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# HOME & SCHOOL

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 29, 1883.

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Vol. I.]

## September.

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."—*Jer. 8. 20.*

Not saved! The summer gone!  
Sweet autumn, cast the glory of thy days,  
The glory of thy mellow-purpled rays,  
Around each one!

Not saved! The harvest done!  
Haste lest the winter of disease and death,  
Shall chill the pulse and hush the failing  
breath,  
And set, thy sun.

Not saved! The summer gone!  
O'twas a gracious season filled with good—  
Crowned with beauty—has thy heart with-  
stood  
These mercies flown!

Not saved! The harvest done!  
E'en yet stands open the unbolted  
door;  
Thou may'st pass in—and grateful  
evermore,  
Dwell near the throne.

## Westminster Abbey.

BY CANON F. W. FARRAR.

I FEAR that on entering the Abbey you will at first be greatly disappointed. The grimy, dingy look of the place will vex you, particularly if you choose for your visit a dull day. I grieve to say that the dinginess is inevitable. The Abbey rears its towers into an atmosphere thick with the smoke of innumerable chimneys, and laden with acids which eat away, with increasing rapidity, the surface of its stones.

And yet, as you enter the cathedral which enshrines memorials of nine centuries of English history,—as you pass under the roof which covers more immortal dust than any other in the whole world,—you can hardly fail to feel some sense of awe. And before you begin to study the cathedral in detail, I should advise you to wander through the length and breadth of it without paying any attention to minor points, but with the single object of recognizing its exquisite beauty and magnificence.

You will best understand its magnificence as a place of worship if you visit it on any Sunday afternoon, and see the choir and transepts crowded from end to end by perhaps three thousand people, among whom you will observe hundreds of young men, contented to stand through the whole of a long service and to listen with no sign of

weariness to a sermon which perhaps occupies an hour in the delivery.

Here the Puritan divines thundered against the errors of Rome; here the Romish preachers anathematized the apostasies of Luther. These walls have heard the voice of Cranmer as he preached before the boy-king on whom he rested the hopes of the reformation, and the voice of Feckenham as he preached before Philip of Spain and Mary Tudor. They have heard South shooting the envenomed arrows of his wit against the Independents, and Baxter pleading the cause of toleration.

designedly. The Abbey will remind us, as no other place could remind us, that the history of England is no less the history of America, and the history of America the history of England. All that was bitter in the memories of the American War of Independence has long been buried in the oblivion of our common amity.

The most marked trace of the war is to be seen in the monument of Major André; and the fact that in 1812 André's body was sent back to England by the Americans, with every mark of courtesy and respect, shows how rapid-

ing to him the command, nobly served as a volunteer beneath his military inferior. On Pollock's grave is the appropriate text, "O God, Thou strength of my health, Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle." Under the bust of Lawrence are carved the striking words, "He feared man so little, because he feared God so much."

In this Post's Corner is the simple rectangular slab under which Ben Jonson was buried upright, having asked Charles I. for eighteen square inches of ground in Westminster Abbey. On this stone was carved the quaint and striking epitaph, "O rare Ben Jonson," which, only the accidental expression of the passer-by, was afterwards copied upon his bust in "Post's Corner."

A little farther on is the grave of Livingstone, which records the last pathetic words found in his diary: "All I can add in my loneliness is, May Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one, American, English or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world"—the slave-trade.

There are, however, two monuments to which I must lead you before I conclude. One is the monument of Sir Isaac Newton, close beside whose grave were laid the mortal remains of Charles Darwin.

The following are some items of history about the Abbey:—

On the site of the present Abbey, Sebert, the king of the East-Saxons, built a church in the seventh century. This was replaced by an Abbey called Westminster, to distinguish it from the cathedral church of St. Paul, then known as Eastminster. Edward the Confessor erected another edifice on the spot in 1065, and a portion of that building still remains. The principal parts of the present Abbey were built by Henry III.

Succeeding sovereigns added and improved the edifice till Henry VII. built his chapel and completed the interior as it now stands. The only important additions made since have been the upper parts of the two western towers, which were the work of Christopher Wren. There is at present some talk of repairing the exterior, but we may be sure that there will be few changes, as the English take too much pride in their ancient Abbey to in any way attempt to modernize it.



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

They have heard Bishop Bonner chanting the mass in his mitre, and Stephen Marshall preaching at the funeral of Pym. Here Romish Bishop and Protestant Dean, who cursed each other when living, lie side by side in death; and Queen Elizabeth, who burned Papists, and Queen Mary, who burned Protestants, share one quiet grave, as they once bore the same uneasy crown.

Here, too, you may see at a glance the unity of our national history. I use the expression *our* national history

ly all traces of exasperation were obliterated between brother nations.

Even in walking through the Abbey to learn its general aspect, you will be struck by the bewildering multiplicity of tombs. There is not a valhalla in the world in which repose so many of the great and good. It is this which has made the deepest impression on multitudes of visitors.

On Outram's monument is a bas-relief of the memorable scene in which he met Havelock at Delhi, and resign-

We see by this that the historical interests centered in this Christian temple are unparalleled in the history of English churches. But this is not its only attraction. The architectural grandeur of the building is no less impressive than its history. It is a gothic structure, and is of large size, being more than five hundred feet in length, and two hundred in width. The height of the roof is one hundred and two feet. Its interior has at all times excited the most enthusiastic admiration. The harmony of its proportions and the "dim religious light" of its lofty aisles leave on the mind deep impressions of grandeur and solemnity. Upon entering, a noble view is opened out before the visitor. Stretching away almost as far as the eye can reach are wonderful aisles, arches, and forests of fluted columns.

It is in this church that the monarchs of England are crowned, and it is here that they are buried. The most especially interesting feature of the Abbey is that it is a national monument, the only national place of sepulchre in the world. Everywhere, along both sides, the whole length of the building, and under the marble floors are the tombs, tablets, statues, monuments, and inscriptions of the illustrious dead.

But the nation is not represented here by her Kings and Queens alone. Far more interesting to us than these resting-places of royalty is that spot in the southern transept known as the "Poet's Corner." Here monuments are erected to the most eminent men of letters who have lived in Great Britain. Many have been buried there, while many others are represented by statues and inscriptions. Elsewhere are like monuments to great statesmen and inventors.

Here in this "Poet's Corner," where heretofore only British bards have been represented, is to be placed the bust of Longfellow. It can be plainly seen that this is no small honour. What more lofty height of earthly distinction could be offered to a man of letters than to be represented by the side of Shakespeare, Milton and Addison?

#### Conflicting Corners.

THE church at the corner (country, city, or town) during part of ONE day in the week, has in operation religious ordinances. The school house is to be seen over the way and there for part of FIVE days of the seven, children receive useful instruction. Then at the next corner stands the building where directly adverse training is CONSTANTLY imparted. The strong drink establishment carries on persistent "Protracted services," sternly and effectually counter-working both the church and the school.

Surely any one who thoroughly notices the tendencies of religious and educational institutions, and the distinctly adverse bearing of the drink shops by law established at neighbouring corners, can clearly enough discover that there unmistakably exists thus near to each other, active agencies engaged in direct conflict, exerting utterly antagonistic influences on society—doing and undoing—moralizing and demoralizing, elevating and degrading, purifying and polluting, blessing and cursing the community; leading to peace and plenty, creating distressing disturbance, and working destitution,

disaster and fearful calamity; tending to utility, felicity and life; drawing to imbecility, misery and death. The edifices at the three corners, in short, might appropriately have sign-boards over entrance doors, truly designating the special distinct characteristics of the various services conducted in the several structures as, EDUCATION—SALVATION—DAMNATION. Ought we really RETAIN the THREE in operation?

#### Lights on the Line.

LIGHTS on the line! I watched them brightly glowing;

Their cheery radiance on the iron track  
In varying colours ever gladly throwing,  
Relieving darkness as the midnight black.  
Each had its message, comforting and cheering,

For those who kept that swiftly rushing train

In safety toiling and no danger fearing  
While as of old those lamps gleam forth again.

And when the train sped onward, seeming only

A transient line of light, a passing roar;  
I stood amid the darkness, weary, lonely,  
And then my thoughts flew back to days of yore.

Another well-worn track, beset with dangers,  
I saw, on which my wavering feet were set:  
But I, alone and in the midst of strangers,  
With obstacles and barriers often met.

Then were there lights that on my weary sorrow

And on my darkness shed their radiance bright;

And dark to-day became a glorious morrow,  
And blackest midnight fled before the light.  
Their words, and tones, and lives so pure and holy

That but could spring from intercourse with God,  
Deeds that were brave and loyal, true and lowly,

Showed me in outline clear the path I trod.

And still they live, though fleeting time and distance

Part us from things that we have known and seen;

And in our battles, strong and firm resistance  
Is strengthened by the thoughts of what has been.

Dear distant loved ones! Know that we are trying

To keep the path o'er which your lives still shine.

Fond memory joins us, and while time is flying

Thanks rise to heaven for you—Lights on the line!

#### Remembering the Sermon.

DO TELL me how I shall remember the sermon. I go to church every Sabbath. We have an excellent minister. Other people remember his sermons and talk about them. They can give an outline of each discourse. As for me, I have nothing to say. The words seem to go in at one ear and out at the other. Sometimes I remember the text. Sometimes I cannot do even that. Occasionally I can recall an interesting illustration or an apt expression; that is, I can for a few hours; but to have a clear idea of what the minister says seems impossible. What shall I do?

Thus spoke a bright sweet girl as we sat around the evening lamp last night after the rest of the folks had retired.

What I said to this dear child may be of use to other young people who "cannot remember the sermon."

This is, in substance, what I told her:

The first and most important aid to your memory is *attention*. You must *listen*. Are you sure you have learned to do that? Did you not lose the text last Sunday while noticing who came in with the Smith girls? Did you not

lose one head of the discourse watching Deacon Scales' nod, and another while admiring his wife's new bonnet?

How many times during the hour did you think of what Charley said in his last letter, and what you should say in your reply?

How often did you say to yourself, "Oh dear, I wish he were through!"

Were you not, after all, surprised when the choir rose to sing that closing anthem?

Were you "trying to remember" then?

Did you really listen, after all?

Second, not only listen, but write down what you hear. *Take notes*. You can do it quietly. Your next neighbour need hardly know it. A few small slips of paper in your half-closed Bible, a short pencil, a word or two here and there to help your memory when you go home, and to fix your attention during the preaching. *Taking notes of the sermon will help you listen until you can attend and remember without*. Do not fear to do it. Write out these notes in full after you have returned from church. Set down everything you can recall, while the subject is fresh in your mind. Have a place for these notes. Read them occasionally. Take a personal interest in the subjects. Study things connected with them. Look up doubtful questions, names, dates and places.

Third, talk about the sermon during the week. Tell your mother, your sister, your friend, about it. Ask them to hear your full account of the discourse. Listen to theirs.

Lastly, carry the sermon into your life. Resolve that it shall make you better. Ask God to help you fulfil this resolution. Try to practice what your minister has preached.

Follow up these four good rules: Listen. Write. Talk. Act.

You will soon "remember the sermon." Listening to it will be one of your greatest pleasures. Your memory will be more retentive, your heart will be warmer, your life will surely be better and happier.

Will you commence next Sabbath?  
—*Golden Rule*.

#### What Hindered.

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

"It is of no use, Mrs. W., I have tried again and again, and I cannot become a Christian."

"So you said a year ago, yet you thought there was nothing in the way."

"I don't think there is now; but I don't feel any different from what I did then, and I don't believe I ever shall be a Christian."

"You must have more faith," said the elder lady to her companion—an expression we are all apt to use rather vaguely when at a loss what to say to souls seeking salvation.

The first speaker was a bright talented girl, somewhat over twenty, who, on a previous visit nearly a year ago, had confided to her elder friend her earnest desire to become a Christian. Of her evident sincerity there could be no doubt, and the visitor was sorely puzzled to understand why her young friend had not yet found peace.

The two were standing by the half-opened door of the Sunday-school room, where a rehearsal for an "entertainment" was in progress; and the girl, looking in, seemed suddenly to find there a suggestion for farther thought.

"I believe," she said hesitatingly, "there is one thing I cannot give up."

"Give it up at once, dear."

"But I can't."

"Come to Jesus first, then, and He will give you the power."

"I don't want Him to. I believe if I knew I should die and be lost in three weeks, I would rather be lost than give up my passion."

"And what is this dearly loved thing worth so much more than your salvation?"

"Oh, it isn't worth more, only I love it more, and I can't and won't give it up. It's that I—I want to be an actress; I know I have the talent; I've always hoped the way would open for me to go upon the stage, and I can't help hoping so still."

"Do you think it would be wrong for you to do so, provided the way did open?"

"I don't know that it would be a *sin*, but I couldn't do it and be a Christian; the two things don't go together."

"How did you come by such a taste? I am sure you do not belong to a theatre-going family?"

"Oh no! my father and mother are Methodists; they always disapproved of the theatre. I've been in Sunday-school all my life. They used to make me sing and recite at the entertainments when I was four years old, and I acted the angel fairy parts in the dialogues; and when I grew older, I always arranged the tableau, charades, etc. Then I joined a set of sociables got up by our Church young people. At first we did "Mrs. Jarley's Wax-works," and sung 'Pinafore,' for the benefit of the Church; and then we got more ambitious, studied, and had private theatricals, and last winter we hired Mason's Hall and gave a series of Shakesperian performances, which cleared off a large part of the Church debt. But that's only second-class work after all. I want to do the real thing, to go upon the stage as a profession. My father won't hear of it; but I hope some time the way will be opened that I may realize my heart's desire."

"And meantime will you not come to Jesus and be saved?"

"No, I cannot do it and keep to this hope, and I will not give this up."

And so the visitor turned sadly away, thinking for what miserable messes of pottage men and women are willing to sell their glorious birthright as children of God; thinking also of the seeds which are being sowed in our Sunday-schools, the tares among the wheat, and the terrible harvest that may yet spring up from this well-meant but injudicious seed-sowing.

#### Reading Aloud.

THERE is no accomplishment which is so fascinating as the power of reading well; it is a pleasing, although much neglected accomplishment. No music has such a charm as good reading, and where one person will be charmed by music, twenty will be fascinated by good reading; and where one person can be a good musician, twenty persons can be good readers. It seems to bring back the old authors, and to cause us to imagine ourselves sitting down and talking familiarly with them. There is no accomplishment which causes so much pleasure in the family or social circle, the invalid's chamber, the hospital, the nursery, as good reading.—*Selected*.

## Triumph Song.

BY MRS. M. A. CATO.

"And this Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world."

In the noontide of the ages,  
High upon the mount of time,  
We are standing in the splendour  
Of the gospel light sublime.

Backward roll the gloomy shadows,  
Sin's dark night hastes swift away;  
Sunlight in full splendour shineth,  
Glorious, perfect gospel day.

We can almost hear the anthem  
Which the heavenly harpers sing:  
"Glory, glory in the highest,  
Christ o'er all the earth is king."

Owned and throned in regal splendour,  
So, He sits on Zion's hill;  
In His hands and feet the nail-prints  
Plead for all a pardon still.

Hear the glorious anthem ringing,  
Distant lands have caught the sound;  
Soon shall all earth's ransomed millions  
Roll the glad hosanna round;

Islands slumbering in the ocean,  
Sands beyond the tossing main,  
Learn the glorious adoration,  
Echo back the glad refrain.

Idol temples down are crumbling,  
Pagan sacrifices cease;  
Heralds of the cross are flying  
With the messages of peace.

"Peace on earth," as sang the angels  
On the plains of Bethlehem;  
Christ our great Redeemer cometh  
O'er earth's ransomed tribes to reign.

Lo, the wilderness rejoices,  
Desert places blossom fair;  
All earth's glad and happy voices  
Sing, "The jubilee is near."

Faithful workers, be not weary,  
Soon will come the great reward:  
Crowns of glory, palms of victory,  
In the kingdom of your Lord.

## Examine Yourself.

BY JOSIE C. GILL.

MARY EASTMAN'S Sunday-school class was spending the afternoon with her at her pleasant home. A charming picture it made, grouped about in the pleasant parlour, each bright young face bent over a bit of fancy-work.

There had been a moment of silence, when Mary spoke addressing a brown-eyed little maiden who sat on a low stool by the window:—

"What ails you this afternoon, Nettie? You have hardly spoken since you came."

"I haven't really had a chance," was the smiling reply; "the rest of you girls have kept up such a clatter that I did not dare to try to make myself heard. Besides, I've been thinking."

"Do tell us your thoughts. I am sure they must be very instructive, for you have looked so wise and solemn all the afternoon. It's a new role for our merry Nettie to play."

"Yes, do tell us your thoughts," was echoed by the rest of the young ladies, in chorus.

"Well, girls," said Nettie, "since you urge it, I will tell you something of what has been passing through my mind. This is my nineteenth birthday, and, as is natural at such a time, I have been reviewing the past year, and as the record stands it makes me feel rather sad. I have almost made up my mind that I am not a Christian at all."

"Why, Nettie Gilman!" spoke out impulsive Kate Blake; "I thought you had the sweetest, sunniest, happiest disposition in the world, and I always supposed it was so easy for you to be a Christian."

"Yes," said Clara Reed, a tall, cately young lady: "I never supposed that Nettie was subject to the temptations and frailties that the rest of us are. If almost any of the others of us had expressed such dissatisfaction with themselves, I should have been much less astonished. What are some of your failings, Nettie dear?"

"Really, girls, I dislike to go to confession alone; but as Clara seems to think I am not the only guilty one, I propose that all those who do not come up to their idea of what a Christian should be, should confess their faults. It may do us good."

"A capital idea," said Mary. "I couldn't make everybody my 'father confessor,' but since we girls were all led to Christ, two years ago, by our dear Miss Merrill, there has been a bond of union between us, which, I think, makes us seem very near to each other. I am sure there is nobody on earth, besides father and mother and brother Will, whom I love as I do you girls."

"I think we might help each other by this mode of confession, for I suppose there are none of us who live quite as we would like to," said the stately Clara. "Let us hear from you first, Nettie."

"I have such a long catalogue of wrong-doings, that I hardly know where to begin; but I can tell you that which troubles me most. You all know that I am naturally light-hearted; but I sometimes think that this which might be such a great blessing to me, will be a curse instead; for I find that I am becoming, not merry alone, but frivolous and foolish. I always see the funny side of things, and so am led to ridicule people, and sometimes so openly as to cause pain. Then, again, at church, from my place in the choir, I am apt to let my eyes and thoughts rove about the congregation, instead of fixing them on the minister, and every little circumstance that strikes me as absurd, provokes a smile. If old Mrs. Dodge goes to sleep with her mouth wide open, or Mr. Russel's little boy cuts up some of his capers, or old crazy Polly comes in with her old-fashioned costume and men's boots, I am sure to laugh, which I think is profaning God's house, and very unbecoming in one of His professed children. Oh, girls! I do want to overcome this tendency to be light and trifling, and I want you to pray for me"—and Nettie broke down in a flood of tears.

The girls were all touched at Nettie's confession, and Kate Blake spoke up,—

"I am sure, Nettie, you need not feel so badly. Your sins are nothing compared to mine. I wonder that anybody can tolerate me, for I am just as selfish and unamiable as I can be. Rob says I ought to have a little world all by myself, where I could follow my own sweet will, and never come in contact with others; and although I called him a great hateful boy at the time, I am afraid he is right, and that I am living for myself alone."

"Mother says I might be a great help to others if I would only try. I might sing in the choir, but I won't; I might join the Young Ladies' Christian Temperance Union, but I won't; I might get new scholars in the Sunday-school, I have such a good chance with father's mill hands and their families; but I have never tried. I might keep father's books; I might help Rob with his Latin, Minnie with her music,

mother with her sewing; but I won't, and for no other reason than that I am hateful and disobliging."

"I never looked upon it as I do to-day. Indeed when I became a Christian, I never thought that I could practice religion in such little things as these. Nettie's laugh in Church is not half as bad as for me to sit back with folded arms, and say, 'I will do as much as I please for Christ and no more. I am afraid I need praying for, too, girls.'"

"Now, Mary, it is your turn," said Clara, turning to their young hostess. Mary was a sweet-faced young lady—the very picture of goodness and truth, and one might wonder if there were any little foxes at work beneath that fair exterior.

She looked up with eyes full of tears, saying,—

"I am glad Nettie has set us to thinking. It has brought my besetting sins plainer than ever before my eyes. I think the worst one is procrastination. I am sure I might do something in the world, if I didn't put off things so. I might be a musician, for my teachers say I have a great deal of talent, but papa has made me give up my lessons because I don't practice. I let it go for a day or two after taking a lesson, thinking I shall have plenty of time; but the longer I neglect it the less I feel like going about it, so when the day for my lesson arrives, I am not half prepared. It is just so with my drawing and painting, with fancy-work and everything else. One of the drawers in my dressing-case is full of articles begun in an enthusiastic moment, and then laid away and forgotten. Our Sunday-school superintendent asks me to read or sing at a concert, and I neglect the selection of a piece 'till the last moment, and then, having had no preparation, I cannot do half as well as I might."

"Call it procrastination, laziness, want of stick-to-it-iveness, or what you will, I am afraid I shall make a failure of life unless I can overcome my dreadful habit."

"Helen, let us hear from you next," said Clara to a showily-dressed girl who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation. She wore a silk dress, gotten up in the latest style, displayed a profusion of jewelry, and had her hair banged and frizzed after the most approved fashion. As the eyes of all the girls turned toward her expectantly, she arose, advanced to the centre of the room, and said,—

"Girls, I want you should all look at me and tell me if you think a Christian should be a walking fashion-plate! As for me, I am fast becoming a slave to fashion. Just think! I wouldn't go to church last Sunday because my new spring hat wasn't done, and I thought all the girls would have theirs but me! And how do you think I spent the day?—I read a novel. I assure you that I felt rebuked Tuesday evening at prayer-meeting, when our minister was speaking of that young man who was drowned while boating Sunday, to hear him say he thought that no worse than to be killed at home while reading a novel. I have made a resolution—no more novels and gay clothes for me."

"But surely," said Clara, "you do not think that Christians should dress like nuns, and make themselves look hideous?"

"Certainly not. I think one extreme as bad as the other, for, in either case,

we should be making ourselves conspicuous. I think we should dress enough in the prevailing fashion to avoid attracting attention, and, more than that, we should try to make ourselves neat and attractive; for has not God made everything in nature beautiful? But it must be a sin to let a love for dress and display exceed our love for God."

"Good for you, Helen," cried Kate, "I think we might all profit by your speech. And now, Clara, you have been chief spokesman of this meeting, but have not given in your testimony. Now what has the dignified, immaculate Miss Clara to offer?"

"I don't know but you will be astonished when I tell you what is a great hindrance to my being a good, true Christian. It is my marvellous self-conceit. Kate calls me "dignified, immaculate," and I have learned to pride myself upon it; in fact, to think there is nobody quite so superior as Miss Clara Reed. I walk about with my head in the clouds, and find my chief delight in being looked up to as more than common clay, in having my opinion deferred to, in being first and foremost in everything. Am sure that I shall become very disagreeable in time, unless I can become more humble."

"Girls, we all need to pray more, to read our Bibles more, to go to prayer-meeting more, to practice that charity which seeketh not her own. Suppose we pray about it now."

Down upon their knees went the repentant group, while Clara sent up a petition to heaven that they might all be kept pure and unspotted from the world.

Now, is it not true of some of us, that we, like these girls, are hindered from being the consistent Christians we should, by some such little sins as these? They are so small that we are hardly aware of them. Yet, if we sit down calmly, "as those of old came to the Delphian shrine," and say:—

"Thus would I come, my inmost soul, to thee,  
And question, let the truth be mine,  
And what I am e'en now reveal to me,"—

would we be entirely satisfied with the result?

There is too little difference between the young people of Christ's Church and those of the world, and there are too many whose eyes need to be opened to the fact. They seem to be idly drifting onward with eyes shut upon their own danger, and the awakening for some will come too late.

Dear young Christian, will you not look into your heart, and if you find there any idols which usurp your Saviour's place, will you not tear them away and give Him undisturbed sway?  
—*The Christian Witness.*

For the sake of the Church of Christ, for the sake of the community at large, for the sake of the teachers themselves, we ought to rejoice that there are more than a million of teachers at work, week by week, in the Sunday-schools of the United States and Canada, and fully half a million more in the Sunday-schools of Great Britain. Twelve millions of scholars are under their charge, gaining in knowledge and character through their wise and faithful instruction. But, if the gain from all this Sunday-school work was only to the million and a half of teachers, what a power for good it still would be to Christ and to the world!—*S. S. Times.*

### "He Calleth Thee."

"And Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called. And they called the blind man, saying unto him, Be of good comfort, rise, He calleth thee."—Mark x. 49.

They spake to him of old who sat  
In blindness by the way,  
Of Christ the Lord, who drawing near  
Could turn this night to day;  
But still he lingered trembling there,  
Till o'er that living sea  
The words of welcome reached his ear,  
"Arise, He calleth thee!"

And still those words from heaven fall  
On every sinner's ear;  
And still the Lord delights to bid  
The trembling soul draw near!  
The old, the young, the rich, the poor,  
He calls from wrath to flee,  
And from the death-like sleep of sin;  
"Arise, He calleth thee!"

He saw thee when, "a great way off,"  
Thou hadst no thought of Him;  
The door of grace He open threw,  
And sought to bring thee in.  
As a child within its father's home,  
As happy and as free;  
He longs to have you with Himself—  
"Arise, He calleth thee!"

From all the joys this world affords,  
Which perish in a day,  
The gilded snares which Satan spreads  
To lead your steps astray;  
From sin, from guilt, however great,  
From want, from misery,  
From all the sorrows of this life—  
"Arise, He calleth thee!"

From want which urges on your feet  
In sin's dark path to roam,  
To feast His hand of love has spread,  
And endless joys of home;  
From memory of your by-past life,  
However dark it be,  
To rest with Him in glory bright—  
"Arise, He calleth thee!"

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## Home & School:

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 29, 1883.

### A New Brunswick S. S. Convention.

We are glad to receive from the Rev. J. C. Berrie the following notes of a very successful Convention in New Brunswick:—

"Carleton County, N.B., is the banner county of the province in S. S. work. Some years ago (eight), a few Sabbath-school workers conceived the idea and planned a S. S. Convention. The interest has continued to increase, until this year one hundred delegates from all parts of the county met at Centreville, discussed S. S. work in general, received instruction, and im-

parted the knowledge gained by practical observation whilst engaged in this work.

"At the Convention all denominational differences were lost, and it would have been hard to tell, had one not known, to what part of Christ's visible body the members belonged. All seemed to have but one purpose—to win the young for Christ and preserve them from the evils of sin. It is to be regretted that the Episcopalian schools do not avail themselves of the advantages of this institution. All denominations kept open house, and the friends were royally entertained."

From the printed report we glean the following:

"A very pleasing item is the constantly increasing number of conversions among the scholars of our Sunday-schools, a much larger number being reported this year than ever before. Our churches are rapidly reaping the rich rewards of S. S. labour.

"Another noticeable fact in this connection is that a very much greater number of conversions are reported from the schools that are open the year round than from those that close in winter."

It was found that there were twice as many scholars in the day-schools as there were in the Sunday-schools, and that five hundred and thirty-six more scholars attend the day-schools in winter than in summer; whereas the attendance at the Sunday-schools was only one-half as great in winter as in summer. These facts are very significant as showing the absurdity of the idea that schools must be suspended in the winter. If day-schools can be kept open thirty hours in the week, surely Sunday-schools can be kept open for two hours a week. We would be glad to receive statistics of the relative attendance at day-schools and Sunday-schools from other places.

### Universal Prayer for Sunday Schools.

SUNDAY AND MONDAY, OCT. 21ST & 22ND, 1883.

THE American Sunday-school Union, in unison with friends abroad, calls attention to the Days of Universal Prayer on behalf of the Sunday-schools.

From the manifold blessings that have followed these special applications in past years, a reminder of the appointed time will itself be sufficient to ensure a hearty response to the call to prayer, and a remembrance by all earnest workers of their entire dependence upon God for His blessing. The machinery is sufficient; the quickening Spirit is the great need.

These Days of Prayer are now so generally observed by all sections of the Christian Church throughout Europe and America, and even in Asia and Africa, that the earth may be said to be literally girt about with prayer.

The following programme is suggested:—

1. On Lord's Day Morning, October 21, from 7 to 8 o'clock, Private Intercessory Prayer on behalf of Sunday-schools.

2. The Opening Exercises of the Morning School be preceded by a Meeting of the Teachers for prayer.

3. Ministers be requested to preach Special Sermons on the claims of the Sunday-school, and the necessity for increased intelligence and consecration on the part of Teachers.

4. In the Afternoon the ordinary exercises of each school be shortened, and the Scholars unite in a Devotional Service, interspersed with singing and appropriate addresses. To this Service the parents of the scholars might be invited.

5. At the close of the Afternoon or Evening Service the Teachers, in Union with other Christians, meet for Thanksgiving and Prayer.

6. On Monday Morning, October 22, Teachers again bring their Scholars, one by one, in private prayer before God.

7. In the course of the day Female Teachers of each School hold a Meeting for united Prayer and Thanksgiving.

8. In the Evening each Church or Congregation be invited to hold a meeting, at which the interests of the Sunday-school should form the theme of the prayers and addresses.

Schools that find it impracticable to have public meetings on Monday, may hold the Special Services appointed for the Sabbath.

### The Winnowed List.

THE Publishing Department of the Methodist Church of Canada has now a very large "Winnowed List" of Sunday-school books, amounting to about 1,600 in all, which have been carefully read by ministers of the Church. It was not considered advisable by the Sunday-school Board to divert any of its receipts from the fund for the assistance of needy schools, for the purpose of extending the Winnowed List; but the Secretary of the Board applied to publishers inviting them to submit specimens of their books for examination. Several of the leading houses have done so, and the following are some of the opinions expressed on the books by the ministers to whom they were sent for examination. Others will be published as received. All these books will be included in next Winnowed List, and may be ordered through the Methodist Book Rooms of Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

*The True Compass.* Robert Carter & Brothers, New York.

"This work is composed of a series of short discourses founded on Scripture, and adapted to young minds. The plan of the sermons is clear and methodical, and the author takes particular pains to impress the leading thoughts on the minds of the readers. It abounds in illustration and anecdote—generally piquant and pointed. It can scarcely fail to please and profit those for whose benefit it was written."  
JAMES GRAY, Clinton.

*Nothing to Drink: a Temperance Sea Story.* By Julia McNain Wright. National Temperance Society, New York.

"An exciting story of sea-faring life, designed to show the utter inutilty of ardent spirits in any case. Cannot fail to produce interest in all who read it, and produce a wholesome dread of that which takes away the senses and destroys the soul."  
JOHN HUNT.

*The Mill and the Tavern.* National Temperance Publication Society.

"We generally judge an author by his works, but there are cases in which we judge of the work by the author. Like all the books written by T. S.

Arthur, 'The Mill and the Tavern' is very interesting. It consists of a series of Temperance Tales, and shows the baneful and dangerous influence of what may be called moderate drinking. It will be a valuable addition to any library for the young."

JOHN LEARROYD.

*Paul Brewster and Son.* Same publishers as last.

"It is true to nature, and its lessons against covetousness and the use of intoxicating liquors cannot fail to do good."

JOHN BREDIN, Brighton.

*Harry the Prodigal.* Temperance Publication Society.

"A book calculated to inspire and cultivate a temperance sentiment."

WM. J. MAXWELL, Brantford.

The importance of this "winnowing" is seen in its screening out such books as the following:

*The New Scholars—Miss Ashton's Girls.*

"The book is nicely printed, beautifully bound, and in a worldly, jovial family of young Americans it would be read with avidity,—but no good effect could possibly come of it. There is nothing, to say, bad in the book—but there is nothing good; there is not a solitary grain of religion in it,—but school-girl's gossips and school-girl's quarrels. And for the back-bone of the story—a second courtship and the new mother, and the putting of the saucy girls over father's choice, &c., &c., all dished up with an occasional smack of 'Yankee slang.' Interesting in its way and somewhat sensational. In my judgment it is not suitable for our Sunday-schools."

RICHARD WHITING, Waterloo, P.Q.

*Historical and Other Sketches.* By James Anthony Froude. Published in Funk and Wagnalls' "Standard Library." Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 25 cents.

This selection from the works of Mr. Froude is edited by President Wheeler, of Allegheny College. The introduction gives an account of Mr. Froude's Life, Opinions, Works and Style. It gives a more comprehensive estimate of his powers than any other that is known to us. These essays abound in the felicities of the historian's style and suggestive thoughts.

*The Continent's* monthly edition for the railway and the press makes a very handsome showing. The artistic advantages of its broad pages are well displayed in a leading article, where a large number of engravings by young women who are studying the art of wood-engraving are attractively displayed in connection with a paper by the veteran engraver, John Sartain, on the adaptability of this art as an occupation for women. The work exhibited presents such excellent results—many of them after only a short period of study—as to offer much encouragement to girls with a taste for art who are desirous of consulting their inclinations in selecting a calling for self-support. The increasing demand for this kind of work renders it profitable as well as interesting.



ABRAHAM AND ISAAC GOING TO SACRIFICE - See next page

## Beautiful Things.

BEAUTIFUL faces are those that wear—  
It matters little if dark or fair—  
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show  
Like crystal panes where heart-fires glow,  
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words  
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,  
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do  
Work that is earnest, brave, and true,  
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go  
On kindly ministries to and fro—  
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear  
Ceaseless burdens of homely care,  
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—  
Silent rivers of happiness,  
Whose fountains but the few may guess.

Beautiful twilight, at set of sun,  
Beautiful goal, with race well won,  
Beautiful rest, with work well done.

Beautiful graves, where grasses creep,  
Where brown leaves fall, where drifts lie deep  
Over worn out hands—O beautiful sleep!  
—Ellen P. Allerton.

## The Sacrifice of Isaac.

AFTER Hagar and Ishmael were gone a way, God called to Abraham, and said, "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, and offer him for a burnt-offering, upon a mountain which I will show thee." Did God wish to make Abraham unhappy, and to kill his son? No, God only wished to try Abraham's faith; to see if Abraham would be obedient, and if he loved God more than his dear child. Abraham obeyed directly; for he knew God's command must be right, and he believed that God had power even to raise Isaac to life again after he was dead. All God does is good and right. When He sends us pain, or sickness, or sorrow, He does it wisely, for good, not for evil; we cannot know why, but God knows; let us ask Him to make us obedient to His will, as Abraham was.

Abraham rose in the morning, and saddled his ass, and took two servants with him, and Isaac, and wood for the burnt-offering, and went to the place God showed him. As they walked along, and Abraham thought what he was to do to his dear son, his good obedient child, he must have felt sad; but Abraham loved God more than he loved Isaac, and God gave him strength willing to obey His command. After three days, they saw, afar off, the mountain where Isaac was to be offered. Then Abraham said to his servants, "Stay here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you." So the servants stayed, and Abraham and his son went towards the mountain.

As they walked along, Isaac said, "My father, behold the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb for a burnt-offering?" For Isaac did not yet know that he was to be the lamb. Abraham said, "God will provide a lamb, my son." So they went on, and came to the place of which God had told Abraham. And then Abraham built the altar, and put the wood upon it, and bound Isaac, laid him upon the altar, and took the knife to slay his son. But the angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of heaven, and said, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, for now I know that thou fearest God, because thou hast not withheld thy son,

thine only son, from Him." Then Abraham looked, and saw a ram, caught in the bush by the horns, and he offered the ram for a burnt-offering, instead of Isaac. And the angel called again unto Abraham, and said, "Because thou hast done this thing, in blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thee; and all nations shall be blessed in thy seed."

The Lord Jesus Christ was the seed of Abraham, who came to save sinners, to be a blessing to all people. "God so loved the world that He sent His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." John iii, 17. Abraham gave his son to God; God gave His Son for us; "the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world." John iv. 14.

## Position of the Temperance Movement.

NOBODY thinks in these days of sneering at the work of "teetotallers." In England to be always sober has become respectable. The highest dignitaries of the Established Church have thrown themselves into the temperance movement. Already the consumption of spirituous liquors has so fallen that the excise revenue has decreased in six years by £5,000,000, and it has actually come to pass in England that the income tax, which was to be abolished, has to be retained because the spread of temperance has made this great inroad upon the national treasury. In the United States the notable fact is to be chronicled that whereas the absolute failure of prohibition has been unceasingly proclaimed ever since the Maine Law went into effect, the original authors of that law have lived to see the prohibition principle accepted by the people of several other States. Not less significant is the fact that in Maine neither political party durst propose any relaxation of the existing restrictions.

## A Happy Old Age.

From Dr. Ryerson's "Story of My Life."

In his cottage at Long Point, on his seventy-fifth birthday, Dr. Ryerson wrote the following paper. It will be read with profoundest interest, as one of the noblest of those Christian experiences which are the rich heritage of the Church.

## LONG POINT ISLAND COTTAGE,

March 24, 1878.

"I am this day seventy-five years of age, and this day fifty-three years ago, after resisting many solicitations to enter the ministry, and after long and painful struggles, I decided to devote my life and all to the ministry of the Methodist Church.

"The predominant feeling of my heart is that of gratitude and humiliation; gratitude for God's unbounded mercy, patience, and compassion, in the bestowment of almost uninterrupted health, and innumerable personal, domestic, and social blessings for more than fifty years of a public life of great labour and many dangers; and humiliation under a deep-felt consciousness of personal unfaithfulness, of many defects, errors, and neglects in public duties. Many tell me that I have been useful to the Church and the country; but my own consciousness tells me that I have learned little, experienced little, done little in comparison of what I

might and ought to have known and done. By the grace of God I am spared; by His grace I am what I am; all my trust for salvation is in the efficacy of Jesus' atoning blood. I know whom I have trusted, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day. I have no melancholy feelings or fears. The joy of the Lord is my strength. I feel that I am now on the bright side of seventy-five. As the evening twilight of my earthly life advances, my spiritual sun shines with increased splendour. This has been my experience for the last year. With an increased sense of my own sinfulness, unworthiness, and helplessness, I have an increased sense of the blessedness of pardon, the indwelling of the Comforter, and the communion of saints.

"Here, on bended knees, I give myself, and all I have and am, afresh to Him whom I have endeavoured to serve, but very imperfectly, for more than threescore years. All helpless, myself, I most humbly and devoutly pray that Divine strength may be perfected in my weakness, and that my last days on earth may be my best days—best days of implicit faith and unreserved consecration, best days of simple scriptural ministrations and public usefulness, best days of change from glory to glory, and of becoming meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, until my Lord shall dismiss me from the service of warfare and the weariness of toil to the glories of victory and the repose of rest.

"E. RYERSON."

## As a Ripe Sheaf.

RIPE! yea, fully ripe—  
As when the full-grained, golden wheat  
Doth bow its graceful head to greet  
The gleaner's swiftly hurrying feet,  
And fall into his arms.  
Ripe! yea, fully ripe.

Ripe! yea, fully ripe—  
As when the luscious fruit down low  
Its richly freighted wealth doth bow  
To fall into the lap below  
Outspread expectantly.  
Ripe! yea, fully ripe.

Ripe! yea, fully ripe—  
As when the flower its gentle head  
Doth bow above the parent bed,  
And load the air with odours shed  
Ere yet it sinks to rest.  
Ripe! yea, fully ripe.

Ripe! yea, fully ripe—  
As grain, or fruit, or odoured flower  
That scents with love an earthly bower;  
Ripe with all goodness for the hour  
The Saviour called her hence;  
Ripe! and garnered up.

## The Loneliness of the Queen.

THE *Spectator* says: There is something very touching and motherlike in the frankness with which the Queen, through the Court Circular, asks her people to sympathise in the grief she feels for the loss of a devoted attendant. We wonder how many of her subjects ever reflect on the pathetic element in the Queen's present position. There is no one living who could address her by her Christian name, or, indeed, on any terms of equality; while all her children but one are married, scattered, immersed in business and households of their own. It is a lonely peak to sit on, at the top of the world, and as age draws on the Sovereign, who already has reigned so long that men passing middle age have consciously known no other, must feel this

more and more painfully, with a sadness which the movement of the world does not diminish. We are no devotees of monarchy, gravely holding self-government to be more educative and more dignified; but there has never been in history a reign like that of Queen Victoria, who, surrounded by an impenetrable etiquette, breaks it to tell her people that devotion, even in the humblest of followers, has aroused in her "real friendship." Republicanism in England sleeps, and will sleep while the Queen reigns. Is there not in that mere truism a sufficient biography?

## The Grain Beside the Railroad Track.

STAND here on the railroad embankment. Two tracks are before us. As far as you can see the right-hand track has a green fringe of grain-stalks, but there is none along the other track. How did it happen? Along one track go the cars grain-loaded, and bound for the East. No such freight is in the west-bound cars.

Sowing where we go; sowing whether we intend it or not, and have as little thought about it as a grain-car; sowing because we must. These are the lessons taught us, and how it should sober every one! Every Sunday at church, every prayer, every chapter read in the Bible, every good deed, word, and thought, all that is seed. That boy idling at the corner, who pulls a cigar from his mouth only to drop out an oath, disobeying his parents and neglecting church—he too, is sowing, but how terrible the harvest will be from such seed! We sow as we go.

## Brevities.

BE truthful in word and act.  
NEVER fear, if you are doing right.  
CULTIVATE a taste for useful reading.  
THE talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, and doing well whatever you do without a thought of fame.  
BRING your talents, your wealth, to His altar  
And withhold not e'en life at his call;  
In the light of eternity's morning  
You will feel that the offering was small.

A MASSACHUSETTS jury being called to pass upon the question whether or not a certain young man was idiotic, rendered this verdict: "Not a confirmed idiot, but smokes cigarettes."

BESSIE, three years old, on seeing a fine bed of pansies in bloom, cried out: "See de funny litty faces 'out any heads?"

A YOUNG lady remarks that the reason the peculiar equipages seen at watering places are called dog carts, is that puppies always ride in them.

THERE have been many definitions of a gentleman, but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a lady. "A gentleman," says she, "is a human being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

THE laziest man is on a western paper. He spells photograph "4tograf." There have been only three worse than he. One lived out in Kansas, and dated his letters "11worth;" another spelled Tennessee "10se;" but the address which troubled the mail clerk most was when the sender wrote Wyandotte "Y&."

**Christ's Love.**

There's a song of praise in my heart to-day,  
And a gladness no words can tell,  
As I think of the love that is holding me,  
That never can change or fail.  
Other love may grow cold, as the years  
roll by,  
Other friends may forgetful be,  
But Jesus never forgets His own  
Through the years of eternity.

That love everlasting what tongue can ex-  
press?  
What heart can its strength understand?  
A love that can reach to the depths of sin,  
And seat us at His right hand.  
He hath borne our sorrows, He hath known  
our griefs  
He hath suffered with us below;  
And now from His throne He in pity looks  
down  
To comfort all human woe.

Sorrows may gather about my path,  
Kind friends may be borne from my side,  
But the arms everlasting around me fold,  
And still I in peace abide.  
He hath promised me strength for the stormy  
days,  
As well as for those that are bright—  
He hath bidden me rest in His loving care  
In the darkness as well as the light.

My footsteps may falter along the path,  
And I may lie down to rest;  
But nothing can sever me from His love—  
In life or in death I am blest—  
For He knoweth each grave where His loved  
ones sleep,  
They are safe in His tender care;  
And though I may pass through death's  
gloomy vale,  
His love will surround me there.

As the living plant to the sunlight turns,  
Unconscious of all beside,  
So my heart would forget all its earth-born  
joys  
In the love of the Crucified.  
Oh, I cannot be satisfied until I shall see  
The light of His beautiful face,  
And hear the sweet welcome He hath for me—  
Forgiven and saved by grace!

**The Power of Dynamite.**

WITHIN the past ten years, a new  
instrument of havoc and destruction  
has been added to the agencies with  
which men make war upon one another.  
The murder of the Czar of  
Russia, two years ago; the blowing up,  
a few weeks since, of a Government  
building in London; the seizure of  
explosive machines in the hands of  
suspicious characters, and many other  
circumstances, have called the startled  
attention of the world to the terrible  
power of dynamite.

What is this immensely destructive  
substance? It is a compound, usually  
made in the form of paste, of nitro-  
glycerine and gun cotton. Nitro-  
glycerine, as the reader may know, is  
an oily liquid of highly explosive and  
dangerous qualities. Gun-cotton is  
cotton saturated in certain acids, which  
makes it also a very explosive agent.  
The two, combined in the form of  
dynamite, makes a substance which  
carries death and destruction pent up  
in a very small compass.

The glass bomb of dynamite which  
not only killed the Czar Alexander,  
but wounded half-a-dozen of his escort,  
and broke the window-panes of houses  
several hundred feet away, could be  
carried easily concealed in the palm of  
a man's hand of medium size. No  
doubt the explosive agent—whatever  
it was—which dealt such havoc in  
London, was quite as small and as  
easily concealed.

There are many possible forms and  
combinations of gun-cotton, nitro-gly-  
cerine, and dynamite. Nitro-glycerine  
will not explode by a mere application  
of fire; on the contrary, if lighted, it  
will burn slowly and harmlessly. But  
it will explode by a sharp concussion.

A dynamite bomb, too, supplied with a  
small percussion cap, will explode if  
thrown violently, just as does a toy  
torpedo.

The most common way of exploding  
one of these agents is to have a short  
fuse attached to it. The further end  
of the fuse is lighted, and then the  
operator hastens away. By the time  
the fire reaches the destroying agent,  
the operator is able to get to a safe dis-  
tance, and to defy detection.

The explosive power of dynamite or  
nitro-glycerine is generally stated to be  
about ten times as great as gun-powder  
of the same bulk. The explosion pro-  
duces no smoke whatever, but creates a  
deafening detonation.

Dynamite, and other forms of nitro-  
glycerine and gun-cotton, are taking  
the place of gun-powder in many prac-  
tical directions. They have been sub-  
stituted for gun-powder, to a large  
extent, in the operations of mining and  
of blasting rock; and this kind of  
work is much more rapidly done by  
their means. Such explosive agents  
are also being introduced into the opera-  
tions of warfare.

Gun-cotton is used in artillery opera-  
tions and in naval actions, it being  
found far more effective than gun-  
powder, as well as more clean in its  
use. It is also adopted in the opera-  
tions of military engineering.

Thus we see that the discovery of  
nitro-glycerine, gun-cotton and dynamite,  
with their various combinations  
and the improvements constantly made  
in them, has given to men a new and  
most potent material force, which they  
use both for wicked and for beneficent  
ends.

Henceforth, not only will mining,  
blasting, and similar work be done  
more rapidly with less labour, but wars  
will be shorter because more destruc-  
tive.

But we cannot regard the tremendous  
destructive power of dynamite, and  
the ease with which enough of it to  
destroy a palace or a prison can be  
carried concealed about the person,  
without perceiving what a terrible  
weapon it supplies to the criminal and  
the assassin.

Nor can we wonder that the English  
and other governments are earnestly  
considering how the manufacture and  
sale of agents so formidable in their  
action, and indeed in their very exis-  
tence, can be restricted without limit-  
ing their proper and beneficial use in  
saving human labour and making it  
more effective.

**Rules in Case of Fire.**

OUR actions in sudden danger are  
apt to be mostly illustrations of "how  
not to do it." It is only calm good-  
sense that gets away whole and sound  
in such emergencies, while fright turns  
somersaults and steps on its own head.  
The experience of others has given us  
rules for the best procedure when we  
find ourselves in a "house-on-fire;" and  
a knowledge of these before-hand will  
be of great use to us, if we can only  
keep our wits about us when the time  
comes.

In case of either a chimney or a  
room catching fire, the first thing to  
be thought of is to exclude all draughts,  
for it is certain that the slightest cur-  
rent of air will increase the force of  
the fire.

All the doors and windows should  
be shut at once, and if the chimney be  
on fire, a wet blanket should be imme-

diately fastened to the top of the man-  
tel-piece, so as to exclude all draughts  
from the opening of the chimney, and  
entirely cover the grate, shutting the  
trap first if possible.

This will, in most cases, make the  
fire go out of itself. You may throw  
into the grate a few handfuls of salt.  
Water should never be thrown down  
from above, as it spoils the carpet and  
furniture unnecessarily.

If the window or bed-curtains catch  
fire, beat them with the thickest wool-  
len garment you can lay your hands  
upon. Window-curtains can in most  
cases be torn down with a violent jerk,  
and this will prevent the flames from  
extending to the wood-work of the  
windows. In escaping from a burning  
house or room, remember that the air  
nearest the floor is clearer than any,  
and go on your hands and knees at  
once. A wet cloth tied over the mouth  
and nose keeps out the smoke, will  
help the breathing, and prevent suffo-  
cation if too much oppressed.

A wet blanket, or even a dry one  
speedily used, will extinguish many a  
small conflagration—such, for instance,  
as an upset lamp, by excluding the air,  
and will be far more efficacious than  
water thrown for that purpose; its use  
also prevents damage to furniture.

When an alarm of fire is given, if in  
bed, wrap yourself in a blanket, which  
will form the best protection for you  
from the chance of ignition, and en-  
deavour to remember the different  
exits from the house—where they are  
and how to reach them; if you cannot  
attain to any of them, try to get to a  
front room as near the ground as  
possible.—*Leisure Hours.*

**"Some Day."**

SOME day, I know not when,  
The word for which I wait  
Shall come. The pearly gate  
Shall softly open then,  
And on this mortal shore  
My face be seen no more.

Some day, I know not where,  
Gently as breaks the dawn,  
My soul shall be updrawn  
Where is my treasure fair,  
Where my heart is. The change,  
I think, will not be strange.

Some day, I know not how,  
By heavenly touch or breath,  
The mystery of death  
Shall quiet pulse and brow,  
And with celestial air  
Shall flood me unaware.

Here, there, Thou art with me;  
Some day—when, where, or how,  
It matters not—I know  
That I shall be with Thee,  
And then my longing heart  
Shall see Thee as Thou art.

—Emily S. Oakley.

DR. CESAR MALAN once met an infidel  
in the streets of Paris, and to every  
one of his sharp assaults he simply  
responded by quoting a text of Scrip-  
ture, and saying: "Thus saith the  
Lord." "But," said the Frenchman,  
"I don't believe it." "Nevertheless,"  
answered the good man, "It is the  
Word of the Lord, and if you don't  
believe it, you'll be damned." Years  
later the same man met Dr. Malan,  
and, reminding him of the occurrence,  
said: "It was that which convicted  
me. You did not let me get hold of  
the hilt of the sword and begin to  
examine and criticize it, but you thrust  
the sharp point of it right through me  
every time, and it wounded me to  
death, and also to life eternal."

**Puzzledom.**

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

- 31.—Herod, hero, her.
- 35.—Astray, stray, tray, ray, ay, y.
- 36.—

P E A R  
E M M A  
A M O S  
R A S P

H O M E R  
O B O L E  
M O M U S  
E L U T E  
R E S E T

S I B I A  
I T E M S  
B E K A H  
I M A G E  
A S H E S

**New Puzzles.**

- 37.—LETTER REBUS.

M  
K E Y

- 38.—CHARADE.

A preposition; founded on truth; a  
sick person.

- 39.—WORD-SQUARES.

High temperature; a number; a  
number.

Healthy; to assert; magnifying  
glass; formerly.

- 40.—DIAMONDS.

A letter; a period of time; a girl's  
name; a fish; a letter.

A letter; an animal; a city; a boy's  
name; a letter.

**Varieties.**

A LITTLE girl on being asked what  
God made her for, replied, "To wear a  
red fadder in my hat." Some older  
persons seem to have no higher con-  
ception of their mission.

WEALTH has now all the respect paid  
to it which is due only to virtue and to  
talent, but we can see what estimate  
God places upon it, since He often  
bestows it upon the meanest and most  
unworthy of all His creatures.—*Dean  
Swift.*

SADIE never begs her missionary  
money from papa or mamma, but earns  
five cents every week by dusting the  
parlor. How many of our young  
friends will imitate her example!

VESPASIAN, the Roman emperor,  
throughout his life, used to call himself  
to account every night for his actions  
of the past day, and as often as he  
found he had passed any one day with-  
out doing some good he entered in his  
diary this memorandum: "*Diem per-  
didit*"—"I have lost a day."

REV. JAMES CAUGHEY relates that a  
couple of infidels were once standing  
together on the deck of a vessel as she  
glided past a desolate island of the sea.  
One said to the other: "Suppose you  
and I were condemned to live on this  
island alone, and had the choice of but  
one book for your companion; what  
book of books would you choose?"  
The other replied: "I would select  
Shakespeare, because of the variety of  
his themes." "Well," rejoined the  
other, "although I do not believe in  
the Bible, yet I would choose it for my  
companion; for the Bible is an endless  
book."



**Companionship with Jesus.**

Oh, blessed fellowship divine!  
Oh, joy supremely sweet!  
Companionship with Jesus here,  
Makes life with bliss replete.  
In union with the purest One  
I find my heaven on earth begun.  
Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime!  
I've Jesus with me all the time.

I'm walking close to Jesus' side,  
So close that I can hear  
The softest whispers of His love  
In fellowship so dear.  
And feel His great, almighty hand  
Protects me in this hostile land.  
Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime!  
I've Jesus with me all the time.

I'm leaning on His loving breast,  
Along life's weary way;  
My path, illumined by His smiles,  
Grows brighter day by day.  
No woes, no foes, my heart can fear  
With my almighty friend so near.  
Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime!  
I've Jesus with me all the time.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FOURTH QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.**

B.C. 1114.] **LESSON I.** [Oct. 7.]

**ELI'S DEATH.**

1 Sam. 4. 10-18. Commit to mem. vs. 17, 18.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not.—1 Sam. 3, 13.

**CENTRAL TRUTH.**

The exceeding sinfulness of sin.

**TIME.**—B.C. 1114. About 20 years after the last lesson.

**PLACE.**—(1) Ebenezer, named from Samuel's victory 20 years later. It was a few miles north-west of Jerusalem, and 15 south-west of Shiloh. (2) Shiloh, the capital, 17 miles north-west of Jerusalem.

**SAMUEL**, about 80 years old.

**ELI.**—Judge and priest for 40 years. Now 98 years old. He was a Levite, and descendant of Aaron through Ithamar.

**HOPHNI**, "the fighter," and **PHINEHAS**, "the brazen-mouthed," degenerate sons of Eli.

**SAMSON**, in another part of Israel, was just beginning his exploits. B.C. 1116-1096.

**INTERVENING EVENTS.**—The Israelites, rejoicing that the prophetic gift has returned in the person of Samuel (ch. 4. 1), and possibly encouraged by Samuel's victorious death, rise and attempt to throw off the yoke of the Philistines. They are defeated in the first battle of Ebenezer, with the loss of 4,000 men. At the suggestion of the elders, they send to Shiloh for the ark. It arrives with Hophni and Phinehas, and, encouraged by its presence, while the Philistines are dismayed, they join battle again.

**HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.**—10. *To his feet*—i.e., home (Josh. 22. 8). 11. *Ark of God taken*—A proof that God had departed from them. *Hophni and Phinehas slain*—The sign fulfilled, foretold by Samuel (ch. 2. 34). 12. *Ran*—A professional runner, accomplishing his 15 miles in the hours of daylight remaining after the battle. A tradition of the Jews says it was Saul fleeing with the tables rescued from the ark. 13. *Seat*—A judgment-seat or throne at the entrance of the temple enclosure, above and beyond the city. *Heart trembled*—For the ark he had let go to the battle. 16. *I am he*—"He had to announce himself to the blind old man who cannot see the tale of disaster which his dust-soiled, blood-stained garments tell all too plainly to the people."—*Cambridge Bible*. 18. *Fell off the seat backward*—"His seat or throne, without a back, stood with the side against the jamb of the gate, leaving the passage through the gate quite clear, but placed so that every one passing through the gate must pass in front of him."

**SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.**—The three battles of Ebenezer.—Eli's life and character.—The condition of Israel.—The responsibility of Eli's sons for Israel's condition.—Position of Samuel at this time.—Reasons for the defeat.—Hophni and Phinehas.

**QUESTIONS.**

**INTRODUCTORY.**—How old was Samuel at this time? What were the relations between the Philistines and the Israelites? What led

the Israelites to engage in the first battle of Ebenezer? What led to the second battle? When was the third fought, and with what results? (1 Sam. 7. 3-14).

**SUBJECT: SIN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES**

1. **ISRAEL'S PUNISHMENT** (vs. 10, 11).—What indications appear that Israel had neglected the true worship of God? (ch. 2. 17). What superstition had taken the place of piety? (ch. 4. 3). Where was the battlefield? With what spirit did the Philistines fight? (vs. 7-9). With what did the Israelites? (v. 5). What was the result? Where did the Israelites go? What became of the ark? What did this show respecting the Divine presence? Were the Israelites punished for their own sins, or the sins of others? Upon whom rested the chief responsibility for this disaster?

2. **THE PUNISHMENT OF HOPHNI AND PHINEHAS** (v. 11).—Who were these two men? What was their character? (ch. 2. 12-16). How had they been brought up? Where had they been brought up? How came they with the ark? In fulfilment of what prophecy was this? (ch. 2. 34). Of what further event was this to be the sign? (ch. 2. 31-36). Who was responsible for these deaths?

3. **ELI'S CHASTISEMENT** (vs. 12-18).—What is the difference between punishment and chastisement? What was Eli's sin? (Ans. Golden Text). What spirit did he show under reproof? (ch. 3. 18). What was wanting in this spirit? Where was Eli waiting for news of the battle? How was the news brought? What was his physical condition? For what was his affection strongest? What four things did the runner tell? Which blow smote heaviest? Name some of Eli's good characteristics. Name some of his defects. How far was he responsible for the disaster of the battle? How does Eli's conduct show the sinfulness of sin? What was there glorious in his death? What features of sadness? What warnings?

**PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.**

1. The sins of a good man have direful consequences.
2. A worthy example before children not sufficient without stern restraint.
3. Humility and submission are not enough without repentance and reform. (ch. 2. 18).
4. The strictness and severity with which a loving God exacts punishment from the good and the bad.
5. No sin is small, no act insignificant.
6. The honour and the service of God must lie more upon our hearts than children or parents.
7. "It is an honourable and glorious death to die from concern for the honour of God."

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

1. What was the result of the first and second battles of Ebenezer? **ANS.** Defeat of the Israelites.
2. Who perished in the second battle? **ANS.** The sons of Eli?
3. What was captured? **ANS.** The ark of God.
4. How did the tidings affect Eli? **ANS.** He fell from his seat and died.

B.C. 1094.] **LESSON II.** [Oct. 14.]

**SAMUEL THE JUDGE.**

1 Sam. 7. 5-17. Commit to memory vs. 12, 13.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.—1 Sam. 7. 12.

**CENTRAL TRUTH.**

Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation.

**TIME.**—B.C. 1094. About 20 years after last lesson (see chs. 6. 1, and 7. 2.)

**PLACE.**—Mizpeh, the watch-tower, a conspicuous hill about 4½ miles north-west of Jerusalem.

**SAMUEL**, now about 50 years old, living at Ramah, his native place. Known as a prophet (1 Sam. 3. 20), he must have been gradually preparing the people for the great reformation. Possibly the "schools of the prophets" were already at work under his supervision.

**CIRCUMSTANCES.**—The ark captured by the Philistines, as recorded in our last lesson, remained with them for seven months. It was then returned with precautions which showed the Divine care for it, and was brought to Kirjath-jearim, 10 miles a little north of west from Jerusalem. Here it remained nearly 50 years. Shiloh was laid waste, and the tabernacle removed thence from city to city, until at the time of the erection of Solomon's temple it was either

taken down or left to perish and be forgotten. The ark was never restored to it. There was no central place of worship. The times are ripe for a reform, and a reformer appears.

**HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.**—3. *Ashteroth*—Plural of Ashteroth, meaning the many images of the female deity of the Phoenicians. *Prepare your hearts*—Fix your hearts on God. 4. *Baalim*—Plural of Baal, the male deity of the Phoenicians, the sun. 6. *Poured it out*—(1) Showing that, like this water, their promises could never be returned to them. Hence, it was an act of confirmation of their words. (2) A confession of weakness. (3) A complete renunciation of their idolatry, none was left. 7. *Afraid*—A fear that threw them on the Divine aid. (Ps. 56. 3, 8). *Cease not*—Importunate prayer. 9. *Burnt offering*—"The sacrifice" was a substratum for prayer. A lamb, for they were new creatures by repentance. *Heard*—Answered. *As Samuel was offering*—The answer immediate. (Is. 65. 24). 14. *Amorites*—"Highlanders," dwellers in the mountains of Palestine. 15. *All his days*—Sharing his authority with his sons and Saul.

**SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.**—History of the ark.—History of the tabernacle.—The relations of the Philistines and Israelites.—Forms of heathen worship in Israel.—Gatherings at Mizpeh.—Cities restored by the Philistines.—Analysis of Samuel's sermon.

**QUESTIONS.**

**INTRODUCTORY.**—How many years intervene between this lesson and the last? What had befallen the ark? How old is Samuel now? What has he been doing? What change has gradually come over Israel? (ch. 7. 2). How are we to account for this change?

**SUBJECT: REPENTANCE AND ITS FRUITS.**

1. **AN EXHORTATION TO REPENTANCE** (v. 3).—On what condition does Samuel base his appeal? What follows this condition? What act of ours corresponds to the putting away strange gods? What is meant by "prepare your hearts"? What follows consecration? What is meant by "only"? Have we reason to suppose that this was a new appeal of Samuel's? What gave it unusual effect?

2. **WORKS MEET FOR REPENTANCE** (vs. 4-8).—What was the immediate result of Samuel's sermon? What mass-meeting was called? Where? For what purposes? What religious rites were performed? What was their significance? What effect did this have upon the Philistines? Why? What effect does a revival of religion have on the enemies of Christ? Why was it a bad time for the Philistines to attack Israel? Why was Israel "afraid"? What was the result of this fear? What does the appeal to Samuel show?

3. **IMMEDIATE FRUITS OF REPENTANCE** (vs. 9-12).—What did Samuel do? What other examples of intercessory prayer can you give? What was the answer? How soon did it come? Who routed the Philistines? Who pursued them? What was the memorial stone called? Why?

4. **PERMANENT FRUITS OF REPENTANCE** (vs. 13-17).—What was the final result of the battle? Did the Philistines ever trouble Israel again during Samuel's life? What is the meaning of v. 13? What office did Samuel hold the rest of his days? What is the meaning of "judge"? Trace his yearly circuit. When did he build an altar? Where was the tabernacle? What characteristics did Samuel have fitting him for a reformer? What advantages of training did he have?

**PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.**

1. The fruit of long labour may be reaped in a day.
2. All exhortation must close with a *Now*.
3. Repentance and confession must go before reformation.
4. Repentance of heart must be followed by works meet for repentance.
5. Victory follows consecration.
6. A revival of religion excites opposition.
7. Better piety without the ark, than the ark without piety.
8. Effective help is Divine help.
9. The glory of salvation is to be ascribed to God.

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

5. What led to the third battle of Ebenezer? **ANS.** The exhortation of Samuel, and the repentance of Israel.
6. How long was this after the second? **ANS.** Twenty years.
7. What was the result? **ANS.** Defeat of the Philistines, and a lasting peace.
8. Who ruled over Israel? **ANS.** Samuel, the last of the judges.

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