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HOME AND SCHOOL

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



A NATIVE OF UHEYA.

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

XXI.

THE fatal 3rd-of June found us refreshed after our halt of seven days, and prepared to leave Mowa to proceed to Zinga, there to establish a new camp above its great cataract, while the canoes should be leisurely taken down, with such caution as circumstances demanded. Meanwhile, it was my duty to endeavour to reach Zinga in advance of the land party, in order to prepare the aborigines for the reception of the expedition. As I set out from Mowa Cove, Frank crawled on hands and knees to a rock overlooking the river, to watch us depart.

Turning to Frank, I told him I should hurry to Zinga, and, after arranging with the chiefs, would send him his breakfast and hammock; and if I found the men still there I would detail six to carry him, as he was unable to walk.

It was high noon when I arrived at our new camp, which we constructed on Zinga Point—about one hundred feet above the great cataract. There were four kings present, and hundreds of natives—all curious to view the Mundele. Though somewhat noisy in their greeting, we were soon, on an amicable footing, especi-

ally when a young fellow named Lazali began to ask me if I were "Ingiliz, Francees, Dytche, or Portigase."

About three o'clock I took my seat on a high rock above the falls, to watch for Uledi, as from the Zinga Point, with a field-glass. I was not long in my position before I observed something long and dark, rolling and tumbling about in the fierce waves of Massassa. It was a capsized canoe, and I detected the forms of several men clinging to it! I watched the wrecked men as they floated through the basin. I saw them struggling to right the canoe. I saw them climb on the keel, and paddle for dear life towards shore, to avoid the terrible cataract of Zinga. Finally, as they approached the land, I saw them leap from the wreck into the river, and swim ashore; and presently the unfortunate Jason—which they had but a moment before abandoned—swept by me with the speed of an arrow, and over the cataract, into the great waves and the soundless depths of whirlpools, and so away out of sight.

Bad news travels fast. Kacheche, breathless with haste and livid with horror, announced that out of the eleven men who had embarked in the canoe at Mowa, eight only were saved.

"Three are lost!—and—one of them is the little master!"

"The little master, Kacheche?" I gasped out.

"Surely not the little master?"

"Yes; he is lost, master!"

"But how came he in the canoe?" I asked,

turning to Uledi, and his dripping comrades, who had now come up, and were still brown-faced with their late terrors. "Speak, Uledi, how came he—a cripple—to venture into the canoe?"

In response to many and searching questions I obtained the following account:—

As Uledi and his comrades were about to push off, Frank had crawled up near the river, and bade them stop and place him in. Uledi expostulated with him, upon the ground that I had not mentioned anything about taking him, and Manwa Sera—in charge of the canoes—hurried up, and coaxingly tried to persuade him not to venture, as the river was bad; but he repelled them with all a sick man's impatience, and compelled the crew to lift him into the canoe.

"Little master, it is impossible to shoot the falls. No canoe or boat can do it and live; I tell you the truth," rejoined Uledi, as Frank shook his head sceptically. "Little master, I have looked at all the fall—it will be death to make the trial."

"I don't believe this fall is as bad as you say it is," said Frank. "I feel sure I could find a way. If I had only four white men with me I would soon show you whether we could pass it or not."

Frank referred, no doubt, to his companions on the Medway or Thames, as by profession he was a bargeman or a waterman, and being a capital swimmer, had many a time exhibited his skill in swimming and diving.

"Little master," said the coxswain gravely—stung to the quick—"neither white men nor black

men can go down this river alive; and I do not think it right that you should say we are afraid. As for me, I think you ought to know me better. See! I hold out both hands, and all my fingers will not count the number of lives I have saved on this river. How, then, can you say, master, that I show fear?"

"Well, if you do not, the others do," retorted Frank.

"Neither are they nor am I afraid. We believe the river to be impassable in a canoe. I have



THE VICTORIA, NILE, NORTH OF RIFON FALLS, RUSHING TOWARDS UNYORO, FROM THE USOGA SIDE OF THE FALLS.

only to beckon to my men, and they will follow me to death—and it is death to go down this cataract. We are now ready to hear you command us to go, and we want your promise that, if anything happens, and our master asks, 'Why did you do it?' that you will bear the blame."

Uledi then turned to the crew, and said, "Boys, our little master is saying that we are afraid of death. I know there is death in the cataract; but come, let us show him that black men fear death as little as white men. What do you say?"

"A man can die but once." "Who can contend with his fate?" "Our fate is in the hands of God!" were the various answers he received.

"Enough; take your seats," Uledi said.

"You are men!" cried Frank, delighted at the idea of soon reaching camp.

"Bismillah!" (In the name of God.) "Let go the rocks, and shove off!" cried the coxswain.

"Bismillah!" echoed the crew, and they pushed away from the friendly cove.

In a few seconds they had entered the river. It was irresistibly bearing them broadside over the falls; and observing this, Uledi turned the prow, and boldly bore down for the centre. Roused from his seat by the increasing thunder of the fearful waters, Frank rose to his feet, and looked over the heads of those in front, and now the full danger of his situation seemed to burst upon him. But too late! They had reached the fall, and plunged headlong amid the waves and spray. The angry waters rose and leaped into their vessel, spun them round as though on a pivot; and so down over the curling, dancing, leaping crests, they were borne to the whirlpools which yawned below. Ah! then came the moment of anguish, regret, and terror.

"Hold on to the canoe, my men! Seize a rope, each one!" said he, while tearing his flannel shirt away. Before he could prepare himself, the canoe was drawn down into the abyss, and the whirling, flying waters closed over all!

When they had drifted a little distance away from the scene, and had collected their faculties, they found there were only eight of them alive; and, alas! for us who were left to bewail his sudden doom, there was no white face among them!

But presently—close to them—another commotion—another heave and belching of waters—and out of them the insensible form of the "little master" appeared, and they heard a loud moan from him. Then Uledi, forgetting his late escape from the whirling pit, flung out his arms and struck gallantly towards him; but another pool sucked them both in, and the waves closed over them before he could reach him. And for the second time the brave coxswain emerged—faint and weary—but Frank Pocock was seen no more!

"My brave, honest, kindly-natured Frank, have you left me so! Oh, my long-tried friend, what fatal rashness! Ah, Uledi, had you but saved him, I should have made you a rich man!"

"Our fate is in the hands of God, master," replied he, sadly and wearily.

Various were the opinions ventured upon the cause which occasioned the loss of such an expert swimmer. Baraka, with some reason, suggested that Frank's instinctive impulse would have been to swim upward, and that during his frantic struggle towards the air he might have struck his head against the canoe.

All over Zinga the dismal tidings spread rapidly. "The brother of the Mundele is lost!" they cried.

"Say, Mundele," asked Ndala, suddenly, "where has your white brother gone to?"

"Home."

"Sh! you not see him again?"

"I hope to."

"Where?"

"Above, I hope."

"Ah! we have heard that the white people by the sea came from above. Should you see him again tell him that Ndala is sorry. We have heard from Mowa that he was a good, kind man, and all Zinga shall mourn for him."

Sympathy—real and pure sympathy—was here offered after their lights, which, though rude, was not unkind. The large crowds without spoke together in low, subdued tones; the women gazed upon me with mild eyes, and their hands upon their lips, as though sincerely affected by the tragic fate of my companion. The effect on the Wangwana was different. It had stupefied them; benumbing their faculties of feeling, of hope, and of action. After this fatal day I could scarcely get a reply to my questions, when anxious to know what their ailments were. Familiarity with many forms of disease, violent and painful deaths, and severe accidents, had finally deadened—almost obliterated—that lively fear of death which they had formerly shown.

As I looked at the empty tent, and the dejected, woe-stricken servants, a choking sensation of unutterable grief filled me. The sorrow-laden mind fondly re-called the lost man's inestimable qualities, his extraordinary gentleness, his patient temper, his industry, cheerfulness, and his tender friendship; it dwelt upon the pleasure of his society, his general usefulness, his piety, and cheerful trust in our success, with which he had renewed our hope and courage; and each new virtue that it remembered only served to intensify my sorrow for his loss, and to suffuse my heart with pity and regret, that, after the exhibition of so many admirable qualities, and such long, faithful service, he should depart this life so abruptly, and without reward.

When curtailed about by anxieties, and the gloom created by the almost insurmountable obstacles we encountered, his voice had ever been music in my soul. When grieving for the hapless lives that were lost, he consoled me. But now my friendly comforter and true-hearted friend was gone! Ah! had some one then but relieved me from my cares, and satisfied me that my dark followers would see their homes again, I would that day have gladly ended the struggle, and, crying out, "Who dies earliest dies best," have embarked in my boat, and dropped calmly over the cataracts into eternity.

Alas! alas! we never saw Frank more. But eight days afterwards a native arrived at Zinga from Kilanga with the statement that a fisherman, while skimming Kilanga basin for whitebait, had been attracted by something gleaming on the water, and, paddling his canoe towards it, had been horrified to find it the upturned face of a white man!

(To be continued.)

Terrible, if True.

A TRAVELLER, of reputed veracity, reports having discovered a race of remarkable human beings, some of the masculine members of whom are found so enormously enamoured of a peculiar practice as that it seems to become with them a complete mania. The origin of the practice, too, is so involved in obscurity that ancient history fails to trace it.

This notable practice is that of burning a very noxious herb, in a small furnace—elaborately prepared for the purpose—drawing the fumes therefrom through a small tube into an opening in the head, and then immediately discharging the fumes, chiefly through the same orifice.

Our informant, moreover, positively asserts that it is well ascertained, beyond possible doubt, that so strong sometimes becomes the unaccountable at-

tachment, that many of them would more patiently bear separation for a whole week from beloved wife and affectionate family, than separate for even one-seventh portion of that length of time from their favourite cigar or foul tobacco-pipe.

In October Days.

I WANDER down the russet lane
And see the autumn's bonfires burn
Upon the hillside slopes again,
Among the sumac and the fern.

The oaks have caught October's fire,
And drop their treasures in the grass,
While the still flame creeps high and higher,
Fanned by the warm winds as they pass.

The sky is dim in purple haze;
The spell of dreams is over all,
Unknown, save in the long, still days
When flowers fade and dead leaves fall.

What memories come to me of her,
Whose tender smile so much I miss;
Who was a forest-worshipper
When earth blushed at October's kiss.

Here, on this knoll, we sat to see
That day of autumn fade away;
"And life is fading," whispered she,
"As fades this sweet, enchanted day."

And here I gathered, from the moss,
Belated blossoms for her hair,
And felt her tresses blow across
My cheek, and fancied sunshine there.

And here we stopped to talk awhile
Of dreams we hoped would all come true.
Dear heart, the sunshine of your smile
Breaks on me as I think of you.

So far, and yet how near to-day!
I miss you, yet I have you here,
And reach to touch your hand, and say,
That love outlives the dying year.

And though I find but empty air
Where I had thought to touch your hand,
I feel you with me everywhere;
O, truest heart, you understand.

—Vick's Magazine.

The Word.

God's Word is a wonderful lamp, because it sheds such a light. Think how long it has been burning—6,000 years since it first lighted its faint flicker when the promise was given to Adam. (Gen. 3. 15.) How bright, and even brighter, it grows as time goes on! Isaiah holds up a beautiful light to us. And so it shone on and on, till the Light came into this dark world. Think how far the Word of God shed its light. A light-house can only shed its light, at the farthest, twenty-five miles over the waters; but this light has come down from heaven, and, lighted up yonder, has sent its radiance quite over this dark world.

The light from this lamp will enable you to see the golden gates, and the redeemed around the throne, and the Lamb in the midst thereof. Whatever objections men make to the Bible, it will light you home. Though you have to go comfortless and in the darkness of this world; "hope to the end," and this lamp in your hand, by God's grace, will light you home.

This light shines athwart the wildest ocean, and into the dreary spots of earth. Oh, the comfort it gives! Does this Bible comfort you when the storms pass over your soul? Do you get your comfort from this lamp? It will give you comfort in pain, in affliction, in death. What a comfort to have this lamp through the dark valley, and down to the river's edge! "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

The Prairie Fire.

BY G. W. HALL.

Over the undulate prairie
I rode as the day was done;
The west was aglow—but to northward
A glare like the rising sun,
Seen through the eddying sea-mists,
Broke on the darkening night,
And a cloud of smoky blackness
Shut out the stars' dim light.

I felt the sweep of the norther,
But a deeper, deadlier chill
Struck to my heart for an instant
With its passage of death and ill:
Then I drew the chinchas tighter
And looked to stirrup and rein,
As the northern glare grew brighter—
And the gusts gained strength again.

Then, as we hurried southward;
Brighter, nearer and higher,
Like lambent serpents heavenward
Writhed up each flaming spire;
Leaping across the benches,
Where the grass was thin and dry,
Rolling in fiery surges,
Where the reeds stood rank and high.

A drifting whirl of cinders,
A chorus of blinding smoke,
A roaring sea of fire—
Across the plains it broke!
From the pools the wild fowl darted
To circle the lurid sky;
From his lair the scared deer started,
And swept like a phantom by.

On, towards the distant river,
Wasted by weeks of drouth,
Like a shaft from the sun god's quiver,
We sped towards the murky south.
To halt was death; and far distant
Lay life and safety and rest;
The air grew hot and each instant
The foam fell on counter and breast.

Nearer each moment the fire swept,
Thicker the red sparks fell;
Higher the roaring flames leapt
With the blast of that fiery hell.
I felt that we soon must stifle
In the midst of the narrow trail.

But bravely my trusty courser
Kept on in his headlong flight—
Though his laboured breath grew hoarser—
Till the river gleamed in sight.
A plunge through the thickest border
Of withered grass and reed,
And the waters of the river!
Laved the heaving flanks of my steed.

Up to the brink of the river
Swept the waves of that fiery sea,
With pulses and limbs a-quiver
I could neither stand nor flee!
I saw the flames tower heavenward
With dim eyes and failing breath;
Then all around was darkness—
A faintness and gloom like death!

When I woke the flames were racing
Far westward o'er bluff and hill;
My faithful steed was grazing
On the banks of our guardian rill;
And I offered thanks to heaven,
Where the stars shone clear and bright,
For the safety and mercy given
To us on that fearful night.

The congregations of the next generation are now in the Sabbath-schools, and it is most important that the closest vital connection shall be maintained between school and church.

To be always intending to lead a new life, but never find time to set about it. This is as if a man should put off eating and drinking and sleeping from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

Tattling.

JOHN SANDERS was in trouble. Sarah Barker had told Harry Somers that John was the meanest fellow she ever saw, and Harry Somers had told Frank Tower; and Frank Tower, as a devoted friend, had come and told John. And John wasn't going to stand that, he said, from any girl. So he rudely accosted Sarah on her way to school, telling her "she wasn't much of a lady, with all of her mincing ways," feeling rather ashamed of his angry impertinence before he finished the sentence.

Sarah looked surprised, and not a little angry; but the flushed cheek and expression of pain in the honest eyes didn't strike John as belonging to a mean-spirited girl.

What had she done that John should treat her so? She met Frank Tower, and told him her grievance. Frank said, "he knew all about it. John knew what she had said about him."

"What have I said?"

"That John was an awfully mean, contemptible fellow."

"O, Frank, I never said that," cried Sarah, with honest warmth.

"But Harry Somers told me you did," said Frank.

"And you told John? Well, it wasn't true; and if it were, I don't think it very kind in you to run to him and tell him my opinion at second-hand, for you know how his words always get changed in repeating them.

"Well, what did you say, then?"

"I told Harry I thought it was mean for him to tease that little French boy as he did; and I think so still, and have meant to tell him so myself, when I saw a good chance to do so."

Frank looked rather crestfallen, and began to realize he had done rather a small thing in carrying to John this foolish cause for quarrel. When Sarah told John frankly what she had said, he felt rather more ashamed, and quite transferred his anger where he had half unconsciously felt it belonged, if it belonged anywhere. John was, by nature, a hector, seeing a joke oftener where another would see only pain and annoyance; but he had a blunt sense of honour, and was never found in the tattling business. The meanness of that he could see, and it was the agency of those tell-tale boys rather than Sarah's honest opinion that vexed him now.

"I hate a tattler," he said to the boys with emphasis, as they stood together after school; "and I think you might find some better employment."

"I only told Frank what Sarah said," cried Harry, "and didn't suppose he'd run to you with it."

"And I only told you because I thought you ought to know it," said Frank.

"And what good did it do?" said John. "Only made me mad and rude to Sarah, and angry with you afterwards."

"Well, you needn't have hectored Louis so, then," said Frank, who had vigorously applauded John's funny jokes upon the French boy at the time.

"Now," said John, "I'd like to have you look me straight in the eye, Frank Tower, and tell me if it was your love of fair play or regard for Louis, that led you to repeat, with alterations, what Sarah Barker said? And you, Harry Somers, was it because you really wished to cure me of meanness that you came and told it to me, so much worse, too, than she said it? I don't believe in this tell-tale business, boys, as a reform measure, and don't you try it on me any more. I won't carry any ugly messages, and don't you bring any to me."

The boys felt a little abashed at John's rebuff,

but had enough of the unspoiled boy nature in them to accept it amiably. John never snubbed Sarah again, and the boys are all excellent friends, Louis included. Total abstinence from tale-bearing, of course, promoted harmony, while all honest rebukes of cruel excesses in the hectoring line were taken kindly and had due effect. Having seen that tattling was worse than hectoring, they began to see how mean and cruel hectoring might become, when the love of joke and banter became so great that they were willing to sacrifice the feelings and comfort of the humblest to its exercise.

John felt a little honest satisfaction the other day when he heard the teacher tell a visitor that tattling seemed to have been unaccountably banished from the exercises in his school, as it had formerly brought much discord. Not that John flattered himself that he alone had banished it; but he knew he had taken a good stand in that little crisis of the "Barker, Tower, Somers, Sanders scandal," and helped a little toward the good reputation in which they all rejoiced, and which they had fairly earned.

A Pretty World.

I ONCE strolled through a miserable Mexican village. The shadows were creeping over the cabins, where women came and went in silence, and men sat smoking at the cabin doors, while children played in swarms by the water.

A black, bent, old negro woman, all patches from head to foot, frosty-headed and half-blind, came crooning forth with a broken crock tied together, in which she had planted a flower to grow by her door. I stopped, watching her set it down and arrange it; and then, not wishing to stare rudely at this bent old creature, I said:—

"Good evening, auntie; 'tis a pretty evening."

She slowly straightened up, looked at me, looked away at the fading sunlight on the hills, and said softly:

"Oh, it's a pretty world, massa!"

That old woman was a poetess—a prophetess. She had a soul to see the beauty—the poetry—about her. "Oh, it's a pretty world, massa!" She had no other form of expression; but that was enough. Hers was the password to Nature.

"And God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good."—Selected.

What Made the Baby Cross.

"MAMMA, I wish you'd call the baby in. He's so cross we can't play," cried Robert to his mamma one day, as he was playing in the yard with his sister and the baby.

"I don't think he would be cross if you were not cross to him," said mamma, coming out. "He does just as he sees you do. Just try him, and see. Put your hat on one side of your head."

Robbie did so, and presently the baby pushed his straw hat over on one side of his head.

"Whistle," said mamma.

Robbie did, and baby began to whistle, too.

"Stop mocking me!" said Robbie, angrily, giving baby a push. Baby screamed, and pushed Robbie back.

"There, you see," said his mother, "the baby does just as you do. Kiss him now, and you will see how quickly he will follow your example."

Robbie did not feel exactly like doing this, but he did; and the baby hugged and kissed him back very warmly.

"Now, you see," said his mother, "you can have a cross baby or a good baby of your little brother, just which you choose. But you must teach him yourself."—Selected.

Indian Summer.

An Autumn sun, a golden haze,
The last of bright October days,
In a calm radiance shining,
A meadow stretching broad and green,
And on its breast in silver sheen
A ribbon streamlet twining.

Nature lies quiet, with hushed breath
That life most glorious in its death
Its hectic flush is showing;
A crimson tint on wood and hill,
A golden light, and all so still,
So wondrous in its glowing.

In brighter robes than those of Man
The fair Year burns her life away,
As if for Summer mourning,
Like Eastern bride on funeral pyre
She sinks to rest in shroud of fire,
Exulting in that burning.

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Home and School.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 19, 1889.

The Eye.

THERE are many wonderful things, dear children, in God's beautiful world. Some are hidden very deeply, but others are disclosed to us—we seek them every day, and yet some of us think little about them. We will have a little talk together about a few of these wonders that are close to us, and we will begin with one that helps us to see others.

The eye is not only a wonderful object, but also a very beautiful one. Much about people's characters may be learned from the eye; and of the state of feelings, whether pleased or angry, glad or sorrowful. There is a light in it which meets the light of day. When the soul leaves its clay-house, that light flickers, and in a moment goes forever out. Then we know that the spirit is departed. It has been a disputed point whether there is more expression in the mouth or in the eye. Most children would say in the eye, because they so anxiously watch father and mother's when anything is to be decided in which they are interested, and it is no wonder, for the eye is the little window out of which the soul looks.

God has set the eye in the face for use; and he has made it like a jewel, to brighten and beautify. He has given the eye its rare colouring of blue, or black, or gray, or brown. We are not satisfied looking at a baby's face till it has opened its innocent little eyes.

Yet more wonderful than the eye is its designs

and uses. God made it for the light, and he prepared the light for it. The light is a messenger betwixt it and the objects filling it. It could not perceive them if the light reflected from them did not enter it, and paint pictures of them on the membrane—the retina—which is placed back of the socket; and how wonderful that on such a tiny surface a sweeping landscape may be spread, or a lofty mountain raise its peak!

Has it ever occurred to you to ask how this is? Well, when the rays of light pass through clear substances of a certain form, they bend to a point which is called the focus, and produce images there of the bodies they come from. By means of a nerve these images are conveyed to the brain, and so is produced the sense of sight.

There are three things which protect the delicate eye of man from injury. One is the perpetual moisture, which keeps it as bright and clear as the windows of our houses should be. Another is the very fine sensation to pain. If anything, however tiny, gets into it, there is no rest for us till we get it out. And then the eyelid, with the lash that fringes it so prettily, closes over it in sleep, shuts out the light when it is too much for the pupil, and covers it if sand and dust are blowing about.

The little birds, who have not this provision, are given instead a wonderful power of flattening and rounding the eye, and they can do this with great rapidity. If they go through a thorn hedge they flatten the eye. When they can safely do so they let it protrude.

Before rain, swallows fly near the ground in search of insects that have come below for warmth. Then they round their eyes till they are like little microscopes, and they can see and follow insects which our flatter eyes cannot see.

Again, when the hawk sweeps down upon the little bird or chicken from an immense distance, it has made its mark sure by flattening its eye, and so bringing the far object near, as the telescope does. What a beautiful member is the eye!

Oh, how thankful we should be to God; not only for the useful eye, but for all the members of the body. Truly we can say with the Psalmist, "I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvellous are thy works."—*Words of Cheer.*

The Best in Life or Death.

THE battle had raged fiercely all through the long summer-day. Once and again the blue ranks had pressed through clouds of fire and smoke only to go down like ripe grain before the reaper's scythe. As twilight came on they retreated; and far up the river could be heard the roar of their cannon like the sullen growling of a baffled lion. They left the field strewn with the dead and dying—men made in the image of God so mangled that their own mothers would fail to recognize the shattered forms and distorted features. A young man, clad in the uniform of a Federal officer, lay close by a little brook, whose waters rippled on to swell the chorus of the battle-day chanted by the crimson river. There was a childish sweetness in the blue eyes and around the pallid lips, as though the memory of a mother's kiss lingered in his heart. Ah! sore would be the weeping in a Northern home over this day's work. By his side knelt a



IN MEMORIAM.
FRANCIS JOHN POCOCK,
DROWNED JUNE 3, 1877.

comrade, a grave, stern man; but his eyes were dim with tears as he exclaimed, "Boy, I would have died for you!"

"It's best as it is, colonel; but tell my mother—." The dying man choked back a sob, while his companion bent over to catch the feeble accents "Tell her," he continued, with quivering lips, "that her religion was best to live by—and I wish it were to die by. Say the prayer she taught me colonel—'Our father—forgive us—as we forgive—.'"

A long shudder passed over the stalwart frame, and the spirit was in the presence of a Judge who "knoweth our frame, who remembereth that we are dust," pitieth them that fear him "even as a father pitieth his children."—*S. S. Visitor.*

True Till Death.

THE wonderful story of the heroism displayed by two young English officers just before the battle of Rorke's Drift deserves more than a passing mention. In the Zulu war young Melville and Coghill had to cut their way through the enemy's ranks, not because they were afraid to die, but simply because to them was committed the sacred trust—the saving of the colours. They plunged into the river, the assegais and the bullets of the Zulus following them until the river stream was dyed crimson with the blood of horses and men. When they reached the middle young Coghill fell from his horse; and Melville, his comrade, put his hand down, and, stabbed and bleeding as he was, led him to the other side, out of the reach of the bullets and the assegais. When they got to the opposite shore death compelled these brave men to give up the prize they had striven so hard to preserve. When the bodies of these two young officers were discovered three days afterward, six hundred yards down the stream, how do you think they were found? Round the body of young Melville was tied the Union Jack, while in the hand of Coghill was found the standard pole which bore the English colours; and such was the iron grip that it had to be broken asunder before that death-like hold could be unloosed.

In the way of righteousness is life.



TREASURE HOUSE, ARMS, AND TREASURES OF RUMANIKA.

October.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A MISTY, purple crown
On fading nature rests;
The leaves are rustling brown
About the vacant nests;

The partridge drums and dreams
Within the chilly wold;
The silent woodland seems
A monotone of gold.

A sad sweet beauty lurks
Upon the lonely hill;
And silver sleep the birks
Within the silver rill.

Though flowers droop and die,
And softly pass away,
Deep in my bosom I
Am joyful as the May;

For though the weary dove
Departs on saddened wing,
I know the smile of love,
That makes it always spring.

How I Would Paint a Bar-room.

[Composition read before the Steuben County Good Templar Convention by M. W. Drew, of Hornellville, N. Y.]

If I had the adorning of a bar-room, it should be done somewhat on this wise: On one side I would paint, "Death on the Pale Horse," his arm-wielding the thunderbolt to the fiery hoofs of his flying steed, treading down everything fair and lovely; the Garden of Eden before him; a blackened waste behind him. On the other side I would draw the picture of a wretched hovel—once a happy home; the roof broken in; the windows stuffed with rags; in the doorway a weeping wife with ragged children clinging to her skirts, piteously beseeching her for bread. In the distance should be seen the once happy husband and father, now a reeling drunkard, on his way from the village tavern to the hut he calls home.

Back of the bar, in full view of the bloated creatures that stand with the cup to their lips, I would paint a company of demons in the death-dance of hilarity, around a fire kindled with the flames of alcohol, and over it I would write in lurid letters, "Moderate drinking lights the flame that burns to the lowest hell."

Opposite the bar should be a lonely and dishonoured grave; a lightning-blasted tree should stretch its leafless branches over it; and on some withered bough should perch the melancholy owl, hooting to the wintry moon. At the foot of the grave should kneel the angel of mercy, with hands and eyes upraised to the pitying heavens, and at the head of the grave should be the angel of justice, carving, with stern, relentless hands, upon the tombstone these fearful words of doom: "No Drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."

In the intervening spaces I would have here a grinning skeleton, and there a broken heart, a shattered hour-glass, a stranded boat, a torch extinguished in blackness of darkness; while from over the doorway and from the ceiling should look down all kinds of woeful human faces; pale, imploring, wrathful, deadly, despairing. The walls of the room should be shrouded in sackcloth, and the floor covered with ashes, and wreathed in weeping willow and gloomy cypress, while all the vessels that held the damning fluid should be black—black as the gates of doom.

Then I would call the rumseller, if he would, to take his place behind the bar, and though a few besotted wretches, hardened in sin, might stagger up to the bar and drink defiance to their fate, yet should I hope that the young—the pride of mothers, and the light of homes—might turn away as though they had caught a glimpse of the infernal world.

On the Tow-Path.

THERE are tracks on the tow-path as inspiring as the "foot-prints on the sands of time." In this over-ambitious age, where the pace is so fatal, the tow-path is a better place to look for stimulation than "the sands of time."

Ever since Garfield trotted along it to the White House, the narrow tow-path is regarded by the wise with more favour than any broad track, where success is won by brilliant spurts. What the boys need to be taught is how to trudge rather than how to run, and how to drudge instead of how to speculate.

Such teaching as that of the following illustration of what industry and persistence will do in the way of hoisting a boy up, is just the lesson needed by youth:—

In the summer of 1836, a barefooted boy was on his way to Honesdale, walking on the tow path of the Delaware and Hudson Canal. When four miles from Port Jervis, and still forty miles from his destination, he was overtaken by a canal-boat. He was asked to jump on board and ride, which he did. On the boat was a Scotch family, just landed in America, who were on their way to the Pennsylvania coal-fields.

One of its members was a lad, eleven years old—the same age as the young pedestrian. A strong friendship grew up between the two boys by the time they reached Honesdale.

The Scotch family went on to Carbondale, the centre of the Lackawanna coal-field. The boy who had been given the ride on the boat obtained employment on the canal.

The Scotch boy, his friend, worked in the mines a short time as mule-driver. Both he and the former barefooted boy rose in the company's service.

The Scotch lad of forty-seven years ago is Thos. Dickson, president of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. His friend, the other youth, is Colonel T. Young, general manager of the company, and president of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad,

which is controlled by the company.—*Buffalo Courier.*

Wonders of Peru.

WITH a territory eight times as large as England, Peru has a smaller population than that of Switzerland—only two millions and a half of people to an area of four hundred thousand square miles. The climate is described as delightful. At Lima the sun is scarcely ever hidden by clouds for a day throughout the whole year. The so-called winter season is like an English spring. At Moyobamba the only unprosperous members of the population are the doctors; the one resident doctor on the sierra depends for a living on a salary from the tax on spirits and the tolls on a bridge. Among the Indians, cases of almost incredible longevity are recorded.

Horses, mules, sheep—llamas, vicuñas, alpacas, etc.—deer, and rabbits, abound. Birds range from the condor to the smallest peewit. Codfish ten feet long are found in the Marañon; the sea-cow yields a pork-like flesh, very good when made into sausages; there is a sort of crab of which the Peruvians make excellent dishes; and the beaches of the great rivers may often be seen covered with turtle.

Orange trees bloom all the year round; the grape-vine bears three crops a year; pine-apples grow to the weight of twenty pounds. Nearly all the European vegetables thrive well. The wonderful "cow-tree," standing from one hundred and eighty to two hundred feet high, and measuring twenty feet in circumference, yields not only a palatable fruit, but a milk of the consistency of cream, used for tea, coffee, and custards. As for the flowers, it is sufficient to say, on the authority of Humboldt, that the entire life of a painter would be too short to delineate all the magnificent orchids alone, and that certain of them—like the well-known *Odontoglossum*—are in perennial bloom.

A PUPIL gives us the following insight into the precise appearance of the beings of the future world: "An angel is two lines which intend to meet," in response to the question: "What is an angel?"

His Majesty the King.

BY N. P. BABCOCK.

THAT baby's a puzzle to me,
With his "queer little snubity nose;"
His clothes are put on, I can see,
As thickly as leaves on a rose;
They don't seem to fit
The least little bit,
Yet he has such an air of repose!

They turn him around, upside down,
And dandle him high in the air:
He's the loveliest baby in town,
The sweetest, in fact, anywhere.
They say "Baby's King,"
And then shake the poor thing;
It's a wonder to me how they dare.

Of what earthly use to be king
When all of your subjects are mad,
And imagine a wild Highland fling
Can alone make your majesty glad—
Or fancy a poke
In the chin is a joke
Your highness delights in when sad?

Oh! yes, you're a puzzle to me,
You solemn-eyed, infantile king;
A bishop might climb up a tree
And you wouldn't say anything,
Though he sat on a bough
And whistled till now,
"The Flowers that Blow in the Spring."

And yet you will smile at a wink,
Or chuckle aloud at a sneeze,
Though your life is made up, I should think,
Of things more amusing than these;
As when, half the night long,
Your mamma sings a song
But allows you to sound the high C's.

Perhaps in the far Baby-land,
The joking is finer than here.
Perhaps we can't quite understand
The pre-mundane funny idea.
Perhaps if we knew
What most amused you,
We'd feel very foolish and queer.

Teachers' Department.

Jubilee Services.

WE have received the programme of the Jubilee Services of the Thornhill Sunday-school. A very interesting and suggestive document. We note with pleasure that, with the exception of a single year, one gentleman was superintendent from 1848 to 1881—a period of thirty-three years. Many of our schools must now be approaching their jubilee. It is highly appropriate that it should be observed with suitable service of praise and thanksgiving. What an incalculable benefit have these schools done our church and country during the past half-century!

Don't.

LET no one suppose for a moment that we think a Sunday-school will run itself, however well its habits have been formed, for it must not be forgotten that there is *degeneration* as well as *growth*, and that the former is certain to occur if constant watchfulness is not observed. A few "don'ts" may well, therefore, be considered in this connection.

Don't defer to the hour before the opening of the school anything that can, by any possibility, be done during the week.

Don't imagine that teachers will always be ready for their duties, but be ready to help them by word as well as by deed.

Don't fail to win the love of all with whom you are associated, not by fawning upon them or glossing their faults, but by the observance of true Christian courtesy and interest.

Don't let slip a single opportunity to win a soul to Christ, and secure prompt, open confession and union with the church.

Don't introduce new plans with too much frequency, nor press any plan until you have secured general assent.

Don't run the school as if it were your own private property, but let every measure be the action of the body, however much hand you may have had in securing the result.

Don't let self get the upper hand in a single thing you are aiming to accomplish, but do all things to the honour and glory of the Master.—*Baptist Superintendent.*

Song as an Element of Sunday-school Work.

A HUNDRED years ago the Sunday-schools were not supplied with music-books as they now are. Indeed, the great flood tide of the admirable music is of very recent date. Twenty-five years ago there were but few books of this kind known. It does not, however, follow, that the children of the earlier generations did not sing. Indeed the throats of the young were constructed on the identical pattern as now, and hearts were just as liable to bubble over with song. Even the rules for singing were not so generally understood; and the hymns sung were of a more dignified, as well as more devotional, character.

But we commenced this paragraph for the purpose of introducing a minute from the diary of the Rev. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism in England. It is dated just a hundred and one years ago—Saturday, April 19, 1788—and relates to a visit of the great preacher to Bolton, England.

"We went on to Bolton, where I preached in the evening to one of the most elegant houses in the kingdom, and to one of the liveliest congregations. And this I must avow, there is not such a set of singers in any of the Methodist congregations in the three kingdoms. There cannot be, for we have near a hundred such trebles, boys and girls selected out of our Sunday-schools and accurately taught, as are not found together in any chapel, cathedral, or music-room within the four seas. Besides, the spirit with which they all sing, and the beauty of many of them, so suits the melody, that I defy anyone to exceed it, except the singing of the angels in our Father's house."

On the next day, Sunday, Mr. Wesley preached to congregations which filled the house at eight o'clock in the morning, and at one in the afternoon. For the hour of three a great meeting of the Sunday-school was arranged. Of this meeting he says:—

"About three I met between nine and ten hundred of the children belonging to our Sunday-schools. I never saw such a sight before. They were all exactly clean, as well as plain in their apparel. All were serious and well behaved. Many—both boys and girls—had as beautiful faces as I believe England or Europe can afford. When they all sang together, none of them out of tune, the melody was beyond that of any theatre; and, what is best of all, many of them truly fear God, and some rejoice in his salvation."

The reader will note the striking similarity between Mr. Wesley's account of this meeting of Sunday-school children and similar meetings held to-day.—*Our Bible Teacher.*

THAT is a good idea about the superintendent being "the mainspring of the school;" it suggests that he does well to keep himself a little more out of sight than is sometimes the case. We have to open a watch-case to find its mainspring, and we

never would discover it by the noise it makes. Be sure that a superintendent who bustles about as if with a badge on his coat labelling him as the "mainspring" will not have the best and truest success. By all means be the mainspring, but do not give anybody reason to think that you so regard yourself. Mainsprings sometimes get out of order and fail of their purpose, hence have to be displaced. The cause is obvious.—*Baptist Teacher.*

Cromwell's Courage as a Boy.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

OLIVER CROMWELL when a boy was just as full of fun and frolic as the boys are nowadays. Once, when he had incurred his mother's displeasure by some of his school-boy pranks, she inflicted a severe chastisement, and sent him to bed many hours before dark.

Some time had elapsed, and the boy was still sobbing with pain and anger, when a servant entering the room on some errand, chanced to say that her mistress had gone to see a sick friend in the village, and expected to shorten her walk by coming home across the pasture-field.

As soon as the girl had gone out and closed the door, the boy sprang out of bed, and, hurrying on his clothes, left the house without attracting notice. He paused long enough at the tool-house door to seize a light spade, and then set off in the direction from which his mother was expected to return. He had passed over the greater part of the mile when he met his mother. She was much surprised at seeing him, and sharply demanded his excuse for disobedience.

"There—there is a savage bull in the next field," he exclaimed, still sobbing with excitement. "He was only put there yesterday, and I was afraid you did not know he was there, and would venture into the field alone. You see I have come prepared to defend you," he said, holding up his spade. "I was afraid that your red shawl would anger him, and I slipped out to warn you of the danger."

"You are a noble boy, Oliver; and I am proud that you are my son," said his mother, stooping to impress a kiss on his forehead.

His loving thoughtfulness and care had touched her deeply, and she allowed the brave lad to escort her across the field where the dangerous beast was grazing.

Great as was his bravery in facing the furious animal, it was not to be compared to his moral courage in at once subduing his resentment toward his mother to go to her assistance.

Love for the Bible.

A LITTLE girl was one summer's day sitting at her mother's cottage door, reading her Bible. A gentleman, who was taking a walk, stopped at the cottage to ask for a drink of water. Her mother gave him a cup of milk, and after he had rested himself awhile he set out again on his walk.

Seeing the child still at her book, he asked what it was. "It is the Bible," said she. "Oh, I suppose you are learning your task for school?" "Task, sir? No!" replied she. "Then what are you reading your Bible for?" he asked. "Because I love it sir."

The gentleman went away; but the little child's words, and her evident sincerity, laid hold of his mind. "That child," he thought, "certainly did love her Bible. I don't." He resolved to read it again, that he might find out what there was in it to love. He borrowed a Bible that evening from his landlady, and continued thenceforward to "search the Scriptures," and found in them Jesus Christ and "eternal life."

After Harvest.

BY MRS. BARR.

THE days of the harvest are passed again;
We have cut the corn and bound the sheaves,
And gathered the apples green and gold,
Mid the brown and crimson orchard leaves.
With a flowery promise the spring-time came,
With the building birds and blossoms sweet;
But oh, the honey, and fruit, and wine!
And oh, the joy of the corn and wheat!
What was the bloom to the apple's gold,
And what the flower to the honeycomb?
What was the song that sped the plow,
To the joyful song of Harvest Home?

So sweet, so fair, are the days of youth,
So full of promise, so gay with song;
To the lilt of joy and the dream of love,
Right merrily go the hours along.
But yet, in the harvest-time of life,
We never wish for its spring again.
We have tried our strength, and proved our heart;
Our hands have gathered their golden grain:
We have eaten with Sorrow her bitter bread,
And Love has fed us with honeycomb.
Sweet youth, we can never weep for thee,
When life has come to its Harvest Home.

When the apples are red on the topmost bough,
We do not think of their blossoming hour;
When the vine hangs low with its purple fruit,
We do not long for its pale green flower.
So, then, when hopes of our spring at last
Are found in fruit of the busy brain,
In the heart's sweet love, in the hand's brave toil,
We shall not wish for our youth again.
Ah, no! We shall say with a glad content,—
"After the years of our hard unrest,
Thank God for our ripened hopes and toil!
Thank God, the harvest of life is best!"

—Independent.

The Best That Is in You.

THE poet Longfellow is quoted as having given once to his pupils the motto, "Live up to the best that is in you." It is a good motto for all young people. They should all seek to be the very best men and women possible; and then to do the very most possible of true and good works while they stay in this world.

Someone has been making a little calculation which may serve as an illustration of the poet's motto. A bar of iron, says this writer, that in its natural state is worth only five dollars, is worth twelve dollars when it is made into horseshoes. When the bar has been put through the necessary processes and then made into needles, its value is increased to three hundred and fifty dollars. The same piece of common iron made into knife-blades is worth three thousand dollars, and made into balance-springs for watches is worth the large sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Whether these figures are scientifically exact or not, it is no doubt true that a common bar of iron is capable of becoming worth a great deal more than in its rough state it would bring in the market. In this is an illustration of every young person's life. There is not very much of character or worth in the happy, healthy boy, or the bright, pretty, girl of a dozen or more years, at school or playing about the home; yet in these young lives there are possibilities of great worth and of large usefulness. As a five-dollar bar of iron may be made into a quarter million dollars' worth of watch-springs, so a boy of very ordinary appearance may grow into a man whose worth a whole nation shall recognize, and whose influence shall touch many thousand lives.

The bar of iron reaches its higher value through many processes. It has to be put into the fire, and has to be beaten, and hammered, and rolled and pressed and polished. The more it is to be worth in the end, the longer and the severer processes

must it pass through in preparation. It requires more heating and pounding to make it into watch-springs than into horseshoes or knife-blades.

There is a hint here of the way in which the best that is in young people's lives can be brought out. It can be done only by the processes of education and self-discipline. And these processes are not easy. The boy who will live up to the best that is in him cannot spend the greater part of his time on the playground, nor can he slip along through school and college with keys and translations. He must dig out his lessons, and must apply himself diligently and with earnestness to his studies, and to all his work. The girl who would live up to the best that is in her must deny herself many attractive and tempting diversions, and must devote herself to study, reading and practice.

A good deal of beating is necessary to bring an iron bar to its best, and usually the same is true in people's lives. Opinions differ about the use of the literal rod in home and in school, but all agree that there must be discipline—that the young people must learn obedience and self-control. Then, there are always disappointments, struggles, trials, sometimes sorrows and sufferings, in every young life. These lessons and experiences correspond to the heating and the hammering of the iron in its preparation for higher uses. The young men and young women who would grow into the very best and noblest possible character must make the most of all their opportunities for learning; and must grow better, purer, stronger and finer in spirit and temper in all the trials of life.

Surely no young person wants to remain a mere rough bar of iron when something so much better can be made of his life. And no one should be content to have his life become mere horseshoes when it is possible for it to become fine watch-springs.—*Forward.*

The Right Ring.

A boy cannot too early in life begin depending upon his own resources. Nothing so strengthens and determines character, and develops self-reliance and manliness.

I have sometimes read stories in which some poor mother goes out washing, or sits up half the night sewing for a few cents a day, in order to keep her only son in college. I once knew of a delicate girl who became almost helpless through over-taxing her feeble strength while working for money that kept a brother older than herself in college; and it always seems to me that these are cases of unwise sacrifice on the part of mothers and sisters, and of selfishness and lack of real manhood on the part of the boys who accept such sacrifices.

I like, and I think most people like best, the spirit of a boy of eighteen whom I happen to know. Realizing the incalculable advantage of a good education, he is determined to have one, and is also determined to pay for it himself; and he is doing it in a way that seems all the more meritorious because it is a way that many young men would say was too hard and too disagreeable.

He canvasses for books, and the work is not very agreeable to him.

"But then," he said to me only the other day, "it is all I can find to do, and it cannot be said that it is not a perfectly honourable occupation."

"O, very! I couldn't tell you, and I wouldn't if I could, of the rebuffs I almost daily meet with. I couldn't endure them for anything else but an education."

"You succeed in the work?"

"Yes; because I am determined that I will succeed. I think only of the future, and not of the present. My mother has a little home, that she

would mortgage for money for my education if I'd let her."

"Why don't you let her? You could pay it all back again when you had left college and established yourself in your business or profession."

"Maybe I could; but what if I couldn't?"

"Well, you might—"

"And I might not," he added, with a little laugh. "No, sir; it would be too risky business."

"Couldn't she help you in some other way?"

"No," he said, firmly. "She might make a slave of herself, but do you think I would let her? No, sir! I think any strong, healthy fellow of sixteen or seventeen ought to be above looking to mother for money that she must earn. He already owes her more than he can ever repay, and the debt ought not to be made larger. It will take me a year or two longer to get through college this way, but I believe I'll value my education all the more, and strive to make it as thorough as possible if I earn it myself."

"I think so too."—*Golden Days.*

False Tenderness.

WE quote from the *Congregationalist* something of prime interest to parents:

The danger of false tenderness in the training of children was finely illustrated at one time in the following manner: A person who was greatly interested in entomology secured at great pains a fine specimen of an emperor moth in the larva state. Day by day he watched the little creature as he wove about him his cocoon, which is very singular in shape, much resembling a flask. Presently the time drew near for it to emerge from its wrappings and spread its large wings of exceeding beauty. On reaching the narrow aperture of the neck of the flask, the pity of the person watching it was so awakened to see the struggle necessary to get through that he cut the cords, thus making the passage easier. But alas! his false tenderness destroyed all the brilliant colours for which this species of moth is noted. The severe pressure was the very thing needed to cause the flow of fluids which create the marvellous hues. Its wings were small, dull in colour, and the whole development was imperfect. How often we see such a result in character when parents, thinking to help a child over some hard place, rob him of strength of purpose and other qualities essential to the highest attainments in mental and spiritual life.

The Atheist's Prayer.

WHEN I was a boy, away in the mountains of Pennsylvania, I knew an old infidel who was eager to argue against the existence of a God. That is what infidelity hates—the existence of a God. A young preacher, against the warnings of his friends as to his abuses and his obscenities, resolved to see that blatant scoffer, and confront him with the truth of God.

The sceptic was soon vociferating against the idea of there being a God. He was sitting in his saw mill, just over the lever that lifts as the saw leaves the log, and while denouncing the doctrine of a Deity, that lever sprung, catching him under the heels, and flung him backward and downward, headlong into the stream!

As he plunged, however, he shrieked out as loud as he could yell: "GOD HAVE MERCY!"

The preacher ran around, waded into the water, and drew the struggling man ashore.

"I thought that you did not believe in a God," said the pastor.

As soon as the infidel stopped strangling, he said, in a subdued voice: "Well, if there is no God there ought to be, to help a man when he can't help himself."—*Vanguard.*

The Birds of Clay.

THERE is a legend, quaint and sweet and old,
How Jesus, when a little child at play,
Ere yet the sorrows of his life were told,
Made little birds of clay.

Then one who passed, with stern, unloving words
Reproved the children—so the legend runs—
Because they idly played with little birds;
And hurt "those little ones."

Then Jesus, with a great light on his face,
Touched once those images, poor earthly things,
And lo! they changed to living forms of grace,
And rose on strong, sure wings.

Up, up they flew, in glorious glad flight,
Up in the sunshine, to the heavens blue,
Up till a cloud had hidden them from sight,
All singing as they flew!

So like those children do we work and strive
To mold our lives, in fair, sweet shapes,
each day,
And yet we fail to make our deeds alive—
They are but birds of clay.

And then he touches them—our efforts small,
Our poor, weak aims, our hopes, our thoughts, our love;
They thrill, they leave the earth, and singing all,
They rise to God above!

—Bessie Chandler.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1042 1024] **LESSON IV.** [Oct. 27
SIN, FORGIVENESS, AND PEACE.

Psalm 32. 1 11. Memory verses, 1, 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Rom. 5. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. The Confession of Sin, v. 1-5.
2. The Joy of Forgiveness, v. 6-11.

TIME.—Sometime during the years of David's prosperity, 1042-1024 B.C.

PLACE.—Doubtless Jerusalem.

RELATION TO THE HISTORY.—This psalm and Psalm 51 both relate to the crime in murdering Uriah and taking his wife, which formed the turning-point in David's career. It is here inserted instead of the eleventh chapter of 2 Samuel, and gives in the king's own words his experience under the sting of conscience and the displeasure of God.

EXPLANATIONS.—*In whose spirit*—That is, in whose heart there is no consciousness of sin. *Bones waxed old*—Men often speak of "bones aching" because of weariness from any exhaustion. *The drought of summer*—A poetic expression for the fever which his agony caused him.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Confession of Sin.*
What experience is suggested by these verses?
Does the second verse mean that there are men who do not sin?
What is David's own testimony on this point? Psa. 14. 2, 3
What, then, can the meaning be?
What misery follows upon sin unforgiven?
What is the power that produces such experience?
Wherein lies the worth of confession?
Why cannot God forgive without a man's confession? God is omniscient and omnipotent.
2. *The Joy of Forgiveness.*
What promise of God makes the assurance of ver. 6 doubly sure? Isa. 55. 6, 7.
From what source alone does David look for deliverance?
What authority is there for believing that this was David's own experience? Rom. 4. 6.

What blessings does David expect will come from forgiven sin? Psa. 51. 10 13.
In what attitude does God stand toward the willing soul that confesses its sin?
What are the joys that the soul feels when it knows itself forgiven?
What sort of character does God desire to form in men?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

The title of our lesson gives its teachings:
SIN.

Who has not sinned? How conscience scourged us! ver. 3. How we suffered tortures from which there was no escape! Falsehood, disobedience, parents dishonoured, promises broken, anger, treachery to our friends, etc. "The wages of sin is death."

FORGIVENESS.

Who has not been forgiven? Even unasked forgiveness has come from father, and mother, and friend. But has God forgiven? Why not? He is willing. "There is forgiveness with thee that thou mayest be feared." Hear Jesus pray: "Father, forgive them."

PEACE.

Have you peace? Said Jesus, "Peace I leave with you." You could have it, but not in sin. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Commit this psalm to memory.
2. Study its companion psalm, the 51st.
3. Read 2 Sam. 11 and 12, to ver. 23.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What blessing does the Thirty-second Psalm describe? "That of forgiven sin."
2. On what condition does the psalm teach that forgiveness depends? "On confession of sin to God."
3. What is the result that comes to the forgiven soul? "The peace of God."
4. When should the soul thus cast its sins on God? "When he may be found."
5. What is the condition imposed on the praying sinner? "Faith in Jesus Christ."
6. What is the result of faith? "Therefore being," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Peace in God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

48. When did God create man?
After the creation of the earth, God made man to be the chief of his creatures upon it.
Thus saith the Lord, . . . I have made the earth, and created man upon it.—Isaiah 45. 11, 12.
The Lord which stretched forth the heavens, and layeth the foundation of the earth, and formeth the spirit of man within him.—Zechariah 12. 1.

B.C. 1024] **LESSON V.** [Nov. 3
DAVID'S REBELLIOUS SON.

2 Sam. 15. 1 12. Memory verses, 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Honour thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. Exod. 20. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. Policy, ver. 1-6.
2. Conspiracy, ver. 7-12.

PLACES.—Jerusalem. Hebron.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Eighteen years have passed. They were very eventful years. Great conquests and great glory marked Israel's national life. The court had become luxurious, sin that was revolting had here and there manifested itself. David's sin had brought forth legitimate fruit in his own family, and sorrow was closing in upon him to cloud his last years. Absalom's crime compelled his flight, and complete estrangement from his father, and though Joab had brought about reconciliation, yet there was unrest in the hearts of each, which brought forth fruit in disaffection among the people, and final open rebellion.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Prepared him chariots and horses*—Probably those that David had captured in war, and of which Absalom could take possession without attracting great notice. *Fifty men to run before him*—As heir-apparent to the throne he began to assume these ostentations of royalty. *The way of the gate*—The way leading to the gate where judgment would be declared in cases at issue. *Stole the hearts*—Gained their affections by the insinuations against his father mentioned in ver. 3 5. *After forty years*—This is plainly an error in

early transcribing. Josephus says after four years from the time of his restoration to royal favour. *Absalom sent spies*—Or, better, messengers to sound the people, and prepare them for his intended revolt. *Went in their simplicity*—That is, not knowing anything at all of the purpose which Absalom cherished. *While he offered sacrifices*—While Absalom offered the sacrifices in connection with the festival which he was celebrating at Hebron.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Policy.*
Who was Absalom?
What trouble had he previously given to his father?
Who had brought about reconciliation?
For what did Absalom intend to use his restoration to the king's favour?
What was the meaning of his acts told in vers. 1-3.
What personal element in him aided in his purpose? Chap. 14. 25.
What was the wrong in his course?
How widely did he thus extend his influence?
In what particulars did he exhibit policy?
Can you account for the seeming ignorance of Joab and of the king?
2. *Conspiracy.*
Why did Absalom need the king's permission to go to Hebron?
Can you explain the difficulty connected with the time mentioned in ver. 7?
How long had Absalom been in Jerusalem after his banishment? Chap. 14. 28.
How long, then, must his conspiracy have been growing?
What spirit among the people can be traced by the ease with which Absalom accomplished his purpose?
Who was Ahithophel?
What is meant by hearing the sound of the trumpet?
How successful was the conspiracy?
What is shown by it concerning the character of the people?
What is shown by it concerning the character of David?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

See how sin over-reaches itself. Absalom was heir to the throne. All he needed was to wait. He hastened and lost all.
See how hateful ambition is when sinful. It made Absalom a hypocrite, a liar, a murderer, an adulterer; and at last slew him.
Treachery is always despicable; but the treachery of a son to a father is hell born.
Sin may run prosperously for awhile, but God holds its tether; and when he will it thrusts a dart through Absalom's heart, and hangs Ahithophel.

Learn { To be true to father, friend, neighbour.
To be loyal to self, to country, to God.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Find out Absalom's position among the king's sons, and how near the throne he stood. 2 Sam. 3 2, 3.
2. Study about his life, his relations to his father, his crime, his beauty, etc. 2 Sam. 13. 23 29, 34, 39, etc.
3. Learn about the customs of dispensing justice in Oriental cities. Enumerate the steps in Absalom's conspiracy.
4. Write the evidence that you can find of dissatisfaction with the administration of David.
5. Study the questions on the lesson, and find proofs for the statements made in the practical teachings.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was Absalom? "David's eldest living son."
2. What purpose had he formed concerning his father? "To dethrone him and become king."
3. What course did he pursue with the people? "He turned them against the king."
4. What step did he take to complete his purpose? "He began civil war."
5. Into what sins did his course lead him? "Hypocrisy, lying, adultery, and murder."
6. What one of God's commands did he notoriously break? "Honour thy father," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Ingratitude to God!

CATECHISM QUESTION.

49. How was man the chief creature on earth?
Because the Creator made him in his own image.
So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.—Genesis 1. 27.

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