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HOME & SCHOOL



Vol. I.] TORONTO, MAY 26, 1883. [No. 11.]

Come Along.
 THE little three-year old in our picture has hold of the string which is held in the mother's hand, while mother encouragingly says, "come along." And the little pet holds on and toddles along, much pleased because she is able to keep up with the loving mother's accommodated steps.
 There is a cord which binds every child to a loving mother's heart. And no child ought to do anything which would break even one strand in the price-less cord of a mother's affections. Dear little ones, hold on to this cord, and you will find that it will help you in difficulty, comfort you in trouble, and hold you back from temptation. How many boys and girls would be kept from wrong paths, if they would only stop and ask one question—What would mother think of me, if she saw me in this place, or doing this thing? The child who does not respect his mother enough to keep from doing wrong to save her pain, has let go of his end of the golden thread, which binds him to a mother's heart. He is in great danger, even though mother holds on to her end. Don't let go, boys,—girls, don't let go,—oh! say, don't let go of this precious cord of reverence for a mother's wish and feelings, for it will draw you along in the path of virtue, true bliss, and unsullied glory.



COME ALONG.

There is another side to this scene, which parents and teachers ought to seriously ponder. The cord is a very striking illustration of personal influence. Children are imitative, and as parents and educators of the young, we want to remember that our life at home and in our everyday associations, as well as when we stand before them in the class, is a most powerful factor in shaping their future destiny. Oh! what responsibility rests upon us! How important, how solemn is life when looked at from this standpoint! How precious the cargo that we have in tow at the other end of this vital cord of example!—young immortals. Are we by precept and life leading them in the right way?—*Ensign.*

—)o(—
Look Over It.

It is said that John Wesley was once walking along a road with a brother, who related to him his troubles, saying, he did not know what he should do. They were at that moment passing a stone fence to a meadow, over which a cow was looking.
 "Do you know," said Wesley, "why the cow looks over that wall?"
 "No," replied the one in trouble.
 "I will tell you," said Wesley, "because she cannot look through it; and that is what you must do with your

troubles; look over and above them." Depend upon it, in the midst of all the science about the world and its ways, and all the ignorance of God and His greatness, the man or woman who can say, "Thy will be done," with the true heart of giving up, is nearer the secret of things than the geologist or theologian.—*Geo. Macdonald.*

Face to Face.

Our eyes shall see the Master
Upon the great white throne,
And all His acts of kindness
Will then be fully known;
The beauty of His patience,
The grandeur of His grace,
Will be to us unfolded
When we behold His face.

The marks upon His forehead
Of the deep piercing thorns,
Will tell us in sweet language,
What He for us hath borne!
His feet and hands nail-printed
Will show what path He trod.
When His rough cross He carried
To bring us back to God.

The greatness of the mercy
He brought to Calvary
We shall perceive with wonder
And holy ecstasy;
That miracle of goodness
Will then be clearly seen,
When no dark cloud of evil
Can rise and intervene.

O blessed, blessed vision,
When all shall be made plain.
The secrets of redemption,
The mystery of pain;
When all perplexing questions
Shall fully answered be,
In that most sacred moment
When we our Lord shall see.

O Christ, that time is coming
Upon us very fast
And every day that passes
Fortelleth of our last.
Prepare us for the meeting
With all the bliss divine,
That we may see Thy glory
And with its brightness shine.

Rosalie's Way.

BY MEADE MIDDLETON.

ROSALIE was a tall girl of sixteen. She was an energetic girl, also, and withal, unselfish, and willing to be useful to others, even during the summer holidays.

A talk with her mother, one evening, resulted in plans for the coming weeks,—plans which included work as well as play.

Rosalie was charmed! "I am having such a good time, mother," she said one morning after a very busy hour. "I enjoy my reading, and lawn tennis, and boating as much again after I have helped you around the house! I don't know what people mean by complaining of work! I just despise lazy people, mother!"

When a few days afterward, the doctor said, very gravely that Mrs. Lawrence must go to the White Mountains for change of air, Rosalie was earnest in her assurance that she could take charge of home matters, and make her father and brother quite comfortable.

Left thus, Rosalie began her work with great gloe. She was up early in the morning, busy as a bee, and happy as a bird all day long. She sent the cheeriest sort of letters to her mother, and did her utmost for those at home. Every one called her a "wonderful girl," a "heartsease," a "sunbeam," a "jewel." Dick declared he'd rather have her for a sister than any woman

in history, ancient or modern,—which remark, coming from Dick, Rosalie enjoyed as a high compliment.

Everything went on so smoothly that Rosalie was puzzled, more than ever, over those "who get tired sometimes," and want to run away from work. "Nonsense!" she said, "one will be happy always, if one is only busy."

If this state of affairs had continued, she would never have known what it is to sympathise with those who are sometimes weak and down-hearted. It was high time, you see, that Rosaline should learn that it is not always sunshine, even along the path of duty!

Her trouble came in the form of a visitor to Dick. She was busy dusting the sitting-room one morning, when Dick looked in to say that he had just received a letter from his special friend Frank Leighton, and that Frank was coming to see him; he would be there by the next evening, perhaps.

"Dick Lawrence! You don't mean to say that one of your college friends is coming to make a visit while mother is away?"

"Why, yes, Rosalie; here is the letter."

"Telegraph him not to come!" said Rosalie.

"I cannot, Rosalie! He is on his way now. He will be here by tea-time to-morrow."

"And I shall have to sit at the head of the table and make the coffee!" cried Rosalie, covering her face with her hands. "I wish that I could run away and hide. If it were not for father and Joe, I would go over to cousin Nell's, and let you and your friend keep house."

"I daresay that we should get along somehow," said Dick, very much surprised at his sister's mood. "Nonsense, Rosalie;" he continued, "Frank is the best fellow in the class. He's just splendid. He won't eat you, child,—I dare say he'll not notice you."

"I dare say not," replied Rosalie, flushing. "I suppose he'll be little enough of a gentleman to act just so."

"Why, what do you want?" Dick asked. "I thought that he would please you best that way. Girls are queer."

"So are boys; college boys especially. Besides I hate to have visitors while mother is away."

"But what can I do?" exclaimed Dick. "Mother told me to invite Frank—that was before she knew about going to the mountains. I know somebody, though, who said that none of the plans must be changed. The same person, too, said that every one should be made just as comfortable as if mother was at home. Easy enough to make promises but not so easy to keep them."

So saying, Dick walked away very much offended.

Rosalie threw herself on the lounge, and indulged in a long fit of weeping. At last, though, she roused herself and began again to dust tables, chairs, and books. Afterward she went up to her own room. In passing her toilet-table she noticed that she had not tucked over the leaf of her daily tablet. She did it at once, curious to see the text for the day, it was: "Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." The very verse they had talked about in prayer-meeting the night before. Rosalie repeated it slowly going to the window, and looking

out over the beautiful hills and fields of her country home.

"The 'race' here means the Christian life," she said "and one duty of my Christian life is to do, moment by moment, the work that God gives me,—not the work that he gives some one else. At least that is the way Dr. Roland explained it in prayer-meeting last night. He says that it often seems easier to run somebody else's race than to run one's own. But that is not the word of command for us. Now think of this particular verse being my text for to-day. That is what I call strange. It seems like a message to me. I wonder if it is to make my work seem easier, or to keep me from wishing myself with mother among the White Mountains! Oh, dear! think of that strange boy coming here. There are ever so many extra things to do, but I don't mind that part. There is Dick, though, to make friends with; poor Dick! How helpless boys are! It depends upon me now whether or not his friend has a nice time. If mother were here, how lovely she would make everything for them. I suppose I ought to try my best. It is part of the 'race.' Why, certainly! It depends upon me whether or not his friend has a nice time. If only I could make up my mind to run it 'with patience.' But hark! that is ten o'clock; I must not stop here another moment."

Rosalie did stop, however. The last part of the text took hold upon her heart just then. She repeated it very softly—"Looking unto Jesus." "I am glad that I know what that means, she said tenderly. "I couldn't run a step of the 'race' if I didn't know."

A few moments afterward, Dick, who was sitting on the piazza in rather a disconsolate mood, felt two arms thrown around his neck; turning he saw Rosalie, with a very penitent look upon her face.

"I am very sorry, Dick, for being so cross with you," she said. "I'll do the best that I can to give your friend a good time."

Before he could answer she was off to give directions for dinner, and to consult with Jane as to preparations for the coming visitor.

"I will help you all that I can, Miss Rosalie," Jane said—which promise made things look much brighter to Rosalie. "There isn't so very much to do," Jane went on in a business-like way. "We'll get up a company supper the first night; the young gentleman will be hungry, after his long journey and the drive from the station. We'll have spring chickens, and muffins, and coffee, and a sponge cake, and"—

"Oh! we'll have some cut peaches, Jane," interrupted Rosalie. "I have been watching the peaches on that tree at the end of the yard; they are just ripe."

"And I'll see that we have good rich cream," said Jane nodding confidentially. "We'll not let Mr. Dick miss his mother,—except, of course, for her merry way with his friends; he couldn't help missing that."

"No," Rosalie said, certain that she should stand too much in awe of Dick's friend to feel merry!

In the course of the day, Dick stopped at the sitting room door a second time.

"Hallo, Rosalie!" he said, "cannot you hang some more pictures in my room? You ought to see Frank's room.

There isn't a bare place on the wall, scarcely."

"But where shall I get the pictures?" Rosalie asked.

"Oh, I don't know! Maybe you could spare one out of the parlour."

"Why, Dick Lawrence, how you talk!"

"Oh, well, never mind! I thought that you might scare some up somewhere. I want my room to look as fine as possible, you know."

"I don't believe there is a room in the house to suit your friend," she said impatiently.

"Yes, now, your room is just splendid!" said Dick mischievously, making his escape to the piazza.

"What does he mean?" thought Rosalie. "Does he want me to give up my room? He is very much mistaken if he expects that. No indeed!" she said to herself running up and down stairs half a dozen times within the next hour, trying her best to forget all about Dick and his friend and the arrangement of the room.

She had come to it again, however, and her thoughts seemed to affect her in a curious way. She would peep into Dick's room for a moment and look at each piece of furniture as though she had never seen it before.

Then she would go across the hall to her own room, and act in exactly the same way. At last she said so low that you must have been very close to have heard, "I will do it!" Then, pressing her lips together tight, as though she was afraid to trust herself to say anything more, she thought: "I will not tell Dick till the last moment. I will let it be a surprise!"

Then she remembered something that some one had said about it making people selfish to let them have their own way always. This troubled her. "I do not want to make Dick selfish," she thought; "but there is something that I do wish for him, oh, so much!"

And that wish for Dick, whatever it was, made her fingers wonderfully skillful, just then in the arrangement of her pretty room. She had an odd little way of talking to herself.

"I dare say that this fine Mr. Frank will laugh at my pictures. I suppose that in his home are none but the very best paintings and engravings. He cannot laugh at my books, though,—even he cannot have any better authors than Milton and Shakespeare and Jeremy Taylor. I don't suppose that there is anything in our house grand enough for him. Oh, well! he can look out on the beautiful hills and fields; no one can help thinking that they are lovely."

Five o'clock Wednesday afternoon! The carriage that had been sent to the station to meet the visitor, was in sight at the turn of the road, by the school-house; just at that turn, the family at the farm always caught the first glimpse of their visitors from the city.

Joe was on the fence with his spy-glass. "He has come!" he exclaimed. "I can see him as plain as the nose on your face! He is riding in front, with Dick."

Rosalie had run upstairs to open the shutters that had been closed all day against the sun; then into the parlour a moment, for the same purpose, and afterward into the tea-room, to make sure that all was right about the table.

By this time the carriage was at the door, and as her mother's representative she must go forward to welcome Dick's

friend. She felt awkward and diffident. But the next moment she felt like laughing at herself.

"After all," she thought, "he is just a real polite, warm-hearted boy,—even if Dick does call him a college man! I shall not be the least bit afraid of him."

"Come old fellow!" said Dick, preparing to lead the way upstairs to his room, waiting a moment to hear what Rosalie would say to him. She whispered a word or two, "To please you, Dick," she said in a low tone.

"Your room? Is that so?" he exclaimed with a pleased smile. "Why, that is splendid! Thank you."

Rosalie felt very happy. She did not regret going up her room, even though she had to go to a smaller one in the third story. She did not once think of herself at the tea-table. The chickens and coffee and muffins were a success, and Jane waited even better than usual.

Frank fell right in with the family ways. He seemed so much pleased with everything that nobody could help feeling pleased with him. They enjoyed the holidays all the more for his presence among them.

Yet there were times when Rosalie felt out of heart, and almost ready to give up the "race." Things seemed so tiresome, and she could see no good coming from all her self-denial; sometimes she was afraid that her wish for Dick would never come true. He was so anxious to have a good time himself, that he appeared quite forgetful about the comfort of others.

"Dick never seems to think that I get tired, or that I have given up a great deal to please him," she thought. But Dick did think, although he appeared so careless and selfish.

One Sunday afternoon Rosalie did not feel like walking up the hill to the old school-house to teach her class. She wondered if some one else could not take it for that day. Then, like a flash, came the thought of "running the race,"—doing one's own work! She put on her hat, and, taking an umbrella, went out of the gate up the hill.

Dick and Frank were on the fence, making plans for the future, when they should have become great men.

Rosalie invited them to go with her to Sunday-school, but they laughed, saying it was too warm, and begged to be excused. Each was busy with his own thoughts after that, till Frank looked up and said, in his bright, quick way: "Dick, what makes your sister so unselfish?"

"Just what makes some other persons so, I suppose," Dick replied, after a moment's hesitation. "Don't you know, Frank?"

"Yes," said Frank, decidedly. "Now why do not you and I try the same way? With all our fine talk, I do not believe we shall amount to much till we enlist."

Dick knew that Frank meant enlist as a soldier of Jesus Christ.

"I've been thinking a good deal about it lately," he said.

"So have I," said Frank. "Do you know what set me to thinking?—it was just that kind, unselfish way that your sister has!"

Dick grasped Frank's hand warmly, exclaiming, "Why, old fellow, that is just the way it has been with me!"

How do you suppose Rosalie felt, some time afterward, when she found that her wish had been granted?—*S. S. Times.*

The King's Bell.

"No perfect day has ever come to me,"
An old man said;
"A perfect day for us can never be
Till we are dead."

The young king heard him and he turned
away

In earnest thought.
Did men ne'er find on earth the perfect day
For which they sought,—

A day all free from care!—so running o'er
With life's delight

That there seemed room or wish for nothing
more
From dawn to night?

"It must be that such days have come to
man,"

The young king said.
"Go search—find one who found them—if
you can!"

Ah wise gray head!

"I trust that some such day will come
To even me,"

The king said. But the old man's lips were
dumb,
A doubter he.

"That you, and those about you all may
know

My perfect day,
A bell shall ring out when the sun is low
And men shall say,—

"Behold this day has been unto the king
A day replete
With happiness. It lacked not anything—
A day most sweet!"

In a high tower, ere night, the passers saw
A mighty bell,
The tidings of a day without a flaw
Some time to tell.

The bell hung silent in its lofty tower;
Days came and went;
Each summer brought its sunshine and its
flower,
Its old content;

But not the happy day he hopes to see;
"But soon or late
The day of days," he said, "will come to me.
I trust—and wait."

The years, like leaves upon a restless stream,
Were swept away,
And in the king's dark hair began to gleam
Bright threads of gray.

Men passing by looked upwards to the bell,
And smiling said,
"Delay not of the happy time to tell
Till we are dead"

But they grew old and died. And silent still
The great bell hung;
And the good king bowed down with age, fell
ill
His cares among.

At dusk, one day, with dazed brain, from his
room
He slowly crept
Uprattling tower-steps, in the dust and gloom,
While watchers slept.

Above the city broke the great bell's voice,
Silent so long.
"Behold the king's most happy day! Re-
joice!"
It told the throng.

Filled with strange awe, the long night pas-
sed away:
At morn men said,
"At last the king has found his happy day—
The king is dead!"

SAYS Prof. Blackie: The end of life is not the acquisition of knowledge, nor the display of knowledge, nor the exercise of any energy belonging to the cognitive department of our constitution—but the formation of character. What is character? Character is the mortal type impressed upon a man by the habitual exercise of noble emotions and a well trained will.

Irish Wit.

AN Irish priest was standing at the corner of a square about the hour of dinner, when one of his countrymen, observing the worthy father in perplexity, thus addressed him:

"Oh, Father O'Leary, how is your rivrence?"

"Mightily put out, Pat," was the reply.

"Put out! Who'd put out your rivrence?"

"Ah, you don't understand. This is just it: I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square, and I have forgotten the name, and I never looked at the number, and now it's seven o'clock."

"Oh, is that all?" was the cry.
"Just be aisy, your rivrence; I'll settle that for you."

So saying, away flew the good-natured Irishman around the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality, he thundered at the door, and enquired:

"Is Father O'Leary here?"

As might be expected, again and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed:

"No; bother on Father O'Leary. No, he is not here; but he is to dine here to-day, and the cook is in a rage, and says the dinner will be spoiled. All is waiting for Father O'Leary."

Paddy, leaping from the door as if the steps had been on fire, rushed up to the astonished pastor and cried:

"All right, your rivrence, you dine at 43, and a mighty good dinner you'll get."

"Oh, Pat," said the grateful pastor, "the blessings of a hungry man be upon you."

"Long life and happiness to your rivrence. I have got your malady. I only wish I had your cure," returned Pat.

The Story of Billy Bray.

BILLY BRAY was a poor miner in Cornwall. He was an exceedingly wicked young man; was awakened through reading John Bunyan's "Visions of Heaven and Hell," was converted, and joined the Bible Christian Methodists. He was the means of doing great good both in the saving of souls and in building chapels for the poor.

Of many remarkable incidents that occurred in connection with his chapel building we must content ourselves with this:

The little place at Kerley Downs was up, but it wanted a pulpit. Billy began to think within himself where that could come from. At last, as he looked about among some furniture at an auction sale, his eye fell upon an old three-cornered cupboard.

"The very thing," cried Billy, "the very thing. I can cut a slit down the back of un, and strengthen the middle of un, and put a board up in front of un, and clap a pair o' stairs behind un, and then the preacher can preach out of un pretty."

With much glee he turned to some one near him and asked, "What do 'e think they'll want for that there cupboard?"

The man looked, and gave it as his opinion that it would go for six shillings. Billy told him what he meant to do with it, and the man said,

"Why, you're Billy Bray. Here. I'll give 'e the six shillings to buy it."

After awhile the cupboard was put up. Billy knew nothing of auctions. All eager to have his pulpit, he cried, holding out his hand,

"Here, Mister Auctioneer, here's six shillin' for un. I do want un for a pulpit."

Of course there was a great laugh at Billy's expense. As it passed away the auctioneer cried,

"Six shillings—going for six."
A nod from behind Billy was quickly caught.

"Seven," said the auctioneer, "seven shillings."

"No," cried Billy, "'tis only six, there the money."

Of course, down went the hammer, and, much to Billy's astonishment, the cupboard was not his.

"Well, Father do know best," said he in a rather disappointed tone; "but any how I must give the man back his six shillin'."

The man was gone, nor was Billy likely to see him again. This was a new and even greater trouble.

"I'll be gone down an' tell Father about it," said Billy, as he started off for his little chapel.

With faith renewed, and a comfortable assurance that it would be all right, he was coming from the chapel when he saw the cupboard going up the hill in a cart.

"I'll follow un anyhow," he whispered, "an' see the end."

They carried it to a house, and tried to take it inside, but it was just too big to get in. They twisted and turned, they pulled and pushed, but it was no use.

"Here's a mess," said the purchaser, angrily. "I've given seven shillings for en, an' shall have to skat en up for firewood."

Then, as his eyes twinkled, Billy stepped over and put his hand on the man's shoulder as he stood, hat in hand, wiping his forehead.

"I'll give 'e six shillin' for un, if you'll carry un down to my little chapel."

"That I will," said the man, pleased at being so well out of it.

"Bless the Lord!" cried Billy, "'tis just like Him. He knew I couldn' carry en myself, so He got this man to carry en for me."

It is not needful that we shake with alarm at infidel attacks upon the Bible. Dr. Austin Phelps well puts this fact in "My Portfolio": "Early in the autumn, I have heard three or four crickets under the hearthstone serenading each other in voices sharp and shrill, which seemed as if they were a thousand strong. They made the whole house ring. But the solid earth moved on its way, the autumn passed into winter, the crickets died and were no more heard. Such a passing racket are the harpings of a few skeptical minds upon this everlasting claim that our faith is defunct, our theology obsolete, our pulpit dead."

ON the Island of Peru, in the Samoan group, there is not a heathen left; and though only eleven years have passed since the missionaries first went there, the people have built good chapels and mission-houses at their own expense; have begun to support their own pastors, and propose to contribute to the Missionary Society funds the coming year.

Over Against the Treasury.

Over against the treasury this day
The Master silent sits, whilst, unaware
Of that Celestial Presence still and fair,
The people pass or pause upon their way.

And some go laden with His treasures sweet,
And dressed in costly robes of His device
To cover hearts of stone and souls of ice,
But kneel to crave no blessing ere they go.

And some pass, gaily singing, to and fro,
And cast a careless gift before His face,
Amongst the treasures of the holy place,
But kneel to crave no blessing ere they go.

And some are travel worn, their eyes are dim,
They touch His shining vesture as they pass,
But see not—even darkly through a glass—
How sweet might be their trembling gifts to Him.

And still the hours roll on; serene and fair
The Master keeps His watch, but who can tell
The thoughts that in His tender spirit swell,
As one by one we pass Him unaware?

For this is He who on one awful day,
Cast down for us a price so vast and dread,
That He was left for our sakes bare and dead,
Having given Himself our mighty debt to pay?

O, shall unworthy gifts once more be thrown
Into His treasury—by whose death we live?
O shall we now embrace His cross, and give
Ourselves, and all we have, to Him alone?

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TORONTO, MAY 26, 1883.

The Salvation Army.

So much has been said about the "Salvation Army" in Canada—both for and against it—that the Editor of HOME AND SCHOOL determined to see for himself the character of their meetings, and to give a fair report thereof. So, one Saturday evening, we proceeded to their "barracks" on Alice Street, Toronto. It was the busiest night in the week. The streets were crowded with people. The shops were ablaze with gas, and the dazzling glare of the electric lights produced a very brilliant effect. At a distance was heard the sound of a drum and of singing and seen a detachment of the Army was met coming up Yonge Street. At its head marched a young man with a flag, then the drummer, and a couple of men playing violins, and three or four young women, keeping time to the marching hymn with tambourines. The men wore a plain, dark uniform, faced with red, with the letters 'S. A.' on their coat-collars.

In procession behind them were perhaps fifty persons, singing lustily—

"Marching along, marching along,
The Salvation Army is marching along,
Marching along."

A large and rather noisy mob, chiefly of turbulent young men, accompanied the procession, and all swarmed upstairs to the third story of the "Coliseum" or "barracks." This was a large, bare room, which would hold about 300 persons. Across the end was a platform, on which were Capt. Wess and his helpers—a young man with a large accordion, the tambourine players, and a chorus of singers. The drum was not used.

The audience were mostly young men of a rather rough class, such as are seldom seen in church. The presence of a policeman and of officers of "the Army" ensured good order. The service consisted largely of singing, to very martial airs, very martial songs, such as—

"I am sure, I am sure we shall win,
For we fight in the strength of our King."

And another, with a ringing chorus—

"Death or victory!"

At this the tambourines resounded, and everybody joined lustily in singing.

Then a few short, fervent prayers were offered, not always very grammatical, nor in the best of taste, but coming from the heart. Then followed a fervent exhortation from the "Captain," and several short experiences. One young Irishman spoke with a decided brogue. He warned the young men against the saloon and strong drink. "It stingeth like a serpent," he said; "and it stung me pretty badly," but at last he was free, and rejoicing in the favour of God. One young woman, a servant girl, had just been converted a week before, and in the warmth of her zeal began to talk with her mistress of her newfound joy and peace. The mistress resented the liberty and dismissed the girl. But, rejoicing in the favour of God, she feared no future, and exhorted the one present to flee from the wrath to come. One young man said, in giving his experience that he had a good many outs while he was in the devil's service. Some of them were

OUT AT THE TOES,

out of clothes, out at midnight, out of money and out of character, and very soon would have been out of home and into hell. But God had saved his soul, and now he was out of the degradation of sin and into Christ.

Converted drunkards and Sabbath breakers related their experience, and several persons went forward for prayer. It was certainly very noisy—just as noisy as we have often heard it at a camp-meeting or Methodist revival. Some of the young roughs laughed, some mocked, and some, doubtless, remained to pray. And night after night, month after month, this interest is maintained, and is spreading from town to town, and many are being converted whom it seems almost impossible to reach by the more decorous services of our churches. On Sundays they have services nearly all day long, and recently they had one which lasted all night.

There were certainly extravagant in speech and action of which we could

not approve, but the conviction on our mind was: These are good and earnest men; they are doing an important work for God and for man, and we could not but wish them God-speed in the name of the Lord.

A Living Sponge.

SPONGES are found in a great many parts of the sea, and are very varied in shape and colour. The sponge has a framework of horn or pure flint. The young sponge floats from the parent one to some suitable place, where it fixes itself permanently. Sponges, in process of ages, become flints. This fact has been ascertained by means of the microscope. When sponges are examined in their living and natural state, a constant and rapid stream of water is seen to issue from the larger openings, whilst the water as constantly enters the pores; the nutrition of the sponge seems to depend on this circulation of water through it.

The dried sponge is only the skeleton of the living animal. Some of the sponges, such as the Mermaid's Glove, the Green Sponge, and the Great Funnel Sponge, are very beautiful.

The coasts of Great Britain may be said to be rich in sponge growth; twenty-four kinds have been discovered. Fresh-water lakes and rivers also possess their sponges. Those found on our coasts, although unfit for the sponge market, form most interesting objects for the cabinet or aquarium. A warmer sea and more genial climate than ours appear necessary to develop the sort of sponge sought by the merchant, who obtains the great bulk of his supply from the ports of the Mediterranean—the coasts of Syria, the Greek islands, and Barbary, being noted for their yield of sponges. The Turkish sponge trade is also of considerable importance, from 4,000 to 5,000 men, and between 600 and 700 boats, being annually employed in it.

The Greeks may, however, be considered the principal sponge fishers. Much experience, skill, and hardihood are needed to qualify a man for a first-class place among sponge divers; many of the most valuable specimens, which sell readily in Paris or Vienna for from £7 to £10 each, being obtained at depths varying from ten to thirty-five fathoms. To aid in the descent, the divers make use of a triangular stone, with a hole in one corner through which a rope is spliced. On reaching the deep sea gardens, where the rock ledge and pinnacles are clothed with marine growths, the diver, retaining a hold on his rope, dexterously breaks away the holdfast of the sponges, places them with their foundations under his arm, until a sufficient load has been gleaned, when a pull of the rope signals to haul up, and he ascends to the surface with his ocean treasures. —*Cassell's Popular Educator.*

Walks and Words of Jesus, a Paragraph Harmony of the Four Evangelists. By the Rev. M. N. Olmsted. New York: Hall & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

As a specimen of the original manner in which Mr. Ormsted has executed



A LIVING SPONGE.

his task, by bringing together all that is recorded by the four writers, and weaving it into one harmonious narrative, we copy below a single paragraph from his book, without intimating the parts of the four records from which it is taken; and then repeat the same paragraph, with the credit given in brackets at the commencement of each sentence or part of sentence quoted. This brief specimen will give some idea of the great value and beauty of the Harmony, as well as of the long and careful labor the work has cost:—

Now there was much grass in the place. So the men sat down in ranks, by hundreds and by fifties, in number about five thousand. And when Jesus had taken the five loaves and the two fishes, and when he had given thanks, looking up to heaven, he blessed them, and brake the loaves, and gave the loaves to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude that were set down, and likewise the two fishes divided he among them all, as much as they would. And they did all eat, and were filled. When they were filled, he said unto his disciples, &c.

The following is the same, with the proper credit given:—

[John vi. 16] Now there was much grass in the place. So the men sat down [Mark vi. 40] in ranks, by hundreds and by fifties, [John vi. 10] in number about five thousand. [Mark vi. 41] And when [John vi. 11] Jesus [Mark vi. 41] had taken the five loaves and the two fishes [John vi. 11] and when he had given thanks, [Luke ix. 16] looking up to heaven, he blessed them, and brake [Mark vi. 41] the loaves [Matt. xiv. 19] and gave the loaves to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude [John vi. 11] that were set down; and likewise [Mark vi. 41] the two fishes divided he among them all. [John vi. 11] as much as they would. [Matt. xiv. 20] And they did all eat, and were filled. [John vi. 12] When they were filled, he said unto his disciples, &c.

This is but a fair sample of the entire work, and unless we are greatly mistaken, such a collation of *The Walks and Words of Jesus*, with its harmonious blending and natural self-interpretation, must be received with gladness by all Christian people, but more especially by ministers and Sunday-school teachers, without respect to creed or church organization.

The book contains 400 duodecimo pages, well bound in cloth, and retails at \$1.25.



A KAREN MOTHER AND CHILD.

"That Little Hat."

I FIND it in the garden path,
Its little crown half full
Of wilted flowers; where's the rogue
Who dared my roses pull?
I find it on the roadside there,
The flowers tossed away,
And in the crown, packed carefully,
A load of stone and clay.

I find it in the daisied field,
Or hidden in the clover,
Inspected by the wandering bees,
And crawled by insects over.
I find it on the old barn floor,
Or in the manger rest,
Or swinging from the beams above,
Where cooing doves are nesting.

I find it 'neath my busy feet
Upon the kitchen floor,
Or lying midway on the stairs,
Or by my chamber door.
I find it in, I find it out,
'Neath table, lounge, or chair,
The little shabby, brimless thing,
I find it everywhere

But on the curly, golden pate,
For which alone 'twas meant,
The little restless, curly head,
On mischief always bent,
O baby b y, this problem solve,
And tell me, darling, whether
Your roguish pate, and this old hat
Were ever seen together!

CHILDREN should not be required to pay strict attention until there is something to receive for it. To request attention before the exercises or lesson begins, reminds me of the individual who had agreed to teach a class of boys and girls to whistle. He began by saying, "Prepare to whistle." The smiling which followed made whistling impossible. I am persuaded that the quickest, surest, and pleasantest way to gain the attention is not to ask for it, but to win it.—Mrs. W. F. Crafts.

THERE are at the present time throughout the world very nearly thirty million millions of Sunday-school scholars, all of whom with the exception of a small fraction speak English. This for the first century of Sunday-schools! Who will be bold enough to suggest the figures with which the second century shall close! And yet there are those who tell us that Christianity is a failure and the Bible an obsolete book! Well, let us thank God for all such failures, and steadily go forward.

A Karen Mother and Child.

BURMAH is not inhabited by the Burmese only. Beyond the Burmese cities, among the beautiful mountains and in jungle villages, dwell tribes of people called Karens. They were subdued long ago by the Burmese, and they have always been oppressed and ill-treated by their conquerors. Their religion is different from that of the Burmese; they speak a different language, and wear a different dress. The light bamboo hut and plaited grass cradle and broad palm-leaf fan will be observed in the picture, also the pointed shoes and armlets of the mother. Much more than the proud Burmans, they have been willing to receive the Gospel of Christ, and many thousands of them are now followers of the Lord Jesus. The July number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* will contain a full account of Dr. Judson, the apostle of the Burmese and Karens.

Poor Katie.

MRS LOVELLE, Katie's mother, was a seamstress, and there were many days when she had but little work to do, and the pay was always small—only a few cents for a garment that she must work at the whole day long. But she struggled hard to pay the rent and keep Tim and Katie in school.

In school—that was the great thing. "Plenty of money may come one day, little ones," she would say, "but it will not be worth much if you do not know how to use it. This is the most wonderful country in the world, my birdies. Tim may be President, and Katie a Mrs. President, and you can't know too much of school-books. I'm sure that when you're grown up, you can never be glad and thankful enough that your mother sent you regularly to school. So don't mind the patched clothes, but keep at the head of the class, if you haven't a hat to your head!"

But the winter Katie was eleven years old, the brave little mother had less money than ever before, and as the spring-time came on they grew so very poor that there was not always enough of bread left after breakfast to make a school-luncheon for Tim and Katie.

"Give it all to Tim," Katie would

say; "I believe I don't want anything at noon." Poor little Katie! How hard she tried to think that she was not hungry! How empty her hands felt at first as she trudged along without her dinner! And how her heart beat, and how the blood burnt in her cheeks, when the nooning came, and she of all the girls had no luncheon to eat! Oh, if anybody should notice it! she thought, and she studied how she might behave that nobody should know she was so very poor. The hunger in her stomach was not half so hard to bear as the fear that somebody would know that she had nothing to eat.

But, after a few days, poor Katie began to think that the girls noticed that she brought no luncheon. Then she thought that perhaps if she brought something that looked like one, they would never think about her eating it. How she thought it all out, I can not tell; but if any of you have ever been in trouble and tried to think your way out of it, perhaps you may remember that you thought of some very foolish and queer things, and this was the way with Katie. She might tie up a few coals in a paper, she thought, but her mother would need every coal to keep up the fire. There were some blocks in one corner of the small room—Tim's blocks, that Santa Claus had brought him one Christmas two or three winters before. She could tie up some of those in a paper for a make-believe luncheon, and nobody would know. So she tied up a few blocks neatly, and when her mother noticed it as she started for school, and asked in surprise what she had in the paper, the poor child hung her head and then burst into tears.

"Oh, Mamma!" she sobbed, "I wanted to make believe that I had some luncheon—it's only Tim's blocks!"

For one moment the little mother did not understand, and then suddenly it all came into her mind—how the pride of her child was wounded because she could not appear as the other school-children did, and that she had fixed upon that simple device to hide her want. And how it made her heart ache more than ever that her poor little girl must go hungry! But she would not deprive Katie of the poor comfort of trying to "keep up appearances," and her throat was too full of choking lumps for her to trust herself to say much: so she smoothed the little girl's hair and wiped away the tears from her face, and said bravely: "Never mind, Katie! Better days will come! Mother feels sure of it!" And then Katie slipped away with her little bundle, and the poor little mother sat down and sadly wept at the hardships that had befallen her little ones.

When the nooning came, Katie sat at her desk with her make-believe dinner before her. Her teacher noticed that she kept her seat, and seeing her luncheon, went to her and said: "Why do you not go into the lunch-room and eat your luncheon with the other girls?" at the same time reaching out for Katie's bundle.

"Oh, teacher!" cried Katie, bursting into tears, "don't touch it! and oh, teacher, don't tell, please! It's only blocks!"

"Only blocks!" softly repeated the teacher, and tears filled her eyes "Never mind, Katie, I'll not tell the girls. You are a brave and a dear little girl, and one of the best in the school!"

Poor, poor child! The kind words were like manna to her heart; but,

longing as the teacher was to give the child a portion of her own luncheon, she would not hurt her pride by the offer before others. But during a short session of the teachers, when school was over, she related the incident, and spoke in such high terms of praise of the little girl, that each one resolved to do all possible to bring "better days" at once to the poor mother; and early next morning the better days began. No one touched the brave little mother's self-respect by offering her charity, but plenty of work, with good pay, was carried to her, and enough of bread and milk, and new shoes, and coal, and all other needful things, soon came to their home through the mother's industry. And Tim's blocks went back into their corner, to stay there.

Happy little Katie!—Mary Wager Fisher, in *St. Nicholas* for April.

A GENTLEMAN asked an American the other day what he thought of the English climate. He laughed and said, "Why, you haven't got a climate; you've only got samples."

A JOLLY-LOOKING Irishman was saluted with the remark: "Tim, your house is blown away." "Deed, then, it isn't," he answered, "for I have the key in my pocket."

It doesn't follow that you must do a mean thing to a man who has done a mean thing to you. The old proverb runs:—"Because the cur has bitten me, shall I bite the cur?"

ARISTOCRATIC ma, chattering with aristocratic visitor, interrupted by two little daughters running in: "Oh, ma! ma! we've just seen Uncle Jim! He's up on a waggon, hollerin' Barl's!"

LITTLE Arthur had been to Church. "How did you like the sermon?" asked his sister. "Pretty well," responded the youthful critic. "The beginning was very good and so was the end; but it had too much middle."

THE efforts of the little readers of *Harper's Young People* to endow a cot in St. Mary's Free Hospital for Children, in New York City, has been successful. The treasurer of the fund announces that the whole amount, \$3,000, asked for in July, 1881, is now in hand.

THE Queen when driving out one afternoon near Balmoral, requested John Brown to give her a comforter to put round her neck, as Her Majesty felt cold. Shortly afterwards the Queen desired to remove it, when John exclaimed: "Hoots! just keep it on; ye dinna ken your ain mind for twa minutes thegither." Such was the Scotch peasant's rule over the Queen.

ARTIST (on summer tour): "Ah! madam, might I have the pleasure of painting your picturesque little cottage?" County Dame: "Wa'al, I don't know. Guess ye can. Ye might whitewash the fence, too, if ye like, while you're at it."

"WHAT does Satan pay you for swearing!" asked one gentleman of another.

"He don't pay me anything," was the reply.

"Well, you work cheap, to lay aside the character of a gentleman, to inflict so much on your friends and civil people; to suffer; and lastly to risk losing your own precious soul, and all for nothing. You certainly do work cheap—very cheap indeed."

"Good-bye."

ALEX. R. THOMPSON, D.D.

Who knows to-day that our "good-bye"
At first was not a wish but prayer;
A thought of help for ever nigh,
And "God be with you" everywhere!

"Not as the world doth give," said He,
Who of all men on earth was true,
To His disciples tenderly,
"Give I my parting word to you."

Then said He, "Peace with you I leave,
My peace, O friends, to you I give!
Let not your hearts be sad—believe!
They that believe in Me shall live."

O that upon our hearts might He
Breathe evermore that selfsame word!
And oh, that our "good-bye" might be
Prayer for the presence of our Lord!

Could clearer, surer pledge be given?
Could even He a better send
Than that with which he went to heaven—
"Lo, I am with you to the end!"

What need we but with trustful heart
Cling to His word of hope and cheer,
And say, "With me thou always art,
Therefore no evil will I fear!"

Then as along these earthly ways
With weary feet we go and come,
Long winter nights, long summer days,
But every footfall nearer home,—

"Not as the world," our lips shall say
Peace and good-bye when'er we part,
Until we reach some coming day,
The blessing of the pure in heart.

Prohibition the Only Remedy of the Drink Traffic.

THE opponents of prohibition triumphantly ask if its advocates expect to make men moral by Act of Parliament!—that being, it is assumed, the very climax of absurdity. Although prohibition may not make men moral, it may, at least, remove the temptations to immorality. It can cast the stigma of disgrace and illegality on the sale of liquor, instead of endorsing the practice by declaring its legality. Licensing the evil is certainly not the way of preventing, but rather of perpetuating it. Experience has shown that the restriction of the traffic is always followed by a decrease in crime, a diminution of poverty, and an increase of the other and profitable branches of trade. For it is the vicious peculiarity of the liquor traffic that it is not governed, as other legitimate branches of commerce are, by the ordinary laws of supply and demand, but that it creates an unnatural and unhealthy demand for itself, stimulating and increasing the appetite to which it ministers, which, when the facilities for its indulgence are removed, dies away of itself. It may be true, as the opponents of prohibition assert, that if a man chooses to get drunk, he will do so, even in spite of prohibition. But few men choose to get drunk; but are overcome before they are aware. They dally with temptation till the appetite has acquired such a tyranny, that in the presence of liquor, or even where there is a probability of obtaining it, they lose all control of their appetites, and many voluntarily seek protection therefrom, even within the walls of an asylum or a prison.

We are met at the outset with a remonstrance against the injury that would be done to the vested rights of the trade by legal prohibition. It is true that vast sums are invested in the business. The great brewers and distillers have grown enormously rich by the manufacture, and have entrenched themselves in the strength which the influence of great riches gives. But is

their private interest to stand in the way of the welfare of the nation? By long immunity the traffic has grown to enormous magnitude and increased the difficulty of its suppression. But its very magnitude has also increased the necessity for that step, and if the problem be earnestly grappled with it may be solved. It were better and cheaper a thousand-fold to buy out the entire liquor interest, and thus deliver the land from this curse and crime, rather than let it groan beneath its burden for years to come.—*Withrow's Temperance Tracts.*

Double Providences.

NOTHING is so much needed, in these days of abounding skepticism, as the direct manifestation of God's hand in answered prayer. When, as in the story of Paul and Ananias, of Peter and Cornelius, and of Philip and the eunuch, we see the two ends of God's work, his double acting, it gives us a powerful impression of His direct intervention. God never makes half a providence any more than a man makes half a pair of shears. If He moves upon one of His children to pray for a blessing, He moves upon another to bestow that blessing. We give the following sample of the double movement for the encouragement of the Christian's faith:

1. Not long ago an engineer brought his train to a stand in a little Massachusetts village, where the passengers have five minutes for lunch. A lady came along the platform and said:

"The conductor tells me the train at the junction in P—, leaves fifteen minutes before our arrival. It is Saturday night, and that is the last train. I have a very sick child in the car, and no money for a hotel, and none for a private conveyance, and have to walk a long, long way into the country. What shall I do?"

"Well," said the engineer, "I wish I could tell you."

"Would it be possible for you to hurry a little?" said the anxious, tearful mother.

"No, madam; I have the time table, and the rules say I must run by it."

She turned sorrowfully away, leaving the bronzed face of the engineer wet with tears. Presently she returned and said, "Are you a Christian?"

"I trust I am," was the reply.

"Will you pray with me that the Lord may in some way delay the train at the junction?"

"Why yes, I will pray with you, but I have not much faith."

Just then the conductor cried, "All aboard." The poor woman hurried back to the deformed and sick child, and away went the train, climbing the grades.

"Somehow," said the engineer, "Everything worked like a charm. As I prayed I couldn't help letting my engine out a little. We hardly stopped at the first station—people got off and on with amazing alacrity—the conductor's lantern was in the air in half a minute, and then away again. Once over the summit it was dreadful easy to give her a little more, as I prayed, till she seemed to shoot through the air like an arrow. Somehow I couldn't hold her, knowing I had the road, and so we dashed up to the junction six minutes ahead of time."

There stood the other train, and the conductor with the lantern on his arm, waiting the signal to start.

"Well," said he "will you tell me what I am waiting here for? Somehow I felt I must await your coming to-night, but I don't know why."

"I guess," said the brother conductor, "it is for this poor woman, with her sick and deformed child, dreadfully anxious to get home this Saturday night." But the man on the engine and the grateful mother think they can tell why the train waited.

Ye friends of Temperance, rouse to duty!
Heed now the call that bids you rise:
See wives and mothers earnest pleading;
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall selfish men, vile mischief breeding—
A heartless liquor-dealing band—
Afflict and desolate the land,
While pure and loving hearts are bleeding!

CHO.—Arise, ye friends of truth!
Gird on your armour bright!
Work on, work on, all hearts resolved
To conquer in his might!
Pray on, pray on, and God will give
The victory to the Right.

March on! the battle is JEHovah's!
Our leader calls us on to-day;
His arm is strong, our cause will triumph;
Then let us work and strive and pray,
Till this dark curse be swept away.
Our enemies will yield before us,
Their work of sin and ruin cease,
And homes be blessed with love and peace,
For God and Right shall be victorious!

Good Enough Weather.

"If a long season of inclement weather is not sufficient excuse for my failing to plant more than four Sunday schools during the past month, then I can offer no other," writes a Southern missionary. "No complaints, however, about the weather," he adds, "for I shall not soon forget a little rebuke I received a short time ago while stopping to warm and take shelter from a storm in a freedman's humble home."

"What a dreadful day this is!" escaped my lips as I greeted old Aunt Judy on entering her cabin door.

"'Bress de Lord, honey,' said she, 'don't ebery ting come from de Lord? Den, if ye is a Christon, the wedder is good 'nuff for ye; and if ye am't no Christon, de wedder is more'n too good for ye.'

"The harder it rained the louder did Aunt Judy sing, 'Tank de Lord for eberyting!'

"After awhile the storm ceased, and with thanks for her kindness, I put a few dimes into the hand of the pious old woman to help her get a pair of winter shoes: 'Good-by, Aunt Judy, your short sermon is well worth a collection.' Soon the cabin door was out of sight, but my pathway seemed to grow brighter, and 'de wedder has been good 'nuff' ever since."

The Girls.

WILDNESS is a thing which girls cannot afford. Delicacy is a thing which cannot be lost and found. No art can restore to the grape its bloom. Familiarity without love, without confidence, without regard, is destructive to all that makes women exalting and ennobling.

"This world is wide, these things are small,
They may be nothing, yet they are all."

Nothing! It is the first duty of woman to be a lady. Good breeding is good sense. Bad manners in a woman is immorality. Awkwardness may be ineradicable. Bashfulness is constitutional. Ignorance of etiquette

is the result of circumstances. All these can be condoned, and do not banish men and women from the amenities of their kind. But self-possessed, unshrinking and aggressive coarseness of demeanor may be reckoned as a state's prison offence, and certainly merits that mild form of restraint known as imprisonment for life. It is a shame for women to be lectured on their manners. It is a bitter shame that they need it. Women are umpires of society. It is they to whom all mooted questions should be referred. To be a lady is more than to be a princess. To a lady, prince and peasant alike bow. Do not be restrained. Do not wish to dance with the prince unsought; feel differently. Carry yourself so loftily that men shall look up to you for reward, not at you in rebuke. The natural sentiment of man towards woman is reverence. He loses a large amount of grace when he is obliged to account her a being to be trained in propriety. A man's idea is not wounded when a woman fails in worldly wisdom. But if in grace, in tact, in sentiment, in delicacy, in kindness, she should be found wanting, he receives an inward hurt.

Till Death Us Part.

[The following lines by the late Dr. Stanley, dean of Westminster, have found their way into print since his death. They were written on the occasion of the death of the dean's wife.]

"Till death us part,"
So speaks the heart,
When each to each repeats the words of doom:
Through blessing and through curse,
For better or for worse,
We will be one till that dread hour shall come.

Life, with its myriad grasp,
Our yearning souls shall clasp
By ceaseless love, and still expectant wonder,
In bonds that shall endure,
Indissolubly sure,
Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.

Till death us join,
O voice yet more divine!
That the broken heart breathes hope sublime;
Through lonely hours
And shattered powers
We still are one, despite of change and time

Death, with its healing hand,
Shall once more knit the band
Which needs that one link which none may sever;

Till, through the Only Good,
Heard, felt, and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one forever.

Boys and their Mothers.

SOME one has written beautifully to the boys in the following manner. Here is a whole sermon in a few sentences: "Of all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of the big boy for his mother. It is pure and noble, honourable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honour as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. And I never yet knew a boy 'turn out' badly who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age is a true knight who will love his wife as much in the sore-leaved autumn as he did in the daisied spring-time.

The Life-clock.

There is a little mystic clock,
No human eye hath seen,
That beateth on and beateth on,
From morning until e'en.

And when the soul is wrapped in sleep,
All silent and alone,
It ticks, a tick, the livelong night,
And never runneth down.

Oh! wondrous is that work of art,
Which knells the passing hour;
But art ne'er formed nor mind conceived
The life-clock's magic power.

Nor set in gold nor decked with gems
By wealth and pride possessed;
But rich or poor, or high or low,
Each hears it in his breast.

When life's deep stream 'mid budding flowers,
All still and softly glides,
Like the wavelet's step, with a gentle beat,
It warns of passing tides.

When threat'ning darkness gathers o'er,
And hope's bright visions flee,
Like the sullen strokes of the muffled oar,
It beateth heavily.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love 'twere broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended;
And thus 'twill run within the breast,
Till this strange life is ended.

Miss Chapin's Experiment.

BY MRS. C. EMMA CHENEY.

"NEENAH, are you ready to come out?"

No answer.

"Neenah, Neenah, do you hear?"

A rustling noise as of some one moving about was the only sound.

Sadly Miss Chapin turned from the closed door, and went slowly to the study.

Once admitted, she said dismally:

"I have come to see you about Neenah. She still refuses to yield, and there is but one penalty left."

"Well, well," Mr. Allen replied, a little impatiently, "I can't see why that should not be resorted to, if she remain surly and disobedient."

"This is her second day of confinement in her own room without communication, and she is as hard as ever," Miss Chapin went on. "If the poor girl were not an Indian, having had no mother's teaching to help her, I should not feel so badly."

"But you would have her obey, surely? I see no way left now but the 'solitary confinement' with bread and water diet and the hard bed—yes, Miss Chapin, that above all," Mr. Allen urged. "A wholesome use of both will be beneficial to Miss Neenah Crow Wing. At all events we'll try it."

Seeing that all discussion was useless, the teacher again returned to her wilful pupil. This time she entered without the permission which she had asked in vain.

Seating herself beside the girl, she took one of Neenah's tawny hands in her own, and tried to win her to a right mind by gentle argument. Now and then the dull red of the Indian girl's cheek grew a shade more bright, but by neither word or sign did she reply.

After half an hour spent so fruitlessly, Miss Chapin left her. With a

light step she hastened once more to the study.

"Mr. Allen, at the risk of being unwelcome, I have to trouble you again upon the same business. Will you let me try an experiment in Neenah's case?"

Mr. Allen hesitated. "You must not let this girl off scot free," he said at length.

"But may I not choose her punishment?"

"Well, if you will really inflict a punishment—yes. I think I can trust your discretion. Will you tell me what it is?"

"If you insist, certainly; but I would rather not. Will you not wait to see the result?"

"I would like to know beforehand."

"Very well, then," and the bright flush rose to Miss Chapin's cheek, but she spoke very quietly; "I am going to bear Neenah's penalty for her."

"You will do no such thing, madam," he exclaimed excitedly. "The person who commits an offence in this school must bear the consequences."

"That was not our Lord's way in dealing with us," she answered softly. "It surely must be safe to follow His example. I beg you to permit me to stand in this poor girl's place this once," she pleaded. "That nothing else can conquer her I am sure; this may not, but let me try."

The Principal was all out of patience.

"Fiddle-de-dee!" he exclaimed.

"Have we returned to the times of knight-errantry?" Then seeing Miss Chapin's disappointment in her face, he added, pleasantly, "But do as you please. Send for me in time to make your will, however, for you are sure to end your days in the 'dark chamber' if you wait for Neenah's repentance."

Miss Chapin went straight to the culprit.

"Neenah," she said kindly, "Mr. Allen has sentenced you to the 'dark chamber' until you are willing to do what is right, and you know only too well, poor girl, what that means."

Neenah's face only grew more dogged.

"I grieve to think of you, dear, shut up in that lonely room so dark and bare, with such a hard bed to lie upon, and only your own naughty heart for companionship. So I have asked Mr. Allen to forgive you freely, and I am going to bear your punishment for you."

The girl started and looked at Miss Chapin, then fell into her state of dull indifference again.

"When you wish my forgiveness, Neenah, come to me and I will give it to you. I shall not see you again till you come to seek me."

So saying the teacher closed the door after her, and immediately gave herself up, a prisoner in the "dark chamber."

Neenah could hear the key distinctly as it turned upon her friend, but she also felt a keen sense of her own freedom.

In her stolid way she tried to enjoy her liberty.

It was Saturday, and in the general bustle of a holiday Miss Chapin was scarcely missed.

The affair was known only to a few, and no explanations were necessary.

Sunday evening found her still a prisoner. That night the chapel was crowded, for a stranger addressed the

students, and the singing was especially attractive.

During the services Mr. Allen received the urgent message that Miss Chapin desired to see him immediately.

She had been conscious for an hour some one was stealthily moving outside her door, and at last a paper had been thrust under it. She had sent for Mr. Allen to ask that this paper might be examined as soon as possible, as she had no light.

It was from Neenah. In rude, unformed letters the poor child told how she had lain awake all the long night thinking of her teacher, and what she was suffering for her sake. She could bear it no longer, and she humbly begged to be forgiven, promising to be a good girl always.

Even Mr. Allen's heart was touched, and Miss Chapin wept for joy. They went together to Neenah's little room, and found her crying bitterly. Nor was she ashamed of her tears. She repeated her promise of obedience most gladly.

Ignorant and unreasoning, Neenah faithfully kept her word. And in this, as well as in her tender love for her teacher, this Indian girl put many a follower of the blessed Jesus to shame; for we often forget who bore our punishment because he first loved us.—*S. S. Times.*

Boys' and Girls' Temperance Lessons.

LESSON X.

Alcohol in Business—Continued.

QUESTION. What department of business is among the next to railroads in the number of persons employed and the wages paid?

ANSWER. Trade.

Q. What is trade?

A. Trade is the exchanging of one kind of goods for another kind, or the purchase or sale of goods for money.

Q. Do merchants employ persons as agents, accountants, salesmen, or saleswomen who are known to be in the habitual use of alcoholic drinks?

A. Rarely, and then only from necessity.

Q. Why not?

A. Because no person can be depended upon to do business wisely and well with alcohol in the brain.

Q. What business ranks with trade in the number of persons employed?

A. Manufacture.

Q. What is manufacture?

A. Manufacture is converting raw material of any kind into something suitable for use, either by the hand or machinery.

Q. Do manufacturers employ persons as agents, superintendents overseers, or in any other responsible positions who are known to use, habitually, alcoholic drinks?

A. They do not, if others can be obtained.

Q. Do persons who employ others to do work on labor, choose those who use, habitually, alcoholic drinks, in preference to those of equal ability who never use them?

A. They do not. The preference is given to persons of equal ability who are sober.

Q. Are there any among the commonest occupations in which the habitual use of alcoholic drinks is a help?

A. There are none. On the contrary, their use is always a hindrance, and generally prevents employment.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

35.—Per-me-ate.

36.—Winnipiseogoe.

37.—

N A M E

A T O P

M O R O

E P O S

NEW PUZZLER.

38.—DIAMOND.

A letter; to scatter; the end; radiote; petroleum; that which widens; a vessel; a gas; a letter.

39.—CHARADE.

Skill; a pronoun; to stop the wind-pipe; a garden vegetable.

"Scraps."

ALEXANDER THE GREAT, at the age of thirty-four, was a great drinker. He offered prizes to those of his soldiers who could drink the most wine, and nearly forty of them drank so much as to kill them at once or within a few days. He, himself, drank so much as to bring on a fever which proved speedily fatal.

DRINKING TO DROWN CARE.—This is a common reason or excuse for resorting to drink; business losses, the death of a relative, anything with which the individual does not feel competent to grapple. Cases for which the Christian finds help and strength in God, the drinker resorts to the cup that brings oblivion and keeps him away from God.

DR. JOHN HALL says the great secret for getting money for missions is to "inform the people." He is right. Good church literature in the family helps wonderfully. A tract containing a short statement of our mission work and other schemes is a good thing. Any plan that will "inform the people" and increase their interest is good.

WHAT is the problem before the Church to-day? It is this: There are more than eight hundred million souls in the darkness of heathenism. How can these be reached and saved? . . . More men, more women, more means, more prayer, more faith, more appreciation of the value of a soul; more for Christ, less for self, and we may expect to see daylight through this question.—*Rev. J. H. Gill, in Heathen Women's Friend.*

THE well-known Methodist, Bishop Peck, says: "It requires but little political sagacity to see that the next uprising of a great people in this country will be against the traffic in intoxicating liquors." The people are carefully measuring the dimensions and strength of their cruel enemy, and preparing against him a war of extermination. It will probably be the most terrific struggle ever seen on this continent. The people have waited for one crisis after another to pass, and have been put off and defrauded upon one pretext or another, but at length they have determined to wait no longer. The true patriots of this great Republic will now pass to the front and take the control of their own affairs."

Our Own.

I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give the kiss of peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night!
And hearts have broken
For harsh words spoken
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But out for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah, lips with the curve impatient!
Ah, brow with the look of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

A. D. 48.] LESSON X. [June 8.
AT ANTIOCH.
Acts 18. 18-16; 43-58. Commit verses 47-49.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And the word of the Lord was published
throughout all the region.—Acts 18. 49.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Blessed are they who hear and obey the
Gospel.

TIME.—A. D. 48, probably May to August.
Soon after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Asia Minor. Chiefly in Antioch,
the capital of Pisidia.

PAUL, aged 46. Ten or eleven years after
his conversion. On his first missionary
journey.

POLITICAL CONDITION OF ASIA MINOR.—
It was under the government of Rome; divided
into many provinces; varying in manners,
language, and religion; few roads; infested
with bands of robbers.

RELIGIOUS CONDITION.—The people were
idolaters. The chief deity was Diana. The
general character of the religion was like that
of the Greeks and Romans,—sensual and
degrading. But a considerable number of
Jews were scattered in various places, with
synagogues and the Bible.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—18. Paul and
his company—including Barnabas and Mark.
From Paphos—In Cyprus; the place of the
last lesson. Perga in Pamphylia—Pamphylia
lay along the southern coast of Asia Minor,
west of Cilicia. Perga, its capital, was seven
miles inland. John (Mark) returned to Jerusa-
lem.—Probably from fear of the dangers of
an unwelcome mission in this unknown coun-
try. 14. Departed from Perga—Because it
was probably May, and the inhabitants were
leaving the city for the cool mountains.
Antioch—80 to 100 miles inland. 15. The
rulers... sent unto them—It was the custom
to ask distinguished strangers to speak thus.
16. Give audience—Read Paul's sermon care-
fully. 48. Proselytes—Heathen converts to
Judaism. 45. Jews... filled with envy—
Because the Gentiles were placed on a level
of privilege with them by the Gospel. 47.
For so hath the Lord commanded us—In their
Scriptures. Isaiah 49. 6. So directly to
Paul, Acts 9. 15, and to Peter, Acts 11. 16—18.
51. Iconium—Some 60 miles south-east of
Antioch.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Perga—
Pamphylia—Antioch in Pisidia—The syna-
gogue and its service—Paul's sermon—Pro-
selytes—Why the Jews opposed—Why the
Gentiles were glad.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where were Paul and
Barnabas at the time of our last lesson?
Where did they go next? How old was Paul
at this time? What was the state of things
in Asia Minor politically? religiously?

SUBJECT: DIFFERENT WAYS OF DOING AND RECEIVING.

1. TWO KINDS OF WORKERS (vs. 13, 14).—
Who were with Paul? At what place in Asia
Minor did they first stop? Give some account
of Perga? Of Pamphylia? What dangers
were in prospect before them? (2 Cor. 11.
26, 27.) Who left them here? Why did he
go home? How would he be specially missed
by Paul? (Acts 18. 5.) What did Paul
think of his act? (Acts 15. 38.) Did Mark
ever recover from this mistake? (2 Tim. 4.
11.) How? What was the difference, as a
Christian worker, between Paul and Mark at
this time? What lessons do we learn from
each? Where did Paul and Barnabas next
go? How far was it? Is there any probable
reason why they left Perga so soon?

2. TWO KINDS OF HEARERS (vs. 16, 18,
43-52).—Where did Paul go on the Sabbath?
What was a synagogue? Give some account
of the mode of worship there? Why did
Paul always begin by preaching to the Jews?
Give a brief account of his sermon? Was
this Paul's first recorded sermon? What was
the effect of the sermon? What advice did
Paul give the converts? What is it to con-
tinue in the grace of God? What followed
the next Sabbath? Who opposed Paul? For
what reason? What did Paul then say to
them? How did they "judge themselves
unworthy of everlasting life"? Would not
Paul have preached to the Gentiles even if
the Jews had believed? (Rom. 11. 11-15.)
When had the Lord commanded them to go
to the Gentiles? Can a religion be the true
Gospel, if not adapted to all men? How did
the Gentiles feel at this news? In what way
did the Jews try to prevent the Gospel from
spreading? How could "devout and honour-
able women" join in this plan? What was
the result? What did Paul mean by shaking
the dust off from his feet? What was the
effect of the Gospel on those who believed?
Why does the Gospel bring joy?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The Christian worker will encounter
trials and difficulties.
2. The true worker goes forward in spite of
them.
3. But once failing, though bringing much
trouble, may yet in time be forgiven.
4. Blessed are those who continue in the
grace of God.
5. Rejecters of Christ thus judge them-
selves unworthy of eternal life.
6. The Gospel, though fitted to save all,
has two effects on men according as they
receive it.
7. True religion is full of joy; and the best
joy is in the Holy Ghost.

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

7. Where did Paul go from Cyprus? Ans.
Into Asia Minor. 8. In what city did he
preach two Sabbaths? Ans. In Antioch of
Pisidia. 9. Who believed the Gospel? Ans.
Some of the Jews and many of the Gentiles.
10. Who opposed? Ans. Many of the Jews.
11. What did they do? Ans. They drove
Paul and Barnabas out of the city. 12. What
did the Gospel do for those who believed?
Ans. They were filled with joy and with the
Holy Ghost.

A. D. 48.] LESSON XI. [June 10.
AT ICONIUM AND LYSTRA.

Acts 14. 1-18. Commit to memory vs. 15-18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Speaking boldly in the Lord.—Acts 14. 8.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God honours the faithful teaching of his
word.

TIME.—A. D. 48. Summer and Autumn,
and perhaps into 49. Immediately following
the last lesson.

PLACE.—Asia Minor, province of Lycaonia;
cities of Iconium, Lystra, and Derbe.

PAUL, aged 46. On his first missionary
journey.

RULERS.—Claudius Cæsar, emperor of
Rome. Cumanus, governor of Judea. Ves-
pasian in Britain.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Paul and Barnabas
having been driven away from Antioch in
Pisidia, by persecution, took the great high-
way that runs from Ephesus to Syria, and
travelling about 60 miles in a south-east
direction came to Iconium, where to-day's
lesson begins.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. Iconium—
A large city in Lycaonia. It is now called
Konya, and has a population of twenty or

thirty thousand. So spake—With such zeal,
truth, love, and power of the Holy Spirit.
Greeks—Devout persons who worshipped God
with the Jews. 2. Gentiles—The heathen.
3. Lord... gave testimony—He bore witness
that their teachings were divine, by doing
wonders that only God could do. 5. An
assault—They attempted, but did not succeed.
6. Lystra—40 miles south of Iconium.
Derbe—20 miles from Lystra. 8. Impotent—
Powerless. A cripple—So born, and hence
the cure was more wonderful. 9. Perceiving
that he had faith—He probably had heard
them preach often, and tell of the wonders
the Lord had done. 11. In the speech of
Lycaonia—What language is unknown. The
apostles had spoken in Greek, which all under-
stood, but the apostles did not understand
the native tongue. 12. Barnabas—Who was
large and fine looking. Jupiter—The chief
of the heathen gods. Paul—Who was small,
but eloquent. Mercurius—The messenger of
Jupiter, and the God of eloquence. 13.
Jupiter, which was before their city—The
temple and statue of Jupiter. 14. When the
apostles heard of—It was all spoken in a
strange language, and the apostles were prob-
ably in the inner court of the house.
Timothy was a native of Lystra, with his
mother, Eunice, and grandmother, Lois.
(Acts 16. 1; 2 Tim. 1. 5.) He was probably
converted at this time.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Iconium
—Lycaonia—God's testimony to his word—
Why miracles are called signs—The faith of
the lame man—Jupiter—Mercury—Paul's
address—Good influences upon the heathen.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—On what tour were Paul
and Barnabas? How old was Paul? Why
did they leave Antioch? In what year and
what season of the year does to-day's lesson
belong.

SUBJECT: MISSIONARY WORK AMONG THE
HEATHEN.

1. AT ICONIUM (vs. 1-6).—Where was
Iconium? In what division of Asia Minor?
What was Paul's first work here? What was
the result of his preaching? What was there
in his preaching (so spake) that produced this
effect? Who now opposed them? How?
How was this a reason why they still abode
there? How did the Lord show that their
teaching was from him? Why are miracles
called signs? Into what two parties were the
people divided? Is the world still so divided
about Christ? On which side are you? What
did the unbelievers do? Did they carry out
their intentions? Why not?

2. AT LYSTRA (vs. 6-18).—Where did they
go from Iconium? How far was it? What
noted persons were converted here? (Acts
16. 1; 2 Tim. 1. 5.) What miracle was
wrought? Why was faith necessary in order
to healing? How did the man get his faith?
What did this miracle teach us as to the
nature of the Gospel? What as to faith?
What was the effect on the people of Lyca-
onia? Has God come down to us? Who
was Jupiter? Why was Barnabas so called?
Why was Paul called Mercury? What did
the people try to do? Why did not Paul
know at first what they were doing? What
were the topics of his address? Why are
idols called vanities? Does the name belong
to the things men now worship? What did
Paul say of his God? Is this a reason why
we should love, trust, and obey Him? Why
were some nations left without a written
Revelation? How does God speak to all men?
Does this leave them without excuse for doing
wrong? (Rom. 1. 19-22.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. So teach that your scholars will believe.
2. Opposition is sometimes a reason why
we should work the more earnestly.
3. God ever bears witness to the faithful
presentation of His word.
4. If we cannot work in one place or way,
let us turn to another.
5. True faith is sure of the blessing.
6. Seek honour, not for ourselves, but for
our Master.
7. God speaks to us in various ways,—by
nature, by conscience, by the Spirit, by His
word.

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

18. Where did Paul go when driven from
Antioch? Ans. To Iconium, the chief city
of Lycaonia? 14. How was he helped here?
Ans. By the opposition of men, and signs
and wonders from God. 15. Where did they
go next? Ans. To Lystra. 16. Who was
one of the converts here? Ans. Timothy,
who afterwards became Paul's helper. 17.
What miracle was wrought here? Ans. A
lame man from his birth was cured.

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