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HOME & SCHOOL

Vol. II.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 2, 1884.

[No. 16.]

"Albert the Good."

We see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly;
Not swaying to this faction or to that;
Not making his high place the lawless perch
Of winged ambitions, nor a vantage ground
For pleasure: but thro' all this tract of
years
Wearing the white flower of a blameless
life,
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,
In that fierce light which beats upon a
throne,
And blackens every blot.
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,
Laborious for her people and her poor—
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day—

Chautauqua.

(From the *Missionary Outlook* for June.)

On this page we present our readers with a fine view of this famous summer resort, and a brief outline of the coming season's operations.

The *Chautauqua Teacher's Retreat* opened Saturday, July 12th, and continues three weeks; the aim being to benefit secular teachers by combining with the recreative delights of the summer vacation the stimulating and quickening influence of the summer school. There are departments in Pedagogics, Music, Rhetoric and Logic,

these two Schools is "An Ideal Summer Trip Beyond the Sea," lasting two weeks.

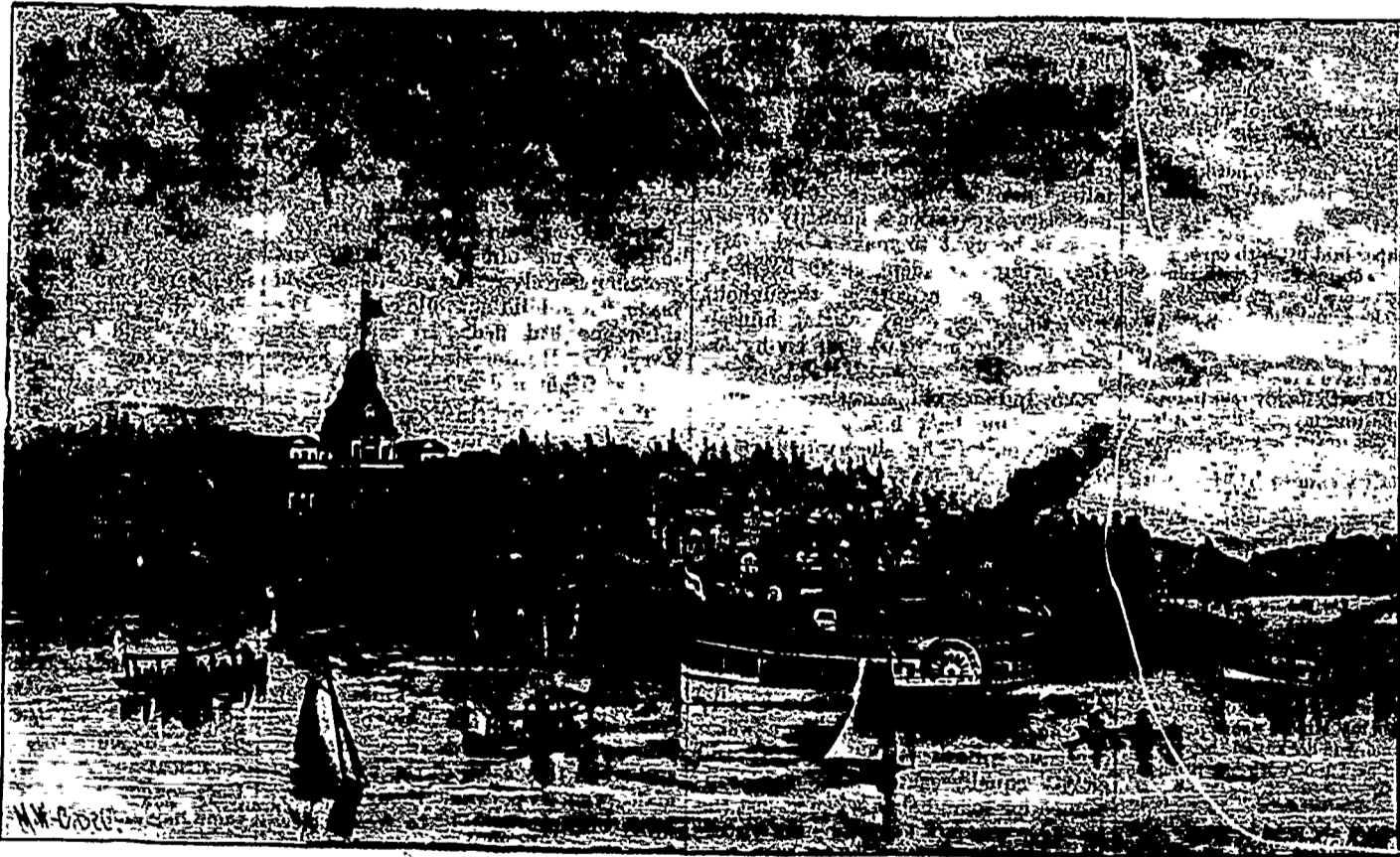
The *Chautauqua Missionary Institute* is held August 2nd to 7th, during which time the various phases of missionary work are discussed in lectures, sermons, and addresses by leading men representing the great Missionary Societies of the world.

The *Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly* opens on Tuesday, August 5th, continuing three weeks, during which time there will be a perfect galaxy of talent at work in every department.

The third commencement exercises of

at 5 p.m. Tickets good to go August 12th, and four following days, and to return any time up to August 26th, price Four Dollars. These will be for sale at the Methodist Book Room, 78 and 80 King Street East, or on the wharf, on the morning of the Excursion (August 12th), at 6.30 o'clock.

The time covered by this Excursion embraces the most attractive features of the Assembly, including the C. L. S. C. Commencement. Salubrity of climate and sanitary arrangements, perfect. Electric Light. Freedom from mosquitoes. Admission to the Grounds is by ticket,—one day, 40 cents; one



CHAUTAUQUA, N.Y.

(Seat of the Famous Chautauqua Assembly, and Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle.)

Dear to thy land and ours, a Prince indeed,
Beyond all titles, and a household name,
Hereafter, thro' all times, Albert the Good.
Break not, O woman's heart! but still
endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure;
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside thee, that you
made
One light together, but has passed and left
The crown of lonely splendour.
—Tennyson.

"WHAT is philosophy?" It is something which enables a rich man to say there is no disgrace in being poor.

Elocution, Clay Modelling, Phonography, Drawing, etc., etc., all under direction of recognized experts.

The *Chautauqua School of Languages* opened also on July 12th, continuing in session six weeks. It is the aim of the School to illustrate the best methods of teaching languages and to furnish instruction in languages for students. There are departments in German, French, Spanish, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, English Language and Literature, and New Testament Greek. A prominent feature in connection with

the *Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle* will be held on Tuesday, August 19th, and will doubtless, as usual, be the great event of the Assembly.

EXCURSION FROM TORONTO TO CHAUTAUQUA.

The party will leave the wharf, foot of Yonge Street, by Steamer *Chicora*, on Tuesday, August 12th, at 7 a.m., and Buffalo, by B. N. Y. & P. R., from the depot, corner of Exchange and Louisiana Streets, at 2.30 p.m., arriving on the Chautauqua Assembly Grounds

week, \$2; Season, \$3, to be obtained at the gate. This entitles the holder to free admission to all Lectures, Concerts, and other entertainments. Good Board and Lodging may be readily secured at Cottages or Boarding-houses at \$1 per day and upward. The "Hotel Athenæum" is a magnificent new house, under first-class management. Rates from \$3 to \$4 per day. Applications for tickets should be accompanied with cash in whole or part. Copies of the *Assembly Herald*, containing the Programme of the Assem-

bly, furnished upon application. Subscriptions received for the *Assembly Daily Herald*, \$1; the *Chautauquan*, \$1.50; or for both, if received not later than August 1st, \$2.25.

Excursionists arriving in Toronto on Monday Evening may obtain tickets on the Wharf, Tuesday Morning, at 6.30 o'clock. Address—Lewis O. Penke, P. O. Drawer, 2559; or, Methodist Mission Rooms, Temperance Street, Toronto.

My Treasures.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

I ENTER my room and I lock the door,
As a miser does when he counts his gold;
My treasures are far more precious to me
For each doth a chapter of life unfold.

I open the casket with reverent touch,
And handle softly a braid of hair;
It is all that is left of my sister Grace,
Who died in her childhood, pure and fair.

And here is a letter edged round with black,
The paper is stained, and the ink is grey;
But it told of one who would never come back
From the mission station so far away.

And this little book, so worn and old,
Has my mother's name on a yellowed leaf;
All pencil-marked are her chosen texts—
Sweet mother! why was her life so brief?

And here in a letter from over the sea
Is another relic—I prize it so—
'Tis an edelweiss from the alpine hills,
Brave flower! that blossomed against the snow.

This ring! 'twas a maiden gave it me
On the eve of her happy bridal day;
It bridges over the silence of years
That have speeded by, since she went away.

This picture, here, was my school-girl friend,
But we drifted apart in the current's strife;

How strange it seems that I do not know
If she's living—or dead? Well, such is life.

And here in a paper laid by with care,
Is a bunch of rosebuds—tied with blue,
That my lover gave me in early days,
When life, and love, and the world seemed new.

This pile of books have a record kept
Of my daily life with its joy and pain;
Here's a valentine, and my wedding cards—
Ah, well! we can never be young again.

And here are some treasures baptized with tears,
A dainty chain, and a little shoe,
A soft white sack that my first-born wore,
And pretty dresses he ne'er outgrew.

Is he still a baby? Or has he grown
To a great, grand angel? Oh, my heart,
How shall I know him when we meet
Who have dwelt so many years apart?

This curl of floss with the light of gold
Was shorn from my Minnie's shining head,
The light of home was darkened the day
We numbered her, too, with our precious dead.

And here is a locket she used to wear
And her pictured face with its saintly eyes;
Ah! child—shall I ever walk with you
Amid the glories of Paradise!

But this is the last of my treasures here,
And I lay it back with a tender kiss,
And pray that I, in a fairer world,
May find the loved I have lost in this.

"Why cherish such relics"—perhaps you ask—

"For they stir the heart with a nameless pain."

"Who would not gather the driftwood up
When their fair ships sink in life's stormy main?"

It is the same with a book as with a man. With a good title the demand for the book or the man will be measurably increased.

Bears.

BY THE REV. O. GERMAN,

Methodist Missionary at Norway House.

That is an ominous title, is it not? If any readers of HOME AND SCHOOL are very much afraid of the above-named gentlemen, perhaps they had better not read any more just here. But if you have brave hearts come along with me.

In what was formerly the Hudson's Bay Territory, four kinds of bears have had their homes for ages. The grizzlies live chiefly in the Rocky Mountains, and are said to be most ferocious. Indeed he is the only one who will willingly attack man. In addition to the repeating rifle, most white hunters provide themselves with the unfailing "long knife." These knives seem to have been introduced from the south, as the Indians all over the country covet the American "long knives." I suppose they have the idea that all our good cousins south are armed with this dread weapon.

I once read of a hunter, who, after wounding a fine, large "mountaineer," found his game more active than he had counted on. Being attacked too soon to admit of firing a second shot, in western parlance they clinched and came to the ground, bear uppermost. But Nimrod had no intention of being whipped so soon. He managed to free one hand and arm sufficiently to reach his dirk. Then with all the strength he could command he plunged it towards the animal's heart. That ended the combat.

Bears make for themselves comfortable homes in winter. They seek a cave-like hollow at the side of a fallen tree or at the turned-up root of some fallen giant of the forest. After the necessary excavation a quantity of soft grass is brought to make a bed. Mr. Bear is quite an adept at his business, lining his earth cottage throughout with the grass, even covering himself with it after he retires for his hibernation.

An Indian told me the following story: One bear had already taken up his quarters for the winter, but as it was yet rather too warm, he had left a breathing hole open. A few days after another came that way seeking lodging. Finding the room pre-occupied, he felt disposed to attempt to dislodge his rival. But the latter having the prior right of occupation, had evidently no wish to give up his claim. The first scratched somewhat vigorously at his brother's door. Finally brother came out. Then there was a "set-to." Both being powerful and pretty equally matched the fight continued for some hours, when at last the intruder was left for dead; the victor, covered with wounds, crept back into his solitary abode. When my informant came that way he found the one outside quite dead and the other barely alive.

Black bears are not numerous. In the wooded parts of the country "brownies" are found by the native trappers in abundance. Their skins are worth between three and four dollars; that of the black species are valued at considerably more. Neither the black nor the brown, under ordinary circumstances, attack a man, but at certain seasons they are not to be trusted. My friend Isaac Hunter, and a very sharp and clever hunter he is, told me one of his adventures in the far north with three brown bears. He and his companion

had gone, at the request of the master of the H. B. Co.'s post at Nelson River, to hunt for deer, which are quite plentiful in all those forests. The first morning after going out, while reading the Bible and morning prayers, Isaac's attention was drawn by his friend to two fine deer passing within a few rods. But the hunter refused to look up. He said it was not right to allow anything to interfere with his devotions. Of course when prayers were over there were no deer to be seen. "Never rained," said he, "there is more than one deer in the bush." They went on their way, but saw no more for two or three days. The companion had returned home, and Isaac was trying his luck alone. Some time during the next day he found a track, and loading one barrel "heavy" he put a "light" charge in the other to shoot a rabbit or partridge for dinner in case he did not overtake the deer in time. Walking carefully along with eyes bent on the almost invisible tracks of the deer, he heard a sudden crash, accompanied by a grinding of teeth and fierce growling. Looking up he saw three bears two rods or so from him, the foremost one already standing up to embrace him. He was astounded. What should he do? If he killed the first with the good load he would have nothing left for the others. There was no time to lose. He fired. His would-be antagonist fell. But by this time the next one was nearly at the gun's muzzle. It is impossible to kill him. Blind him! He sent the "light" charge whizzing into the bear's eyes. Bruin was dazed. He cut a few unpremeditated antics on his hind legs, then fell. In the meantime our "noble savage" ran into the thicket near by and began reloading. Presently he heard the brush cracking and the saplings twisting, and the bear, with eyes smarting and blinded, growling and groaning fiercely. "He passed me," said Isaac, "and I did not follow him." The third one had fled. In relating the story, Mr. Hunter said he had never been so frightened before.

The white or polar bears live on the shores and the ice of the polar seas. An Eskimo now living at York Factory, on Hudson's Bay, once had a rather uncomfortable tussle with one. Eskimo had not aimed well, and "polar" thought it a great chance to get his dinner and be revenged at the same time. He enclosed his assailant in his strong arms and was about walking off with him, when the Indian began "tickling him" with his knife. They were just then on the brow of a small precipice. Over this they tumbled, and when they came to the bottom the man was atop, and, though pretty badly bitten, was able to free himself from the unfriendly embrace of his now dying foe. He bears marks of the encounter still, and proves by them that he "tell no lie."

Bears are generally supposed to be very stupid, but from what I have seen and heard of them, I think they have their share of instinct at any rate. I have seen scores of ant-hills completely demolished by them. The Indians say that after the "hill" has been well "broken," the bear puts out his tongue as far as he can and quietly waits for the ants to gather upon it, then draws in and devours the savory mouthful.

They are also very good fishers. In the spring, when they feel hungry all the time after so long a fast, they

follow the river to a shallow place where fish do congregate and throw them out very deftly with their hands. They enjoy the berry season, however, more than any. They may be seen almost any day in a good "berry patch," and picking as fast as many a little boy or girl.

They look very sluggish when undisturbed, but when frightened they make some very active demonstrations.

On one of my return trips from Nelson River we landed at a small island in the river awhile before sundown. Presently the men sighted a bear. Three of them immediately gave chase, leaving the fourth with me in the canoe to watch Bruin take the water. There was a good deal of lively running and shouting for an hour or so, through bush and undergrowth as well as over sharp stones (for all wore bare-footed) until our intended prize stole a march upon his pursuers by taking the water on the other side and swimming to an adjacent island. My boys were very sorry they had lost so fine a supper.

The bear among all the Indian tribes plays an important part as *totem* or *powagun*. In a sense, as all animals are, they are sacred. It is considered sacrilege by the pagans to remove the bones of any animal from a tree or other elevation where it may have been placed by some one who had offered it as a sacrifice.

At the Table.

"I wish mother would never have company. A fellow can't get enough to eat when people are staring at him."

As I was visiting Frank's mother at the time, I thought this remark rather personal. I suppose I blushed. At any rate Frank added:

"Now, Aunt Marjorie, I did not mean you; I mean strangers, like ministers and gentlemen from out west, and young ladies."

"Oh," said I; "I am very glad to be an exception, and to be assured that I do not embarrass you. Really, Frank, it is an unfortunate thing to be so diffident that you cannot take a meal in comfort when guests are at the table. I suppose you do not enjoy going out yourself?"

"No," said he; "I just hate it."

Perhaps the reason boys and girls do not feel so comfortable and at ease as they might on special occasions at the table is because they do not take pains to be perfectly polite when there is no one present but the ordinary house folks. In the first place we owe it to ourselves always to look very neat and nice at our own table. Boys ought to be very careful that their hair is brushed, their hands and face clean, their nails free from stain or soil, and their collars and ties in order before they approach the table. A very few moments spent in this preparation will freshen them up, and give them the outward appearance of little gentlemen. I hope girls do not need to be cautioned thus.

Then there are some things which good manners render necessary, but about which everyone is not informed. You know you are not to eat with your knife. When you send your plate for a second helping, or when it is about to be removed, leave your knife and fork side by side upon it.

Do not think about yourself, and fancy that you are the object of attraction to your neighbours.

Unfinished Music.

I SAT alone at the organ
At the close of a troubled day,
When the sunset's crimson embers
On the western altar lay.
I was weary with vain endeavour,
My heart was ill at ease,
And I sought to soothe my sadness
With the voice of the sweet-toned keys.

My hands were weak and trembling,
My fingers all unskilled,
To render the grand old anthem
With which my soul was filled.
Through the long day's cares and worries,
I had dreamed of that glorious strain,
And I longed to hear the organ
Repeat it to me again.

It fell from my untaught fingers
Discordant and incomplete,
I knew not how to express it,
Or to make the discord sweet.
So I toiled with patient labour
Till the last bright gleams were gone,
And the evening's purple shadows
Were gathering one by one.

Then a master stood beside me,
And touched the noisy keys,
And lo! the discord vanished
And melted in perfect peace.
I heard the great organ pealing,
My tune that I could not play,
The strains of the glorious anthem
That had filled my soul all day.

Down through the dim cathedral
The tide of music swept,
And through the shadowy arches
The lingering echoes crept.
And I stood in the purple twilight
And heard my tune again,
Not my feeble, untaught rendering,
But the master's perfect strain.

So I think perchance the Master,
At the close of Life's weary day
Will take from our trembling fingers
The tune that we cannot play.
He will hear through the jarring discord
The strain, although half expressed,
He will blend it in perfect music
And add to it all the rest.

Around the Loan Exhibition Hall.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"YOUNG Paul Jenkins has sent on one of his beautiful landscapes from New York. They were hanging it when I came out and it is a great addition," said energetic Mrs. Harvey who was on her way home from the town hall where a loan exhibition was in progress and had run in for a moment's chat with her neighbour and co-committee in the enterprise, Mrs. Wells.

"That is very nice," said Mrs. Wells "He's a fine young fellow and quite a genius, but you know him, I suppose?"

"Never met him," said Mrs. Harvey. "The family moved away before my advent in town, you remember, but I hear them often spoken of."

"Paul was always a great pet of mine," said Mrs. Wells. He sent me his photograph only the other day. He promises to be as handsome a man as he has been a child and youth," and Mrs. Wells went to the centre table thinking to put her hand upon the cabinet photograph of her young friend.

"Why, it is not here, nor here," she said, going to a side table and finally making at our of the large, handsome rooms, looking upon the piano, mantles, cabinets and tables, and ejaculating: "Why, it was here, on a bracket at first and then upon an easel. The last time I noticed it Agnes Fisher and Helen Brooks were looking at it. Agnes wanted to carry it up to the seminary to show to the girls, just for fun, you know; such young things are always up to a frolic of some kind, but I would not allow of her taking it, but I have not seen it since, I am sure."

"It is not likely she would take it and carry it away without leave," said Mrs. Harvey, but some one coming in just then diverted attention from the subject, and the hostess did not reply.

The new picture was the centre of attraction in the hall next morning, and Mrs. Harvey had plenty to say.

"You know, of course, he is an intimate friend of Mrs. Wells," she ran on, "He sent his picture not long ago, but she can't find it anywhere. The last she remembers of it was Agnes Fisher looking at it as it sat on the easel on the centre table in her drawing-room. Agnes was greatly taken up with it. Just like her, you know, and she was determined to carry it away with her. It is too bad, so many of his old friends would like to see it now that this painting is calling attention to him as an artist."

From lip to lip went the story all the way around the tastefully decorated hall, and when early in the afternoon Mrs. Wells came in, a bevy of ladies surrounded her all at once with words of condolence.

"That dreadful Agnes Fisher! A church member, too! The idea of her stealing an oil painting, framed on an easel, easel and all, from your drawing-room. What a treasure it would be for us here! A gift to you! Painted on purpose for you, his childhood friend! So nice of him! How you must feel! Why don't you send an officer to search her room? Have you sent word to the preceptress? There she comes now with a party from the seminary. Her head is as high as ever. I shan't speak to her for one. 'Nor I, Nor I.' I hope some one will be detailed to watch her. There is no telling what she may carry away."

"What are you talking about? I am altogether bewildered," exclaimed Mrs. Wells, sinking into a chair and putting up her hands as if to defend herself. "I can't get at your meaning at all. I have never seen any of Paul Jenkins' work and am anxious for a look at the landscape he has so kindly sent," and the old lady adjusted her glasses. "Oh!" she said, as she returned the spectacle case to her shopping bag, "here is his photograph, I was sure would all like to see it. How do you do, Mrs. Harvey," as that lady drew near. "I found my young friend's likeness after you left last night, and here it is. It had slipped out of my sight in a basket of engravings where it had fallen."

Mrs. Harvey looked sheepish. The other ladies dispersed, saying to one another:

"How a story will grow if it once gets a good start."

A few conscientious souls took pains to go around the hall telling the truth of the matter, and it was hoped no harm had been done by the exaggeration.

Five years later, far out on a western prairie, Mrs. Harvey was asked by a relative:

"What became of that dreadful Agnes Fisher, a seminary girl, you know, who stole an oil painting from that loan exhibition you were all so interested in the last time I was East? There is quite a little Vermont colony about us here, you know, and she had acquaintances among them who tried to get her in as a teacher of our high school, but I got hold of it and put a stop to it right away. I assure you. They could hardly believe the story, but when I told them I was there in

the hall when the loss was made known they had to give in."

"When the thistle seed is scattered to the fore winds it is hard to get it together again to destroy it," sighed Mrs. Harvey. "If one little seed even with its feathery sail eludes pursuit you may run across it any time far away from the centre of a thicket that it has propagated. Be truthful, check the idle word and be wary of a breadth that can soil a good name as you would be of wounding a soul that shall live through all sternity."—*Christian at Work.*

A Cow-Boy's Pledge.

Bret Harte's and Joachim Miller's portraits of the red-shirted mining desperado and the gentlemanly gambler, though sensational, may make a moral impression. In our cynical moods we may smile incredulously at the gamester who wins all a man's wealth one day and generously returns it to him on the next. We may even restrain our pity from going out to the villain who weeps over the ruin his passions have wrought. Yet, if in our more charitable moods, the contemplation of these portraits makes us hospitable towards the worst sinners, then they put us in sympathy with Him who told the pathetic story of the Prodigal Son. Any touch that makes us kin with Him who came to seek and save the lost, is not to be shrunk from, though it may come from a desperado's or a gambler's hand.

The cow-boy of the Plains has during the past few years behaved so outrageously that even the tender-hearted sympathize with Judge Lynch. Yet the story told of a cow-boy, who fell under the eye of an eastern gentleman, while travelling in Montana, shows that even he, bad as he is, is capable of reformation.

Says the gentleman:

"I was sitting in the bar-room of a small hotel at Miles City, waiting for the stage. As usual with this sort of place, half hotel, half saloon, the bar occupied the entire end of the room. Crowds of men and boys were coming in and going out. There was a bewildering jargon of noises; the air was heavy with tobacco-smoke and blasphemous profanity; everybody drank again and again.

"In the midst of this bedlam, I noticed a muscular fellow with two revolvers in his belt, and a bowie-knife in his boot, who was trying to persuade a young man to drink. The young man refused, saying gravely but coolly, 'I never drink, sir!'

"What! not drink!' exclaimed the cow-boy, in a tone that stopped the talking and swearing. I watched the young man to see how he would carry himself. He behaved admirably. Not a muscle quivered as he answered: 'No, I don't drink. And I think that you would be a better man if you didn't!'

"Well, I like that!' sauced the cow-boy, pulling out and cocking his revolver. 'Will you drink now?' he asked with an oath.

"No!' answered the young man, firmly. Then rising from his seat, he said, 'George, don't you know me?'

"The cow-boy trembled, his hand fell at his side, as he stammered out,—

"You're not cousin Tom!'

"I am. But I never expected to see you hear in this way."

"Then there was a scene such as I

often read about, but never saw. The cow-boy grasped his cousin's hand warmly, and there followed a long explanation between the relatives.

"They had been playmates and schoolmates; Tom had developed a manly Christian character, but George had sought a life of adventure, and the two had not met until this almost fatal meeting.

"I watched them as they talked together, and the rude earnestness with which George pleaded his cousin's forgiveness touched my heart. Right character awes the vicious, weak and cowardly. It was so now.

"After a while George started up, and in a loud tone shouted,—

"I've drank my last drop of liquor and here's my pledge for it!'

"Walking to the door, he emptied the contents of both revolvers into the sign 'saloon,' which hung up over the entrance. The letters were riddled with the large balls.

"There! if anyone asks what those marks mean, tell 'em it's a sign George Lundy's given up drink!'

"I was so interested in this romantic incident, that a few months afterward I inquired if George Lundy had kept his pledge. I learned to my great pleasure that he not only had, but that he was in business with his cousin, and living the life of a respectable citizen. He had learned the lesson that there is neither pleasure nor profit in a bad life, and the influence of meeting a brave, true, Christian man had transformed him."

Brevities.

"Now, you must converse in nothing but French," said Monsieur, the professor, to his pupils. Silence immediately fell on the class for the space of a quarter of an hour, when the professor exclaimed: "What!—nothing but silence? Zat is the very opposite of French!"

The following good advice was given by the president of an agricultural society on presenting a silver cup to a young man who had won the first prize at a plowing-match: "Take this cup, my young friend," he said, "and remember always to plow deep and drink shallow."

The train stops: an employe announces the name of a station in a voice which is completely unintelligible. "Speak more distinctly," says a traveller; "we can't understand a word you say." "Do you expect to have tenors for eighteen dollars a month?" growls the railroad employe.

A CHINAMAN who was called as a witness in Queensland was asked how he would be sworn, when he replied: "Me no care; clack 'im saucer, kill 'im hen, blow out 'im matchee, smell 'im book—alle samee." He was allowed to "smell 'im book."

JOHN L. BROOKS of California, has just willed \$100,000 to two personal friends. Several relatives, who have been "left," have become convinced that the old man was insane, but the personal friends say such an idea is preposterous. How opinions will differ!

If the majority of the people of Ireland had their will, and had the power, they would unmoor the island from its fastenings in the deep, and move it at least two thousand miles to the west.

A Mother's Power.

MOTHERS, ye that toil unceasing,
More with head and heart than hands,
Seeking daily for new wisdom
Safe to guide your little band,

I would fain bring you a message
That could cheer and help you, too;
But my words seem weak and useless
For a cause so grand and true.

If at night your heart is heavy
With its load of petty cares,
Do not mourn the day as wasted;
Buds may blossom unawares.

Though the children seem to heed not
Your wise counsels and commands,
Good seed sown will some day ripen:
Guide them on with loving hands.

Often when they seem so careless,
Thinking only of their play,
In their hearts they feel repentance
For the faults of yesterday.

Their young eyes see very keenly,
And their faith in you is strong;
Let them see 'tis love that chastens;
"Rule by patience," says the song.

Of the days are one long battle
To keep peace and do the right,
But the strife is all forgotten
When the daylight fades from sight.

Then, with little hands close folded,
Or, with head on mother's breast,
Tired voice murmurs, "Now I lay me"—
But the angels know the rest.

Mothers, do ye know your power?
Strength is yours; then still endure,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Rules the world and keeps it pure.

—Del Frances Putnam.

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Home & School:

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 2, 1884.

Union Schools.

DEAR SIR,—I noticed during the winter an item stating the number of appointments at which there were no Sunday schools, and as I took up the *Banner* for July another caught my eye.

The lack appears on mission fields, and as I have spent two years on Bracebridge District, perhaps I could give some ground for this. The two fields on which I labored, had almost without exception a school at every appointment.

There is no provision made for returning Union schools, and, as many of the schools are union ones, of course the schools returned fall far short of the number of appointments on each mission. It has been so in my own case and I know it in many others.

It is urged that we should organize schools at all of our appointments. In many cases there are not children enough to have schools for every denomination, and where union schools are at work, and successfully so, we do not think that it is the duty of the minister to cause disruption. That is the devil's work, and let him do it or use some other denomination in doing it, and not the Methodist.

Hoping some step will be taken to have Union schools, returned or the matter more thoroughly investigated, I remain, yours truly, H. A. BROWN.

We have pleasure in giving insertion to the above letter, and thus calling attention to an important subject. We quite agree with the writer that it is very desirable that all schools which are sustained, even in part, by Methodist influence, should be returned in the schedules, and that thus several hundreds of Methodist preaching places may be relieved from the implied reproach of being without a Sunday school of any sort. We shall bring before the Sunday School Board the suggestion to have provision made in the schedules for the return of such schools.

We also agree with our correspondent that where there are not children enough in connection with the Methodist Church to have a Methodist school, it is better to have a Union school than have none at all; and where such a Union school exists we would be very sorry that sectarian feeling should cause a disruption or strife in such school or neighborhood. We are glad to think that in many places where our S. S. schedules give our churches no credit for doing Sunday school work, they may really be doing their full share in these Union schools.

Nevertheless, there are still many places where there is no Sunday schools of any sort where a Methodist school could be organized. We have many records of such schools having been recently organized through the influence of the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund. One good lay brother who had moved into a very remote settlement, writes that although there was no minister within many miles, he had gathered a few children into his own house and organized a school. Another began a school in a cow stable and reports very encouraging progress. A minister in Newfoundland writes, that acting upon the advice to establish a school wherever a few children could be collected, he had organized one in a remote fishing hamlet, and asked for help from the S. S. Aid Fund on its behalf. Another minister in Newfoundland writes, "You will be pleased to know that since the introduction of the S. S. papers our attendance is most regular, and at present the Sabbath school is the most promising feature of this mission."

Our urgent advice, therefore, is, Where it is at all practicable, plant a Methodist school. We can teach our children the doctrines of Methodism and can use our Catechisms in such schools, as we cannot in a Union school. But that none of any Church might be debarred from attending such schools, we would not insist upon study of the Catechism to any child whose parents objected to such study. But by all means establish a school, even where there is no preaching. It will often become the nucleus of a church, and a fruitful germ of future usefulness and blessing.



THE WISE HARE AND HER PURSUERS.

Book Notices.

Wit, Wisdom, and Philosophy of Jean Paul Richter. Published in Funk & Wagnalls' (10 and 12 Dey Street, N.Y.) Standard Library. Paper, 25 cents.

This volume is a cabinet-box containing over 250 of the choicest gems of literature has ever furnished the world. Richter has long since taken his seat among the "immortals," but with the exception of scattered quotations met here and there, American readers are comparatively little acquainted with his pungent and profound writings. It has been well said of him, "No writer has made such brilliant remarks and no ten have made so many." Nor is his wit of a sort that can do nothing but destroy. This volume of selections has been made with excellent taste and discrimination, and displays to advantage the range of Richter's thought and imagination. It will be prized by all who love the companionship of genius.

Chinese Gordon. By Archibald Forbes. Published in Funk & Wagnalls' (10 and 12 Dey Street, N.Y.) Standard Library. Paper, 15 cents. Wm. Briggs, Agent for Canada.

No man of our times whose life furnishes better material for an inspiring, instructive, and permanently valuable biography, than that furnished by "Chinese" Gordon's. And it is doubtful if any man living is better fitted to measure his exploits, appreciate the difficulties he has encountered, and the wide-reaching results of his fascinating career, than in the famous war-correspondent who has given us this narrative. The recent events in the Soudon, though of especial interest just now, form but one of many heroic episodes in the life of this daring man of action, who, amid all his seemingly miraculous achievements, has retained the modesty of a school-girl and the sincere piety of a saint of old. This account follows him down to his recent entry into Kwartoum.

The Wise Hare and Her Pursuers.

A POOR little hare was one day closely pursued by a brace of greyhounds. They were quite near her, when, seeing a gate, she ran for it. She got through it easily; but the bars were too close together for the hounds to get through, so they had to leap over the gate.

As they did so, the hare, seeing that they would be upon her the next instant, turned around and ran again under the gate where she had just before passed. The hounds, in their speed, could not turn at once. Their headway took them on some distance; and then they had to wheel about, and leap once more over the upper bar of the gate.

Again the hare doubled, and returned by the way she had come; and thus she went backward and forward, the dogs following till they were fairly tired out, while the little hare, watching her chance, happily made her escape.

Thus you see that wit and self-possession are sometimes more than a match for superior strength and speed. If the little hare could not run so fast as the greyhounds, she could outwit them, and they saw no way to prevent it.—*Uncle Charles.*

"MISFORTUNES never come singly." They couldn't. It would be singular if they could. One misfortune might, but Lindley Murray forbids the plural number from acting that way.

AN epicure is a man who knows what is good to eat, and who talks about his food incessantly. All an epicure needs is bristles, and then he could be classed at a glance.

A MINE is a pit in which rich men may sink fortunes, and the most successful miner is one who makes them do it.

WHEN you fret and fume at the petty ills of life, remember that the wheels which go round without creaking last longest.



THE SPARROWS.

At Eventide.

I do not ask, O Lord,
To lean upon Thy breast ;
It is enough for me if I
At Thy dear feet may rest.

I cannot reach Thy throne,
The way is dark and long ;
But I can touch Thy garment's hem,
And then my soul is strong.

I cannot do great deeds,
Nor ring the bells of fame ;
But I can speak the little word
In honour of Thy name

I cannot think great thoughts,
Nor number with the wise ;
But truth is mine when unto Thee
I lift world-weary eyes.

Sometimes, O Lord, arise
Dark doubts within my soul ;
I am so poor and weak, and Thou
Dost mighty worlds control.

The countless stars on high,
The roll of the deep sea,
Proclaim Thy strength and majesty ;
But what am I to thee ?

O Saviour of the world !
Thine thought my heart consoles :
Far better than earth's treasures rare,
Thou lovest human souls !

I will not fear to look
Each shadow in the face,
For Thou who didst the sunbeam form,
Hast given darkness place.

I know my soul some day
Shall bid farewell to night ;
Thou'lt lead me from the darkness
Into the morning light !

THERE are one hundred and thirty
Sunday-schools in Mexico.

The International Lesson System.

It is felt that the international lesson committee controls to a large extent the systematic Bible study of the entire world. The scriptural passages selected by this body for use in Sunday-schools are translated into no less than twenty-six languages, and are used wholly or in part in the Sunday-school work of the United States, South America, Canada, Great Britain and her colonies, Germany, France, Switzerland, Sweden, Italy, Spain, Syria, Turkey, India, China, Japan, Persia and Africa. Possibly, indeed, this list is not complete, for so rapidly are the lessons being adopted in foreign lands, and so well nigh universal is their sway, that it is difficult to tell at any given time just where they are used and where not.

"There is a widespread curiosity to know how this international lesson committee does its work, and from information gleaned from various sources I am able to throw a little light on this subject. The plan of having uniform lessons was first adopted by a national Sunday-school Convention held at Indianapolis, in 1872. It was vigorously opposed at the time as tending to throw restrictions around the study of the Bible; but when the time for decision came, only ten persons voted against it. Simultaneously with this action it was resolved that what had up to that time been a national Convention should become international in its scope, and the first international committee was instructed to select lessons

for seven years, covering the whole Bible in that time, and alternating from the Old to the New Testament, as they might judge best.

"Shortly after the inauguration of this plan the Sunday-school union of London expressed a wish to cooperate, and accordingly the lessons selected are forwarded to London before being announced in this country, to see if any changes are desired. Still later, the Sunday-school union of the British Wesleyan church expressed a similar wish, and the selections are now submitted to that body also. In addition to the sentiment awakened by the fact of so many millions of children studying the same portion of scripture on recurring Sabbaths, this uniform system of lessons is said to have been productive of much practical good in stimulating Bible study, in creating a distinctive Sunday-school literature, and in lessening the influence of infidelity. The Committee have held one meeting a year, convening each time in different sections of the country. In so doing they have travelled a distance of about 85,000 miles at a total expense for railway and hotel fare of about \$3,000, this amount being paid by the denominational book firms who publish the lessons."

The Book in the Scholar's Hand.

WE have never sympathized with the objection urged against the use of lesson leaves, that it does away with the use of the Bible in the class. The lesson leaves were never designed to obviate the necessity of using the Bible. And it is worthy of remark that where the Lesson Leaves are properly used the whole Bible becomes a necessity. There is not a single lesson leaf that does not contain references to parts of Scripture not contained in the lesson, and to refer to these it is necessary that the scholar have the whole book. It will doubtless be found that in every class where the Bible is set aside for the leaf the teacher has failed in thorough preparation for his work. The lesson is printed on the leaf merely as a matter of convenience, and without any intention of superseding the Bible. Ever since the introduction of the leaf we have by pen and voice urged the necessity of having a copy of the whole Bible in the possession of every scholar. Yet it seems that in many schools the book is neglected. We are glad, therefore, to publish the following circular from friends of the Sunday-school and of the Bible, and we commend it to the careful attention of all our Sunday-schools:

CHICAGO, April 3, 1884.

Dear Brother: As fellow-workers in the Gospel and in the Sabbath-school, we have become painfully impressed with the prevalent disease of the Bible as a text-book. We rejoice most heartily with all Christian people in the uniformity of Scripture instruction secured by the system of International

Lessons and Leaflets, and we appreciate the valuable service rendered by the great variety of lesson leaves, class-books, and other helps so generally employed; but we are constrained to feel that there is need of making all these supplementary to the use of the Bible itself. We are led to believe that large numbers of the scholars never use it in preparing or reciting the lesson, and too often they have the teacher's example for depending entirely on the helps, with no Bible at hand. How can any such fragmentary method be any less injurious in a Sunday-school than in a secular school? Such a method tends inevitably to keep God's word from the place it should occupy as the text-book He has Himself provided. Such a disuse of the sacred volume prevents the familiarity with it which it so desirable, and tends to a fragmentary and superficial method of study by the exclusion of all reference to the context, and to parallel passages, and in general leaves out of sight the divine order and relations of Scripture truths. We feel assured that you will agree with us in the principle, for all evangelical Christians make the Sunday-school, at least in theory, a distinctively Bible-school. Therefore, we venture nothing in requesting your sympathy and co-operation, with pen and voice, in an organized effort to put the Bible into the hands of every Sunday-school teacher and scholar in our country, and to secure its constant employment in studying the lessons both at home and in school. Should not each scholar be persuaded, if possible, even at some sacrifice, to purchase a Bible for himself, or at any rate to own one? Should not each teacher encourage its actual use among his scholars by precept and by example? Should not each school adopt for itself a rule enjoying the use of that blessed Book in all regular exercises? Perhaps you have already secured to the Bible in your school the place thus suggested. If so, kindly give us the result. But, in any case, we desire to know whether your experience has led you to approve the change we urge. In order to obtain definite returns from this letter, we recommend that the first Sunday of October next be fixed as the date upon which each Sunday-school shall strenuously endeavour that every member be possessed of a Bible of his own. That time is far enough in the future to secure concert of action among the schools, to obtain the necessary supplies of books, and to enable every scholar to earn or save money enough for the purchase. If this recommendation be approved, we suggest also that the first Sunday of November next be observed by Sunday-schools as a day of thanksgiving for the open Bible, and of prayer for the promised blessing upon its use. Please favour us with your reply in full at the earliest practical date, that we may be enabled to bring these recommendations before all the Sunday-schools in the country if our circular meets general approbation.

The Sparrows.

BY REV. C. S. ROBINSON, D.D.

WHILE we were in our city quarters in Jerusalem, that little room where I lay wakeful in the morning, became almost a perpetual commentary; the texts sometimes seemed to arrange themselves outside the window, there waiting until the practical exposition came along. Hour after hour, for ex-

ample, I watched the noisy, sociable little birds, as they flitted around the eaves of the flat roofs.

Everywhere in Palestine we meet these pleasant companions. I do not think there are many musical birds in Palestine, especially the southern part. We rarely called each other's attention to any morning outburst of melody.

These little sparrows are not songsters in any sense. They keep up an endless chatter and twitter. That is what their name means. "Tzipkor" comes from a verb signifying to chirp. Sound answers to sense. They are without exception the most amusingly restless creatures in existence. The innumerable rush of them continued before the casement always in new combinations. They hopped, they jumped, they flew to another ridge on the roof, flew back again, nodded their heads, cleaned their wings, and kept doing so all the time.

They appeared so thoroughly satisfied, that no one could wonder the Psalmist chose them for his symbol of absolute religious content. The sparrow had "found a house for herself." No one considers these birds any nuisance. No one molests them. They build their nests everywhere close under the eaves of dwellings and mosques.

"EVEN THINE ALTARS."

When we were in Cairo we observed that the fine domes of the citadel mosque were almost crowded with nests. We are told that all the people of the East, Mussulman and Christian, considered them so harmless that it would be an act of cruelty and irreverence to drive them forth from even the houses of worship.

They thronged all the structure in Haram area. And one could not keep the familiar verses out of his mind. The Psalmist longed for the amiable tabernacles of God, and envied the satisfied peace of the birds who found nests where they could lay their young, "even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God."

It is not easy to understand how one of these busybodies can ever be "alone upon the housetop." But long residents in Syria told me that oftentimes when a sparrow loses her mate, she will sit perched away from all the rest, moody and sad, and mourn hour after hour over the bereavement. No one who has ever listened to the plaintive little chirp, will be at a loss to understand the ancient allusion:

"As on some lonely building's top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope,
I sit and grieve alone."

FOUR FOR A CENT.

Our Lord must have spoken of the market value of the sparrows for food twice, for we find Matthew reporting that he rated them two for a farthing, and Luke five for two farthings. When things come to a miserable price like either of these, it matters little whether one is anywhere near accurate.

There is hardly any meat on the wiry little bones of these birds. Indeed, the way to deal with them is to cook them nearly whole and bite them in segments. They scoop them up at table in the East with a spoon as one would help to shrimps, and eat them, bones and all.

We saw at Beirut, great strings of them, plucked and trussed on a sharpened stick cut with a fork in it—almost exactly as boys bring in their chubs and dace after fishing in the country millbrooks. The price has

hardly varied in all these years; for a dozen of them could be bought for a couple of French sous—two cents.

So we reach the sense of the comfort in our Lord's words. Not one of these insignificant creatures falls to the ground "without your Father. Fear ye not, therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows."

FOWLERS AND SNARES.

Of course any attack with shot-guns would be ruinous to game of this size. They are taken only by nets, springs, traps, decoys, and bird-lime. In these there is nothing new and singular in Eastern ingenuity; they all are similar to our own. And the allusions to snares in the Bible, are not at all recondite or obscure. Bedouin boys are said to construct cages with falls, so as that the bird's weight springs a catch, and so takes him.

Bird-lime was new to me. A branching twig was cut, and set in the fork of a tree where the sparrows were wont to come. But this was first covered with a most sticky, glutinous substance. And then, when in flying by it a bird happened even to touch it with foot or wing, so tough would be the hold that the feeble little creature would not be able to disentangle the feathers. Every effort only rendered the matters worse and fixed the adhesion. Thus I have seen twenty on one branch or a half-dozen twigs. All the fowler had to do was to pluck them off afterwards, like so many chestnuts or plums.

I find no allusion plainly (in so many words) made to this method of snaring. I suppose all those figures as to one's soul escaping, "like a bird," would be in point. If a sparrow is able to wrest himself away, he would be frightened enough to be on his guard again, perhaps. Israel once "trembled like a bird out of Egypt."

I recalled at the time only one line from Shakespeare, picturing the entanglements of the spiritual life of man: "O limed soul, that, struggling to be free, art more engaged!"—*Christian Weekly*.

Loyalist Days.

*In Memory of the United Empire Loyalists.
Dedicated to their Descendants.*

This fine poem was read at the late U. E. Loyalist celebration at Toronto.

THE earliest ages claim immortal heroes.
Among the stars great conquerors' names
are found.

The hosts of Israel sing, "Arise, Jehovah,"
The dust they trod is consecrated ground.
Greece is one shrine of earth's anointed
warriors,

Our souls are with their self-devotion
thrilled;

A thought of Regulus lights up the grandeur
Which lingers round the city seven-hilled.

The last "Adieu" of Roland's silvery bugle
Is heard amid the snowy Pyrenees;
A voice floats from the rugged slopes of
Sempach

On every waft of mountain-hallowed
breeze.

The heavens bow with majesty of triumph,
The ocean winds those sounds of victory
keep.

The muffled drums of armaments are rolling,
The sea-kings hear the clarions of the deep.

O'er pathless cliffs and storm-embazoned
ramparts,

Above the flow of an impetuous tide,
The banners of rich sunset cloud saluted
The *fleur-de-lis*, the New World's virgin
bride.

The dawn mist hung around the plains of
Abraham,

The tears of war dropped swiftly, brightly
red;

When conquest left the death roll on the altar
The morning light its purest halo shed.

The river gleams with monumental marble,
While, foaming round the battle-crested
rock,

The regal waves, beneath the heights of
Queenston,

In every ripple write the name of Brock.
Has Laura Secord any living homage?

When strife's tornado burst upon our
shores,
Through lines of sentry and through Indian
forests

That soldier's wife her timely warning
bore.

Has history crowned the staunchly bold
defenders,

Who nobly braved the conflict's darkest
hour—

The men who for the heritage of Britons
Left brightening spheres of stately wealth
and power?

They fought, to live beneath the Old Flag's
shadow,

The scepter'd lions foremost sons were they,
Who halted not at breastworks formed of
bayonets,

Through gates of fire they held their
onward way.

The U. E. Loyalists were never vanquished,
Though many sleep in their blood-
sprinkled ground,

As true as steel, by battle lightnings tem-
pered,

As true as steel, they "unto death were
found."

Their swords were in their own brave keep-
ing buried,

Else from their scabbards they would leap
in flame

To hear the words by recreant statesmen
uttered,

Who would defile the Royalty of Fame.

The vast Dominion from each frontier sum-
mons

A mighty host with memories of the past;
The U. E. Loyalists unfold their banners,
And rouse the echoes with a trumpet blast.

Sons of the brave, remember your fore-
fathers,

Shine kindly words from every warrior
grave;

Shreds of the Union Jack, in battle cloven,
O'er hero dust your glorious records wave.

SOREL, QUE. —*M. Ethelind Kittson.*

The Fifty-Dollar Bill.

MRS. DEAN sat alone in her little kitchen. She never used her parlour. There was the extravagance of the extra fires to be considered; the fact that the best rag-carpet, woven by her own skillful hands, must not be worn out too recklessly; the dread possibility of sunshine fading out the chair covers. Mrs. Dean was an economist. She believed in making everything last as long as it possibly could. And so she made the kitchen her headquarters, and sat there knitting, with her feet comfortably balanced on the stone hearth, the sauce-pan of apples bubbling softly away at the back, and the sound of her husband's axe ringing from the back shed.

She was a little wrinkled-faced woman of fifty, with stiff ribbon bows in her cap, hair that seemed dried up instead of silvered, and keen blue eyes that twinkled as if they had discovered the secret of perpetual motion. To save money was her chief end and aim in life. The very mittens she was knitting were to be sold at the village store in exchange for tea, sugar, spices, and all such necessary groceries. "A penny saved is as good as a penny earned," was the golden rule by which she shaped her life.

"I am glad that I took that money out of the savings bank yesterday," said Mrs. Dean to herself, as the bright needles clicked merrily away. "People say it is not quite safe, and one can't be too careful. But then, again, there's danger of burglars—though, to be sure, no burglar," she added with a

complacent inward chuckle, "would ever think of looking in the folds of the old Clinkerville *Clarion* newspaper, in the wall pocket on the wall. It's the bureau drawers, and trunks, and the locked-up chests they aim for. A fifty-dollar bill—a clean, crisp, new fifty-dollar bill! And all the savings, too, out of the house money."

Just then there sounded a knock at the door, and in came old Dr. Bridgman, rubicund with the touch of the March wind.

"Good day, Mrs. Dean, good day!" said he. "No, thank you; I can't sit down. I'm a deal too busy for that. But I heard yesterday that you took fifty dollars out of the savings bank?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Dean her face hardening. "I did!"

"We are taking up a subscription to get little lame Dick Bodley a cart and donkey, so that he can go round peddling tinware," said the doctor. "It's pretty hard for one afflicted as he is to get along, and if you can help us a little"—

"But I can't," interposed Mrs. Dean, breathlessly. "The money was an investment."

"It's a deed of charity, Mrs. Dean," said the good old man, "to help old Dick Bodley."

"I dare say," said Mrs. Dean, a little irritably. "But I never pretended to be a charitable character."

The old doctor went away, and the next visitor was Helen Hurst, a rosy girl of eighteen.

"Excuse me for interrupting you, Mrs. Dean," said she, "but Larry Johnson was at the bank yesterday, and he tells me you drew out your money!"

"Was all creation there?" thought Mrs. Dean.

But she said nothing, only knit away until her needles seemed to glance and glitter like points of fire.

"I am trying to get a boarding place at Mrs. Swipes," added Helen coloring, "so as to be near the district school, where I am to teach this spring. But Mrs. Swipes requires payment in advance by the month, and unfortunately we have used up all our slender means in providing my outfit. A teacher, you know, must be dressed decently. But if you will kindly lend me ten dollars"—

"I never lend," said Mrs. Dean, curtly.

"I will be sure to pay it, when I receive my first quarter's salary," pleaded Helen.

"It's altogether against my principles," said Mrs. Dean, with her face as hard as if it had been carved out of hickory.

Helen Hurst crept out, feeling humiliated and disappointed beyond all expression.

Mrs. Dean chuckled at her own shrewdness; but she hardly had time to stir up the apples in the sauce-pan before Mrs. Graham entered with a little leather-covered memorandum book and pencil.

"I am looking for charitable people," said the equire's wife with a laugh.

"Then you've come to the wrong place," said Mrs. Dean frigidly.

"Poor Patrick O'Hara was killed yesterday in the machinery of the rolling mill," said Mrs. Graham, ignoring her neighbour's response. "He has left a wife and eight children totally destitute."

"And whose fault is that?" said Mrs. Dean.

"Will you not contribute something towards relieving their destitute condition?" said Mrs. Graham.

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Dean, "I have no money to spare."

"But I was told"—

"Oh, yes—about the money that was drawn out of the savings bank!" said Mrs. Dean. "But I intend to keep that money for myself, Mrs. Graham."

Mrs. Graham took her departure, acknowledging within herself that her errand had been a failure; and Mrs. Dean, left to herself at last, indulged in a nap, with the knitting-work in her lap—a nap wherein she dreamed that the fifty-dollar bill had taken to itself legs and was running away from a crowd of pursuers, herself among the number.

When she awoke, roused by the noise of coal being poured upon the stove, a candle was burning, and Mr. Dean was laughing at her.

"Why, Betsy," said he, "I thought you were never going to wake again. Here you sat, with the fire dead out, and I had to kindle it up again."

"Why!" said Mrs. Dean, "I must have been sleeping quite awhile." But as she started up she saw that the old wall-pocket was empty—"Where is that old number of the Clinkerville Clarion?"

"It was last week's paper," said Mr. Dean. "We had both read it, so I just took it to kindle the fire."

"You burnt it up?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dean. "Why should I not?"

For half-an-hour Mrs. Dean sat silent and never spoke a word. And her first utterance was:—

"It's the Lord's judgment upon me!"

Mrs. Dean was a resolute woman, full of character. She went to the table-drawer, took out a sheet of paper, and wrote to Dr. Bridgman, enclosing one dollar towards Dick Bodley's horse and cart. She sent another dollar to Mrs. Graham for the poor O'Hara's, and promised to donate a barrel of russets, a bushel of potatoes, and some of her husband's cast-off clothes to cut over for the children. And she sent for Helen Hurst to come and see her.

"I can't lend you ten dollars, my dear," said she, "because I haven't got it. But I will tell you what I will do. I'll let you make your home here as long as you please. There is a nice spare room, and it is an eighth of a mile nearer than Mrs. Swipes to the district school."

"Oh, how good you are!" said Helen, her eyes swimming with grateful tears.

"Good!" cried Mrs. Dean. "I'm just beginning to think what a selfish, greedy creature I've been all my life."

She opened her parlour, shook out the curtains, and built a fire in the sirtight wood-stove.

"Dean likes the parlour," said she, "because it has such nice south windows, and I don't see why we shouldn't enjoy it."

She baked a fresh batch of ginger-bread, and sent a loaf to old Mrs. Mudge; she renewed her subscription to the church charities.

"I can't be very liberal," she said, "but I'm determined to do all I can."

"That's right, my dear—that's right!" said her husband. "We shall be prosperous, never fear. I'm awfully sorry about burning up your \$50 bill, but if it's going to open your heart like this, it's the best thing that could have happened to us."

Mrs. Dean was sweeping out the kitchen. She looked around with a smile as she moved the white-leaved table which always stood under the wall-pocket, and took down the pocket itself, a rude structure of splints lined with red cambric, to dust it out.

"Yes," she said, "I'm afraid I was getting to be a little too miserly, and—why, what's this?"

Mr. Dean stooped and picked up a slip of crumpled, dark-green paper, which had fallen out from the wall-pocket as his wife turned it upside down.

"It's the \$50 bill!" said he, with mouth and eyes opening in unison. "It must have slipped down from the folds of the newspaper."

"The Lord has sent it back to us," said Mrs. Dean, reverently, "and He has sent a lesson, wise and merciful, with it."

"Well," said Mr. Dean, after a moment or two of silence, "there's a lesson in almost everything He does, if we did but know it."

And all the theologians in the world could not have improved upon the faith of this simple, unlettered old farmer.—*Selected.*

Two Hours Longer.

At a mass meeting recently held in the Temperance Hall at Windsor to counteract a petition sent to Parliament praying the allowance of saloons and bar-rooms to remain open until nine o'clock on Saturday evening, the following poem was read, after which it was resolved by the meeting that one thousand copies be printed and circulated through the town:

Two hours longer
To lure and decoy;
Two hours longer
To blight and destroy.

This man has been toiling
All the week through;
His lot seems a hard one,
With comforts but few.

With his shovel and spade,
His hammer and planes;
His garments well worn,
And covered with stains.

His shoulders are stooped,
He is weak in the knees;
He has toiled all the week
To comfort and please

His loved ones at home.
How patient he has been—
Though rough be his garments,
He has a kind heart within.

He has thought all the week,
Tho' humble and lowly,
Of home and its dear ones—
Oh! how sacred and holy.

It ought to be holy
With music and prayer;
But a sweet wife is lingering
'Twixt hope and despair.

For she knoweth his weakness,
And again and again,
Asking heaven to help
Against temptation and sin.

Saloons, with their glitter,
Oh! go past if you can;
They have blighted and ruined
The boy and the man.

The trap and the snare
That are set in the wood
To catch the wild panther
While he hunteth for food

Are not so destructive
To kill and to slay,
As poor tempted humanity
With the saloons of to-day.

Two hours after dark
I'll make him foolish and funny;
I will madden his brain,
And get all his money.

Just two hours longer
Let my brandy be sold—
I will empty his pockets
Of silver and gold.

His wife and his child—
Let them suffer! Who cares?
I'll mock at their sorrows,
And laugh at their snares.

The law of the land
I will have on my side—
And whiskey I'll sell,
Whatever be the tide.

Just two hours longer
I shall open my door,
Heaven help us to close it,
To be opened no more!

—James Lambie.

German Houses.

MANY peculiarities in the private life, manners, and ideas of the Germans strike the traveller. The first floor of a German house is usually occupied by the servants. The entrance hall and the kitchen have stone floors or pavements, and seem to an American visitor cold and cheerless. Yet a German kitchen is a marvel of neatness. The furniture is chiefly of copper, and is cleaned and polished till it shines like a mirror. Even if the housekeeper and the servants are not inclined to keep it so, they cannot well avoid it, for they are liable at any time to a visit from the health inspector, whose duty it is to see that no verdigris or rust gathers on the kitchen furniture to endanger the health of the family and the community—one of a thousand ways in which the Government and the police invade what we should consider the sanctities of private life and the freedom of the individual.

You enter a German house without knocking, through a door which rings a bell, and thus announces the ingress or egress of some one. At the foot of the staircase you find a bell-handle, by ringing at which you call a servant, who conducts you to a parlor or reception-room on the next floor, which you enter by knocks. You will find the parlour and the best rooms in the house adorned with beautiful pictures on the walls and elegant lace curtains at the windows, but probably without any carpet. The floor, however, is tessellated with beautiful patterns in various colors, and varnished, or at least it is scoured till it is white as the driven snow. The amount of fine white linen which a German housekeeper has, and which she is not reluctant to show to her guests, is fabulous. This is partly a mark of gentility and partly a matter of necessity, for the Germans have but three or four washing-days in the whole year. And the baking of the black bread of the peasants is as infrequent as their washing.

The Germans in the country, as well as in the villages and in many of the cities, keep early hours, breakfasting at 8, or earlier, dinner at 1, and usually going to bed as early as 10. Many of their concerts, where delightful music is furnished, begin at 5 p.m. and close at 7 in the evening! In short, the childlike virtues of simplicity, candor, naturalness and heartiness, which have almost died out in fashionable American society, still exist in Germany in all their primitive perfection.

The German hostess will embrace her guest's wife and kiss her repeatedly, as if she were her own sister or a daughter, and will not even let the lady's husband depart without a share in this hearty benediction. German ladies are surprised at women's position

in America, and quite shocked at the modern idea of women's rights. That a gentleman should give up to a lady his seat in a crowded house or public conveyance is surprising to them—they never heard of such a thing in Germany. Wives carry garments and packages for their husbands, and not husbands for their wives. Married women expect their husbands to spend their evenings at the club or museum, the coffee-house or beer-house, instead of being society for them and making home attractive. It is perfectly proper for a young lady to go home alone through the streets in the evening—it would be highly improper for a young gentleman to accompany her.

It is no uncommon thing for persons of property and standing to rent their best rooms, and themselves sleep, perhaps live, in the attic. Indeed, there is scarcely a house in many of the cities that has not, more or less, roomers from without. German ladies are always carefully addressed by titles corresponding with the rank of their husbands, and if widows still wear this honorary distinction.

The Infidel Captain.

A noble-hearted clergyman, travelling once as a passenger on one of the American steamboats, was pained to hear the terrible profanity of the captain, and his loud abuse of religion and revelation. The man evidently knew his passenger's profession, and gave special emphasis to his wicked ridicule because the minister stood where he could hear him.

It required no ordinary nerve and good temper to rebuke such a reviler on his own boat. No one had ever been brave enough to venture it with Captain C—

This time, however, the insulted clergyman happened to be a man with a heart as great in courage as in kindness, and who always acted as if he believed that every bad person has a "good spot" in him somewhere. He engaged the captain in conversation on the first quiet opportunity, and patiently heard all he had to say. The man waxed hot against the inspired Scriptures, and the story of the life of Jesus, and denounced the Bible accounts of miracles as "superstitious lies."

When he got through the clergyman simply asked, "Captain C—, did you ever read the New Testament?"

That was an unexpected question. But the captain was honest.

"No," said he, "I can't say that I ever did—only parts of it."

"Will you promise to read it through? and then some time we'll talk over the matters that you have doubts about."

This was said so kindly and courteously that the captain said "I will" without much hesitation.

The clergyman presented him with a Testament, and they separated.

Some weeks afterwards the good man went down the river on the same boat, and met Captain C— again. A change had certainly taken place.

"Sir," said the former, as soon as the first warm greeting was over, "I had not read far in that book before I found that I was the sinner, and that I needed just such a friend as Jesus, the Son of God. I now love Him whom I once despised." Captain C— proved that love afterwards by many years of Christian usefulness.—*British Workman.*

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

THREE MONTHS WITH DAVID AND THE
PSALMS.

B.C. 1023.] LESSON VI. [Aug. 10.

ABSALOM'S REBELLION.

2 Sam. 15. 1-14. Commit to mem. vs. 30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

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

CENTRAL TRUTH.

A foolish son is the calamity of his father.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Sam. 13. 19-39. Th. 2 Sam. 15. 1-23.
T. 2 Sam. 14. 1-24. F. 2 Sam. 15. 24-37.
W. 2 Sam. 14. 25-33. Sa. Ps. 41. 1-13.
Su. Ps. 55. 1-23.

TIME.—The rebellion was closed B.C. 10-23, twelve years after the last lesson. But the plotting of vs. 1-6 lasted 4 years, from B.C. 1027-1023 (2 Sam. 15. 7.)

PLACE.—(1) Jerusalem, as before. (2) Hebron: 20 miles south of Jerusalem, the birthplace of Absalom, and former capital of David's kingdom.

PERSONS.—(1) David, 62 or 63 years old. (2) Absalom, about 30 years old, beautiful, magnetic, revengeful, headstrong, passionate. His mother was an Ethiopian princess, Maachah, daughter of the king of Geshur. He was now the oldest surviving son of David, and naturally the heir of the throne. (3) Ahithophel, a native of Giloh, a city of Judah, south-west of Hebron, probably the grandfather of Bath-sheba. (Compare chs. 11. 3, and 23. 34.) He was a former friend of David (Ps. 41. 9.) and counsellor (v. 12.)

INTRODUCTION.—The 12 years intervening between the last lesson and this bring to the repentant king dishonour in his family, —the murder of his eldest-born by one of his best loved sons, and the exile of the murderer. The recall of Absalom through the agency of Joab, and the seeming reconciliation, prepares us for the last and greatest of David's afflictions consequent upon his great sin.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *And it came to pass*—The working out of Nathan's prophecy (ch. 12. 10, 11.) 2. *Rise up early*—Public business in the East is always transacted early in the morning. 3. *Nathan departed of the king*—The kingdom had increased, and one man could no longer hear all cases; besides, the king was old, and had been busy with foreign wars. 4. *Stole the hearts*—The marvellous success of Absalom's plans was due (1) to the fickleness of the people; (2) David's conduct had lost him the confidence of the people, his sin had weakened the bonds of fidelity and obedience; (3) his withdrawal from the people had diminished his popularity; (4) there were great numbers of disaffected ones in Judah and Benjamin; (5) Joab's unpopularity; (6) Absalom's address; but (7) the chief reason appears in David's admission that it was the chastisement of the Lord (ch. 16. 11.) 7. *Forty years*—Rather four years from the reconciliation (ch. 14. 32.) 8. *Abode in Geshur* during his exile (ch. 13. 38.) 9. *Go in peace*—Unsuspecting confidence. 10. *Spies*—To test public feeling. 11. *Arise, let us flee*—To gain time (ch. 17. 1, 2) and spare the city a siege. He could not fight against God (ch. 12. 10-12.)

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Absalom.—David's family troubles.—Ahithophel.—The consequences of David's sin.—Reasons for the success of the rebellion.—David's flight.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the first misfortune that befell David after his repentance for sin? (ch. 12. 15-23.) What had Nathan prophesied? (ch. 12. 10-14.) What great crime did Absalom commit? What followed? How was Absalom brought back? How was he brought before his father? How many years are covered by these events? What connection had all this with David's sin?

SUBJECT: FILIAL INGRATITUDE.

I. AN UNGRATEFUL SON STEALS THE HEARTS OF HIS FATHER'S PEOPLE (vs. 1-6.)—What reasons had Absalom for gratitude? (chs. 13. 39; 14. 21, 33.) What was his first bid for popularity? What was the second? Why did he rise early? Why stand by the gate? What judgments did he promise? Why had no man been "deputed"? What was his manner toward the people? How successful was he? What class of people would he gain? What are the talents required for such business?

What is the spirit required? What personal endowments did Absalom have?

II. AN UNGRATEFUL SON EXCITES REBELLION (vs. 7-12).—How long had Absalom been at work? What did he ask of his father? Why would Hebron be a favourable place for his plans? Where was Absalom's vow taken? What was Absalom's relation to the king of the land? What took him there? (ch. 13. 37.) What spirit did David show in granting the request? What did Absalom do at Hebron? Who were with him there? What man was sent for? Who was he? What does David call him? (Ps. 41. 9.) Why should he become David's enemy? What was his end?

III. A FATHER'S CALAMITY (vs. 13, 14).—How did David first hear of the uprising? What showed its popular character? What did David advise? Why? Tell some of the incidents of his flight. Had David ever had an experience like this before? What made this specially sorrowful? What was there in David's training of his son that would lead to this? What was there in David's past life?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Repentance and forgiveness cannot avert all the consequences of sin.
2. Sins against the family will be followed by sorrow in the family.
3. How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.
4. Love harbours no suspicions.
5. When one winks at gross evil-doers too much they become all the worse.—*Satanke*.
6. The reprobate child will trade even upon the affections and piety of a parent.
7. Those are good indeed that are good in their own place, not they that pretend how good they will be in other people's places.—*Henry*.
8. No music can be so sweet to the ears of the unstable multitude as to hear well of themselves, ill of their governors.—*Scott*.
9. To the end that he may rule, a man will make himself the slave of the lowest people.
10. Absalom's rebellion was the Lord's chastening.
11. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

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

6. What chastisement fell upon David after his repentance? *Ans.* The death of his child, the murder of his first-born, the exile of his son, and the rebellion of Absalom. 7. How did Absalom prepare the way for rebellion? *Ans.* By stealing the hearts of the people. 8. Where did he raise the standard of revolt? *Ans.* At Hebron. 9. What was the result? *Ans.* The hearts of the men of Israel turned after Absalom, and David fled from Jerusalem.

B.C. 1023.] LESSON VII. [Aug. 17.

ABSALOM'S DEATH.

2 Sam. 18. 24-33. Commit to mem. vs. 32, 33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whoso curseth father or mother, let him die the death.—Mark 7. 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The way of the wicked is as darkness.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Sam. 16. 1-4. Th. 2 Sam. 17. 15-29.
T. 2 Sam. 16. 15-23. F. 2 Sam. 18. 1-18.
W. 2 Sam. 17. 1-14. Sa. 2 Sa. 18. 19-33.
Su. Ps. 3. 1-8.

TIME.—B.C. 1023, about three months after the last lesson. The events of chaps. 15. 16-17; 23, took place in one day, the day of David's flight. Then we come to the close of the rebellion three months later.

PERSONS.—(1) David, as in last lesson. (2) Ahimaz, son of Zadok the priest, one of the spies left at Jerusalem at the time of David's flight (chap. 15. 27.) distinguished as a runner. (3) Cushie, i.e., the Cushite, an Ethiopian slave in Joab's service.

INTRODUCTION.—After the flight and the experience by the way on that first day (chaps. 15. 16-17; 23.) David went to Mahanaim. There he rallied his forces and prepared to meet the gathering hosts of Absalom. At the request of his people the king stayed within the walls of the city, while his men went forth in three bands. The king's last injunctions were for the safety of Absalom (ver. 5.) The army of David was victorious, but Absalom met his death at the hands of Joab. And now the anxious father and king is waiting near the gates of the city for tidings of his son and the report of the battle.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—24. *Sat between the two gates*—The outer and inner gate of the city wall, between which there was a small court, a place of public resort, especially for the administration of justice. 25. *If he be alone*—Had there been a defeat the road would have been crowded with fugitives. 27. *A good man*—He would not be first to run from a defeat; he would not wish to afflict David with evil tidings. 29. *I knew not*—He reported the good news, but exceptions mean good tidings. *The Lord hath avenged thee*—The result was of the Lord. David does not hear this, or soon forgets it. 32. *Is the young man safe*—Hebrew and Ethiopian alike must meet the question. 33. *Was much moved*—At the thought of his loss, of Absalom's sad and hopeless end, and more at his own responsibility for it. He could not help feeling that if he had trained him better and set a better example, the result might have been different. *Would God I had died for thee*—As Moses (Ex. 32. 32) and Paul (Rom. 9. 3.) The grief over a bad child is hopeless.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Mahanaim.—The battle in "the forest of Ephraim."—Joab.—Absalom's death.—David's responsibility for Absalom's death.—David, the father.—David, the king.—Ahimaz.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where did David go in his flight? Why did not Absalom follow immediately? How long were they in preparing for the battle? Where was the battle fought? What was the result? Where was David? What was his chief anxiety? What characteristics did David show in all this experience?

SUBJECT: THE DEATH OF A WICKED SON AND THE SORROW OF A LOVING FATHER.

I. ABSALOM'S DEATH.—What crimes had Absalom committed? What had his father done to make reconciliation? Against whose authority had Absalom rebelled? How successful was the rebellion? What did Absalom attempt to do with his great army? How did he meet his death? What had his pride to do with the manner of his death? What was done with his body? What preparations had he made for a memorial? How was the news of Absalom's death carried to David? Why would not Joab let Ahimaz go at first? By what means did Ahimaz get ahead of Cushie? What word did Ahimaz carry? What word did Cushie?

II. DAVID'S SORROW.—What charge had David given his army? Where did he wait for the news? What did he first hear? Why did he think the report would be good? What question did David ask both messengers? What did the question show? How did David receive the news of victory? How was the news of Absalom's death broken to him? How did he receive it? What were the chief reasons for David's grief? How far was David right in the expression of sorrow? In what respect was he wrong? What lessons are taught by Absalom's death? What lessons are taught by David's sorrow? By David's great love.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Absalom afflicted his father more by his death than by his life.
2. Great gifts are of no avail except they are rightly used.
3. David was a father before he was a king.
4. The bearer of good news ought always to be a good man.
5. David recognized the Lord's hand in his exile (ch. 16. 11.) but he failed to see it in Absalom's death?
6. Human love teaches us the vicarious principle of the atonement, "Would God I had died for thee."
7. David wished that he might die for Absalom. He ought to have lived more for him.—*Taylor*.
8. Parents may be justly anxious for the unrepentant.
9. Every instance of tender love should stand for us as the type of Christ's love.

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

10. Where was the battle of Absalom's rebellion fought? *Ans.* In the wood of Ephraim. 11. What was the result? *Ans.* Absalom's defeat and death. 12. How was the news brought to David as he sat beside the gate of the city? *Ans.* By two swift runners, from the field of battle. 13. How did David receive the tidings? *Ans.* And he went up to the chamber over the gate and wept; and as he wept he said: O my son Absalom! O my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee! O Absalom, my son, my son.

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