following is one of the beautiful hymns, sung to an exquisite musical setting by Gounod:—

Though poor be the chamber come here,
Come and adore;
Lo! the Lord of Heaven
Hath to mortals given,
Life for evermore.

Shepherds who folded your flocks beside
you,
Tell what was told by angel voices near.
To you this night is born He who will guide
you
Through paths of peace to living waters
clear.

Kings from a far land, draw near and behold
Him,
Led by the beam whose warning bade ye
come;
Your crowns cast down, with robe royal
enfold Him;
Your King descends to earth from brighter
home.

Wind to the cedars proclaim the joyful story,
Wave of the sea the tidings bear afar,
The night is gone! Behold in all its glory
All broad and bright rises th' Eternal
morning Star.

Though poor be the chamber, etc.

Women Weeping at the Tomb.

"It is the custom in Syria," says a recent writer, "during several weeks after a funeral for the women of a bereaved house to go early in the morning to weep over the grave. Whether the sorrow be real or not, still they must conform to custom or they will be held in contempt by their friends. So, in cold weather or warm, in piercing wind and chilling rain, they assemble, fearing that if they remain at home the world will talk about them.

"Often the relatives of the dead do not care to do such an inconvenient thing or are unwilling to expose themselves. Out of this difficulty there is always an easy way. There are many women who, if sufficiently paid, are anxious to give every evidence, by eye and voice, of the most overwhelming grief. It is not necessary that they should know the family at all; money is all that is needed to start their tears and tune their voices to the most doleful lamentations."

THE Buffalo *Christian Advocate* says of the December number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*: "This is the strongest and brightest number we have seen of this excellent magazine. We have no magazine on this side that takes its place, and we believe that if its merits were more fully known in this country, it would receive a very generous patronage. It is the best magazine for a Christian family of which we have any knowledge. Toronto, Ont. \$2.00 a year."

WITH the January number *The Quiver* enters upon its second year as an American magazine. In this short time it has made itself an absolute necessity in thousands of American homes and the different members of the family, from the oldest to the youngest, are asking themselves how they ever did without it. Certainly *The Quiver* filled a gap, and filled it well.



AMONG THE ESQUIMAUX.

Neglected Blessings.

There is many a rest on the road of life,
If we only could stop and take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would wake it.
To the manly soul that is full of hope
And whose beautiful trust ne'er falleth;
The grass is green and the flowers bloom,
Though the wintry storm prevailleth.

Better to hope, though the clouds hang low,
And keep the eye still lifted;
For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through
Where the ominous clouds are rifted.
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour as the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem on the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
Which is richer far than the jewelled crown,
Or the miser's hoarded treasure,
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks
For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life
A bright and golden filling,
And to do God's will with a ready heart
And hands that are swift and willing,
Than to snap the delicate tender threads
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

Think of It.

Is there a revival in your church,
and are the boys and girls coming out
and consecrating themselves to Christ?
What ought you to do about it? You
say, "I ought to be a Christian."
When will it be best to begin? If we
advised you to wait until another year,
you would think us either crazy or
trifling with "you in a most serious
matter. If we said, "Wait a month,"
you would think of all the things that
might happen in a month, and shake
your head. Now, while so much is
being done to help you, and your play-
mates and classmates are beginning
the new life, open your heart to the
blessed Christ.

Hans Egede and the Esquimaux.

HAVE you read about good Hans Egede, who lived in Norway some one hundred and fifty years ago? Though a pastor there, his heart was not at rest for the longing he had to be in Greenland. Remembering, perhaps, the old story of Columbus and Queen Isabella, Hans told his wish to King Frederick the Fourth of Norway. Quite likely, although I cannot be certain, the king replied in some such way as this:

"I hear that the Greenlanders are a forlorn people, living in tents through their short summer, and in filthy huts of stone all winter; also that they eat uncooked food and drink the blood of animals. Why should you leave Norway for such a country?"

"Because, sire," replied Hans, "I wish to teach the people."

"Are they not fine hunters?" asked the king.

"Yes, sire; they know well how to catch the walrus, seal, polar bear, and Arctic fox. The dogs also are their obedient servants in long journeys over the ice."

"I have heard even more about their skill," continued the king. "Men wrapped in skins venture out between mountains of ice, through fearful tempests, in boats made of thin laths joined together by whalebones and covered with sealskins—all for the sake of catching these creatures. No, my good Hans! the Greenlanders do not need you to teach them such feats, nor even how to use the precious seals. They take the skin for clothing, the flesh for food, and the fat for oil. I hear, too," continued the king, much interested in telling Hans what he knew of the Greenlanders—"I hear that when it is too cold to go on the sea, the Esquimaux entrap the animals on the ice. The seal, unable to stay long under water, comes up through

ice-holes and falls asleep; then the hunter is ready with his club or gun. At other times, if he would catch the creature awake, the man covers himself with skin, cries like a seal, and creeps along the ice till near enough to pierce the unsuspecting animal. Now, how could you teach them greater skill?"

"You speak the truth, O king; still, my wish to go continues," said Hans.

"I hear, too, that the people are full of conceit and laugh at Europeans, which is very absurd, since they themselves are a short, dirty-looking race, quite ignorant of books. Besides, what would you, a good minister of God, do among people who are stupid pagans?"

"Now, dear king," said Hans, "you have gotten at my secret wish. I want to tell the Greenlanders about Jesus."

"What does your wife say to this plan?"

"She is as anxious as myself to go," said Hans.

"But think of your boys Paul, I hear, is a fine boy o twelve," continued the king.

"The boys will go with us. I pray to God that they may grow up earnest missionaries."

Seeing Hans was determined, the king helped him right generously, so that Hans Egede, with his wife and sons and a company of forty-five persons, set sail in a

small trading vessel for the dreary country of Greenland. They found the natives just as you see them in the picture, stunted in growth by the cold climate, running round on the ice with harpoons and lances, surrounded by sharp-nosed Esquimaux dogs.

Years afterward Paul Egede wrote all about their life in Greenland—how the young Esquimaux taught them to catch seals, till they became good hunters, but never quite so expert as the natives. On the other hand, they taught the Greenlanders to read and write, and, above all, to worship the only true God. I saw in a book the other day a funny anecdote from his life. A Greenlander carried off a Latin dictionary belonging to the young Egedes, supposing it made of skin, and persuaded his wife to sew the leaves together and make him a coat. One day he went to visit Hans Egede arrayed in the coat, which was adorned with a border of sealskin. When he tried to get out of the boat, however, the coat fell to pieces in various places, and young Paul Egede did not know whether to be amused or vexed at the loss of his book.

Paul tells us of the earnestness with which his father tried to lead these poor people to Jesus. To this day the Greenlanders can look up to heaven and thank God for Hans Egede, as the first missionary who set foot on their shores. Since then many others have found it in their hearts to go, and God has blessed their labours.

SELF-LAUDATION abounds among the unpolished, but nothing can stamp a man more sharply as ill-bred.—Charles Burton.

AN undivided heart which worships God alone, and trusts Him as it should, is raised above anxiety for earthly wants.—Goslin.

Scott Act Defeats.

BY THE EDITOR.

There may be, here and there, local eddies in the onswEEPing stream of temperance reform, but the tide is rising higher and higher. "What does this temperance wave mean?" asked an Iowa rum-seller. "What is it going to amount to?" "It's as wide as the continent," was the answer, "and a mile deep. Can you swim?" And that rising tide, we believe, shall sweep away the last vestige of the guilty traffic, as the waters of the flood overwhelmed the wickedness of the antediluvian world.

One of the grandest victories which the temperance reform ever won was the passage of a prohibitory law at Atlanta, Georgia, the capital of the State, and headquarters of the liquor interest. The conflict was most strenuous. All the powers of evil were rallied against the friends of temperance and humanity. But the influence of faith and prayer, and of earnest Christian effort, gloriously prevailed. And so will it be even in the strongholds of the traffic. The moral forces of the age are against it. All the influences that make for righteousness oppose it. The widow's tears and orphan's cries, and the bitter wrongs of the victims of intemperance, invoke the wrath of Heaven upon it. The unselfish efforts of the most earnest-hearted lovers of their kind are leagued for its overthrow. Opposed to these are selfishness, and greed for gold, and lustful appetites of evil men. And what the issue of this conflict shall be, it is not hard for the eye of faith to see.

"For right is right, while God is God,
And right the day shall win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

Sunshine.

DID Jesus make a mistake when He said, "My yoke is easy, and My burden light?" O no. That is not the reason that some Church members go about with long faces and tell of their thorny paths and terrible trials. When the yoke is not easy something keeps it from fitting. Let us look up the cause and cast it away, cost what it may, even if it be as dear as a right eye. The burden is heavy when we try to carry it ourselves, instead of casting it on Jesus, as He asks us to do. Truly saved souls live in the sunshine of the smile of God. Joy—pure, sweet, holy joy—springs up like a fountain.

Little children who love Jesus are bright-faced. They sing and shine.

A little girl sat in the window eating her bread and milk. Suddenly she cried out: "O mamma, I'm delighted, so delighted; a sunbeam got in my spoon, and I swallowed it!" When I see children with shining faces, and the praise of Jesus on their lips, I think they have "swallowed sunbeams."

May God give us all more sunshine in our souls!

Let the tears, sighs, groans, and clouds be for those poor weary ones who have no Saviour and no happy, happy home in heaven.

AN eccentric divine once said to his audience, "My hearers, there is a great deal of ordinary work to be done in this world, and, thank the Lord, there are a great many ordinary people to do it."

UNION CHURCH

The Last Hymn.

THE Sabbath day was ending
In a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction
Touched the people tenderly;
And they rose to face the sunset
In the glowing, lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings
For God's blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters,
And a storm was raging there:
A fierce spirit moved above them,
The wild spirit of the air,
And it lashed and shook and tore them,
Till they thundered, groaned and boomed,
And alas! for any vessel
In their yawning gulfs entombed.

Very anxious were the people
On that rocky coast of Wales
Lest the dawn of coming morrows
Should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion
And should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck and swollen victims,
As it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her,
A brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows
A large vessel fall and rise.
Oh! it did not need a prophet
To tell what th' end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety
Near the shore on such a sea.

Then pitying people hurried
From their homes, and thronged the beach,
Oh! for power to cross the water,
And the perishing to reach.
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow,
Tender hands grew cold with dread,
And the ship, urged by the tempest,
To the fated rock-shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle!
Oh! the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Oh! is heaven
Far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo! when next the white shocked faces
Looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure
On the spar was seen to be.

And near the trembling watchers
Came the wreck tossed by the wave;
And the man still clung and floated,
Though no power on earth could save:
"Could we send him some short message?"
Here's a trumpet. Shout away!
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it,
And he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon—
Firstly, secondly? Ah! no!
There was but one thing to utter
In that awful hour of woe.
So he shouted through his trumpet:
"Look to Jesus! Can your hear?"
And "Ay, ay, sir!" rang the answer
O'er the waters, loud and clear.

Then they listened. He is singing
"Jesus, lover of my soul!"
And the winds brought back the echo,
"While the nearer waters roll."
Strange, indeed, it was to hear him,
"Till the storm of life is past,"
Singing bravely from the waters,
"Oh! receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge
"Hang my helpless soul on Thee;"
"Leave, ah! leave me not"—the singer
Dropped at last into the sea;
And the watchers looking homeward
Through their eyes with tears made dim,
Said: "He passed to be with Jesus,
In the singing of that hymn."

Our Guide.

ONE summer we spent our vacation
in Wales; and among the many delightful days we had there, we enjoyed none more than the one on which we climbed Cader Idris. We started early in the morning and took a railway train which carried us to the foot of the mountain. About nine o'clock we were ready to begin the ascent. Our guide was a Welsh minister, who knew every inch of the mountain, for he had been accustomed to travel over it in all weathers as he preached at the different little hamlets that cling to its rugged sides.

The sun was shining brightly when

we started; and we toiled on merrily past tiny, slate-roofed cottages, past flocks of Welsh sheep, and past wonderful water-falls leaping from crag to crag. All this was very pleasant, and we laughed over the difficulties of the way. But, suddenly, the sunshine was gone, and the mist folded us in a clammy embrace. We were not afraid, however, for our guide knew the way. Moreover, he assured us that the mist would probably lift before we reached the summit.

The road now grew more difficult every step we took, but we went on steadily until our guide stopped to address a young man who stood in our way. The first words heard were these: "It is certain death if you attempt it; for, after a few feet, the road becomes a sheer precipice, and, at its base, is a deep pool of water." It was our guide who spoke; and we soon learnt that he was trying to deter the young man from attempting to descend what appeared to be, for the short space we could dimly discern in the darkness, a gently sloping path. The young man had been resting lower down, and he wished to go back by this seemingly short road for some specimens of plants that he had forgotten to take up when he started on his way. He insisted that the path by which he had chosen to return was not only the shortest, but the safest. Our guide grew still more emphatic in his assurance of certain death to the young man if he persevered in his intention, and we all added our entreaties to those of the good Welsh minister.

Laughingly at last the young man consented to abandon his scheme and accompany us. Not, he said, that he feared the threatened danger, but, because he was unable to resist our united entreaties. With this addition to our party once more we started on our upward path. We had nearly reached the top of the mountain when the mist rolled away as suddenly as it had closed around us. "There," said our guide, "there, young man, look at the way you had chosen!"

We all looked, and saw far beneath us a hill, gently sloping for a few feet, then sweeping down into a frightful precipice, with its base lost in a deep, dark pool of water. It was just as our guide had described it. All were silent, and, there in the summer sunshine, with the free mountain winds blowing around us, a little sermon was preached without words. I was glad that the sermon was wordless, for I felt that each one of the little party must have had the same thought in his mind—how our life's true Guide calls to each deluded child to leave the descending path that must end in utter ruin, and follow Him to the heights above.

After a few moments, silent and subdued, but with glad faces and still more joyous hearts, we went on our way. How we stood on the mountain top in the glory of that summer day and looked far over a fair landscape I will not now dwell upon, but will ask those who have gone with me thus far whether they have listened to the tender voice of Jesus, saying, "Follow Me." It is because I have heard that voice that I long to have you share in the joy and peace of the following.

But why, you ask, should you take Jesus for your guide through life—He might not be the guide you need?

There are two reasons why you should follow Jesus.

1. He knows the way over which you are to travel.

2. He loves you.

1. You do not know the way, for you have never been over it before; but Jesus has travelled it all. He lived in this world from babyhood to manhood, and He knows every trial and temptation you have to pass through, for He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

Are you poor? So was He. So poor that He had no "where to lay His head."

Do you suffer from lack of sympathizing friends and appreciation? Jesus Christ, with His great mission, was "despised and rejected of men."

Perhaps, though, you are young, and happy in your friends. Jesus, too, had friends whom He loved, and so He can sympathize with your loving as well as with your sorrowing. He was often the guest at a feast, too; and if you will invite Him to be present at all your joyous times, your mirth will be without alloy, though it will be tempered by that perfect peace which only those who follow Him can know.

So you see there is no part of our life-journey over which we may not trust the dear Jesus to lead us safely.

2. Jesus loves you. Whether you have many to love you, or you feel yourself alone in the world, unloved and unlovely, this fact remains the same—Jesus loves you. He wants you to love Him, too. Is this a hard thing to do? When your friends love you and show their love by many little acts of kindness and a desire to be with you, do you not feel your heart glow towards them? Well, Jesus wants to be with you all through your life. He wants you to tell Him your joys and sorrows. He wants to have you ask Him for your daily needs. You know, too, the "Old, Old Story" of how He died to save you from the consequences of your own sin. Can you not then love the dear Jesus who has done so much for you, and who is willing to do so much more for you if you will only take Him for your guide through life, only consent always to follow Him? Speak to Him now and He will hear you. It is because He has heard me that I write these words for you, for I do want you to have the same feeling of rest and safety in following Jesus as I have. If you are sad, He will wipe away your tears; if you are glad, He will make you still happier, and with an abiding joy.

Brantford, Ont.

Weaving Sunshine.

"You can't guess, mamma, what Grandma Davis said to me this morning when I carried her the flowers and the basket of apples," exclaimed little Mary Price, as she came running into the house, her cheeks as red as roses.

"I am quite sure, darling," said mamma, "that I cannot; but I hope it was something pleasant."

"Indeed it was, mamma," said Mary. "She said, 'Good morning, dear. You are weaving sunshine.' I hardly knew what she meant, at first, but I think I do now; and I am going to try to weave sunshine every day."

"Mother," concluded Mary, "don't you remember the verses, 'Four Little Sunbeams,' you read to me one day? If those little sunbeams could do so much good, I think we all ought to be little sunbeams."

After a few moments' pause, a new

thought came into Mary's head; and she said, "O mamma! when Lizzie Patton was here, she told me that her Sabbath-school class was named 'Little Gleaners.' Now, next Sabbath, I mean to ask our teacher to call our class 'Sunshine Weavers,' and then we will all go weaving sunshine."

It is a good plan to be sunshine weavers. They will be kindly remembered long after cross, hateful people have been forgotten.—*Selected.*

Sabbath Evening.

BY REV. J. LAWSON, COBDEN, ONT.

ANOTHER Sabbath day
Has almost passed away
With all its blessed privileges given!
How has the day been spent
With all its blessings sent
To help us on our pilgrimage to heaven?

Another Sabbath gone—
How swiftly time speeds on!
Our lives will soon be ended here on earth;
Days, weeks, and months pass by,
Quickly the moments fly,—
Naught that is earthly is of real worth.

Another Sabbath o'er!
And 'twill return no more
To gladden many hearts by cares oppressed;
Its peaceful hours are fled,
Gone, like the vanish'd dead,
Its holy, happy hours of hallowed rest.

But there's a rest to come,
Beyond the dismal tomb,
A Sabbath of eternal rest and peace;
O may we now prepare
Its rich delights to share
When earthly Sabbaths shall forever cease!

Livingstone's Influence on Mr. Stanley.

DURING a recent interview between Mr. Stanley and a newspaper correspondent, the distinguished and intrepid explorer said: "I have been in Africa for seventeen years, and I never met a man who would kill me if I folded my hands. What has been wanted, and what I have been endeavouring to ask for the poor Africans, has been the good offices of Christians, ever since Livingstone taught me, during those four months that I was with him. In 1871 I went to him as prejudiced as the biggest atheist in London. To a reporter and correspondent, such as I, who had only to deal with wars, mass-meetings and political gatherings, sentimental matters were entirely out of my province. But there came for me a long time for reflection. I was out there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and asked myself, 'How on earth does he stop here; is he cracked, or what? What is it that inspires him?' For months after we met I simply found myself listening to him, wondering at the old man carrying out all that was said in the Bible, 'Love all things and follow Me.' But little by little his sympathy for others became contagious; my sympathy was aroused; seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it. How sad that the good old man should have died so soon. How joyful he would have been if he could have seen what has happened here."—*Christian Herald.*

THE height of impudence—taking refuge from the rain in an umbrella shop.

THAT single effort by which we stop short in the downhill path to perdition is itself a greater exertion of virtue than a hundred acts of justice.

Beautiful Threads of Gold.

BY ANNA J. GRANNING.

WEAVING them into a work-a-day life,
Beautiful threads of gold!
A thread of joy, with a strand of strife,
And yet, the hands that hold
May fashion them out into patterns rare,
Designs of beauty, now and fair,
Till the Master-Weaver finds them there,
In beautiful threads of gold.

Weaving them in with a patient hand,
Beautiful threads of gold!
Filing them in as the Artist planned
When He laid life's sombre fold,
Weaving them in with the homeliest cares,
Over some burden another bears,
Glad that the Master-Weaver spare,
Some beautiful threads of gold.

Weaving them in with the hopes and fears,
Beautiful threads of gold!
Brighter the gold of the thread appears,
As the web of life grows old,
Weaving them in with a smile and song,
Wonderful threads, so fine and strong,
Under the good and over the wrong,
Weave beautiful threads of gold.

Weaving them in with a watchful eye,
Beautiful threads of gold!
To shine across where the shadows lie,
When the web is all unrolled,
Weaving them in when the Master's call
Let the bright threads break, and the shuttle
fall,
And angels come down to gather them all,
Life's broken threads of gold!
—Good Cheer.

A Glass of Wine.

A LARGE party of excursionists, guests of the company, were in an Arkansas railway train, en route to visit the advertised lands of a famous pine district. Baskets of champagne had been provided, and the excursionists, in that unrestrained conviviality which steals along so gently with the alleged juice of the grape, soon became unable to distinguish one kind of land from another or to recognize the difference between a pine log and a sycamore sapling.

At a way station a young man boarded the train and took the only vacant seat in the car, beside a rather old gentleman who did not seem to join in the festivities of the intoxicated occasion.

"Join us, cap'n," said a red faced fellow, handing him a glass. "Fill 'er up to the brim, 'pouring out the seething enemy to a clear head. "Everything goes," and he passed on in answer to the summons of an uplifted glass at the other end of the car. Just as the young man was about to drink, the old gentleman said:

"Will you wait until I tell you a story before you drink that?"

The young man looked up in surprise at the old gentleman.

"I won't detain you long. This reminds me so much of something that occurred years ago in my life that I cannot refrain from speaking of it.

His earnest manner impressed the young man, and as he held up the glass and looked for a moment at the shining beads arising from its stem-like bottom, he replied:

"Yes, I will wait."
"Thank you," and in a manner still more impressive the old man began: "I had been away from home a number of years and was returning on a steamboat, when I fell in with a party very much like this one. (Champagne was as free as water, and with that deceitful idea of hospitality which wine inspires, I was enjoined to drink. I shuddered at the thought. My father had died a drunkard and my eldest brother was in a drunkard's grave. I had ever been sober, and my mother, the gentlest of women, looked to me

as the solace of her feeble years, the one embodiment of purposes, rescued from the wreck of our household ship.

"I say that I shuddered in the mere contemplation of taking the wine which they insisted that I should, and to escape the noisy crowd I went to my state-room: but this was no safeguard against their hilarious persistency, for they beat upon the door and declared that if I did not come out they would beat it down. Thus I was compelled to join them, but still I refused to drink. Finally, a very respectable-looking and quiet old gentleman said to me:—'Take a glass or so; it won't hurt you; a little champagne is no more hurtful than a little water. Here—' and he filled a glass and handed it to me. I drank, and soon felt that the old man had well advised me, for I felt no inconvenience, but, on the contrary, decidedly improved. I took another and another, and the crowd seemed to be less noisy. I went with the men who had knocked on my door, and prevailed on another young man to drink. I laughed immoderately, and thought that I had never before seen so gay a company. Once my mother's often-repeated words, 'My son, I would rather see you in your coffin than to see you drunk,' sounded like a distant knell, ringing from away back in childhood, but they became fainter and fainter until at last I heard no warning. The old man who had advised me to drink, came to me and said, 'Look here, you have had enough wine!' I had become rich. I knew well enough that I had but little money, but somehow I was rich. The boat seemed to be flying down the river, and I laughed at the trees as they seemed to whirl along the bank. I had a great scheme on hand, and after that was going to drink nothing but wine. I thanked the old man time and again for introducing me to drink so delightful a beverage, and thought what fools men were to toil in discontent when they could drink wine and be happy. After a while the pleasurable feelings left me, and were supplanted by sickening sensations.

"My head swam so that I could scarcely see anything. While I was in this condition the boat reached my landing. I saw a hick, heard half familiar voices, and then I saw a face, ghastly pale. I was whirled away in the hack, and saw the ghastly face again, and heard groans of despair. In the night some one tried to arouse me, but in vain. At morning I awoke with a feverish thirst, and in that horror and shame—that feeling which convinces a man of his unworthiness to live—I crept out of bed and down stairs. I could not go into mother's room. I could not bear to see the face I had made ghastly. I went to the well to cool my burning brow. There I met one of the servants, an old negro who had romped with me on his shoulders when I was a boy. The old man did not look at me when I approached, and turning to him I said, 'Uncle Alf, don't treat me this way. I know I ought to die, but I hope to make you all forget this.' Tears were streaming down his face. Turning and pointing to the house he said in a voice of trembling emotion: 'Mars' John, Mars' John, may the Lawd fergib yer!' I waited for no more. A terrible dread seized me. I ran to the house and hurried into mother's room. Great God! she lay there dead! I kissed her ghastly face and cried aloud in

my anguish. The room swam before me and I fell insensible to the floor. When I regained consciousness, old Alf was sitting by the bedside. The ghastly face had gone into the ground, but I saw it still. I cursed a fate that had not sent me home in a coffin, and even now, after long years, I wish that I had been taken home dead. Now, young man, you may drink your wine."

"No! no!" I exclaimed, throwing the wine from the window. "I am going home to see my mother and press the warm red lips of love. Thank God, that you have saved her face from ghastliness."

Work and Play.

HOUSEWORK FOR GIRLS.

ONE of the features in Southern social life which struck Northern visitors to the New Orleans Exhibition as novel and unexpected was the common habit of forming large households by the union of different branches of the same family, and the apportionment of labor among the ladies.

In a family of three or four married sisters or sisters-in-law, one, for example, superintends the cooking, another the dairy, another the sewing, and a fourth the care of the chambers; while such duties as cake-making, preserving, and looking after the poultry usually fall to the young girls. Circumstances have changed the character of Southern women; and instead of the luxurious idle languor which we imagine as the atmosphere of their sunny homes, we find the busy hum of industry.

The question was publicly suggested lately how much housework should an educated young girl be expected to do? A brilliant woman journalist replied in effect, "Only that which she cannot hire others to do for her." "Mrs Carlyle," she says, "would have been more dignified if she had let grates go unpolished and kept her fingers white and her temper sweet."

Housework is almost a lost art among educated American girls. Their mothers unless possessed of large means, were early taught to sweep, to dust, to make beds and cook, besides darning, hemming, felling, and other mysteries of the needle. They learned how to keep their stoves bright and their tempers sweet.

In Germany the noblest fraulein goes through an apprenticeship in the kitchen and chambers to make her a complete housewife. This German training in Queen Victoria's family enabled the Princess Louise, when in Canada, to astonish her guests with plates and ornate letters of her own making.

American girls are apt to look upon such employments as vulgar and belittling. Yet the German matron, who is in her kitchen until noon, discusses politics in her salon in the evening with an accuracy of knowledge which we fear our women could hardly equal.

After all, does the embroidery of a hand-screen really call for more artistic skill than the compounding of a lucent jelly? Or does the spoiling of fresh-baked china with mediocre painting demand higher intellectual power than the thorough organization and control of a household in its minutest detail?

Would it not be wise for our girls, in choosing the woman's work before them, to consider which duties are really the tithes of anise and cumin, and which the weightier matters of the law?—*Youth's Companion*.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 587.] LESSON VI. [Feb. 7.

THE FIERY FURNACE.

Dan. 3. 16-28. Comm. vs. 16-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace.—Dan. 3. 17.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God will deliver in the hour of temptation and trouble those who are faithful to him.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Dan. 2. 1-23. Tu. Dan. 2. 24-49. W. Dan. 3. 1-15. Th. Dan. 3. 16-30. F. 1 Pet. 4. 12-19. Sa. Matt. 5. 10-20. Su. Rev. 3. 1-13.

TIME.—18th year of Nebuchadnezzar, B.C. 587. About 16 years after the last lesson; and near the time of the fall of Jerusalem (Les. 4).

PLACE.—The plain of Dura, about five miles south-east of Babylon.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—Soon after Daniel and his friends had become officers in Nebuchadnezzar's kingdom, Daniel had an opportunity to show his wisdom by revealing and interpreting a dream for the king. Then Daniel was made chief ruler, and his three friends were exalted to high office at his request.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *The golden image* was erected on the plain of Dura, 5 miles from Babylon. It was 60 cubits (90 feet) high, and 6 cubits (9 feet) broad. This includes the pedestal. It was probably of wood or clay, and covered with plates of gold. Diodorus tells us of three golden images in the temple of Bel at Babylon, worth, with their altars of gold, \$38,000,000. 2. *The inauguration*—The officers and chief men from all parts of the empire were summoned to Babylon, and compelled to bow down and worship before the golden image, on pain of being cast into the fiery furnace. When the music sounded, all bowed before the image except the three men who were with Daniel in our last lesson. 16. *Shadrach, etc.*—See last lesson. *Said to the king*—When they were summoned to him for not worshipping the image. 17. *If it be so*—If God sees this to be best. 19. *Full of fury*—(1) Because their conduct was in direct disobedience to his command. (2) It interfered with his plans of unifying the empire. (3) It was against his religion. (4) It seemed a bad example to his subjects. 20. *Fiery furnace*—Such as was used for smelting metals; a hole in the top into which the men were cast, and an opening in the side, through which they were seen, and came forth. 21. *Bound*—With iron chains (Jer. 40. 4). *Coats*—A long robe. *Hosen*—Inner tunic. *Hats*—Rather, cloaks. These are mentioned because they were combustible, and yet were not burned. 24. *Astonished*—Astonished. 25. *The Son of God*—A son of God, a divine being, an angel (v. 28.)

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The intervening history.—The three men.—The golden image.—The inauguration assembly.—The object of Nebuchadnezzar.—The fiery furnace.—Religious principle.—The modern golden image and fiery furnace.—How God still delivers his people.—The effect on ourselves and others of standing by our principles.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What opening toward usefulness and renown came to Daniel soon after our last lesson? What offices did he and his three friends hold after that? How many years between those events and the lesson for to-day? What prophets lived at this time? Who was king of Judah? What great event took place there, not far from this time?

SUBJECT: SERVING GOD AT ANY COST.

I. THE GOLDEN IMAGE.—What plan did Nebuchadnezzar form to consolidate his new empire? Describe the golden image. Where was it placed? Who were summoned to worship it? What punishment was threatened to those who should refuse?

II. THE MEN OF TRUE RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE (vs. 16-18).—What three men refused to worship the image? What other proof of religious principle had they shown before? What office did they now hold? (Dan. 2. 49.) Give us an account of their summons before the king. What was their reply to his demand? Did they know that God would

rescue them? If they had known, would it have required great courage and piety to do what they did?

III. WHAT MEN DID TO THEM (vs. 19-23).—How did the king feel about their refusal? Why? What did he do to the men? What kind of a furnace was this? Why was it heated so hot? What showed the greatness of the heat? Why are their garments mentioned?

IV. WHAT GOD DID FOR THEM (vs. 24-28).—What three wonders did the king see while looking at the fiery furnace? What was the fourth person like? Who was it? Why made thus visible? What did the king then do? What shows how unharmed they were? What was the effect of all this on the king? Did these three men know that God would release them? Would or should this have made any difference as to their conduct? (vs. 17, 18.)

LESSONS FROM THE MEN IN THE FIRE.

1. By faithfulness in early life these men were prepared for greater trials and greater victories.
2. The trial of our faith strengthens our character.
3. The trial of our faith manifests God's power and love to others.
4. The world expects us to bow before the golden images of wealth, success, pleasure, lax religion, and easy morals.
5. Its fiery furnace is persecution, unpopularity, ridicule, social ostracism.
6. True religious principle will do right regardless of consequences.
7. God saves his children either from trouble or in trouble. He delivers them out of it, or makes it minister to their good and the good of their cause.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

6. What did Nebuchadnezzar do near the middle of his reign? *ANS.* He set up a great golden image near Babylon. 7. Who refused to worship it? *ANS.* The three companions of Daniel. 8. What did they say to the king? *ANS.* (Repeat vs. 17, 18.) 9. What was done to them? *ANS.* They were cast into a burning fiery furnace. 10. What did the king soon see? *ANS.* (Repeat v. 25.)

B.C. 538] LESSON VII. [Feb. 14.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

Dan. 5. 1-12, 25-28. *Commit vs. 3-6.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou art weighed in the balance and art found wanting.—Dan. 5. 27.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Sin offends God and works the ruin of the sinner.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Dan. 4. 1-18. Tu. Dan. 4. 19-37. W. Dan. 5. 1-16 Th. Dan. 5. 17-31. F. Isa. 13. 1-22. Sa. Isa. 45. 1-13. Su. Jer. 51. 47-51.

TIME.—B.C. 538. Almost 50 years after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Babylon.

DANIEL.—Now about 80 years old. For more than 60 years he mentions but one incident of his life, that of interpreting Nebuchadnezzar's dream. He was now in some official position (Dan. 8. 27), but probably a subordinate or retired one.

BELSHAZZAR, the grandson of Nebuchadnezzar through his mother. He was associated with his father as king. He was probably 16 or 17 years old. His father, having attacked Cyrus who was besieging Babylon, was defeated, and was kept from returning to the city by the besieging army. So that Belshazzar was the only king now in Babylon.

THE CIRCUMSTANCE.—Cyrus had been besieging the city for two years. But the walls were strong. There was food enough in the city to last 20 years. The citizens felt safe. An annual festival to some idol now occurred, and king and people engaged in a great revel.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—*Drank wine*—It was the excitement of strong drink that led the king to the sin and to ruin. 2. *Golden vessels out of the temple*—Taken by Nebuchadnezzar, B.C. 604 and 586, 68 and 48 years before. *Drank in them*—Thus profaning them. He insulted God by using them in a revel, and in a feast to idols, see vs. 22, 23. *Fingers*—The fingers that

held the pen, with no arm or person to move them, showed that it was supernatural. *Over against the wall*—That stood on the king's table, so as to be seen in the brightest light. 7. *Chaldeans*—A priest class of wise men. *Third ruler*—i.e. Next to the king, who was second, his father being first. 8. *Could not read the writing*—So as to understand what was meant. The words were familiar enough. 10. *Queen*—The mother, not the wife of Belshazzar. She remembered Daniel in her father's days. 25. *Mene—Lusee* are Aramic (i.e., the Hebrew of the time of Christ) words. 28. *Mene—Lusee*, Numbered, the last number of its years counted. And Daniel applied it to the king. 27. *Bel—Lusee*, Weighed. 28. *Peres*—Divided, broken to pieces. This is the singular, of which *Chaphars* is the plural. *Peres* is the same word.

Even while this was going on, the army of Cyrus had entered the city, by drawing off the water of the river Euphrates, which ran through the city. His army marched up the river-bed, and entered by the brazen gates, which in their revels the guards had left open. See Jer. 51. 30-32, 53-58.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Intervening history.—Daniel.—Belshazzar.—The circumstances.—The feast.—The handwriting on the wall.—Its interpretation.—The fall of Babylon.—The Bible confirmed by the monuments.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How many years between the events of this lesson and the last? What event in Daniel's life during this time is recorded? How old was Daniel at this time? How long before Christ was the capture of Babylon?

SUBJECT: SIN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

I. THE SIN (vs. 1-4).—Who was now besieging Babylon? Who was king in Babylon. How old was he? What great feast did he hold? Who attended it? What did he do when under the influence of wine? What was the wickedness in this? When had these golden vessels been taken from the temple? (2 Kings 24. 10-13; 25. 8, 13-15.) With what sins does Daniel charge him? (Dan. 5. 18-23.) How many sins do you find in these accounts as committed by Belshazzar? In what ways do young people treat sacred things with irreverence?

II. THE WARNING (vs. 5-9).—What appeared during these revels? What made it seem supernatural? On what part of the wall were the words written? How did this affect the king? Why did it trouble him? What did the king offer to the person who should tell him what the writing meant? Why are sinners troubled by anything that manifests God's mysterious power.

III. THE PUNISHMENT (vs. 10-12, 25-28).—Who told the king where to learn what he wished? What description is here given of Daniel? Where had he shown his wisdom? What were the words? What did they mean? Did it require courage in Daniel to say these things? When and how were his words fulfilled? How did his drunken revelry help to bring the punishment? What warnings does God give us against our sins? In what balances are we weighed? When are we found wanting? How do our sins help to bring their own punishment?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Intemperance leads to many other sins.
2. The king was guilty of intemperance, idolatry, profanity, irreverence, pride, carelessness, godlessness.
3. Irreverence in the house of God is a great sin.
4. God warns us by conscience, by his Word, by his providence, by his Holy Spirit.
5. God weighs our characters, our actions, our motives, our intentions.
6. We are weighed when we are tested by temptation, by opportunities to do good, by the Bible.
7. Sin helps to bring its own punishment as we see in the case of intemperance.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

11. What did king Belshazzar do at a feast? *ANS.* He profaned the sacred utensils of the temple. 12. What led him to do this? *ANS.* He had been drinking wine. 13. What warning did God send? *ANS.* The fingers of a hand writing his doom upon the wall. 14. What did the words mean? *ANS.* (Repeat vs. 26-28.) 15. How was his doom fulfilled? *ANS.* That night the Medes and Persians captured the city, and the king was slain.

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