

WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As Ye Would
That They
Should
Do unto
You.

Vol. VI.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1888.

[No. 16.]

Nazareth.

BY CANON FARRAR.

THE hills which form the northern limit of the plain of Jezreel run almost due east and west from the Jordan valley to the Mediterranean, and their southern slopes were in the district assigned to the tribe of Zebulun. Almost in the centre of this chain of hills there is a singular cleft in the limestone, forming the entrance to a little valley. As the traveler leaves the plain he will ride up a steep and narrow pathway, brodered with grass and flowers, through scenery which is neither colossal nor overwhelming, but infinitely beautiful and picturesque. Gradually the valley opens into a wide natural amphitheatre of hills, supposed by some to be the crater of an extinct volcano, and there, clinging to the hollows of a hill, which rises to the height of some five hundred feet above it, lie, "like a handful of pearls in a goblet of emerald," the flat roofs and narrow streets of a little Eastern town. There is a small church; the massive buildings of a convent; the tall minaret of a mosque; a clear, abundant fountain; houses built of white stone, and gardens scattered among them, umbrageous with figs and olives, and rich with the white and scarlet blossoms of orange and pomegranate. And that little town is *En Nazirah* (Nazareth), where the Son of God, the Saviour of mankind, spent nearly thirty years of his mortal life. It was, in fact, his home—his native village for all but three or four years of his life on earth; the village which lent its



NAZARETH.

then ignominious name to the scornful title written upon his cross; the village from which he did not disdain to draw his appellation when he spake in vision to the persecuting Saul.

And along the narrow mountain-path which I have described, his feet must have often trod, for it is the only approach by which, in returning northwards from Jerusalem, he could have

reached the home of his infancy, youth, and manhood.

Here the boy Jesus prepared himself, amid a hallowed obscurity, for his mighty work on earth. His outward life was the life of all those of his age, and station, and place of birth. He lived as lived the other children of peasant parents in that quiet town, and in great measure as they live now. He who has seen the children of Nazareth in their red caftans, and bright tunics of silk or cloth, girded with a many-coloured sash, and sometimes covered with a loose outer jacket of white or blue—he who has watched their noisy and merry games, and heard their ringing laughter as they wander about the hills of their little native vale, or play in bands on the hill-side beside their sweet and abundant fountain—may, perhaps, form some conception of how Jesus looked and played when he too was a child. And the traveller who has followed any of those children—as I have done—to their simple homes, and seen the scanty furniture, the plain but sweet and wholesome food, the uneventful, happy patriarchal life, may form a vivid conception of the manner in which Jesus lived. Nothing can be plainer than those houses, with the doves sunning themselves on the white roofs, and the vines wreathing about them. The mats, or carpets, are laid loose along the walls; shoes and sandals are taken off at the threshold; from the centre hangs a lamp, which forms the only ornament of the room; in some recess in

the wall is placed the wooden chest, painted with bright colours, which contains the books or other possessions of the family; on a ledge that runs round the wall, within easy reach, are neatly rolled up the gay-coloured quilts, which serve as beds, and on the same ledge are ranged the earthen vessels for daily use; near the door stand the large, common water-jars of red clay, with a few twigs and green leaves—often of aromatic shrubs—thrust into their orifices to keep the water cool. At meal-time a painted wooden stool is placed in the centre of the apartment, a large tray is put upon it, and in the middle of the tray stands the dish of rice and meat, or *libbdan*, or stewed fruits, from which all help themselves in common. Both before and after the meal the servant, or the youngest member of the family, pours water over the hands from a brazen ewer into a brazen bowl. So quiet, so simple, so humble, so uneventful was the outward life of the family at Nazareth.—*Farrar's "Life of Christ."*

"'Twas the Kind Word You Spoke that Saved Me."

"ROSA! look at that horrid, drunken man sitting on the curbstone. Do come across the street, for I wouldn't pass him for anything." And Mary ran away as fast as her feet could carry her.

Now Rosa was afraid, too, but the song she had been learning that day was still fresh in her memory. "Speak a kind word when you can," she had been singing; and the man before her, with his head bent on his hands, looked forlorn and wretched—so sadly in need of a kind word—that she went a little nearer, and said, timidly, "Poor man! I am sorry for you. Can I do anything to help you?"

He raised his head, looked at her in surprise, and his haggard face and despairing eyes almost caused her to cry for pity.

"Little girl, your kind words have helped me already. I never expected to hear any again, for I am without a friend on earth."

"But God will be your friend if you will ask him," said Rosa softly, going nearer still, while Mary beckoned anxiously for her to come away. "Did you ever ask him?" continued Rosa.

"No; I have been sinning against him all my life," groaned the man.

"Poor man! Let God be your friend. He can do everything for you. I am your friend; but I can't do anything but speak a kind word."

"Darling little girl, that kind word has saved me. Good-bye!" and he held out his shaking hand. Rosa was not afraid now, and she placed her plump little hand in his, and as he bent down and kissed it, two hot tears fell upon it. Then he went away, and Rosa rejoined her companion.

"Oh, you queer creature! How

could you let that awful-looking man take hold of your hand? I thought he was going to eat you up when he bent down his head," was Mary's greeting.

"I was afraid at first, Mary; but I am so glad I spoke to him. Only think! he says my kind words have saved him."

"Well, he never would be saved if it depended on my kind words, for I always run away from such folks," replied Mary.

Years after, a stranger—a noble, silver-haired old man—was addressing a Sunday-school, and telling the scholars always to be kind to the friendless and distressed ones, especially the drunkard. "For when I was friendless, and sinful, and wretched," said he, "God sent a dear child to speak a kind word that saved me."

When the school closed, a young lady held out her hand to him, and, with tears in her eyes, asked: "Sir, do you not know me?" He looked at her long and earnestly, and then taking both her hands in his, he said, solemnly and slowly: "Yes, dear madam, 'twas the kind words you spoke that saved me!" And Rosa wept for gladness.

Dear friends, "Speak a kind word" when you can.—*Selected.*

The Effect of Stimulants.

DR. B. W. RICHARDSON, of London, the noted physician, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praises of the "ruddy bumper," and saying he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him, "Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?" He did so.

"I said: 'Count it carefully. What does it say?' 'Your pulse says seventy-four.' I then sat down in a chair and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said, 'Your pulse has gone down to seventy.' I then lay down on the lounge, and said, 'Will you take it again?' He replied: 'Why, it is only sixty-four. What an extraordinary thing!'

"I then said: 'When you lie down at night, that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and, if you reckon it up, it is a great deal of rest, because, in lying down, the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by sixty, and it is six hundred. Multiply it by eight hours, and within a fraction it is five thousand strokes different; and, as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of thirty thousand ounces of lifting during the night. When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest; for the influence of alcohol

is to increase the number of strokes; and, instead of getting this rest, you put on something like fifteen thousand extra strokes, and the result is that you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the "ruddy bumper," which you say is the soul of man below."

There is no Death.

THERE is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear,
The leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may fail and pass away;
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walk's o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transported into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

And where he sees a smile too bright
Or heart too pure for taint or vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in paradise;

Born unto that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there are no dead.

Rain from Heaven.

ONCE a little girl came to her clergyman with three dollars and fifty cents for missions.

"How did you collect so much? Is it all your own?" asked the clergyman.

"Yes, sir. I earned it."

"But how Mary? You are so poor."

"Please, sir," answered the child, "when I thought how Jesus had died for me, I wanted to do something for him, and I heard how money was wanted to send the good news out to the heathen; and as I had no money of my own, I earned this by collecting rain-water, and selling it to washerwomen at a penny a bucketful. That is how I got the money, sir."

"My dear child," said the clergyman, "I am very thankful that your love to your Saviour has led you to work so long and patiently for him. Now I shall put down your name as a missionary subscriber."

"Oh, no, sir! Please not my name."

"Why not, Mary?"

"Please, sir, I would rather no one knew but HIM. I should like it to be put down as 'Rain from heaven.'"

Prince Harry's Thread and Needle.

MANY customs handed down from olden times, are still observed at the ancient seats of learning in England—Oxford and Cambridge.

At Queen's College, Oxford, a bear's head is served up on Christmas-day, as was done three hundred years ago, and on New Year's-day, every guest at the dinner-table in college-hall is presented with a needle and thread, the latter being in three colours—red, black, and blue—emblems of medicine, divinity, and law.

Clever men have long tried themselves to find out the origin of this very ancient custom. One solution given is, that the name of the founder of Queen's College was supposed to be taken from the French words which mean "needle" and "thread;" but another historian tells how King Henry V., when he was Prince of Wales, presented himself before his father in a blue satin coat, which was full of eyelet-holes, and in every eyelet the needle and silk used to work it was left hanging; and it is supposed that Prince Henry was a student of Queen's, whence arose this curious observance every New Year's-day. King Henry IV., his father, was very much afraid his son would take the crown from him, and was therefore glad to see him habited as a scholar.

The Porter's Mistake.

ALEXANDER, the late Emperor of Russia, was remarkable for his affable disposition. His attachment to his tutor, La Harpe, was rather that of a son than of a pupil. One day he went to visit La Harpe, as was his custom, alone; the porter was a new servant, and did not know him; he asked his name, and was answered, "Alexander." The porter then led him into the servants' hall, told him his master was at his studies, and could not be disturbed for an hour. The servants' homely meal was prepared, and the prince was invited to partake of it, which he did, without affectation.

When the hour was expired, the porter informed La Harpe that a young man of the name of Alexander had been waiting some time, and wanted to see him. "Show him in." But what was La Harpe's surprise to see his pupil! He wished to apologise; but Alexander, placing his finger on his lips, said, "My dear tutor, do not mention it; an hour to you is worth a day to me; and, besides, I have had a hearty breakfast with your servants, which I should have lost had I been admitted to you when I first came."

The poor porter's feelings may be better imagined than described; but Alexander, laughing, said, "I like you the better for it. You are an honest servant, and there are a hundred roubles to convince you that I think so."

"Take My Yoke Upon You,"

UNDER the shade of a walnut tree
I leaned on the fence one summer day,
Watching the butterfly and the bee,
Breathing the fragrance of new-made hay.
The hayricks stood the meadow over,
Dark with the purple of faded clover,
And the farmer trudged around his field,
And laughed to think of the luscious yield.

Within the bars was an empty wain—
Its skeleton rack outspreading high,
But toughly wrought for the heavy strain
Of the load heaped on it by-and-by.
Heavy enough, thought I, and the pull,
What will it be when they fill it full,—
When the clumsy thing creeps up the road
Under the weight of its mighty load?

Anon they brought to the waggon's side
An ox that was grand for size and strength,
Stalwart and sleek, and with shining hide,
A sight to see in his height and length.
They put on his neck the heavy yoke
With hand as light as a baby's stroke;
Moveless he stood with a placid face,
As if they had put on him bands of lace.

Then to yoke in with this giant mild,
They brought a young bullock, slight and
slim;

His limbs were trembling, his eyes were
wild,
And they tried to get the yoke on him.
With snort of terror, and plunge and strain,
He tugged and pulled with his might and
main;

Over and over and away he broke
Ere they could fasten on him the yoke.

But under the yoke went he at length;
The wain was piled with the fragrant
store;

They heaped and pressed it with all their
strength,
Till the creaking ribs would hold no more.
Then out of the field, along the road,
Away they went with the swaying load,
All by the strength of the great ox strong;
The load and the other he pulled along.

And there was something that said to me:
"This one unused to the yoke art thou;"
Oh, but the other! how strong is he,
Who to thy burden was fain to bow,
Bonding his neck to the dreadful strain,
Yoked by his Father to human pain,
Then to thee saying, "Yoke in with me,
And I will carry thy load and thee."

—The S. S. Times.

Deacon White's Prayer-Meeting.

DEACON WHITE was to lead the weekly prayer-meeting, and, contrary to custom, he preferred not to announce the topic the evening in advance. Curiosity, perhaps, as well as interest, drew a larger number than usual to the place of prayer.

The singing was inspiring, the Scripture read was eminently practical, and the subject proposed for consideration one which appealed to every man, woman, and child present.

"As professing Christians, what is our duty in regard to the sale of intoxicating liquors in our midst?"

"It is time this question was seriously asked and as seriously answered," said the good deacon. "On my way here I passed two saloons where beer and cider are sold openly, and where, I have no doubt, stronger liquors are sold more secretly. And, my friends, we are responsible for this. There are fifty men and women here this evening, and fifty working with might and main against any local

evil, cannot fail of a good degree of success. There are not all here who should be. Some are in the saloons; some, too, for whom mothers are praying. God pity those mothers, and forgive us, who are in a large measure responsible for their sorrow!

"We have allowed the sale of intoxicating liquors in our midst. Yes, friends, we have *allowed* this sale, and we are very guilty."

Much more than this said the leader—each utterance a personal accusation, of which he accepted his full share. He then offered an earnest prayer that all might be made to see their duty, and have strength to perform it.

After singing a hymn there was an ominous silence, in which the ticking of the clock could be distinctly heard. At length this silence was broken by the pastor, who acknowledged his remissness, and pledged himself to greater fidelity.

The next voice heard was that of a poor woman who sat in an obscure corner of the room, as though wishing to escape observation. "There will be hope for my boy if the saloons are closed. It has seemed to me sometimes that God had forgotten us, and I came in here this evening to see if I could get any help or comfort. I am thankful I came. I shall have faith now to keep on praying, and may God bless Deacon White for what he has said to us!"

Others expressed themselves glad that so important a matter had been so forcibly presented, and declared their readiness to aid in any way possible the work of reform.

Then arose Mr. Swanton, a tall, dignified gentleman, whose utterances were always measured, and whose opinions were always positive. He was sorry to disagree with what seemed to be the prevailing sentiment of the evening, but he could not believe himself in any way responsible for the sale of intoxicating liquor, neither was he prepared to go all lengths for its suppression. There should be caution and discretion, lest a mistaken zeal should bring upon them some greater evil.

At this point in his remarks, a young man came hurriedly into the chapel, and, after speaking to him for a moment, went as hurriedly out. Stopping for no apology, Mr. Swanton seized his hat, and, while a strange pallor overspread his face, left the room.

This, however, proved but a momentary interruption to the meeting, which was prolonged beyond the usual time. Resolutions were passed, and pledges given, so that Deacon White felt sure of support in any course of action he might undertake.

Enthusiasm had been aroused, and attention called to an evil the magnitude of which, although but half comprehended, seemed well-nigh overwhelming to those who almost for the first time gave it a serious thought.

While singing the closing hymn, Mr. Swanton entered the room as abruptly as he had left it, and, going forward to the platform, stood with bowed head until the singing ceased. Then, in a husky voice, he said:

"Friends, I have come to ask for your forgiveness and your prayers. I had forgotten that I was bound to love my neighbour as myself. A revelation has been made to me this evening. A sorrow has come to me such as I would not have believed could ever fall to my lot, and my eyes have been opened. I say now that the saloons in our midst must be closed. They *must* be closed; and you can count on me for all my influence is worth, and for generous pecuniary aid."

Before those who listened had recovered from their surprise, Mr. Swanton was gone. He had not dreamed of danger to his only son; but others knew that Harold Swanton was an occasional visitor in the saloons, and that during the last few months his visits had become more frequent. The pride of his father and the idol of his mother, there was, notwithstanding his brilliant talents, something of recklessness in his character, which made any excitement peculiarly fascinating.

How it happened was never really known outside of the saloon; but in a trial of strength, either in angry or good-natured contest, the young man was so severely injured, that for a time he was thought to be dead. Happily, however, he soon rallied; and when the physician pronounced him in no immediate danger, Mr. Swanton returned to the chapel to acknowledge his newly-awakened convictions.

As the door closed behind him for the second time, a low murmur ran round the room, the change in his feelings was fully appreciated.

He had said the saloons *must* be closed. It was voted unanimously by the fifty who had met for prayer, that they "*shall* be closed."

Absent members of the church were induced to join in the crusade. This one church moved two other churches to a prayerful consideration of duty, and it was not long before their purpose was accomplished. There was not even the necessity of a recourse to law. The combined influence of the members of these churches created a public sentiment which could not be resisted.

Deacon White's prayer-meeting marked an epoch in the history of the town. Since then there has been greater activity in all departments of legitimate business. There has been a higher standard of morality, more consistent Christian living, and more entire consecration to the service of the Lord.

Oh! for a Deacon White in every church to convince its members of the terrible fact that they are verily guilty in this matter of liquor selling!—*National Temperance Advocate.*

A Clean Heart.

LITTLE BALLARD was a boy, only seven years old. He felt the need of overcoming the sinful temper which he found in him, and his pastor had told him to ask for a clean heart. On Sabbath he prayed for a clean heart. On Monday he came down from his room with his face wreathed in smiles. "O mother, I am so happy, I do not know what to do!" He wanted to run, and jump, and shout. He asked his mother not to give him any more lessons to learn unless they had Jesus in them. "His name is so sweet!"

"Our minister said our hearts might be made *'whiter than snow.'* Ain't mine white now? Will I have to pray any more for a clean heart? Or will I have to pray to have it kept clean?"

He told his sister that, the morning he was blest, he prayed and prayed for a white heart, but it seemed as if he never could have one; but then, all at once it seemed as if his heart was made white, and he was so happy, he didn't know what to do.

Little Ballard was a scholar in the infant class in the Sabbath-school, and was such a good boy that his teacher never had to reprove him. He showed by his spirit and conduct that he had a clean heart.

What a beautiful sight! A child so young showing forth the power of grace so fully, that all who had knowledge of him could see that he followed Jesus, and bore his image.

Dear children! You need to have your sins forgiven, and Jesus will forgive them if you truly repent and ask him to forgive. Then he will give you all the same blessing that little Ballard received, if you will come to him, and ask him for it as Ballard did; and you too will be so happy if, like him, you feel that your hearts are made clean.—*M. D. J.*

Engaging Manners.

THERE are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways which every person may put on without running the risk of being deemed affected or foppish—the sweet smile; the quiet, cordial bow; the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or, more especially, a stranger, whom one may recommend to our regards; the inquiring glance; the graceful attention, which is so captivating when united with self-possession—that will insure us the good regards of even a churl.

Above all, there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which—in either man or woman—adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty. The voice can be modulated so to intonate that it will speak directly to the heart, and from that elicit an answer—and politeness may be made essential to our nature. Neither is the time thrown away in attending to such things, insignificant as they may seem to those who engage in weightier matters.

The Prohibition Demand.

LISTEN to me, ye rulers, an answer I demand—
Here's a dram-shop, there's a dram-shop—
why, there's hell on every hand;
You plant them at the workshop, you plant
them at the door,
You regulate the traffic till the stream of
blood runs o'er,
And like a woful river gathering ruin as it
goes—
Cursing men and women, children—to anni-
hilation flows.
You regulate the traffic?—why, the thing's
a monstrous lie!
Will ye not reform it wholly till an angel
from the sky,
With a sound of flame and vengeance, scorch
your soul and burn your eyes?
Abolish, crush the cursed thing. Arise!
arise! arise!

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Home and School

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1888.

Our Father Invites Us to Come.

WHY should people be shy of God? He is doing everything to woo and win them, and to secure their confidence. So much has he done, that he asks—and I cannot answer—what he could have done more. He waits on his throne of grace to be gracious to them, but they come not near to him. He even calls to them to come to him, using, too, the language of most affectionate address: "Son, my son;" but they respond not, "Abba, Father."

It is strange they should treat this Father so. They treat no other father so. What child does not, in the morning, salute his father? And what father does not expect the salutation of each child, as he comes into his presence? Oh, yes, we love our father who is on earth, and we remember with gratitude the favours he does us. And does the Father of our spirits—the giver of every good gift—deserve no daily notice from us—no affectionate salutation, no grateful recognition of indebtedness to him? I am certain he expects it, for he says, "A son honour-eth his father; if then I be a father, where is mine honour?"

He claims to be a father; and oh! how well he has established that claim! Truly he is a father, and "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth" his. And to the compassion of the father, he adds the tender care and untiring mindfulness of the mother. "Can a woman," he asks, "forget her sucking child?" She may, he says, but he will not forget his people. How strange it is that men will not go to the closet to meet and to pray to such a Father!—Nevins.

A Resolve to be Converted.

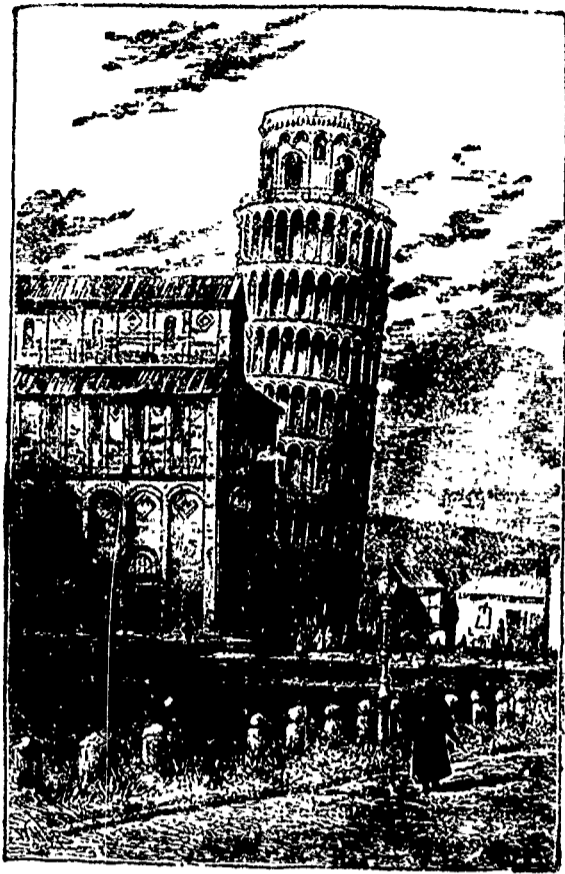
THE Rev. Mr. McLaughlan observed: "I was preaching in Maybole, Scotland, on one occasion, and there came to the meeting, among others, a lady deeply anxious about her soul. As she herself afterwards said, 'I came to the meeting that night, having made up my mind that I would be converted.'

"When she went home she prayed that God would open her eyes, and, taking down the old family Bible, in the presence of her father and mother, she opened it with a prayer that the Holy Spirit would guide her hand and her heart. The first passage on which her eyes fell was John 3:16, 'God so loved the world,' etc. The next was, 'The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life.' She accepted God's gift then and there. And then, from her full heart, she cried, 'Thanks be unto God, for his unspeakable gift.' She felt, indeed, as if that was the most appropriate thanks she could give—thanks for his unspeakably heavenly gift. That lady is now one of the foremost Christian workers in Maybole, and she always says, 'I just took Christ at his word. When he offered me himself, the heavenly gift, I at once accepted him.'

If Only Cared For!

RAGGED and rough and unsightly with weeds, prickly with thistles, burdened with burdock and plantain and the dead undergrowth of previous years—what a poor crop of grass such a field promises to yield! If it could only be cared for, the weeds cleared up and cleared out, the soil enriched and nourished, what results might be gathered from that patch! Long neglected and much abused, still what choice possibilities are in that field! In this world, where hunger is certain and bread dear, the sight of this neglect is not agreeable.

"If only cared for!" How many souls there are which now are like the neglected field! There is the uncouth, hardened gamin in the street. There is the girl in some house neglectful of God. If these souls were only cared for! If those natures were weeded, and the seeds of prayer and right living planted, what harvestings of virtues, dear to God and consecrated to humanity, would follow! "If only cared for!" Let us shorten that lament to the good record, "Cared for."



THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa.

PISA is a quiet town in Italy, about six miles from the sea. The chief boast of the people of Pisa, who number about twenty-five thousand, is the Piazza del Duomo; and to this place every visitor directs his steps. The Cathedral, the Leaning Tower, the Baptistery, and the Campo Santo are situated at this place.

The Campanile, or Leaning Tower, is a most remarkable structure. It was begun in 1174, by Bonannus of Pisa, and William of Innsbruck; and finished by Tomaso Pisano, in 1350. It rises in eight stories, each of which is surrounded by half columns. It has six colonnades. Its height is one hundred and seventy-nine feet (nearly as high as the monument in London), and it overhangs thirteen feet. Whether being so much out of the perpendicular was intended or simply accidental is not known.

The view from the top, which is reached by two hundred and ninety-four steps, is beautiful, and includes the town, the sea, and the mountains to the north-east.

Why Mr. S. C. Hall Became a Teetotaler.

WHILST upon an excursion in the county Wicklow, Mr. Hall visited the far-famed Glendalough, or Seven Churches. On his entrance to the glen he was met by an Irish lad of sixteen or seventeen years of age, who offered to act as his guide. The offer was accepted, and he proved to be an exceedingly intelligent companion.

While rambling about, Mr. Hall produced a flask of whiskey, and offered his companion a "dram;" but the boy refused it, and said he was a

teetotaler. Mr. Hall appeared incredulous, and, in order to test his sincerity, he offered him money to violate his pledge. Five shillings were offered to him, but without effect. The bribe was increased by degrees to a sovereign—the boy's frame, the while, trembling, and his eyes flashing with indignation. At length he stood forward in an attitude of manly firmness, and, with much dignity, exclaimed:

"Sir, you know not what mischief you are tempting me to do. Young as I am, I have been a drunkard. Many are the half-crowns I have earned as a guide in this place, and then spent it on whiskey. The gentlemen used to give me a dram out of their bottles, just as you have offered one to me now, and I was then but too willing to accept it. After getting the taste of it, I would go to a public-house and spend on drink all I had earned during the day. But, sir, that was not the worst of it. I am the only support of my mother, and while I was drinking she was left to starve. Think of her misery and my selfishness! But the times are changed with us. I have been for sometime a teetotaler. I took the pledge from Father Mathew, and, with the help of God, I'll keep it while I live. Although I am not ill-dressed now, I have much better clothes for Sundays and holidays, none of which I was in possession of while I was in the habit of going to the public-house. And, beside this, mother has every comfort that she can desire. All this happiness you are endeavouring to destroy. You tempt me to break my pledge—to become false to my vow made before God and man. Oh, sir, you do not know what you are doing! I would not break my pledge for all you are worth in the world."—*Brit. Workman.*



LITTLE FOLKS AMONG THE ZULUS.

Chautauqua Hymn.

(Written for the Opening of the Canadian Chautauqua, Niagara-on-the-Lake.)

BY JANET CARNOCHAN.

O FATHER, patient, loving, kind,
As thou art merciful and wise,
Comfort and aid we come to find,
Above, beyond ourselves to rise.

In this our meeting, Lord, we pray
For grace and help from thee alone,
That we, in all we do and say,
And think, may be in truth thine own.

Our intellects we bring to thee,
To quicken, strengthen and refine;
White Nature's solemn mystery,
Slowly, from height to height, we climb.

Our hearts to cleanse, our wills subdue,
Our lives direct, Master divine;
Ourselves to thee we bring anew,
Our bodies, Saviour, all are thine.

While these, thy glorious works we trace,
This broad blue lake, this sunset sky,
Through leafy arches see thy face,
And "Father, Father," humbly cry.

Or gaze at midnight's solemn hour
On planet pale or brilliant star,
In each, and all, we see thy power
Alike to us or worlds afar.

And now, dear Lord, we may not go
Unless with us thou wilt abide;
In joy or grief, in weal or woe,
In life, in death, be thou our guide.

Little Folks Among the Zulus.

AFRICA has a warm climate—so warm, that the little babies do not need any clothes. But it is too cold sometimes for the little tender babe to be without a blanket. There is occasionally a white frost down in the deep valleys in the winter, but it never comes up the hills to the houses on the coast. Away back—sixty miles from the coast—there is a little ice; and beyond that, on the mountains, there is some snow. My children had never seen snow when they came to America. One morning, as they came down from their sleeping-rooms, they saw, for the first time, the ground all white. They were very much excited, and rushed out to pick up the snow to see what it was like. But they throw it down quickly, for, they said, it

burned their fingers. They did not know that snow would burn.

The Zulu mother buys a cotton blanket that costs her a good deal of money—seventy-five cents—to wrap up the babe on these cool mornings. She has no bed or crib to put the little one in, so she lays it on a mat on the ground, and there it sleeps sweetly. The mother has not much work to do in her hut. She has no clothes to make, or wash, or mend. She does not even wash her blanket often, for, she says, it will wear it out to wash it—and I think it would wear holes in it if she should wash it clean. She has only one dish of food to cook at a meal; she sets that out in the middle of the floor, and the men gather around it, sitting on the ground, and eat with wooden spoons until they are satisfied. Then the women and children come and eat what they want, and if there is any left the dogs lap it out of the dish. So the woman has only one dish and a few spoons to wash, and only one room in her hut to sweep out, and no furniture to dust.

But she does not expect to live in idleness, since her husband has paid ten head of cattle for her. She takes great pride in having a nice garden—as much so as your mothers in having a nice house. When the mother goes out into the garden to work, she ties the babe on her back with the blanket I have spoken of, and marches out with a great hoe on her shoulder, a dish of sour milk on her head to feed the babe with, and her hands full of ears of corn. Arriving, she scatters the corn broadcast, and commences her digging, swinging back and forth, with her little one on her back, thus rocking her babe to sleep. She then lays it on the soft grass, in the shade of a tree, and, although there are so many snakes all about there, we have never heard of their biting the little ones. There is one very large snake there—large enough to swallow a babe. I have caught them as large as a stove-pipe, and sixteen feet long. But they do not swallow the children.

When the little one wakes up it cries just as white children do, and the mother throws down her hoe, and runs to it just as fast as any of your mothers run for you when they hear you crying. She loves her child just as much as white mothers do theirs. It is hungry, and the mother feeds it with that sour milk she has brought on her head. They never drink sweet milk—neither the children nor the grown people; and it is more convenient to have it sour, for their dishes are always sour. The mother has a nice way of feeding her little one without cup or spoon. She puts her hand just under the babe's mouth and makes a tunnel, and, pouring in the milk, it runs right down the child's throat.

When the little fellow is big enough to run all about the hut, and he sees his father has some food ready to eat—it may be thick milk, with boiled corn-meal—he comes, and holds out his two hands put together, and says, "Gi pe baba ukudhla kwako okum wandi" ("Give me, papa, some food of yours, which is nice.") The father fills his hands heaping full, and he laps it all out, without spilling a drop on the ground.

The children are contented with plain food, and have but one kind of food at a meal. They never complain of a hard bed, though they sleep on a mat on the ground, often without even a little blanket to cover them. If you should go into their hut you would find "the little darkeys in bed, with nothing over them."

They are just as happy as the goats they sleep with at night, or as the monkeys that come down from the tops of the trees to steal the corn as soon as it is ripe. They are as cheerful as the baboons that come out from among the rocks to scratch up the corn the mother plants, if she does not remain in the garden all day and keep them out.

They are very fond of play. One of their amusements consists in making oxen, and cows, and other animals, of clay. They skip and jump about as happy and joyful as the animals about them. But there is a kind of happiness which you have and which they have not, and they do not know how to get it until missionaries come and tell them.—*William Mellen.*

THE law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.

SOMETIMES a noble failure serves the world as faithfully as a distinguished success.

The Beggar.

"A NEGGAR! a beggar!" shouted half-a-dozen boys, as the bent form of an old man tottered toward them. He was a sad sight. His clothes were in tatters, his hat had lost its crown, and his poor feet were bare. "Please give me a few pennies to buy my dinner with," said he, holding out his trembling hand.

Dick Jones, who sat on the fence puffing a cigar, answered: "It's a shame to see a man begging. I never give to such. It's money thrown away. What brought you down so low, old man?"

Ah! Dick had asked the right question—a question that carried the beggar back to boyhood; and, gathering courage and strength from the remembrance of his young life, he told a simple but true story.

"What brought me here? Yes, what did? I'll tell you. Just what will bring you, young man, where I am—idleness, and the stump of a cigar picked up after some great man. These made a beggar of an innocent boy. You don't believe me. None of the boys do. My parents were rich. They loved me, and said their boy should never work as his father had. They let me run in the streets; they waited on me; they gave me a horse, and a dog, and money. I saw ministers and congressmen smoking and chewing. I thought if these great men did it, surely boys might; and once, when I was sick, the doctor said, 'Tobacco won't hurt him.' I learned to love tobacco. That called for something stronger. I took wine and beer because smart men did. I got little jobs here and there—about theatres, saloons, and taverns. Then I learned to drink whiskey—and you know the rest. I'm old, and poor, and despised now. What brought me here, did you ask? Idleness, tobacco, whiskey. Throw away that cigar, boy—throw it away. I've been over the road, and I know."

Dick didn't believe the old man, and so he loafed, and puffed, and drank, and went over the same road at last. Poor Dick!

Don't Jest with the Bible.

A GENTLEMAN of keen wit used often to point his remarks with some apt quotation from the Bible. A friend, who greatly admired him, was present in his last hours, and asked—with deep sympathy—what was the future outlook.

"Very gloomy, indeed," was his response. Surprised and deeply pained, his friend hastened to quote some precious promises suited to the solemn hour.

"I have spoiled them all for myself," was his answer. There is not one but is associated with some jest."

His light went out in darkness, though his name was on the church-roll. What a lesson is here for all who are willing to be taught by it! Lay it to heart.

The Pioneers.

BY W. D. LIGHTHALL.

All you who, in your acres broad,
Know nature in its charms,
With pictured dale and fruitful sod
And herds on verdant pastures,
Remember those who fought the trees
And early hardships braved,
And so for us of all degrees
All from the forest saved.

And you who stroll in leisure ease
Along your city squares,
Thank those who there have fought the trees,
And dared the wolves and bears.
They met the great woods in the face,
Those gloomy shades and stern;
Withstood and conquered, and your race
Supplants the pine and fern.

Where'er we look, their work is there;
Now land and man are free;
On every side the view grows fair
And Eden yet shall be.
The credit's theirs who all day fought
The stubborn giant hosts,
We have but built on what they wrought;
Theirs were the honour-posts.

Though plain their lives and rude their dress,
No common men were they:
Some came for scorn of slavishness
That ruled lands far away;
And some came here for conscience' sake,
For Empire and the King;
And some for Love a home to make,
Their dear ones here to bring.

First staunch men left, for Britain's name,
The South's prosperity;
And Highland clans from Scotland came—
Their sires had aye been free;
And England oft her legions gave
To found a race of pluck;
And ever came the poor and brave
And took the axe and struck.

Each hewed, and saw a dream-like home!—
Hewed on—a settlement!
Struck hard: through mists the spire and
dome
The distance rim indent!
So honoured be they midst your ease
And give them well their due:
Honour to those who fought the trees,
And made a land for you!

A BOY'S FRIENDSHIP.

A Story of Boy Life in England.

CHAPTER VI.

OLD BEN PRAISES THE LORD.



YEAR passed away. People said that the Squire had greatly aged; his eyes had a worn, far-away look; and the iron-grey of his locks was turning to white.

He used to walk about the fields, his gun under his arm, but never watching for a bird or firing a shot; more frequently spending an hour sitting on a bank within sight of the Church Meadows. Here he would talk to himself, or to his dog Griff, and to no one else.

The folks in the village grew alarmed at his manner, he was so strange at times. Nobody dared to speak to him about his missing son—not even his disconsolate wife; and yet, again and again, he had been heard calling, "George, George; come back, lad!" along the lonely lane at nightfall.

One day, Dr. Anderson—driving from seeing a patient at Tattering Fitz—met him, and was struck by his woe-begone appearance.

"Good morning, Mr. Christie."

"Eh! there's no good morning for me."

"Nay, my dear sir, don't say that. Cheer up! It doesn't do to give way, you know."

"Give way! Give way! Doctor, I shall never look up again."

Dr. Anderson smiled good-humouredly, and put his hand upon the Squire's shoulder.

"Come, come! I shall have to prescribe for you, if you take such a mournful view of things. Bless my heart, man, things are not half so bad as you imagine."

The poor old man looked up into the doctor's face with an earnest, yearning gaze, which made even him feel unnerved; and then, in a deep whisper, said:

"Doctor, listen, and I'll tell you a secret. My heart's just broken over that lost lad of mine; and wherever I go—in the woods, about the farm, or in his bedroom—I hear voices saying, 'You'll never see him again, never again.'"

And having said this, evidently with much difficulty, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed aloud. The doctor got down, fastened the reins to the fence, and put his arms round the poor fellow, and let him "have his cry out," with his head leaning on his breast, like that of a child.

Dr. Anderson was like Luke, a physician beloved of the Lord, and when the Squire felt able to listen and talk a little, he tried to pour into that wounded spirit the balm which, in the mercy of God, is for every suffering heart. He told him, too, that his boy was in sight of Christ, who loved him better even than his father and mother, and they must pray that, if it were his gracious will, the dear lad might come back again. And under the elms there they stood, and uncovered their heads, while the prayer ascended from the doctor, echoed in the heart of the old Squire, that George might be restored.

Although hitherto inaccessible to the father, our young friend, Frank, had found a ready way to George's mother, and was never weary of urging her to have faith to believe that the boy would meet her again. She blessed him a thousand times for his comforting and encouraging words, and promised to hope on—hope ever.

One bright autumn Sunday morning, Frank was preparing for what was to him an exceptional treat—that was to walk with old Ben to one of his preaching appointments in a distant village. The old blacksmith had just finished his breakfast as Frank entered. Having no good wife to look after him, Ben had several little household affairs to settle before he was ready. The cup and saucer and plate

had to be washed and put in the cupboard ready for the morrow, and the place left straight and tidy, as becomes the cottage of an old and respectable bachelor like Ben. Then the top-hat was fetched from out of the bandbox under the bed—a head covering of somewhat old-fashioned pattern, and which sat most uncomfortably on the furrowed brows of the old man. But, like the well-brushed black frock-coat, it was indispensable to the worthy brother, almost as much so as the thick volume of Wesley's Hymns which he thrust into one of the pockets.

"Now, Master Frank, I'm ready, my boy, and have been praying earnestly that the Lord may give us a good time."

They sallied forth—the youth and the aged man—talking, as they crossed the fields and trudged along the high-road, about many things.

Nothing pleased Ben better than to talk of his earlier days, and how the Lord called him from darkness to his marvellous light, when he was a foolish, wayward young man, thinking little about his soul. And Frank listened with full appreciation, not the less that Ben had told him some of these stories several times before. And so talking, they reached the village.

The chapel was a little, square building, up a by-lane, and the worshippers had already begun to assemble.

An old lady, in a plaid shawl, nodded pleasantly as Ben walked up the aisle to the pulpit; and the young men and maidens, who formed the choir, looked to their music and found their places. The instruments present consisted of an accordion, with most of the pearl off the notes, a bass-viol, and two rather high-pitched violins. While Ben was finding the lesson in the big Bible on his knee, these sweet singers and sincere players of the sanctuary opened the service by giving "I will arise," on their own account.

Frank had found a comfortable place in a corner seat, and joined heartily in the hymn, which was presently sung. Quite as fervently his young heart went out with the prayer which Ben uttered—a not very correct one in point of grammar, and with many references to local and personal matters not generally heard in such petitions, but full of grace, simplicity, and truth. The Lord was a very real Lord to Ben. He had met him once like as he met Saul on the way to Damascus, and the light which shone around had never faded from Ben's heart.

His text was from the Psalms, read slowly, and with solemn emphasis:—

"When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream."

"Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing; then said they among the heathen, The Lord hath done great things for them."

"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

"Praise the Lord!" said a little man at the back, laying down his spectacles, as soon as ever the words had been read.

"Yes," said Ben, "we will praise the Lord, brother. Don't you thank the Jews there in Babylon praised him! Why, when they saw the proclamation of Cyrus stuck about the walls they were glad indeed. I fancy I can see them running through the streets, and, taking each other by the hand, say, 'Have you heard the news?' 'No; what is it?' 'Why, we're going back again!' 'Nonsense, man; you're dreaming!' 'No, I'm not; and I feel so happy, I've been laughing all the way along!' 'But are you really sure?' 'Well, come and see it for yourself!' And then he drags his friend to the spot where the decree is posted up, and they read it together; and then kiss each other, and shout for joy. Then a crowd of the people gather round to look at the strange ways of the Jewish captives, and, seeing their gladness, they say, 'The Lord hath done great things for them.' And they turn round and say, with sparkling eyes, 'Yes, he has; the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.'

"And it's just for the same reason Brother Twitts here cried out, 'Praise the Lord.' He has done great things for him and for us too, hasn't he? If there's a man or a woman here for whom the Lord hasn't done great things perhaps they may hold their peace; but as for us, dear friends, we will praise the Lord."

And nearly all of them did, with many a hearty Amen and Hallelujah.

It mattered very little to old Ben that he had, somehow, begun with his "thirdly," and that his bit of paper, with a brief note or two, had already got lost between the leaves of the Bible in his frequent reference, his heart was full of his theme, and the mouth never for a moment lacked utterance. He looked the man with the impaired accordion full in the face, and told him, for his comfort, that David, when he was happy, played on the harp, which pleased the Lord. He begged the row of little boys and girls, with a loving tenderness, to "sing praises unto the Lord, sing praises," in the lanes, in their cottages—everywhere to bless the good Lord.

Then, when drawing to a close, he told them of what "the Lord had done for his soul;" how, like a poor, wretched slave, he was fast bound with the chains of sin, when the Lord sent a proclamation to him, and out of Babylon he leaped to Zion, and he had never tired of telling, again and again, of the goodness of the Lord.

"I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers."

"My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures."

Again in the evening, Ben was at his post in the pulpit, mighty in an attack on the strongholds of sin and Satan, in the name of the Lord; and at the prayer-meeting which followed, more than one poor soul found its way into the light and liberty of the Saviour's love.

It was dark, save for the glitter of the stars, when Ben and Frank turned their faces homeward. Their two hearts were both equally aglow with happiness; Ben, lifting up his in praise for the blessing which had attended the services—Frank, that God was so good to him, and that he might be made useful to others.

Their way presently lay by the side of a dense wood, and Ben was just reminding Frank of the passage: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me," when suddenly a man sprang from the bushes in front of them, and told them, in a determined voice, to stop. Frank clasped the arm of his friend more closely, but Ben was not in the least disconcerted. He could see that the tall figure was that of a gipsy, and that he held no stick or weapon in his hand.

"Well, friend, if you want my purse, I can only say, with the apostle, 'Silver and gold have I none,' for I am only a poor blacksmith, with a light pocket, but a happy heart."

"I don't want none of your money," was the gruff reply; "it's other help as I'm seeking."

"What is that? We will do anything we can for you."

"Well, there's a young chap lying in our wigwam in the wood yonder. He came to us some three months ago, well-nigh starved, and I guess he's about dying now, and is asking for his father."

"What's his name?"

"Christie, I think."

Old Ben whispered into the ear of Frank: "It's the poor lost one, Master Frank, and, like the prodigal, he has come back."

The gipsy was evidently impatient, and, at a sign from Ben, plunged into the darkness of the wood, bidding the others to follow.

(To be continued.)

The Motto.

It is a very hot morning, and a little girl, seated in the corner of a large school-room, tries in vain to fix her attention on the sum before her. For the last half-hour she has been trying, but somehow or other the figures will not come right. Presently, on looking up, she sees on the corner of the desk a book. Yes, it is the very one from which her sum was taken. Just one glance, and she would be saved all the trouble of working it out. Rising hastily, she put out her hand to take it, when she stops, saying, half aloud, "What

would Jesus do?" and back she goes to her corner, to try—try—try again. Almost at the same moment the bell is rung for the closing of the school, and the girls troop out, leaving Ada alone.

By-and-by the sum is finished, and off Ada runs, her own merry self again. "Oh, Lucy," she says, to a gentle, fair girl, who is leaning against the gate, "how good of you to wait."

"I should not have waited," said Lucy, "had it not been for our motto."

"And it was through the motto I remained in school," said Ada. And then she told Lucy of her temptation.

"So, Ada, you did not think of asking Jesus to help you with this sum?" said Lucy.

"Well, no. You see, I'm not half so good as you are, Lucy"—and she gave her friend's arm a gentle squeeze. "Sometimes I think I don't love the Lord at all."

"I don't think that can be the case, Ada; for if you did not love him, why should our motto, 'What would Jesus do?' have any influence over you? You see, dear, it is his love to us poor sinners we ought to think of, not ours to him; for the moment we look away from Jesus to ourselves, then comes the doubting."

The two girls had reached their homes, and their talk for the present was ended.

Years have passed on. The school-girls have grown up, and have gone out into the world. Ada has long been parted from her friend, and gentle Lucy often wonders how it is with her.

After a long interval a letter came, telling Lucy how that—in the midst of sorrow, temptation, and sin—Ada is still kept in the narrow way, and that the motto of their school days, "What would Jesus do?" guides her still.

Dear boys and girls, I do not know you, but the Lord does, and he loves you, and asks you to give him your hearts. May you each one be truly his, and then this motto, "What would Jesus do?" can be yours.

If I Were a Boy.

If I were a boy again I would look on the cheerful side of everything, for almost everything has a cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror; if you smile upon it, it smiles back again on you, but if you frown and look doubtful upon it, you will be sure to get a similar look in return. I once heard it said of a grumbling, unthankful person: "He would have made an uncommonly fine sour apple if he had happened to be born in that station of life!"

Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner, but all who come in contact with it. Indifference begets indifference. "Who shuts out love, in turn shall be shut out from love."

If I were a boy again I would school myself to say "No" oftener. I might write pages on the importance of learning very early in life to gain that point where a man can stand erect and decline doing an unworthy thing because it is unworthy.

If I were a boy again I would demand of myself more courtesy toward my companions and friends. Indeed, I would rigorously exact it of myself toward strangers as well. The smallest courtesies, interspersed along the rough roads of life, are like the little English sparrows now singing to us all winter long, and making that season of ice and snow more endurable to everybody.

But I have talked long enough, and this shall be my parting paragraph. Instead of trying so hard as some of us do to be happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to deserve happiness.

A Lesson on Beer-Drinking.

A DARK-HAIRED, slender young girl, with large brown eyes and a pleasant face, stood in the prisoner's dock of the Jefferson Market police court. She was neatly dressed, though her attire was well worn; and she stood with bowed head, while an occasional sob shook her slender form. Two other female prisoners stood in the dock with her. The one on her right was a bold-faced woman of the town, dressed in cheap but gaudy finery, bedecked with tawdry jewelry, and evidently familiar with her surroundings. The other was an old woman in dirty rags, which she scarcely held upon her shoulders with one thin and grimy hand. Her eyes were bleared, and her face bruised and bloated.

The judge looked at the strangely assorted trio. Then he said to the weeping girl:

"How is it that so young a girl as you have come to this?"

"I did not intend to get drunk, judge," said the girl. "I went to a woman's house and we drank some beer together, and somehow I don't remember what happened after that until I found myself in the cell."

"How old are you?"

"I am going on sixteen, sir."

"Sixteen! How do you like your neighbours? Look to your right; that is your next step. It won't take very long to reach that state if you continue as you have begun. Look to your left; that is nearly the end, but it is the sure end of the downward path."

The young girl sobbed, but said nothing.

"You are young," resumed his honor. "This is your first offence; I hope it will be your last. You can go."

The girl left the court-room with hanging head, but the woman on the right laughed, and the woman on the left beamed, as they waited for their turn.

This girl had a bitter lesson; but how many there are who will never learn except in a bitter school. The world is full of wrecks which have gone down through drink. Others are following who little imagine where their course will end. Oh, that young and old would be warned by the ruin into which others have plunged, and escape for their lives before escape shall be impossible.

The Queen.

SHE lives not in a palace;
She sits not on a throne;
She holds no golden sceptre;
She wears no precious stone;

And yet her home is regal;
No prince e'er lived in such;
Her subjects feel with gladness,
Their queen's soft, thrilling touch.

Her word is jewelled sceptre;
Her eyes are shining gems—
No royal barge e'er carried
Such on the royal Thames.

Her subjects are her children;
Her queendom is her life;
Those who obey her mandates
Call her their—mother—wife.

Jerusalem

In the Middle Ages it was a common belief that Jerusalem was exactly in the middle of the earth; and there are old maps now in existence in which the Holy Land is put in the centre of the old world, just as the Chinese, in their maps of the world, now put China in the middle.

In Hereford Cathedral is preserved a map of the world, supposed to have been made in the thirteenth century, in which Jerusalem is placed in the middle; and at Jerusalem itself, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is a round stone, which superstitious pilgrims of the Eastern Church kiss when they visit it, so firmly does the old belief retain its hold on them.

Perhaps it originated in the Jews understanding the texts which speak of Jerusalem being in the "midst of the earth" and the "joy of the whole earth," in the most literal sense; and the thought is fancifully expressed in one of their old sayings: "The world is like an eye: the white of the eye is the ocean surrounding the world; the black is the world itself; the pupil of the eye is Jerusalem; and the image in the pupil is the temple."

To us, Jerusalem must ever be a central attraction, since it was there, among those sacred stones—now, alas! in ruins—that the holy Saviour lived, and preached, and died. It was there that his sacred feet last trod the earth; there that his disciples beheld his ascension through the clouds; and still, as we look toward Jerusalem—defiled, laid waste, and made a heap of stones—she points to Jerusalem above—Jerusalem the golden, the sweet and blessed country, the home and land of rest.—*Florida*.

GRACEFUL manners from a bad heart are witchcraft's astonishment.

Heaven.

There are no sorrowing hearts but heaven unfolds them.

And Christ can give them rest;
He takes our souls, all torn with grief, and holds them
Close to his loving breast.

O weary heart, press on! there yet remaineth
This rest for thee;
O weary soul, toil on! his love restraineth
And blesseth me.

He blesseth all things wandering and erring,
And far astray;
A voice still comes, life's darkened pathways
cheering,
"I am the way!"

"I am the truth, the life, the resurrection;"
Though dead in sin,
Flee but to me, thy only sure protection,
And enter in.

In, past the gates which guard the land
immortal,
The rest above.
No stern-browed warder keeps the golden
portal,
Its God is love.

Earth's vessels may be shattered, broken,
riven,
And life a loss;
There yet remains this rest, the rest of
heaven;
Lay down thy cross.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1400] LESSON VIII. [AUG. 10

THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

Lev. 23. 33-41. Memory verses, 41-43

GOLDEN TEXT.

The voice of rejoicing and salvation is in
the tabernacles of the righteous. Psa. 118.
15.

OUTLINE.

1. The Solemn Assembly.
2. The Joyful Service.
3. The Grateful People.

TIME AND PLACE.—The same as in previous
lesson.

CONNECTING LINKS.—There is no separation
between the last lesson and the present.
The chapters between are simply the several
laws given by God and written by Moses for
the guidance of his people.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Seventh month*—Ethaniam,
corresponding to our October or part of it.
Tabernacles—Tents. *Feast of Tabernacles*—
A feast commemorative of the tent life of the
Exodus. *Holy convocation*—A day observed
by assembling for worship, as on the Sabbath.
No servile work—No daily usual work. *Of-
fering by fire*—An offering to be burned upon
the great altar. *Solemn assembly*—Same
as "holy convocation." *The fruit of the
land*—All kinds of produce of the earth.
Dwell in booths—Or huts made of branches to
resemble the rough life of the wilderness.
Your generation—Your children and their
children for all time.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Solemn Assembly.*
What was the name of the institution of
which the beginning is recorded in our
lesson?
What special peculiarity of this celebra-
tion gave it its name?
To what days of modern times do these
Jewish feasts have some resemblance?
How did the Jewish method of holiday
observance differ from ours?
What is the real meaning and design of
the word "holiday"?
What was the value of the oft-recurring
"solemn assembly"?
Why did this people need to be kept in
constant memory of God's past dealings
with them?
2. *The Joyful Service.*
How many days was this feast to last?
How was this feast to be begun and ended?
What was the first act on this first day to
be?

Was this feast kept in the spirit in which
God commanded through all their cen-
turies? see Neh. 8. 17.

What was the reason given by Moses for
this spirit of joy which should charac-
terize this feast? Deut. 16. 15.
What great purpose was beneath this joy-
ful celebration?

3. *The Grateful people.*

When this feast was celebrated what mem-
ories would naturally come to
their minds?

What was there in their past history for
which to be grateful?

What wonderful fact concerning God's
truth and power would this feast al-
ways commemorate?

How large a part did Sabbath observance
have under the Mosaic law?

Is there any reason why under the law of
Christ we should value the Sabbath
less?

What day of national observance have we
which is designed as a day of gratitude
to God?

Do you always keep it?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Memorial days are of divine origin. We
ought to keep ours as Sabbaths.

How do you keep Christmas Day? It
marks Christ's birth. New-year's Day? It
marks God's wonderful care over our years.
Easter Day? It is the day of the resurrec-
tion.

We ought to worship God more in our
holidays.

Remember that joyful service is not
revelry.

Remember God's word is "rejoice."
Good fellowship, warm-heartedness, pure
mirth, real joy are Christian duties, yea,
Christian graces. Be joyful.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Find surely the time of the year when
this feast was to occur, whether in the dry
or rainy season, and in what condition the
crops would be.

2. Find what the great yearly feasts were
at this time in their history. In later times
there were seven, how many at this time?

3. Study well the twenty-ninth chapter
of the book of Numbers, beginning at ver.
12, and continuing through the chapter.

4. You will have difficulty in understand-
ing it all; make a memorandum of every
hard thing and take it to your teacher.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What feast is here described? The feast
of tabernacles. 2. When was it to be kept?
In the seventh month of the year. 3. What
was to be remembered in this feast? Their
tent life after the Exodus. 4. How were
they to observe it? With feasting and re-
joicing. 5. How does our GOLDEN TEXT de-
scribe one of these feasts? "The voice of
rejoicing," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian joy.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

8. In what else is your soul different from
your body? My soul is that within me
which thinks and knows, desires and wills,
rejoices and is sorry, which my body cannot
do.

B.C. 1400] LESSON IX. [AUG. 20

THE PILLAR OF CLOUD AND OF FIRE.

Num. 9. 15-23. Memory verses, 15, 16.

GOLDEN TEXT.

O send out thy light and thy truth; let
them lead me. Psa. 43. 3.

OUTLINE.

1. The Cloud.
2. The Camp.

TIME AND PLACE.—Same as in the pre-
vious lesson.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Our lessons having
completed a survey of the several laws and
observances given to the people, and the
rules which were to govern all their cere-
monial action, return to an incident which
marks the progress of the history, and which
is one of the most wonderful of all the things
which occurred in this very wonderful his-
tory: the appearance and action of the pil-
lar of cloud and of fire.

EXPLANATIONS.—*On the day . . . the cloud
covered the tabernacle*—That was the first
day of the first month of the second year. *The
cloud*—Not a "cloud;" it was a peculiarly
shaped cloud, a dark pillar, not like any
other cloud. *The tent of the testimony*—That
is, the inner sanctuary or holy of holies, where
God typically dwelt over the mercy-seat.

So it was always—For forty years it was a
constant reminder of Jehovah's presence.
Cloud was taken up—That is, rose into mid
air in the sight of all the people. *They
pitched*—That is, they pitched their tents
and encamped. *The commandment of the
Lord*—Not a commandment in word, but
they came soon to call this guiding cloud the
commandment of the Lord.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Cloud.*

What was the cloud to which reference
is made in ver. 15?

When did that cloud first appear?

What strange peculiarity always marked
it?

Where had it remained before the erection
of the tabernacle?

For how many years did it remain with
them?

How was it regarded by the people?

By what name does it seem to have been
called?

Of what was it a symbol? 1 Cor. 10. 1-4.

2. *The Camp.*

By what law was the movement of the
people in the wilderness directed?

What position in the camp did the taber-
nacle occupy?

What must have been the feeling of each
Israelite concerning the cloud?

How much certainty did they have of the
permanence of their encampment?

What lesson concerning the movements of
life might they have gathered?

What was the principle upon which they
selected and abandoned their camps?

In what respects is human life the same
to-day?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

The cloud taught that no encampment was
to be permanent; their life was only a pil-
grimage.

God's providence teaches us the same to-
day.

Visible day and night for forty years.
God was very near them. He is as near us
to-day.

The Israelite watched the cloud; his first
sight in the morning, his last vision at night.
Do we thus watch God's present manifes-
tations?

The Israelite moved when it moved; rested
when it rested. Are we always as obedient?
The pillar was their guiding light. Said
Christ, "I am the light." Do we follow
him as our light and guide?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The aim of home study is, to become so
familiar with the subject-matter of the les-
son that it can be studied without book or
paper in the class.

2. To do this with this lesson read it care-
fully three times through; then try to say
it all in correct order without help; then
compare with the book to see if you did it
correctly.

3. Write all the things said about this
cloud in our lesson; then find all the things
said elsewhere about the cloud. See refer-
ences in Psalms and Exodus and First Corin-
thians.

4. Write two good practical teachings of
this lesson, different from any in the Ques-
tion Book.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How did God show his presence among
his people? By a pillar of cloud and fire.
2. Where could this always be seen? Over
the ark in the tabernacle. 3. How did they
regard the movements of this pillar of cloud
and fire? As the commandment of the Lord.
4. For how long did God give them this sign
of his presence? For forty years. 5. What
prayer of David draws its idea from the
cloudy pillar? "O send out thy light," etc.
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The guidance of
God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

9. Is not your soul then of great value?
Yes; because it is myself.
Luke ix. 25. What is a man profited, if
he gain the whole world, and lose or forfeit
his own soul?

Our Duties.

God's angels drop, like grains of gold,
Our duties 'midst life's shining sands,
And from them, one by one, we mould
Our own bright crowns with patient hands.
From dust and dross we gather them,
We toil and stoop for love's sweet sake,
To find each worthy act a gem
In glory's kingly diadem
Which we may daily richer make.

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THE HOUSE THAT JOHN BUILT.

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