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HOME & SCHOOL

VOL. II.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 22, 1884.

[No. 24.]

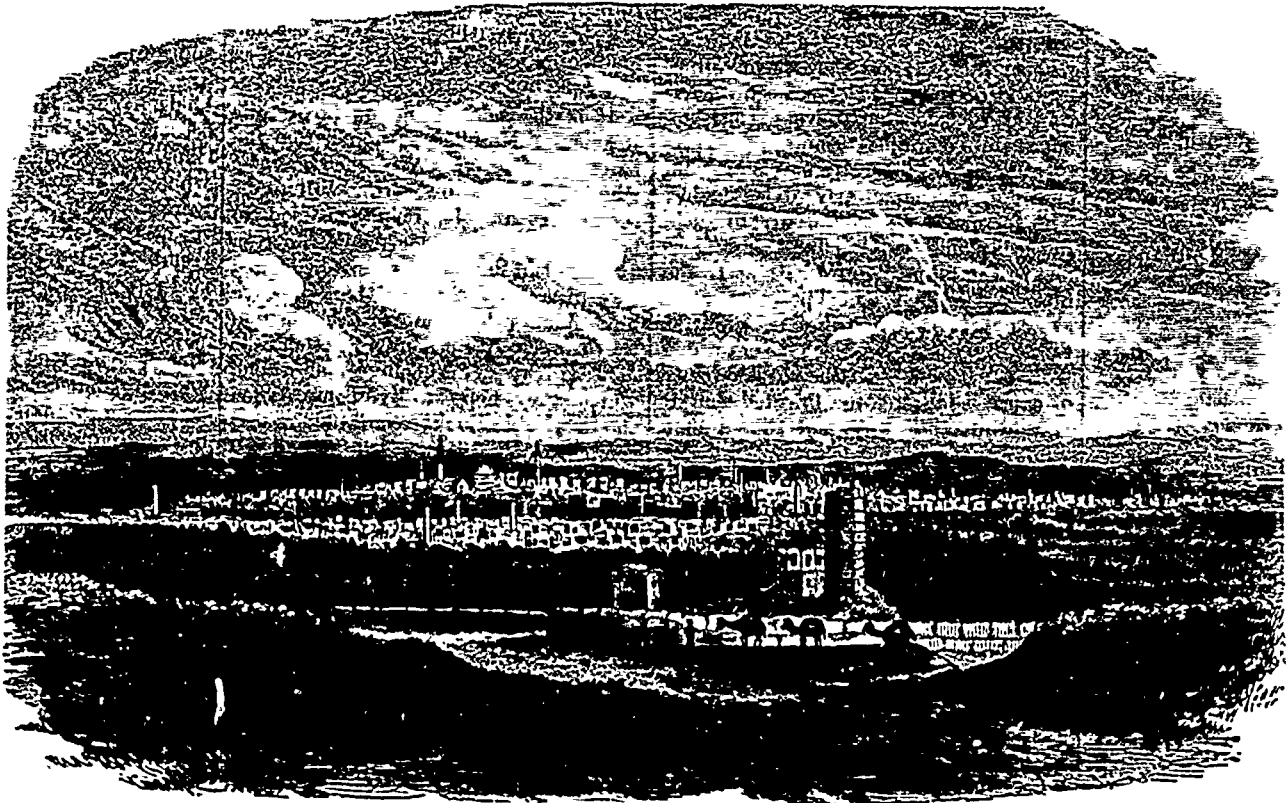
I Cannot Choose.

I CANNOT choose—I should have liked so much
To sit at Jesus' feet, to feel the touch
Of His kind, gentle hand upon my head,
While drinking in the gracious words He
said,
And yet to serve Him!—O divine employ,
To minister and give the Master joy!
To bathe in coolest springs His weary feet
And wait upon Him while He sat at meat!
Worship or service—which? Ah, that is
best
To which He calls me, be it toil or rest—
To labour for Him in life's busy stir,
Or seek His feet, a silent worshipper.
So let Him choose for us: we are not strong
To make the choice; perhaps we should go
wrong,
Mistaking zeal for service, sinful sloth
For loving worship, and so fail of both.

watered by rivulets and sparkling streams, the Abana and Pharpar of the Syrian leper, giving to the vegetation a charming freshness and sweetness. It is nearly two miles in length, and a mile in width. The city is divided into two parts, the old and the new. In the old portion are the principal buildings, the castle, the mosque Abdel-Malek, the most beautiful architectural monument in the city, and some of the principal Christian churches and Jewish synagogues. A Turkish mosque, which was formerly a Christian church, may also be seen, which still bears its ancient inscription, "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an ever-

ward Mecca, consequently the trade is much increased. There are many fine paths with marble pavements, and the market-places are well built and adorned with many columns. Damascus was formerly celebrated for the manufacture of sabres that would bend to the hilt without breaking, and the edge was so keen as to divide the firmest coat of mail. The Saracens took the city shortly after the death of Mohammed, and made it the capital of the Mohammedan world. In 1860, a fearful massacre of the Christians took place there. It is supposed that about 3,000 were murdered, and many of the women were made slaves.

We have seen too many such who expected to climb up the ladder of fame and fortune without working for it. They are looking around for pins to pick up, and then be folded to the embrace of some wealthy bank president or philanthropic merchant, made a partner, and finally marry into the family. Such cases are not to be found every day in the present time. We read Munchausen tales of years gone by, that had an ending like this. But today the merchant who wants a young man wants one of character and ability. Learn a trade, young man; first become a proficient in some industry, so when you go forth to pastures new



VIEW OF THE CITY OF DAMASCUS.

Damascus.

DAMASCUS, lately mentioned in our Sunday-school lessons, is one of the oldest cities in the world, having been mentioned as early as the days of Abraham. It is situated in Syria, about one hundred and thirty-six miles north of Jerusalem. It bursts upon the traveller's view with such beauty that it is said that Mohammed, beholding it, turned away and refused to enter, saying, "Man can have but one Paradise, and mine is not here!" For many miles the city is surrounded by fertile fields and gardens, which are

lasting kingdom," a prophecy of the future spread of Christianity.

The beautiful mosque and hospital of Sultan Selim, and the palace, are in the suburbs west of the city. The streets are very long and narrow, and one, referred to in the Acts, still bears the name of Straight. The houses, though mostly plain outside, are magnificent within. They usually have a decorated fountain in the court. The bazaars are very numerous. Damascus is the centre of commerce in Syria. It is the rendezvous of all pilgrims from the north of Asia, who are travelling to-

Why Boys Should Learn a Trade.

HARDLY a day passes by but we see evidence of the folly of our young men, both in the city and country. They are willing to work for about half the pay they should be receiving. If you ask them what is their trade, they will reply they have none, and in these days when skilled labour is in demand it is a shame and outrage for so many promising young men to be loitering their time away, either looking for work, or, if they have it, in a position where their pay is nothing.

you will know within yourself that you have something to fall back on for a living.

If the young men of the day would ask some of our old and successful merchants for the secret of their success in life, they would be much astonished at the stories of early hardships, trials and privations they endured. Fathers, mothers, is there not a lesson to be learned from this? Is it not your duty to see that your boys are educated to make their living, so that when they come to man's estate, they can bless you for it?—Selected.

Plea for Missionary Labourers.

"Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 16. 9.

I HEARD a sound of wailing,
Coming over land and sea,
And my heart aches with sorrow,
For its tone pierces me.

It comes from weary workers,
Borne down by over-toil—
Not those who work for riches,
Or gloat o'er golden spoil—

But from those who are sowing
On dark, untrodden fields,
The seeds of truth—Christ's gospel—
Hoping for harvest yields.

Those who from early morning,
Through weary days, till night,
Toil to give darken'd heathen
The pure, full gospel light.

Who work, toil on, and labour,
Calling for help with tears—
Thus does the cry keep rising,
And has done so for years.

Pat now the cry is greater
Than ever 'twas before,
For fields are growing wider,
And help is needed more.

And it comes so distinctly,
I cannot quiet rest,
Until to Christ my Saviour,
I unburden my breast.

This wail, and cry of anguish,
Says: "Lord, O Lord, how long"
Shall Satan be permitted
His kingdom to prolong?

Around the millions perish,
In darkness and in sin—
When shall we see the brightness
Of gospel light shine in?

From Africa we hear it—
'Mid clanking of her chains—
From India's highest mountains,
Down through her fertile plains.

From China and from Burmah,
From islands of the sea,
We hear the same cry rising—
The same deep anguish'd plea.

From our own dear loved country,
It rises more and more,
Increasing while advancing
From east to western shore,

Until the lofty mountains
Echo it o'er the plain,
And back the cry resoundeth,
From west to east again.

The black man just unfetter'd,
The red man of the west,
And those mix'd tribes and races,
With which our country's press'd,

At once demand attention;
Nor can we now delay,
Lest in procrastination,
We all shall pass away.

Hear it—"Come over, help us!"
That "Macedonian cry,"
Coming with louder pleading
From far as well as nigh.

Now it seems weary sighing,
Again wailing with tears,
And then a burst of anguish,
As of despair and fears.

Christians, will you not listen,
And heed this anguish'd cry?
"Come over now and help us,"
"Ere heathen perish—die!"

Young Christian men and maidens,
Will you not rise and go,
And thus your love for Jesus,
And for poor sinners show?

The fathers and the mothers,
And those bow'd down with years,
Can work at home by giving
Their money, prayers, and tears;

Can labour in preparing
Others to go abroad,
And thus all can contribute
In work for souls and God.

Our own homes are surrounded
By those from foreign shores;
And so God sends the heathen
Up to our very doors.

None are from work exempted—
The claim is on us all;
Let all arise and labour,
Heeding this mighty call.

Oh! Christian, time is passing!
Do what you can to-day—
If you can't teach the heathen,
Give money, time—and pray.

The Selfishness of Smokers.

THERE is little use at this time of day in taking up the parable of our "British Solomon," or of issuing a new edition of that monarch's "Counterblaste to Tobacco." Whether or not we believe with the "Wise" James that tobacco-smoking in all its forms is "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof nearest resembles the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless," we must, we fear, so far accept the situation as to recognize the use of the weed as a *fait accompli*. And we do so with all frankness, having neither time nor inclination to discuss its harmful or beneficial influences.

But while all this is very evident, is there no room for asking, of course in a modest, deferential way, whether, after all, non-smokers have any rights or any feelings which the disciples of smoking or chewing are bound to respect? Our own impression is that judging by general practice, they have not. They are evidently "fair game," whether they happen to be men or women, and whether they be travelling by land or water. It is, of course, not to be forgotten that to very many tobacco smoke and, still more, the expectorations of tobacco smokers and chewers, are singularly disagreeable. The former is most assuredly to such, in the language of King James, "dangerous to the lungs," and "hateful to the nose," while the floods of polluted saliva are as "loathsome to the eye" and as upsetting to the stomach as anything will can be. Yet in the vast majority of cases it is taken for granted that it is all the other way, and that a man who cannot with pleasure stand tobacco smoke is a milksop, while a woman that would "object" is "no lady" and has little spirit. We are not saying that all smokers are of this way of thinking or of this way of acting. But in the vast majority of instances this is the case. Why should any one be subjected to untold agonies or to the disagreeable necessity of appearing churlish by objecting to the use of tobacco when the jaunty matter-of-course appeal has been made about its disagreeableness. In nineteen cases out of twenty it is always disagreeable to non-smokers, and gentlemen who are gentlemen indeed, and not mere cads, ought never to make the appeal in a promiscuous assembly for what cannot be indulged in without a selfish disregard of the feelings and comfort of others.

Let any one have to wait at our railway stations on a winter day, and what is his experience? "No Smoking" may be on the walls, though often not even that. But as a matter of fact the atmosphere is almost thick enough to be cut, and that with all kinds of villainous compounds made up by contributions from the mildest cigarette down to the most sickening of all possible articles

called tobacco. There is no alternative but to stay in and be choked, or to go out and be frozen. That which by a great stretch of imagination is called the "Ladies' Room" is in many cases not sacred if one of the feminine travellers has a masculine protector who loves the weed and has a right, as he fancies, to be where his wife is, and therefore to "take his ease in his inn." Appeals we have known made again and again to the station master, to be treated only with contempt, and to draw from the steaming crowd nothing but ridicule and insult. Nay, ten chances to one, the station master, porter, and policeman too, if there is one, are themselves all busy at their idol—burning it of course.

Then is there not something horribly selfish in making all second-class cars smoking ones? It would seem as if any one guilty of the crime of being poor had to be tortured by continual relays of smokers and spitters. Any one can see this any day he pleases. Who has not seen poor, decent emigrant women with a number of little children condemned to pass whole days in such places, with the atmosphere around them thick with tobacco smoke, and the floor often slippery, always disgusting, with unmentionable expectorations. Nor is it only in the second-class or emigrant cars that this iniquity is met with. When a company of chewers has travelled say a hundred miles, the floor of the compartment where they have laboured is more disgusting to both sight and smell than many a hog pen. Of course ladies' dresses are ruined, and the stomachs of more than ladies, when their owners become temporary heirs to the premises, are as likely as not to be distressingly upset.

It is the same thing on board our steamers. No place is sacred from the hateful intrusion. Wretched fellows who ought to know better will plant themselves in the neighbourhood of ladies and pull as for dear life at a cabbage leaf cigar or a smoke-begrimed clay pipe. Here again the wretched non-smokers have no protection and they are shown no mercy. A horrible nausea may be creeping over them, which they hope to overcome, when the inevitable smoker comes along and completes the ruin. Scores find all joy taken out of a trip to Niagara or to Hamilton, or even sometimes to the Island. These have no wish to put down smoking. They have no wish to be churlish or in any way to interfere with the enjoyment of others. But have they themselves not some rights when travelling that ought to be respected and protected? Ought smoking not to be strictly confined to some one place on board steamers so that all who go there might know what they have to expect? Ought smokers not to have as much good sense and good feeling as to recognize the fact that their favourite indulgence is horribly offensive to not a few, and that it is selfish beyond all thought to begin social intercourse by claiming to do what may be pleasure to them but is purgatory to their temporary associates?

We say nothing at all of the little wretches of boys of six, eight, and ten years of age that may be seen at every corner with their haggard cheeks, their bleary eyes, their horribly nervous appearance, busy with cheap cigars and filthy tobacco, ruining their bodies and making themselves before their time at once nervous and nerveless nonentities. Any well-wisher of the race may well

think of such till his heart aches. But what we have in hand at present is merely to speak a word for non-smokers, whether men or women, and especially the latter, for, we repeat, the current of feeling and practice seems at present strongly to indicate that all such are to be classed as *pariahs* who have neither rights nor feelings which the triumphant and somewhat inconsiderate and selfish "worshippers of the weed" are called upon either to respect, consider, or consult.—*Globe*.

Woman's Temperance Union.

AT the recent meeting of this Union Mrs. Harvie spoke as follows: Seven years ago it had seemed to her that there should be in Ontario a pronounced Woman's Christian Temperance Union in order that there might be not only sympathy, but unity of action. God had greatly blessed the work. The cause of temperance had been greatly assisted morally, educationally, and spiritually by the Union. She referred to the crusade of women in the United States against saloons, which had spread to Canada, England, Japan, and India, until there was scarcely a land under God's sun that had not the women banded together for temperance work; and now she was cheered to see that there was a proposition to form an international union. For what was the Union working? She did not know that she could do better than to take the motto that appeared on the programme—"For God, and Home, and Native Land." It was impossible to estimate the value of the work, because it involved the redemption of souls, and who could tell the value of a soul? This, then, was the work of God. What should she say of the second word in the motto, "Home?" She knew women in the Reformatory who would mock and laugh if God were mentioned, but who, if home and its associations were spoken of, would tremble and roll. Mrs. Harvie then related from her personal experience some painful incidents of the evil wrought by intemperance in the home. Not only for God and home were they working, but for native land. There was not a woman in Canada, whether born here or not, who did not love this fair land. It was not given to women to love it as publicly as men did. But in their homes and among their children, women were basing and founding and building this land. This was a representative gathering, for every lady represented at least fifty women. It represented five thousand women, influencing their husbands to vote for the Scott Act. In closing, she would say to the women, the work is great and large. Wherever you hear the sound of the trumpet, gather together. Shall not our God fight for us? A great temperance wave was spreading over this country until, she believed, that within five years we would have Ontario for prohibition.

A GLASS of whisky sells for a dime, and is drunk in a moment. It fires the brain and deranges and weakens the physical system. On the same table lies a newspaper. It is covered with half a million letters; it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe. The newspaper costs half the price of the glass of grog; but it is none the less true that there is a large number of people who think whisky cheap and newspapers dear.

Via Solitaria.

The following poem was written by that sweetest of poets, the late Henry W. Longfellow, very soon after the death of his beloved wife, in 1861. It will be read by many with tearful eyes when they remember how patiently he waited at the "station" till at last "the parted" were made "one."

ALONE I walk the peopled city,
Where each seems happy with his own;
Oh! friends, I ask not for your pity—
I walk alone.

No more for me you lake rejoices,
Though moved by loving airs of June.
Oh! birds, your sweet and piping voices
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches
Its plumes in many a feathery spray;
In vain the evening's starry marches
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers;
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes;
They gaze on other fields than ours—
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffer,
The blade is stolen from the sheath;
Life has but one more boon to offer,
And that is—Death.

Yet well I know the voice of duty,
And, therefore, life and health must crave,
Though she who gave the world its beauty
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one! for the living
Who drew their earliest life from thee,
And wait, until with glad thanksgiving
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station
Wherein apart a traveller stands—
One absent long from home and nation,
In other lands;

And I, as he who stands and listens,
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,
To hear, approaching in the distance,
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb;
On yonder shore a bride is waiting
Until I come!

In yonder field are children playing,
And there—oh! vision of delight!—
I see the child and mother straying
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breaketh,
Stealing the treasures one by one,
I'll call Thee blessed when Thou makest
The parted—one.

What the Tobacco Money Bought.

BETWEEN seventeen and twenty-three there are tens of thousands of young men damaging themselves irretrievably by tobacco. You either use very good tobacco or cheap tobacco. If you use cheap tobacco, I want to tell you why it is cheap. It is a mixture of burdock, lampblack, sawdust, colts-foot, plantain leaves, fullers' earth, lime, salt, alum, and a little tobacco. You cannot afford, my young brother, to take such a mess as that between your lips. If, on the other hand, you use costly tobacco, let me say I do not think you can afford it. You take that which you expend and will expend, if you keep your habit all your life, and put it aside, and it will buy you a house, and it will buy you a farm, to make you comfortable in the afternoon of life.

A merchant of New York gave this testimony: "In early life I smoked six cigars a day at six and a half cents each; they averaged that. I thought to myself one day, 'I'll just put aside all the money I am consuming in cigars, and all I would consume if I kept on in the habit, and I will see what it will come to by compound interest.' And he gives this tremendous statistic: Last year completed thirty-nine years since, by the grace of God, I was emancipated from the filthy habit, and the saving

amounted to the enormous sum of \$29,102.03 by compound interest. We lived in the city, but the children, who had learned something of the enjoyment of country life from their annual visits to their grandparents, longed for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place in the country for sale. The cigar money now came into requisition, and I found that it amounted to a sufficient sum to purchase the place, and it is mine. Now, boys, take your choice, smoking without a home, or a home without smoking."—*The Plagues, Alcoholic and Narcotic*

A Knock-Down Argument.

THERE is much infidelity of a kind which cannot easily be argued out of men's minds. It has its seat in the heart, and nothing in the shape of argument can affect it so long as the skeptic remains in health, and strength, and courage. But times of storm, of danger will come, when all this bravery and courage fail; and then this infidelity flies like a dream.

A noted infidel, having ended a lecture in a town of Yorkshire, England, giving his notion to the people, called upon any person present to reply to his argument if they could. A collier arose in the assembly, and spoke somewhat as follows:

"Maister, me and my mate Jem were both Christian folk till one of these infidel chaps came this way. Jem turned infidel, and used to badger me about attending prayer-meetings. But one day, in the pit, a large cob of coal came down upon Jem's head. Jem thought he was killed and O mon! but he did holler and cry to God!" Then turning to the lecturer with a knowing look, he said, "Young mon, there is nowt like cobs of coal for knocking infidelity out of a mon."

The collier carried the audience with him, for they well knew that a knock on the head by a big chunk of coal would upset the courage, and with it the skepticism, of stronger infidels than "my mate Jem." Many an infidel has discarded his infidelity, and cried to God for mercy, in sickness or in danger, both on land and sea; but whoever heard of a Christian turning from his faith in the hour of peril, and forsaking his God when death was at the door?—*Selected.*

Crossing the Line.

A boy who went with his father on a voyage to South America was anxious to see the equatorial line and said to an old sailor: "Jack, will you show me the line when we cross it?"

"Oh, yes, my boy." After a few days the boy asked whether they had crossed the line.

The old tar said: "Yes, my lad." "Why didn't you tell me and show it to me?" The sailor replied, "O, my lad, we always cross the line in the dark."

Moderate drinker, you always cross the line between moderate and immoderate in the dark. Mental and moral might settle down on you as you cross the line between moderate drinking and inebriety, bringing you to the awful facts of ruin and death only a little farther on in the road you are travelling.—*Selected.*

"WHAT is a lake?" asked the teacher. A bright little Irish boy raised his hand. "Well, Mikey, what is it?" "Sure, it's a hole in the kittle, mum."

First and Last.

They laid him down with happy smiles,
In his tiny curtained bed;
They gently smoothed the pillow fair,
Where reposed the little head,
And loving words from everyone
Gave greeting of joy to the first-born son.

They watched around him day by day,
Till the little limbs grew strong;
They taught in simple childish words
Of the ways of right and wrong;
And loving hearts kept record sure
Of each baby action, so sweet and pure.

They laid him down, with faces grave,
In his coffin, cold and dread!
No loving hand to spread the pall
O'er the strangely silent dead.
No word of hope—in speechless awe
They gazed at the face they should see no more.

Far, far from home in foreign soil,
He was hid from mortal eye;
No record of his life on earth,
But 'tis written up on high—
The story of a drunkard's shame,
His wasted life and his blighted fame.

—Selected.

How to be Nobody.

It is easy to be nobody, and we will tell you how to do it. Go to the drinking saloon and spend your time. You need not drink much now—only a little beer or some other drink. Meantime play dominoes, checkers, or something else to kill time, so that you will be sure not to read any useful books. If you read anything let it be the dime novel of the day. Thus go on, keeping your stomach full and your head empty, yourself playing time-killing games, and in a few years you will be nobody unless you should turn out a drunkard or a professional gambler, either of which is worse than nobody. There are any number of young men hanging about saloons just ready to graduate and be nobodies.—*Watchword.*

"Almost?"

SAID old Aunt Sally to her mistress, "Why, chile, dot no good. S'pose I take a drink; I see dry still. S'pose I almost go to my dinner; dat help n' stomach any? No, honey! We's got to eat, or else we goes hungry. I don't almost love my Lord Jesus; I love him quite."

How to Begin.

YES, I want to be a Christian, but I do not know how to begin.

Are you sure you are ready to begin if you know how?

I think so. I've tried for a long while.

I don't know. I suppose one ought to think about it.

Have you not tried to get ready to begin instead of beginning?

Has your thinking brought you any nearer beginning?

I'm afraid not.

Suppose you think of going to Boston. You start, and after you have gone some distance find you are on the wrong road; instead of going to Boston you are travelling exactly the other way.

What would you do?

Why, turn about and take the right track.

Would you? Why not stop and think, and think like this: Yes I know, I'm on the wrong road. This will never bring me to Boston, but I think I'll keep on awhile. Perhaps something will turn up to put me on the right road, or I may find a cross-road or it may be easier turning by-and-by.

I'd better be sure of the whole road before I turn back. Would that do? No, of course not. I'd turn round and set my face toward the city sure.

Cannot you use the same common sense in starting on the heavenly journey? You know you are on the wrong road. You know each day's travels on it only brings you so much farther from the right way. You will never make any progress unless you face right about. You are on the wrong track; turn and take the right one.

But how? No matter how, or what, just now. All you have to do is to turn around. The man who was feeding swine did not get on until he had said to himself, I will rise and go. Then he got on his feet. He had begun the homeward journey.

If I only knew how to begin! The way to begin is to begin. Resolve on that with all your might. Tell your heavenly Father that you have turned around and are coming home; coming somehow, even if you must crawl. Ere long you will find Christ coming out to meet you.

I'll do it. I'll right about face, today, now.—*Congregationalist.*

Slate Pencils.

HERE is a curious fact about slate pencils; it may interest our readers who no doubt have often wondered where all these slate pencils came from. Years ago the most of them came from Germany, and were hard and black, but for some years we have had a full supply from our own country. At the quarry near Castleton, Vt., about thirty-five workmen produce 50,000 pencils daily. The blocks when quarried are sawed into pieces seven by twelve inches, split to a thickness of a half inch, and smoothed by a planer. The block is placed under a semi-circular knife, and after having been turned over the process is repeated. The result is fifty seven-inch pencils. A particle of quartz in the block would break all the pencils. They are pointed by a grindstone, turned, assorted, and sent to market in boxes of a hundred.

A MISSIONARY from the east coast of Africa writes: "No more is thought of killing a woman in some sections than killing a bullock. A woman is sometimes valued at five needles, or a small box of percussion caps, and a man, as soon as he can scrape together a small sum, will buy a wife. I have just heard to my grief that the father of one of our school-girls has put her into the market, to be given to any man in marriage who will make his village headquarters for the sale of rum, thus bringing other vices, utterly refusing to let her marry the man of her choice."

THE Wesleyan churches of Great Britain have 58,000 members more than they had in 1871. Of central or principal stations there are 381; chapels and other preaching places, 1,654; missionaries, 360; paid agents, catechists, etc., 1,748; local preachers, Sabbath-school teachers, etc., 5,977; church members, 71,904; on trial, 6,236; scholars, 79,646. The income for the year amounted to £150,000. The missionary energies of Wesleyanism have hitherto been expended in India. It is now contemplated to take a share of the work which is offered in Central Africa along the line of the Congo.

Lovest Thou Me?

BY MARGARET E. SANOSTER.

If Christ the Lord should come to-day
As erst to Peter by the sea,
And low and tenderly should say,
"Oh, my disciple, lovest thou Me?"
To thee and me,
What would our answer be?

"Yea, Lord, Thou knowest," if we should
cry,
With ready lip and beaming glance,
"We'd stand for Thee, 'neath any sky,
With flag unfurled and lifted lance,"
For thee and me
Would this the answer be.

And if He showed His hands and feet,
Sore wounded on the cruel cross—
And asked us still in accents sweet,
"Nay, lovest thou Me in pain and loss?"
From thee and me
What could the answer be?

For life is like a summer day,
So bright, so full, so glad, so strong,
And roses strew the onward way,
And we are marching with a song—
For thee and me
What answer could there be?

Just this. "We surely love Thee, Lord,
Our wills are weak, our hearts are poor,
But clinging to Thee in Thy word
We trust, and we shall aye endure"—
For thee and me
This would the answer be.

And bliss and bane, and joy and grief,
And all things work for good if we
Can answer, "Yea, Lord," swift and brief
To that keen question, "Lovest thou Me?"
For thee and me
This should the answer be.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 22, 1884.

Dr. Johnson.

A HUNDRED years ago, on December 19th, 1784, Dr. Samuel Johnson, one of the greatest names in English literature, died. In this age of centennials it is well that this sturdy moralist should be brought to mind. We have pleasure, therefore, in presenting the admirable sketch of his character, written by the Rev. J. H. Robinson, one of the leading and most respected ministers of the former New Connexion Church. He was for many years superintendent of missions of that Church in Canada, is a veteran editor, and is one of the most honoured friends of the present writer. He has omitted to give one incident in the life of Johnson, which is so characteristic of his earnest and God-fearing character that we give it for the benefit of our readers.

Young Johnson, when under ten

years of age, was one day bidden by his father to take charge of his book-stall in the Lichfield market. For some reason he disobeyed. His father soon after died. Johnson never forgave himself for his disobedience, and when a man, well on in years, he stood one market day bareheaded in the rain, in visible repentance for the sin of his youth. And there, in the market-square to-day, is a statue of the great moralist performing the act of penance. If the young would not plant thorns in their pillows and lay up bitter sorrow for the future, let them remember the inspired command, "Honour thy father and thy mother."

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

A PUBLIC MEETING of this Union was held in the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, on October 15th. From the report we quote the following:—The chair was occupied by Rev. Hugh Johnston, pastor of the church. The Chairman, in welcoming the members of the W. C. T. U., said they were engaged in a work the importance of which could not be ignored. They had taken for their motto "For God, for home, for native land." It was but fitting that women should take an interest in the home and endeavour to build it up in purity and light. It was right that meetings of this kind should be held in churches, because the temperance movement was a part of the great onward movement of the Church. The Church was now taking an active interest in temperance work as was witnessed by the action of the Presbyterian Church, the Baptist Church, the Church of England, and the Methodist Church, the last having a constituency of a quarter of a million in the Dominion, with a total abstinence pledge, and not a single member engaged in the liquor traffic. He congratulated the ladies on the recent victories achieved in Halton and other counties throughout the Dominion.

Mr. J. J. McLaren, Q. C., stated that the history of the temperance reform has been so far like the history of many other great reforms. They saw the advocates of other great reforms first denounced as fanatics; then they became leaders of the people; and finally they were defied. The temperance people were not in the last stage yet, but they were rapidly approaching it. A work was now being done, largely owing to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, such as had not been seen for many years past, and he believed the friends of temperance were now resting upon the crest of a wave which would carry them on to a great victory.

THE EFFECT OF PROHIBITION.

Hon. G. W. Ross, in congratulating the Union upon its work, said that it was one of the most aggressive bodies they had ever seen. They were attacking the Churches, they did not spare the Education Department—(laughter)—and they were seen in the abodes of the Legislative Assemblies. It was now proposed to have instruction on temperance in the public schools. There was already, he thought, a solution of that question. Teachers were now required to study the physiology of the human system and its anatomical structure. In the work which they were to use several chapters were devoted to the effects of alcohol on the human system, so that those who study



WHEN THE SWALLOWS HOMEWARD FLY.

the wondrous mechanism of the human frame may understand the effect of alcohol upon that mechanism. Besides this, eighty or ninety per cent. of the teachers were total abstainers, so that they felt safe in entrusting this important matter into their hands. Mr. Ross then traced the history of the temperance legislative movement in Canada, beginning in 1873, which he had spoken in favour of a commission to inquire into the effects of intemperance. That commission, of which he was a member, came to the conclusion that three-fourths of the crime in the country was due to the liquor traffic. They had thus established the relation between drunkenness and crime. They had still to show that prohibition would diminish the evil. In 1876 a commission was issued to inquire into the working of prohibitory laws in Maine and other States, and the result of the inquiry was strongly in favour of the effectiveness of prohibitory laws. The next thing they sought was an opportunity of appealing to the people, and this was obtained by the passage of the Scott Act in 1878. The speaker referred to the results of the adoption of the Scott Act in Halton. In the year before the passage of the Act, there were 350 commitments, while last year the number was only 140. If the Scott Act were passed in Toronto, as he trusted it would be, and the sooner the better, the Churches would be able to do their work better, there would be less vagrancy and fewer absentees from public schools, homes would be happier, and government would be carried on more smoothly. (Loud applause.)

SUCCESSFUL WORK OF THE UNION.

Hon. S. H. Blake was the next speaker. He said that the friends of

temperance were greatly indebted to the prayer meetings held by the ladies; perhaps they would never know on earth how much they owed to those prayers. It was an immense power on the side of the temperance people that the blessing of God could be asked on their work, while those on the other side could not utter such a prayer. Cheered as he was by the recent victories of the temperance people, his chief ground of confidence was that their cause was a just one. He was in favour of prohibition because it removed surroundings which tended to intemperance, and every one knew how strongly one was influenced by his surroundings. It was a shame that in a city like this our children could not walk up Yonge Street without having before them some twenty-five invitations to drink. When God wished to rid His people of the sin of idolatry He did not command the number of idols to be reduced, but said that they must be ground to powder, and this was what they must do with the liquor traffic.

When the Swallows Homeward Fly.

WITH the autumn winds and rains comes the annual flight of the swallows and other birds of passage to their winter homes in the sunny south. By an unerring instinct they are led to know the proper time of departure and the route to their southern home. To this Mrs. Hemans, it is, we think, refers in the fine poem:—

Birds, joyous birds, of the wandering wing,
Whence is it ye come with the flowers of
spring?
Since through the realms of the trackless
air
Ye have a Guide, shall we despair?
Ye over desert and deep have past,
So may we reach our bright home at last.



DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

The Text on the Wall.

EVERY day, or blue or gray,
Cloud or sun, as may befall,
Turn I, with the earliest ray
To my text-roll on the wall;
Word of comfort, word of cheer,
Word of courage waits me here.

Sometimes 'tis a whisper sweet,
Sparkling like a drop of dew!
Just to sit at Jesus' feet,
Thence my loving Lord to view.
And I meet the day untried,
With the Master at my side.

Sometimes 'tis a bugle note
Crisp and clear, serene and high,
Or a song that seems to float
Like a lark's from out the sky.
Sometimes 'tis a battle-call—
That brief text upon the wall.

Now, in ringing phrase and terse
From the lips of prophet old,
Meets my eye a warning verse,
Stern, defiant, eager, bold!
Nerved to dare whatever foe,
Forward in that strength I go.

Sometimes when my spirits droop,
And the gathering tears are nigh,
Radiant as an angel troop,
Flits a single promise by—
Promise, herald of a train,
Swift to charm away the pain.

Every day, or blue or gray,
Sun or cloud, as may befall,
Turn I, with the dawning ray
To my text-roll on the wall;
Word of solace, word of cheer,
Word of faith awaits me here.

THE Methodist mission to the Flat-head Indians has been revived by the energetic work of the Rev. W. Tate, who has been for some years engaged in establishing a mission among the Bella-Bella Indians.

THE wife of the Rev. John McLean, B.A., missionary to the Blood Indians, near Fort McLeod, has established a sewing school among the Indian women, partly with a view of teaching them how to cut and make garments, and partly to provide necessary clothing for women and children, many of whom are very destitute. She applies for a supply of material such as can be used for the above purpose.

The Dark Side of Heathen Life.

BY REV. D. H. BADLEY, D.D.

THERE is a dark side; all heathenism is dark. Most of us think we have a fair idea of the state of the heathen world, and yet without a residence in a heathen land it is impossible to have this. Things are a hundred-fold worse than we can imagine.

In India the so-called sacred writings of the Hindus are filled not only with inconsistencies but with stories of the most vulgar and obscene character. The influence of these books upon the Hindu people is only too apparent. If the gods could do these things, if they could indulge in theft, lying and all forms of immorality, why may not the people? These books, if they could be translated and published in our land, would be at once suppressed; and yet in India they are widely circulated and exert their pernicious influence upon old and young alike. The standard of morality they teach is fit for devils, not men. The wonder is that they have retained their hold upon so many million people as long as they have. They are their own refutation.

The priests are avaricious. Many have become independently rich by their share of the plunder; in not a few instances these priests have been found in the English law-courts prosecuting each other for interfering in their business; rich and poor pay tribute and from their offerings the priest amasses wealth, often riding his elephant as if he were a king.

At the time of the great bathing festivals, when hundreds of thousands of devout Hindus approach the sacred Ganges to bathe and worship, the banks are preempted by priests and holy men, "sons of the Ganges," as they are called, each of whom occupies a certain number of feet upon the bank and endeavours in anything but priestly style to get hold of as many people as possible, each worshipper paying him tribute. In these scenes an amount of noisy, impudent effort is displayed

which can be equalled only by the donkey-boys of Egypt as they surround the bewildered traveller and compete for the fare. At these festivals the receipts of many of the priests are sufficiently large to support them during the ensuing year. It is not strange that these men in every possible way endeavor to prevent the people from becoming Christians.

Shameful scenes occur at many of the temples. Innocent girls are married to the idol and make the temple their home, supported by the priests supposed to be celibates; they go from the temple to houses of ill-fame. Could the temples of India, many of them beautiful in appearance and rich in finish, testify to the scenes of adultery and wickedness which they have witnessed, Hinduism would be undone. In worship, things unmentionable are made the objects of adoration.

Bishop Thompson, in speaking of the 330,000,000 gods worshipped by the Hindus, says: "The character ascribed to them, and the devotions devised for them, coming from the human heart, where lurk evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, etc., must be corrupting and degrading. No wonder that at length thieves and drunkards and adulterers and beasts become gods, and riot and lasciviousness crown the ceremonies of the sanctuary. . . . Indian idolatry has touched bottom. As I stood in the holy Benares, every sense disgusted, and every feeling merged in indignation, contemplating the stupidity, the odiousness, the obscenity, the discord, the beastliness of that centre of pagan worship, I thought, Surely it can get no lower without opening the mouth of hell. I exclaimed within myself, 'Almighty God! to what depths of darkness and depravity are thy rational creatures capable of descending when they turn away from the revelation of love and mercy!' As I looked upon a *fakir* seated by the Ganges, naked, haggard, worn to a skeleton, and covered with ashes, I thought I knew what it is to be damned."

Dr. Samuel Johnson.

BY THE REV. J. H. ROBINSON.

Abridged from an article in the *Methodist Magazine* for December, 1876.

At the head of the literary men of the eighteenth century stands the venerable though ungainly form of SAMUEL JOHNSON. A man with imperfections which charity will easily overlook; with superstitions which our reason condemns; with an irritability of temper and a dogmatism of tone which often made him rude and unbearable; but for all that he was a man—a great-souled, highly-gifted man; and when the crust was off him, and his real nature became visible in all its breadth of feeling and generosity, his defects—or, perhaps, we ought to say his peculiarities—were forgotten, and the great qualities of his mind and character called forth the admiration and affection of all who came in contact with him.

But why write of Samuel Johnson at this remote period? Our answer is that genius, learning, and moral worth are like a diamond which, the more it is seen the more it pleases and is admired; and further, Samuel Johnson was a "helper" and fellow-labourer in the cause of morality and Christian truth at a time when, in his station in life, there were few who had any

serious convictions about sacred things, and very many who made themselves merry at all that savoured of earnestness in religion and decorum in social life. We "greet" him, therefore, as Paul desired Aquila and Priscilla to be greeted, "as a helper in Christ Jesus." He lived in the time of Fielding and Smollett, and he, like them, had to subsist by his pen; but in what a higher and purer region than theirs did his lofty intellect range! He lived and he wrote in such wise that he was admired and visited by Mr. Wesley. The pure and cultivated Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Hannah More, and Miss Burney were among his choicest friends. Whenever he had grace enough to tie his garters on his stockings, button the knees of his nether garments, put on his shoes with silver buckles, and, more than all, a clean shirt and powdered wig, he was welcomed to any circle which he chose to enter; and his conversation was devoured with greater voracity than he devoured his victuals or drank his sixteen or twenty cups of tea. For fifteen years he was the guest—always welcome, and at free commons—of Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, of Streatham. It was deemed an honour to receive him into their house, and there, as elsewhere, philosophers, poets, statesmen, and cultivated men and women in other walks of life, listened to his utterances with rapt attention and admiration.

A CATHEDRAL CITY.

But there is another reason why we notice Dr. Johnson. His works, although a mine of thought and wisdom, have become neglected by all but a few, on account of the style in which they are written. It is not English nor is it Latin, but a mixture of the two, rather uncouth to modern ears. The Doctor was a stately gentleman—if not always in his dress, at least in his notions of personal dignity. He was born at Lichfield—an episcopal city; and even from his childhood his senses were awed by the sight of doctors, proctors, and all the retinue of an episcopal residence. Those only who have lived in such a city can realize the effect which such surroundings have on the general temper and manners of the people. Lichfield now produces hosiery for young and old; "clouds" for ladies' wear in winter; and an endless number of articles for warmth and comfort; and we, at least, bless the people of Lichfield for all the warm things they produce. But in Johnson's time there was none of this. The Bishop, the Bishop's palace, the cathedral, the assizes and quarter sessions, and now and then a county ball or a review of troops, were all that the people saw or had to live by. Manufacturing industries make people independent, and sometimes saucy, and when you become independent and saucy, speech adapts itself to feeling, style becomes short and snappish. It takes but little trouble to say, "I am as good as you;" but to him who lives under the shadow of a cathedral, who hears at least twice a day the words, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church;" who hears long-robed priests and surpliced choristers chanting litanies, and sees them performing genuflections,—no wonder, especially when their bread and butter are also in question, that the tone of feeling and the manners of the whole people become quieter and more respectful, and it is a moot question whether "I am as good as you" or not. At all

events Johnson came from such a place, and his mind and character, and no doubt his mode of address were toned down by his early surroundings,—and his style in after life bears the mark of the solemn and reverential habits to which he had been trained in early life.

Let us sit down with patience and a due relish to Samuel Johnson, and he will tell us something worth knowing and worth thinking about before we lay down his book.

JOHNSON'S POVERTY.

Fourpence a day he lived on for many a day after his first coming to London. Several times, it is to be inferred, for his pride would not let him acknowledge the fact directly, he walked the streets all night in company with poor Savage, because neither of them had money enough to pay for a bed. His "Rambles" and some of his "Idlers" were written in a miserable garret, with everything around him to chafe his proud spirit and distract his mind. Once or twice he was arrested for debt, and always, till he was near fifty years of age, and received his pension of three hundred pounds per annum—he lived on the verge of want; not knowing often when he laid his head on his pillow at night where the food for next day would come from. Yet, amidst these trials, this man produced works which the world will never let die,—his "Rasselas," his "Rambler," his "Idler," his immortal Dictionary, his Parliamentary Debates, in which he fabricated speeches for "Noble Lords," such as none of them had ever brains enough to fabricate for themselves. How many sermons he made for lazy parsons has never been ascertained, but it is affirmed that more than one has made a name by publishing sermons after Johnson's death, as if they were his own, which, nevertheless, were written by Johnson, and sold for a morsel of bread, or given away from a generous impulse. As soon as he had anything fit to be called a house of his own it became a cave of Adullam to sundry persons who were in debt or in want. He sheltered two decayed ladies (one of whom was blind), and both of whom died at his house and were buried at his expense. He had an old medical man under his roof, of the name of Levett, whose practice lay chiefly among the poor, and whose fees were not sufficient to maintain him. He was a shy, modest, but well-read man, a good listener, and suited Johnson admirably to help him spend his long hours over his breakfasts in suitable conversation. This man was honoured by an ode on his life and character, written by Johnson, which concludes with these lines:

"His virtues walked their narrow round,
Nor made a pause, nor left a void;
And sure th' Eternal Master found
His single talent well employed."

Persons like these, and his negro servant, after the death of his wife, composed Johnson's family. He could turn away from wits and the highest in the land to hold daily converse with the unfortunate and the lowly, to cheer their otherwise desolate lives.

AT COLLEGE.

It is remarkable that nearly all his great works were written while he was struggling with poverty and while he was face to face with daily want. Nay, his education itself was wrested from the grasp of narrow means which would have utterly discouraged other men

from its pursuit. At Pembroke College, in Oxford, he would be seen in the forenoon leaning against the pillar of its venerable porch—his hair unkempt, his seedy garments ill-put on, his dilapidated shoes allowing the toes to protrude, and his tall, gaunt form, and a face deeply scarred with the scrofulous sores which had so frightfully marked it in his earlier days, presenting a spectacle at which his fellow-students would have jeered if the fear of being knocked down for their pains had not restrained them. Meanwhile he would help them with their themes, quote without book or prompter choice portions from the classic writers they were studying, and, above all, and to their still greater delight, would caricatures and mimic the "dons" of the university as no other man durst or could. Some one seeing the condition of his shoes, but not daring to insult him by directly offering a new pair, placed them in his room, supposing that he would quietly put them on, with thankfulness to his unknown benefactor for his kindness; but the only use he made of them was to throw them out at the window, with indignation that any one should suppose he needed new shoes, or, if he did, that he would accept them at the hands of charity.

IN LONDON.

He left the university without a degree, being too poor to remain longer, and came out into the world to fight his way against adverse fortune as he best could. He came to London, that great centre of the commercial and literary activity of the world; where, by his pen, he earned a scanty subsistence, and lived what must be designated a miserable life for many years. He wrote for Cave, the proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, he translated for the booksellers, and, in fact, was a man-of-all work in the literary trade, working spasmodically and under a feeling of constant resentment against his hard fate. His "Rasselas" was written in two nights, so, at least, it is affirmed, to earn twenty pounds to defray the expenses connected with his mother's last illness and her funeral. His "Rambles," many of them, at least, were dashed off in an evening—the printers' boy often remaining the while for the copy. In fact, nearly all that he did previously to the publication of his Dictionary was done in a hurry and under the pressure of daily need.

HIS DICTIONARY.

That Dictionary may be pronounced the greatest monument of learning and industry ever produced by one man in so short a time. The French Academy consisted of forty members, and it took the labour of the whole of them for forty years to compile their dictionary. Johnson compiled his in eight years. He employed six clerks to assist him, whom he paid out of the sum he received for his work. His contract with the booksellers was for £1,575 sterling, but £500 additional was paid him, the original contract price being altogether too little. Of this great work it may be truly said, that for "the learned, yet judicious research into etymology, the various yet accurate display of definition, and the rich collection of authorities," it stood alone in the age in which it was published, and it is still the mine in which subsequent writers on the same subject have had to dig for their supplies. Of

course, in science and other branches of knowledge, there has been a great advance since Johnson's time, and in these his Dictionary will be found inadequate, but what it pretended to do, and what it *could* do at the time, it accomplished in a style of excellence and completeness which had never before been attempted.

But let the Dictionary pass, and notice how much three hundred pounds, sterling *per annum* will do for a man, especially when it is certain, and not dependant on the whim of some cantankerous deacon, or Board of Church works. He got a pension of three hundred pounds from "good King George." Johnson said of Mr. Wesley: "His conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk as I do." And now, with this three hundred pounds per annum, he could fold his legs and have out his talk to his heart's content. The nature of Johnson from this time had room to expand. He was no longer in a hurry with his work. He wrote after this his delightful work, "The Lives of the British Poets," but in how different a tone from that with which he wrote many of his "Rambles" and "Idlers!" The melancholy which tinged those papers disappears. His power of discrimination was quickened by his leisure. His temper becomes, for him, bland and genial; his language softer and less constrained. Hence this work is the most finished and elegant of all his productions. It has always been a favourite with the reading public; has gone through many editions, and will continue to be read with pleasure so long as the English language remains.

BOSWELL.

About the time at which he received his pension Providence sent him another blessing in the person of James Boswell, whom Macaulay designates—"a dunce, a parasite, and a coxcomb," but as if to show that this designation is extravagant and unjust he admits that this man, in connection with Johnson's name and doings, has made himself "immortal." And so it has come to pass that this "dunce" has given us a "Life" of Johnson which lives, and ever will live, as one of the most instructive and delightful books in our language. No other biography can compare with it in freshness, fulness, and reality. We live with the illustrious subject of it. We hear his talk at the dinner parties and supper parties to which he was invited, or in the den in which the great man, only half-dressed, and with a not over-cleanly person, amidst huge volumes, covered with dust, sitting on his three-legged chair, loved to converse with those who came to see him, and had "leisure" to spend their time in listening to him. No other man living at that time, or at any time, has come to be so well known to those who did not actually live with him as Doctor Johnson.

And why was this ordained? Why was there such a life and such a "dunce" to write it? Johnson had no "mission," that is, none to which man had appointed him. He floated on the sea of life like many less gifted and less distinguished persons. Sometimes he almost foundered and sunk beneath the waves in his melancholy, his poverty, and the terrible workings of his gigantic mind; but nothing that he wrote or

did would have conferred on him the undying fame he enjoys had there been no "dunce, parasite, and coxcomb" of a Boswell to write his life. We owe to him the practical lesson how this poor Lichfield student, clumsy in his person and gait, afflicted with melancholy, superstitious, full of prejudices, obstinate, dogmatical, and, perhaps, naturally indolent, became the foremost man of his time—a central sun, so to speak, round which gyrated whatever was best in intellect and moral culture in the metropolis of England—how his sayings have become household words—how his writings, heavy and stately as some of them are, contain a wealth of thought and wisdom which would equip a whole cohort of the flimsy, commentating, note-making, brain-sucking writers of our age. We learn, too, the terrible penalties which men of genius sometimes pay for their gifts. Johnson was seldom happy. He lived in continual fear of death. His faith in the cardinal truths of our holy religion, though never wavering, brought to him little of the joy and peace of believing. A sincerer or firmer believer, perhaps, never existed, but his afflicted body and mind kept him in a state of gloom which even made him distrustful of his spiritual state, and disposed him to continual self-accusation. But he fought the fight appointed him, and may we not feel well assured that the "well done" of the Master, who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, would not be withheld from this great soul who battled for truth and righteousness according to his lights through a long, a suffering, but eminently successful and illustrious career.

LONDON, Ont.

From the address of the bishops at the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church U.S., it appears that there are 99 annual conferences, 14 missions, 11,349 travelling preachers, 12,026 local preachers, and 1,769,534 members and probationers. The increase in the four past years was 69,232. In 1883 there were 18,741 churches and 9,815 parsonages, valued at \$79,238,000. There are 10 theological seminaries, 45 colleges, 66 classical institutions, and 8 female colleges.

Jews in Jerusalem were until lately a few hundred families, who had gone there to die in the land of their fathers. Now there are about 50,000, or about one-third of the population. They devote themselves almost exclusively to mercantile occupations. The newcomers are mostly from Bulgaria, Russia, and Hungary.

SOMEBODY says we spend too much for foreign missions. The same people say it costs too much to run our home churches. Is that true? England pays \$680,000,000 for intoxicating liquors; \$350,000,000 for bread; \$280,000,000 for woollen goods; \$175,000,000 for butter and cheese; \$150,000,000 for milk; \$100,000,000 for tea, coffee, and cocoa; \$70,000,000 for cotton goods; \$55,000,000 for education; and only \$5,250,000 for Christian missions. Reflect on these figures awhile.

THE Boston Traveller says: "Mrs. Livermore spent last Saturday at the Woman's Prison, and finds that there is hardly a woman confined there who was not brought to this degradation by intemperance."

At the Door.

A SINGER stood at Heaven's gate,
And gazed in through the shining bars,
The night was hushed, the hour was late,
And Beauty dreamed among the stars.
She called; her voice no answer brought;
She paused and bowed her head in thought.

The brightness of eternal morn
Streamed through the portals on her face,
As though the flush of day, new-born,
Forever glorified the place.
The singer raised her head and sang;
Night listened, and the blue skies rang.

As softly as a wind-kissed rose
Lays fall a petal to the ground,
So did the music, at its close,
And echo drop of melting sound.
But no bright face drew near the bars
And smiled and listened with the stars.

On earth the singer's thrilling note
Had held a breathless throng in awe;
And fame her name in sunlight wrote
Where passing thousands praising saw.
Now, none in all sweet Heaven came
To bow before that lofty name.

Then did a maid draw near the place
Whose brow might charm in Paradise:
The stars—whose golden flowers that grace
The dark lake of the night's cold skies—
Were not more fair, with all their light,
Than her soft eyes, and not more bright.

Her tresses-gathered sunbeams fell
In rippling glory to her feet;
Her charms had bound men with their spell,
But now, none came her step to greet;
No bright eye gazed upon her there,
No angel spoke and called her fair.

A monarch dreaming dreams of gold,
Drew near the jewelled gates divine,
But darkness drew about him cold,
Scarce would the stars upon him shine;
And filled with shame he bowed alone,
Dishonoured, helpless, and unknown.

A woman pure, with patient face,
And eyes made beautiful with trust,
With soul that never showed its grace
Till freed from its poor house of dust,
Approached the shining portals now,
And lo! a pure light bathed her brow.

Passed was her bitter journey long;
She touched the gate with trembling hand,
And through the portals broke a song
That filled the night with music grand;
The doors flew back, and, with glad face,
She entered that celestial place!

God reads the soul, and not the face;
He hears the thoughts, and not the tongue;
In Heaven the features wear no grace,
Save that which round the spirit hung;
And only they are lovely seen
Whose lives on earth have noble been.
—E. W. Shurtleff.

A Glimpse of Women's Mission Work Sixty Years Ago.

BY MRS. C. F. SPAULDING.

WHEN I returned home from our last meeting, going into my mother's room, I said, "Mother, the ladies of the missionary society wish me to prepare something to read at their next meeting. I am sure they know much more about missions than I do. I felt like refusing, but as Mrs. Langdon proposed me I did not like to do so, and after I spoke the thought flashed across my mind, why not ask my mother how they carried on mission work when she was young? Will you not tell me what you did to help the missionaries?"

For a few moments she was quiet, and a shadow of sadness passed over her face. I was almost sorry I asked, for she had been very ill, and I knew she was looking back through a vista of fifty years, with its lights and shadows, to her girlhood's home. Then brightening, she said, "Yes, indeed, I will. It seems but yesterday since we gathered in Colonel Totten's parlour to organize our society.

"At that time the civilized world was

becoming aroused in the cause of missions, and 'preach the gospel to every creature' was heard from all our Christian pulpits. In our own land, Mr. and Mrs. Newell and Mr. and Mrs. Judson had bid farewell to home and friends. After waiting long months, we heard that the Newells were not allowed to remain where they had intended to make their home, but had been obliged to remove to an island near the mainland, and also of the persecutions of the Judsons, and we remembered the words of our Lord: 'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' The work of our society was in making outfits for missionaries, home and foreign.

"At last our first outfit was ready to be packed; it was for a young missionary and his wife, who were going to India. What a busy afternoon we had as we put garment after garment into the box, and many a little article was added for the toilet—articles of use and beauty that would gladden the young wife's heart in that distant land. Because she had chosen to leave home and friends to work for the Master, that was surely no reason why she should give up everything that makes life beautiful.

"When the packing was finished and we stood around the box, all were silent for a moment; then Mrs. Butler, our president, said, 'Let us ask God's blessing.' It was the first public prayer that had been offered in our society, and amid profound silence the timid woman asked God to bless those who would wear those garments, and to bless our efforts. Her voice often faltered, some of the words we did not hear, but He, who knew what a struggle it was for her to kneel at His feet in public, heard it all and did bless us.

"I can better illustrate how the seed sown in our little society took root by telling of an incident that took place in the life of one of those merry girls who attended our meetings.

"Madge Marvin was full of life, making sunshine out of everything. Madge was to be married to a young army officer. Ah! well I remember Madge as she stood under the chandelier, with its soft wax lights, surrounded by beautiful women and a brilliant array of officers in full dress. Madge's heart was light, and as she passed a group of friends, in which were some of the ladies of our society, she said, 'There is a mission station near the fort; I'll watch them for you,' then added with a laugh, 'Perhaps, if it is very lonely, I may get converted myself.' Words lightly spoken, but how prophetic!

"She left us, and by-and-bye we heard of her, and from her, how she carried her brightness out into that lonely place, enjoying everything, seemingly as happy as ever. A year passed; a little child was given her, beautiful, and the darling of all. One morning, in midwinter, word came to the mission station that Lieutenant Dayton's baby was dying. They went to his house, and there, over the cradle, was Madge trying to awaken her darling, who was asleep in death. Then the missionaries that Madge proposed to watch, were watching her. For a time her life hung by a thread, and at last, as the blossoms came out, she grew better and returned home. Shortly after she united with the Church, and when she returned to the West she went to work nobly. She treated the

Indians like men and women, and they learned to love her, and in the poetic language of their race named her the 'Weeping Willow,' after seeing her bending over her baby's grave. But Madge did not give her life to sadness; her brightness came back, and when we met her in after-years we saw a new beauty in her face—the beauty of holiness. Many letters our society received from her telling of her work and thanking us for clothing and books sent.—*Woman's Work for Woman.*

Vain Repetitions.

BY MRS. M. M. HILL.

Use not vain repetitions as the heathen do, for they think they shall be heard for their much speaking.—*Jesus.*

THE people of India, as do other heathen, believe there is great merit in repeating the names of their deities. Hence, as a matter of economizing his labour, they often call their children by the names of their gods. In some places in the north of India, and in Tibet, and countries just across the Himalaya range, they have an easier method of offering their "vain repetitions." This they do by machinery. Their prayers are put on a wheel or a cylinder, turned sometimes by hand, sometimes by wind, and sometimes by water power. If only kept in motion, the repetitions have just as much virtue as if uttered by the lips.

Miss Mary Bachelor, during a resting-time in Darjeeling, witnessed this manner of offering prayers. In company with some friends, she visited a Buddhist temple. It was two-storied, with a thatched roof reaching nearly to the ground. The outer door opened into an apartment whose length was the width of the building, while its breadth was about five feet. A fat Lama (priest), reputed to be over ninety years of age, sat in the door, sewing on a cotton garment. He was dressed in broadcloth and had wooden beads around his neck, which he said were for his prayers. At the right was a huge cylinder about a foot from the ground, turning on a crooked iron axle by means of a rope attached to it. The surface of the cylinder was covered with bright green and red letters, constituting the prayers. An old nun sat in front, pulling the rope to keep the cylinder revolving. Two bells were suspended from the ceiling, on opposite sides of the cylinder, which a projecting spike of iron caused to strike at each revolution. The nun, while reeling off her prayers, had a paper in front of her, which she appeared to be reading. Said Miss Bachelor: "When I asked a man what she was praying, he said her prayers were being offered for the world in general—for everybody. 'Does she include us?' I asked. 'Oh, yes,' he answered." Shelves were attached to the walls, and on these were placed other praying machines, in the form of smaller wheels turned by hand, to which many prayers were affixed. A young Lama made his appearance, and unlocking a big red door opening into the inner temple, motioned them in. But such were the vile smells and the suffocating air, that only Miss Bachelor persevered in surveying this heathen sanctum. Its walls were covered with huge, ungainly, hideous paintings of their different deities. A large glass case of brass idols confronted her. On its right were numerous pigeon-holes filled with boxes of pray-

ers. There were also pigeon-holes on the left, but many of them were empty, perhaps held in reserve for the petitions of future devotees of the temple.

In what blackness of darkness must souls be enshrined who have such views of acceptable prayer!—*Missionary Helper.*

Brevities.

THERE are 60,000 Jews in New York, and not one of them is engaged in liquor selling.

THERE are said to be 30,000 pledged children in the juvenile temperance schools in Massachusetts.

THE Hanson Place Methodist Sunday-school, New York, gave \$2,275.41 in its regular missionary collections for the past year.

THE Prussian Bible Society, during its ten years' history, has distributed 1,283,254 Bibles and 823,597 New Testaments.

A GENTLEMAN who had been bitten by a dog was asked, "Do you suppose the animal was mad?" "Mad. What right had he to be mad? He wasn't half as mad as I was."

Dealer: "Would you like to have a French clock?" *Mrs. Mulcahy:* "No, indeed, I don't want none av yer Frinch clocks. It's a clock that I can understand when it stroiks that I want; so I do."

THIS very sage advice was given by an aged priest: "Always treat an insult like mud from a passing vehicle. Never brush it off until it is dry."

A TEACHER in one of the smallest district schools in the smallest State in the Union once proved that it may be embarrassing to use one's own self as an illustration. She was hearing a class in spelling and defining words. The word "orphan" had been correctly spelled, but none of the class seemed to know its meaning. After asking one or two of them she said, encouragingly: "Now, try again. I am an orphan. Now, can't some of you guess what it means?" The blank look on their faces remained, until one of the duller scholars raised his hand, and said with no intention of being saucy, "It's some one who want's to get married, and can't."

A PRISON chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town in Scotland. He was a man who greatly magnified his office, and, on entering one of the cells on the first round of inspection, he, with much pomposity, thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, sir, do you know who I am?" "No, nor I dinna care!" was the nonchalant reply; but the criminal seemed to be repentant a few minutes afterward, and added, conciliatory: "Well, I has heard o' ye before." "And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Weel, I heard that the last two kirks ye war in ye preached them baith empty; but ye'll no find it such an easy matter to do the same wi' this ane."

A WELL-APPEARING business man the other day stole a trunk in Boston and then gave himself up to the police. In the court he begged to be sent for three years to the State prison in order that he might be out of the reach of liquor, which had wrought the ruin of his life.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

THREE MONTHS WITH SOLOMON AND THE BOOKS OF WISDOM.

B.C. 1000.] LESSON IX. [Nov. 30. TRUE WISDOM.

Prov. S. 1-17. Commit to mem. vs. 10, 11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.—Prov. S. 17.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

"Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom."

DAILY READINGS.

M. Prov. S. 1-17. Th. Prov. 16. 1-33. T. Job 28. 12-28. F. Ps. 139. 1-24. W. Prov. 9. 1-12. Sa. Prov. 22. 1-29. Su. John 1. 1-14.

BOOK OF PROVERBS.—See Less. S. TIME—Written about 1000 B.C.

AUTHOR.—Solomon, King of Israel, the wisest man on earth; in his middle age.

INTRODUCTION.—This passage is intended as a contrast to the call of sin in previous chapters. Wisdom is either a personification of a Divine attribute, or the same Person, who, in the first chapter of St. John's Gospel, is called The Word, that is, Christ. We may safely take it for either, and heed its call.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Doth not wisdom cry?*—A form of expression, expecting an answer, an emphatic *yes*. 2. *Top of high places*—High-lying parts of the city, where she cannot fail to be seen or heard. 3. *At the gates*—The gates of walled cities in the East are places of public concourse. 4. *Sons of man*—The whole human race. 5. *S. simple*—Who are easily influenced, or who lack goodness. 6. *Excellent*—Princely. 7. *Truth*—Facts as they are. 8. *Forixar*—Here means deceitful. 9. *Perverse*—Obstinate, in the wrong. 10. *And not*—Rather than. *Choice gold*—Gold without alloy. 12. *Prudence*—Tact or sagacity. *Find out knowledge of witty inventions*—Rather wise counsels, the wise measures for daily practical life. The truest every-day wisdom comes from heavenly wisdom. 13. *Evil*—Sin. *Arrogancy*—Haughty disdain of others. *Pride*—Self-exaltation. *Froward mouth*—False doctrines of bad advice. 14. *Counsel*—Good judgment. *Sound wisdom*—Literally means essence of wisdom. 15. 16. *Kings, princes, nobles, judges*—Every possible class of rulers receive their wisdom from God. 17. *Early*—In youth, or diligently.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Bible descriptions of wisdom.—What does wisdom promise?—When is wisdom specially needed?—Conditions made by wisdom. Promises to the young.—Reasons why we should seek wisdom.—Does religion add to mental power?—Science, a voice of God.—History, a voice of God.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—To what is this lesson a contrast? Who may be here meant by Wisdom? Of what may wisdom be a personification? Can it be both?

SUBJECT: TRUE WISDOM.

I. TRUE WISDOM URGED ON EVERY SOUL (vs. 1-5).—What questions are asked in the first verse? To whom are they addressed? What answer is expected? Why does Wisdom need a loud voice? Mention some of Wisdom's voices. How does God speak through Nature? (Ps. 104. 24.) How through the Bible? (2 Tim. 3. 15.) How in History? (Ps. 107. 43.) How by conscience? (Rom. 2. 15.) How in the person of Jesus Christ? (1 Cor. 1. 17-24; Eph. 3. 10.) Has any one ever tried to hide from God? (Gen. 3. 8; Jonah 1. 3; Matt. 23. 25.) With what result? (Ps. 139. 7-12.) In what places does Wisdom call? (vs. 2, 3.) Why is her advice needed where paths divide? Why at the gates of the city? To whom does Wisdom call? (v. 4; see Ps. 49. 1, 2.) How is it expressed in the last call in the Bible? (Rev. 22. 17.) Who are especially mentioned? (v. 5.) What are people without fixed religious principles called? Those who are going wrong? Why?

II. WISDOM'S OFFERS SHOULD BE ACCEPTED (vs. 6-16).—How many reasons are given in these verses why we should seek wisdom? What is the subject of wisdom's teaching? Three characteristics of it? Importance of each? What is never found

there? (vs. 7 and 8.) Why is there no craftiness in Wisdom? No obstinacy? What does Wisdom hate? (see too, 6. 16-19.) Why should she specially detest these sins? What is the value of wisdom, compared with wealth? For what is it profitable? (3. 14-17; 1 Tim. 4. 8.) Wisdom's relation to prudence? To tact? To business capacity? To good sense? To power? To honour? What does our Lord say of all earthly good? (Matt. 6. 33.)

III. WISDOM MUST BE SOUGHT (v. 17).—Who is loved by Wisdom? How is her love gained? How must she be sought? What promise to those who thus seek? Mention other promises to the young. Other promises to those who seek heartily.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. True wisdom begins with the fear of the Lord.
2. Jesus Christ is the source of true wisdom.
3. The ways of wisdom are open to all.
4. Wisdom calls us by the Bible, by conscience, by the Holy Spirit, by our needs, by Providence.
5. True heavenly wisdom is the source of the wisest judgments as to every day affairs.
6. Every possible reason impels us to seek wisdom, (1) its value, (2) it is right, (3) it is true, (4) it hates evil, (5) it is easy to be understood, (6) it gives tact and prudence, (7) it is humble, (8) it is the source of success and power.

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

7. To whom does wisdom call? ANS. To all men. 8. How does she call? ANS. By God's Word, by conscience, by the Holy Spirit, by our need of wisdom. 9. Why should we answer her call? ANS. Because true wisdom gives all that is best for this life and the next. 10. Where may we find wisdom? ANS. In Jesus Christ. 11. When should we begin to seek wisdom? (Repeat the Golden Text.)

B.C. —.] LESSON X. [Dec. 7.

DRUNKENNESS.

Prov. 23. 29-35. Commit to mem. vs. 29-32.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not among wine bibbers.—Prov. 23. 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The only safety against intemperance is to "touch not, taste not, handle not."

DAILY READINGS.

M. Prov. 23. 1-35. Th. Prov. 20. 1-30. T. Isa. 5. 1-25. F. Dan. 1. 1-21. W. 1 Cor. 3. 9-17. Sa. Prov. 24. 1-34. Su. Rom. C. 2-13.

INTRODUCTION.—In this chapter, at the 15th verse, begins a series of precepts and advice, as of a wise and loving father to his son just entering upon life. Having seen many young men ruined by intemperance, he lays especial emphasis on this point.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—29. *Who hath woe?* He begins with a series of questions to set out more vividly the sad state of the intemperate man. *Sorrow*—Is the natural fruit of intemperance, which breeds poverty, sickness, dishonour. *Contentions*—Strong drink makes people quarrelsome. The majority of brawls are connected with drink. *Babbling*—Foolish talking. *Wounds without cause*—Without any good reason, on account of his quarrelsome disposition. 30. *Mixed wine*—Spiced, mingled with alcohol; very intoxicating. 31. *Look not*—Do not go where wine is, or into drinking company. *When it giveth its colour*—When it seems attractive and innocent. 32. *At the last it biteth like a serpent*—It is more painful and deadly. 34. *As he that lieth down in the midst of the sea*—Asleep on a vessel in the storm, and unconscious of his danger. *On a mast*—An unsteady place, whence he is almost certain to fall. The drinker does not believe he is in danger, even when most in danger. 35. *They have stricken me, etc.*—All their warnings and punishments are in vain.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—To whom are these warnings addressed? (v. 14.) Is there special need of them in our day?

SUBJECT: CAUSE AND EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

I. THE EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE (v. 29). Are any habits kept from God's knowledge? (Job 34. 21; Heb. 4. 13; Gen. 16. 13.) Are they commonly secrets from our

neighbours? Describe an intemperate man in Solomon's words. Why is the description in the form of questions? In what sense is "woes" used? What does babbling mean? Wounds without cause? Why is that man peculiarly liable to distress and perplexity? To quarrels? To silly speeches? To accidents? To redness of eyes? Do the consequences affect others besides himself? If there were no intemperance, would life be more or less secure? Would there be more or less poverty? Give a reason for your opinion. Is babbling a sin? (Matt. 12. 30.) Why is it wicked to risk life or health needlessly? (Ex. 20. 13; 1 Cor. 3. 16-17.) Name all the evils of intemperance you can think of. (1) To the drinker. (2) To society.

II. THE CURSE HAS A CAUSE (vs. 30, 31).—What is the cause of these miseries? What do we here learn of the harmfulness of wine? To what does mixed wine correspond? Is drunkenness positively forbidden by God? (Eph. 5. 18.) Is there any different law for those who are sure that liquor cannot hurt them? (Isa. 5. 22.) Why do people drink wine and whiskey and beer? How do their excuses compare with Eve's? (Gen. 3. 6.) Point out four downward steps. (vs. 20, 30, 31.) To what will dissipated associates naturally lead? (See also Luke 21. 34.) What follows moderate drinking? What, wine drinking at banquets? At what period of life are the first steps taken? What if we are urged to drink? (Prov. 1. 10.)

III. IT RUINS THE SOUL (vs. 32-35).—To what was the attraction and the danger of wine likened? The effects of the poison on mind and heart? (vs. 33, 34.) What clause describes the horrible fancies of delirium tremens? What, the drunkard's unreasonableness? His lack of judgment? His unwillingness to receive advice? His weakness of will? What do his blasphemous words indicate? (Matt. 12. 34.) What, his inability to reform? What is the end of it? (1 Cor. 6. 10.) Are we in any way responsible for him? (Rom. 14. 21; Hab. 2. 15.) What is our safeguard against a drunkard's fate? (vs. 20 and 31.) Name other helps to a temperate life.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. THE EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE.—(1) It injures the body; (2) it ruins the soul; (3) it disables the mind; (4) it unfits for daily life; (5) it brings poverty; (6) it leads into bad company; (7) it injures family and friends; (8) it is opposed to religion and morality; (9) it tempts others; (10) it leads to crime.
2. THE CURE OF INTEMPERANCE.—(1) Don't begin; (2) touch not, taste not, handle not; (3) keep away from drinking places; (4) keep away from drinking companions; (5) sign the pledge; (6) use all helps of religion and prayer; (7) work for temperance and religion; (8) keep in good company; (9) make yourself familiar with the reasons for temperance; (10) prohibitory laws; (11) a temperance atmosphere; (12) be a true Christian, and give your body and soul to Christ.

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

12. What are the evils of intemperance? (Repeat Pract. Sug. 1.) 13. What is the cure of intemperance? (Repeat Pract. Sug. II.)

THE Des Moines, Iowa, Register says: "During the first week of prohibition the sales at one meat-market in Fort Madison were just double what they had been in any previous week, and the increased patronage came from the men who had been the regular patrons of the saloon."

In a railroad car on the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad the seats were all full, except one, which was occupied by a pleasant-looking Irishman from Wampun, and at Beaver a couple of evidently well-bred and intelligent young ladies came in to procure seats. Seeing none vacant, they were about going into the next car, when Patrick arose hastily and offered them his seat with evident pleasure. "But you will have no seat for yourself," responded one of the young ladies, with a smile, hesitating with true politeness to accept it. "Niver mind that!" said the gallant Hibernian, "I'd ride upon a cow-catcher to New York for a smile from such gintlemanly ladies."

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