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# HOME SCHOOLS

Vol. I.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1883.

[No. 17.]

## Not a Word for Jesus?

HAVE you not a word for Jesus—  
Will *the world* His praise proclaim?  
Who will speak if ye are silent?  
Ye who know the Saviour's name.

You, whom He hath called and chosen,  
His own witnesses to be,  
Will you tell your gracious Master,  
Lord, we cannot speak for Thee!

"Cannot!" though He suffered for you,  
Died because He loved you so!  
"Cannot!" though He has forgiven,  
Making scarlet white as snow!

"Cannot!" though His grace abounding  
Is your freely-promised aid!  
"Cannot!" though He stands beside you—  
Though He says, "Be not afraid!"

like some many-footed dragon crossing the stream; but the river steamers glide safely beneath it. Near the northern end is a monument of pathetic interest—a huge boulder, commemorating the burial-place of 6,500 Irish immigrants, who died here of ship fever in 1847.

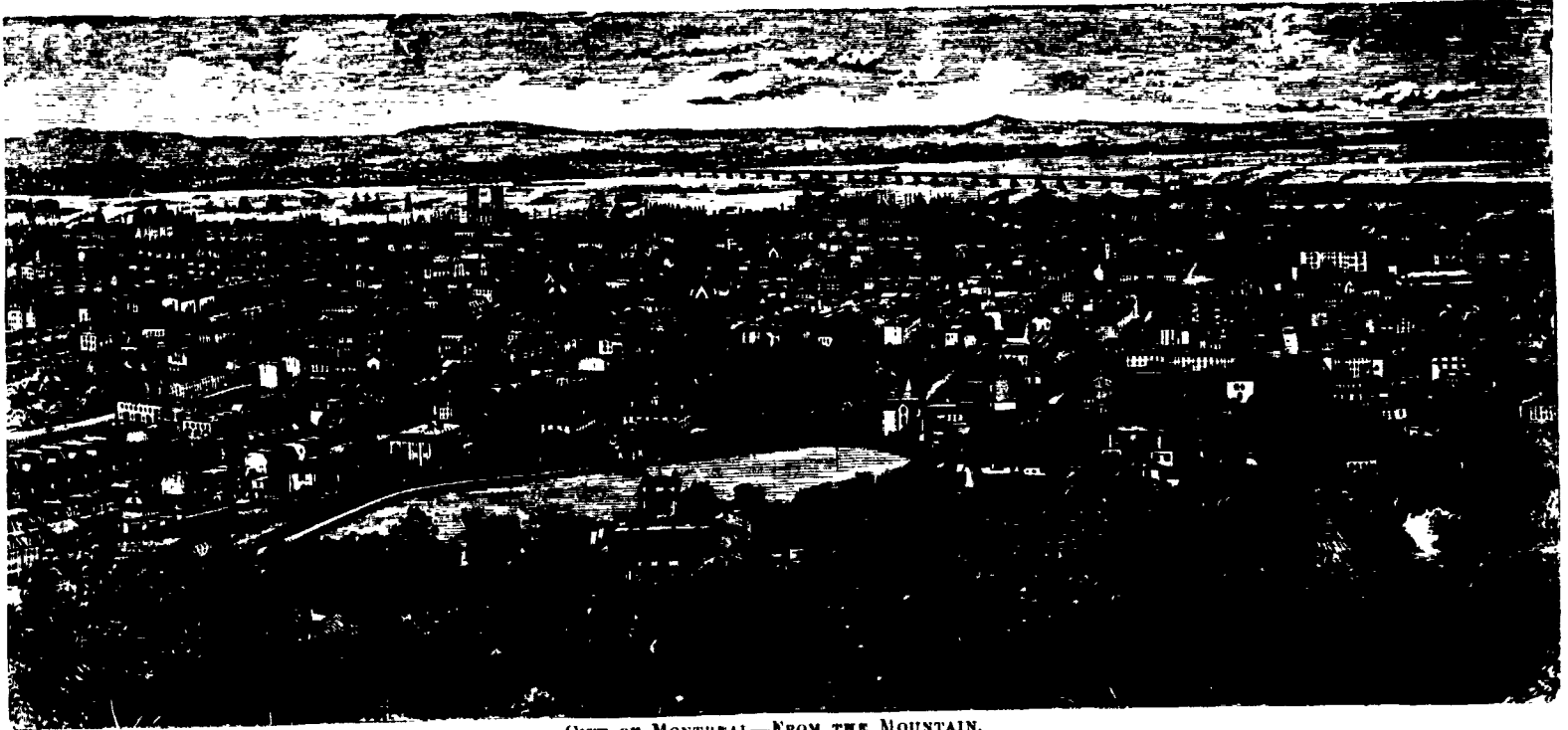
In current numbers of the *Methodist Magazine* appear three handsomely illustrated articles on the Dominion of Canada. Among the engravings are pictures of St. John, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Hamilton, and numerous others of British Columbia, Winnipeg, Manitoba, and the North-West. The whole series will be of great interest.

him, and it would be better for the boys now if they went through the same seasoning process. It is good to bear the yoke in youth. At the age of twelve he began the service of Christ, and never left it for a day till he heard his Master say, Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

And as Mr. Dodge grew in stature and years, he grew in favour with God and man. His life was one of cheerful industry. Nothing in the way of duty was irksome—rather, it was a pleasure to be enjoyed, and the smile, so genial and loving, with which his friends were always greeted, was merely the sunshine reflected from his glowing

being very poor, was actually in want of clothes for himself, and, I added, playfully, "He is a man just about your size." The next day he came into my third-story room, lugging a bundle much larger round than his body. I remonstrated with him for taking that labour on himself, but he said he preferred to do it rather than have his coachman leave the horses. The bundle was a complete wardrobe for the good shepherd, and covered him many a time while he preached the word.

DR. G. STANLEY HALL of Cambridge, Massachusetts, has been making some



CITY OF MONTREAL—FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

## Montreal.

THE view of Montreal from the mountain is one that it would be hard to surpass. In the foreground the observatory, reservoir, McGill College, and the elegant villas of its merchant princes; further off the clustering spires of its churches and massy architecture of old palaces of trade; then the far-shimmering St. Lawrence, the great highway of commerce; and in the purple distance the hazy hills of Belœil and mountains of the Eastern Townships.

One of the chief objects of interest at Montreal is the famous Victoria Bridge, over a mile and a quarter long, with twenty-three spans of 242 feet each (the centre one 330 feet), costing \$6,800,000. At a distance it looks

## Mr. Dodge's Way.

I HAVE often heard him relate his experience as a boy in a store, contrasting his duties as the youngest clerk with the work of boys now. His father was a prosperous man of business, and might easily enough have brought him up in idleness, which is supposed by many fools to be the same as brought up a gentleman. But the lad was placed as a clerk in a store, and it was his duty in the morning to take down the shutters and get things ready for business. To do this he had to get up before daylight in winter and hurry down to the store: and all day long he was running errands, carrying parcels home for customers, and doing anything else that he was told to do. This discipline he saw was good for

heart. Immersed in business that assumed wide range and vast proportions, he kept his soul serene in the light of heaven, so that the cares of the world, the love of money, and sordid greed had no dominion over his buoyant spirit. More than the counting-room, or the presidency of the Chamber of Commerce, he loved the Sunday-school room, the house of God, the prayer-meeting, and the chamber of the suffering, whose wants he might relieve. His delight was in making glad the hearts of the poor.

There are others who have wealth, and are as free as he was. But I never saw or heard of any man of his wealth who would do so much for others, besides giving largely. I wrote to him that a minister of the Gospel,

curious and interesting experiments among children just entering the Boston primary schools, and he gives the results of his observations in a bright and readable article in the May number of the *Princeton Review*. For example, one-fifth of these children did not know their right or left hand; one-fourth of them did not know their elbows; one in three had never seen a chicken; two out of three had never seen an ant; one out of three had never consciously seen a cloud; two out of three had never seen a rainbow; more than half of them were ignorant of the fact that wooden things are from trees; more than two-thirds of them did not know the shape of the world; nine-tenths of them could not tell what flour is made of.

## Lost for Want of a Word.

Lost for want of a word!  
 Fallen among thieves and dying  
 Priests and Levites passing  
 The place where he is lying.  
 He is too faint to call,  
 Too far off to be heard—  
 There are those beside life's highway  
 Lost for want of a word!

Lost for want of a word!  
 All in the black night straying  
 Among the mazes of thought,  
 False light ever betraying.  
 Oh, that a human voice  
 The murky darkness had stirred!  
 Lost and benighted forever—  
 Lost for want of a word!

Lost for want of a word!  
 Too high it may be and noble  
 To be ever checked in his sin,  
 Or led to Christ in his trouble.  
 No one boldly and truly  
 To show him where he has erred—  
 Poor handful of dust and ashes!  
 Lost for want of a word!

Lost for want of a word!  
 A word that you might have spoken—  
 Who knows what eyes may be dim,  
 What hearts may be aching and broken?  
 Go, scatter beside all waters,  
 Nor sicken at hope deferred,  
 Let never a soul by thy dumbness  
 Be lost for want of a word!

## Aunt Fanny's Story.

We had just come in from a temperance meeting. Aunt Fanny was seated in an easy-chair before the glowing grate, Bess was in her usual place, a low stool at her feet, and Harry had thrown himself in his accustomed careless fashion upon the sofa.

"I can't see any use in making such a fuss about temperance, in a place like this at any rate. Now in the city, where a saloon meets one on every hand it is different—but in a hum-drum, sleepy old town like this it is simply fanatical. Then, all this talk about cider. 'Why, cider couldn't kill a spider,'" said Harry, with a gay, careless laugh, quoting from Tom Roper.

Bess and I joined in his merriment, for he had such a comical way of saying the most trivial things that we generally laughed at his remarks. He looked very handsome, with his black hair tossed back from his broad, white brow, and his whole face beaming with fun.

Aunt Fanny did not laugh; instead, an added sadness crept into her face as she fixed her searching eyes upon my brother. Somehow this sent a sort of chill over our gay, young spirits and we were silent for some minutes, a very unusual proceeding upon our part, I assure you.

"Would you like to have me tell you a story?" asked aunt Fanny breaking the silence suddenly.

Of course we wanted to hear it, and as father had gone to visit a patient several miles away, and mother had retired with a headache, we knew we should be free from interruption for an hour at least, so we settled ourselves cozily and prepared to listen, although we feared from aunt's manner the story would be a sad one.

"You do not remember much about your uncle Robert, do you?" she asked.

No, we did not, but we remembered well his last visit at our house only a few months before his death, and how noble and handsome he looked, and how we stood a little in awe of him in spite of his genial ways, on account of his being senator, and I remembered how Harry had confided to me that he meant to be a senator when he was a

man, and make grand speeches that should be printed, just like uncle Robert. But all this digression has nothing to do with the story.

"Your uncle Robert and I were brought up in a village not dissimilar to this, save that it was snugly tucked away among the green hills of Vermont. My father kept a country store, and he was the rich man of the town, owning broad acres of tillage and pasture land, with large orchards, and among the rest a cider mill. So of course, cider was just as free as water, and it never entered our thoughts that it was not as harmless. Deacon Goodwin, Robert's father, was a straightforward, God-fearing man, much respected by everyone for his upright character. He would as soon put his hand into the fire, as to have offered his sons a glass of liquor, but he never dreamed that in the transparent liquid, which they imbibed so freely, lurked the germ of a deadly poison that would one day spring into life and choke out the good seed he had sown with such loving care.

"Well, time passed on, Robert Goodwin went to college, and I was sent to a boarding-school; so for several years we met but seldom, but we often heard of his wild, dissipated life, while there. When he returned and began the practice of law in a neighbouring town, and asked me to be his wife, with the usual blindness of love I thought I could reform him. For a time all went well. Our home was much like the ideal home my girlhood dreams had pictured. Robert rose rapidly in his profession, for he possessed much talent combined with energy, and a perseverance that is sure to win success. Then our little girl came to us, as sweet a little blossom as ever gladdened a mother's heart, and my cup of happiness seemed full, when suddenly my bright hopes fell a shattered mass of ruin at my feet. Robert had won in an important case that had long been contested by law, and a supper was given in his honour, a very brilliant affair, and yielding to the importunities of his friends he drank a glass of wine. He never could be a moderate drinker; if he drank one glass, more was sure to follow, and that night those same friends led him home intoxicated. From this he went rapidly in the downward road. One night when our baby was about a year old she was taken suddenly sick with membranous croup; I summoned medical aid, but all to no avail, and in a few hours our little one was dead. All this time her father lay in a beastly state of intoxication, too far lost in drunken slumber to realize what was taking place. Believe me, Harry, I should not thus expose the weakness of one who is dead, were it not for the hope that it may benefit you! When my husband awoke to consciousness and realized that his beautiful child was dead, his grief was terrible, but from that hour dated his reform; he again devoted himself to his profession, and at length, although still a young man, was sent as senator to Washington, where we resided for two years. About that time we paid his brother, your father, the visit you remember so well, and then went to his father's in Vermont for rest and recreation, for his health was very poor. While there, his father advised the use of old cider for a stomach trouble, from which he was suffering. This cider was 'kept' by the plentiful use of corn,

raisins, and mustard, and a drink not much inferior to wine in strength and flavour, but as it was cider we never thought of harm resulting from its use. I wonder, now, that with my womanly instincts I could have been so blind.

"One day, when our visit was drawing toward a close, I noticed that my husband was unusually restless and depressed in spirits; he had drunk more freely than common of the above-named preparation, but I did not suppose that had anything to do with it. About the middle of the afternoon, he said he had business in a town some ten miles distant and started on his journey on horseback, a favorite exercise with him. He rode slowly away, our little boy running by his side astride his grandfather's cane, in imitation of his father. I stood in the door and watched them with proud and happy eyes. Autumn had flung her banners on the trees, crimson, golden, and scarlet, the berries of the mountain ash glowed red in the sunlight, the white-weed and golden-rod blossomed by the wayside, and the orchards were laden with a wealth of ripened fruit. Father Goodwin came and stood by my side, the sunshine touched his gray hair with a halo of silver, his eyes wandered over the lovely landscape and rested, at last, upon apple orchards with a satisfied expression.

"We shall have to make an unusual amount of cider this year, Fanny," he said, "for apples are so plenty they will bring next to nothing to sell." I smiled in an absent sort of way, for my thoughts were with my husband and bonnie boy. Then as he noticed a mass of black clouds rising in the south and west, he added, "We shall have a storm before midnight," and went into the house.

"I took a book of poems and settled myself comfortably in an easy-chair under the trees, while Charlie played about me, until the sky became overcast with heavy clouds, and the air chilly with the approaching storm. About nine o'clock the storm burst upon us with all its fury, wind and hail and rain; the elements seemed in wild commotion that night. I grew very uneasy about Robert. I had expected he would try to reach home early, as he must have seen the storm approaching, and the horse he rode was a young, mettlesome creature, not fairly broken. Still I hoped he might have been detained by business until a late hour, and had concluded to spend the night in L. The storm was at its height when we heard a clatter of hoofs in the yard. Father Goodwin stepped to the kitchen door and spoke to one of his farm hands. "Robert has come," he said, "get a lantern as soon as you can." The man obeyed and went out into the darkness, but soon returned with an ashy face. The horse was riderless!

"Well they went in search of the lost rider, and I threw a shawl over my head and followed after, fearing I knew not what. We found him at last by the roadside, his garments drenched, his face pallid, and his hair wet with the rain and with something darker that flowed from an ugly wound in his forehead. They carried him home, and he lived several days, nearly all the time unconscious. A day or two before his death, he told me all about it, how the cider had roused all his old appetite for drink, and how he had fought against it although suffer-

ing the greatest torment; but while in L, it was placed before him and the sight was maddening. He yielded to the tempter and on his return home, being partially under the influence of his old enemy, he was unable to control his horse and so met with the terrible accident. With his mental vision cleared by the near approach of death, he plainly saw the fatal connection between the free use of cider in his youth and the wretched experiences that nearly ruined his early manhood. Now, for the same blind error, his life must pay the penalty. Then he called for a pledge and made Charlie, (who could write his name and that was about all) sign it, at the same time making him solemnly promise to keep it inviolate till the day of his death; and, boy though he was, he seemed to understand. I trust he will always keep it, for I think if he is ever tempted to break it, the memory of his dying father and the solemn vow made to him will restrain him.

"Now, Harry, do you still think there is no harm in cider, nothing but cider? Do you still think it fanatical to fight against intemperance?"

"No; aunt Fanny, no. I am sorry to have caused you the pain of telling so sad a story, but I hope it will be a lesson to me. I will sign your pledge that I refused the other day, and, God helping me, I will keep it." And he always has kept it.—*Morning Star.*

## Bank Notes.

BANK of England notes are made from pure white linen cuttings only, never from rags that have been worn. They have been manufactured for nearly two hundred years at the same spot—Laverstoke, in Hampshire—and by the same family, the Portals, who are descended from some French Protestant refugees. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery, and the sheets are carefully counted and booked to each person through whose hands they pass. The printing is done by a most curious process in Mr. Coe's department within the bank building. There is an elaborate arrangement for securing that no note shall be exactly like any other in existence; consequently there never was a duplicate of a Bank of England note except by forgery. It has been stated that the stock of paid notes for seven years is about 94,000,000 in number, and they fill 18,000 boxes, which, if placed side by side, would reach three miles. The notes, placed in a pile, would be eight miles high; or, if joined end to end, would form a ribbon 15,000 miles long. Their superficial extent is more than that of Hyde Park, their original value was over £3,000,000,000, and their weight over 112 tons.

THE HISTORY OF A CLUB.—There was a club formed in Scotland by men of wealth, who met regularly to drink and have a social time. A gentleman had the interest to inquire in after-years the history of the club, and how the members turned out. This is what he learned about them: two were in the insane asylum; one had jumped from a window and killed himself; another had jumped into the river and drowned; fourteen had failed in business. Only one was living.

## Immanuel's Land.

FAIR island of the Southern seas,  
Fair land of azure s'les,  
Land of a light and balmy breeze,  
Whose summer never dies:  
O land of the date! O land of the palm!  
Land of a golden sand!  
There all is joy, there all is rest,  
There all is bright and ever blest;  
No waves of care;  
The very air  
Is life and light,  
And my delight:  
But this is not Immanuel's land.

Thy sun will set, and set in night,  
And thy fair scenes will fade:  
That which was once all beaming light  
Will die in evening's shade.  
O land of the date! O land of the palm!  
Land of a golden sand!  
Where is thy light! where is thy bloom?  
Now buried in an obscure gloom!  
Ye stars of light  
Now shining bright,  
Gleam from afar  
Each falling star:  
But this is not Immanuel's land.

But oh, what rapture steals me o'er  
To cross death's sullen stream,  
And as I near that blissful shore  
The lights of Eden beam.  
O land of the harp! O land of the crown!  
Land of a golden strand!  
Those golden streets so bright I see:  
Oh, had I wings to fly to thee!  
This gained by death,  
I yield my breath;  
My soul aspires  
For heavenly choirs,  
My soul yearns for Immanuel's land.

## What One Boy Did.

BY M. V. M.

HE was only fourteen years old, and an apprenticed boy at that; but he changed a poor little peasant village into a great manufacturing town, and, more than this, left to his country a profitable industry which has grown into her principal resource for wealth. This is the way he did it:

A couple of hundred years ago a horse-trader came to the present village of Chaux-de-fonds, in the Jura mountains of Switzerland, bringing with him a silver watch. The villagers had never seen any thing of the kind, and it was a great curiosity. People came from far and near to see the wonderful little machine work. But one day it stopped! Nobody knew what to do, and not only the owner but the whole town felt the loss. Every body was talking about the misfortune, and with good reason. Imagine living in a town where there was never a time-piece of any description!

At last Jean Richard, a smith's apprentice, made his appearance. He was a clear-headed, clever boy, and looking carefully among the wheels and cogs of the watch he fancied that he might put it in order. He asked if he might try, and permission was readily given. He put the watch in order very quickly, and at once became the hero of the village.

But he was not satisfied. If he could mend a watch he could make one, he believed, and so he set about the work without tools, machinery, patterns, experience, or any thing, in fact, save his own will and purpose and ingenuity. He worked bravely on, toiling late at night and early in the morning, and in a little less than two years he saw his first watch measuring time!

It was a triumph, and the brave boy deserved all his satisfaction. A few years more and Jean himself was at the head of a large and successful watch-making business, and before many years had passed Switzerland was noted as a watch-producing country.

You see, boys, what the qualities were which led to this success—faith in his own power, perseverance, courage, and hope. Jean Richard had no more of these, perhaps, than many a boy who does little or nothing; but he was willing to try the seemingly impossible thing. Are you?

## Singular Scripture Readings.

PERHAPS a few specimens of the various translations of the Holy Scriptures into the English language may be interesting to our readers. We will take, as an example, one text, Psalm viii. 5:

Authorized Version: "For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour."

I. Wyclif: "Thou lassedest hym a litil lasse fro angels; with glorie and worships thou crownedest hym."

II. Wyclif: "Thou hast maad hym a litil lasse than aungels; thou hast crowned hym with glorie and onour."

The two specimens from Wyclif are from the catalogue of Sir Richard R. Madden, in the British Museum.

Miles Coverdale: "After thou haddest for a reason made him lower the angels thou crownedest him with honour and glory."

Cranmer: "Thou madest hym lower then ye Angels, to croune hym with glory and worship."

Matthews: "After thou haddest for a reason made him lower the Angels thou crownedest him with honour and glory."

The Bishop's Bible: "Thou hast made hym something inferiour to Angels, thou hadst crowned hym with glory and worship."

The Douay or Rheims, (Roman Catholic Version): "Thou hast made him a little less than the Angels, thou hast crowned him with glory and honor."

English Book of Common Prayer. "Thou madest him lower than the angels; to crown him with glory and worship."

Geneva, (vulgarly called the Breeches Bible): "For thou hast made him a little lower than God, and crowned him with glory and worship."

I have given the Geneva version last, because it differs so much from all the other versions, and in my judgment is the only true translation. The word rendered in the other translations "Angels" is always Elohim in the Hebrew Bible, which not only means God, but also the Trinity, as all Hebrew words ending with *m* are plural.

If the last rendering of the passage be the true one, then man's fall must have been a much greater fall than it is commonly supposed to have been.

J. B. WRIGHT.

## Delicacy.

THE true gentleman never alludes to the infirmities of the people in whose company he may be. He has too great respect for their feelings to do that. Boys and girls who wish to become true gentlemen and ladies soon learn to regard the feelings of others, and are careful not to wound them. This was once beautifully illustrated among a company of robust, active boys who were very busy playing base-ball. A little lame fellow about twelve years old, pale and sickly, stood leaning on his

crutches, evidently very sorry that he was not able to take part in the exciting game. Indeed he seemed to lose sight of the fact how much his infirmity unfitted him to join in the sport of his stout and healthy companions. The other boys good-naturedly tried to persuade him to stand on one side and let another take his place; but they were thoughtful enough to put it on the ground that they feared he might get hurt.

"Jimmy," said one at last, forgetting himself for a moment, "you can't run, you know."

"Oh, hush!" answered another, the tallest boy of the party. "Never mind; I'll run for him, and you can count it for him."

So saying, the noble fellow took his place by Jimmy's side, saying to the other in a lower tone, "if you were like him you wouldn't like to be told of it all the time."

Was he not a true gentleman? He knew his little playmate was lame; and rightly judging that he did not care to be reminded of it, he acted accordingly. His thoughtfulness of the feelings of others is greatly to be commended, and is worthy of imitation, not only by boys and girls but by older persons also.—*Classmate.*

## Ships at Sea.

I HAVE ships that went to sea  
More than fifty years ago,  
None have yet come back to me,  
But are sailing to and fro.  
Great the treasures that they hold,  
Silks and plumes and bars of gold;  
While the spices that they bear  
Fill with fragrance all the air,  
As they sail, as they sail.

I have waited on the piers,  
Gazing for them down the bay,  
Days and nights for many years,  
Till I turn heart-sick away.  
But the pilots, when they land,  
Stop and take me by the hand,  
Saying: "You will live to see  
Your proud vessels come from sea  
One and all, one and all."

## Hold on to the End.

IN the battle of Gettysburg a young color-bearer of the Sixteenth Regiment of Vermont Volunteers fell mortally wounded. Holding on firmly to his color-staff, he felt some hand taking hold, and heard a voice saying, "Give us the flag." Death was already blinding his eyes, and he was unable to see who it was. "Are you friends, or enemies?" he asked. "We are friends," they replied. "Then if you are friends," the dying boy continued, "let me hold the flag till I die." And uttering these words he fell back and expired. That was the impulse and the act of a brave and true heart. The flag had been entrusted to his keeping. He could not and would not yield it to an enemy. He could not yield it to a friend, because he would cling to his trust to the end. His example, though but that of a boy, is one of the noblest and truest in history. Have you a trust committed to you? Yes. God has entrusted you with gifts and opportunities and duties. And Jesus says, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Paul just before his martyrdom wrote to Timothy, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me at that day."

## Woman's Work.

WOMAN'S work for woman, in the sense of missions to heathen women, grows in significance every hour. The necessity for it, the fruitfulness of the work, the fitness of Christian women to do for their sisters of the unevangelized lands, are no longer open questions. "Until the women are reached, nothing can be considered as permanently accomplished," says a recent writer on Missions in China. Reading this sentence in the faces of 150,000,000 Chinese girls and women we can well believe it the sober truth. "It is they," he goes on to say, "who teach the nation to be idolatrous, training the children in superstition from the very dawn of reason." This is only what we claim for women in this land of ours, except that here they turr the faces of the children to the light. It is the recognition of women as the trainers of the next generation, pitching its life to a key that regulates their own. Heathenism and false religion moves on, a swollen, turbid stream, in spite of every effort, if this great mass of heathen women cannot be leavened by the Gospel which has set the women of Christian lands in their high places and given them queenly power.

It is equally true of India as of China—and no more true of either than of Africa, though for a somewhat different reason. Another fact, fully established, is that men cannot do this work. Women must break their fetters or they will not be broken. That she can carry the torch of life into the darkness is fully proven. No brighter chapter of modern missions is there, than that written by her hand. No field is riper than that which awaits her sickle.

## Upward.

THERE'S not a cloud that sails the sky  
But has a silver lining:  
Above each mist that veils the eye  
The glorious sun is shining.  
As travellers on the mountain slope,  
And oft with clouds enveloped,  
Find as they clamber higher up  
A clearer sky developed.  
So we on wings of faith should rise  
And not sit down repining,  
But soar aloft to brighter skies  
Where the sun is always shining.  
—R. GEO. HALLS.

A CAPTAIN of a vessel returning from Australia found that she sprung a leak soon after leaving Sydney, and the course did not allow him to put in at Cape of Good Hope. Nothing could be done but to endeavour to keep the ship afloat all the way home. At first he issued to the men their regular allowance of grog, but he soon found that they were fast running down in strength. Labouring at the pumps so constantly fatigued them extremely. At the end of the watch they would drink and turn in. At the end of four hours they would awake unrefreshed. He saw that this must be changed. He stopped the grog and ordered that at the end of the watch each man should be given a mess of cocoa and sugar with his meat. This changed matters very much. They took this food before they turned in, and this sugared cocoa renewed the material of their muscles and put them into a condition in which they could sleep soundly and awake refreshed. He assured me that he brought his men into harbour, after all that severe work, in as high a condition as ever a crew came home.—*Dr. Carpenter.*

Hymn by a Native of India.

VIA DOLOROSA.

WHITHER with that crushing load,  
O'er Salem's dismal road,  
All thy body suffering so,  
O, my God! where dost Thou go?

CHORUS.

Whither, Jesus, goest Thou?  
Son of God, what doest Thou  
On this city's dolorous way  
With that cross? O, Sufferer, say!

Tell me, fainting, dying Lord,  
Dost Thou of Thine own accord  
Bear that cross? or did Thy toes  
'Gainst Thy will that load impose?

Patient Sufferer, how can I,  
See Thee faint, and fall, and die,  
Press'd, and pull'd, and crush'd, and ground  
By that cross upon Thee bound?

Weary arm and staggering limb,  
Visage man'd, eyes growing dim,  
Tongue all parch'd, and faint at heart,  
Bruised and sore in every part.

Dost Thou up to Calvary go  
On that cross in shame and woe—  
Malefactors either side—  
To be nailed and crucified?

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TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1883.

Mission Notes.

Of the Montreal French Mission the Rev. L. N. Beaudry writes:

"Our Sunday-school gives signs of a steady growth. Its contributions to the Mission Fund are praiseworthy. Arrangements are being made by benevolent persons to furnish us with, at least, the nucleus of a library, which, we trust, will become a means of attraction and permanent good. In all this we recognize the hand of God, especially as most of this assistance comes to us unsolicited and from other denominations.

"After six years of anxious thought, deep feeling, and constant labour in this field, your Missionary is more than ever convinced, that the chief instrument in this work of evangelization, is the school for the young. Those whom Romanism has fashioned and controlled to advanced years, have become either skeptical in mind, or indifferent in heart, and usually demoralized in life. Our hope is with the young, and God has wonderfully given us access to this class. This is our chief encouragement. The standard of teaching in our Pro-

testant schools is so far superior to that of the Romish schools, and the treatment of the young among us is so much more humane, that the moment the doors of our schools are opened, the rush for entrance is far beyond our capacity and means. In this God indicates our duty. Every Mission should be furnished with a school as well as a church. No permanent work can be done without these twin sisters of Christianization."

THERE is a style of match-safes known as "self-illuminating." If they are kept during the day in a bright room, their substance is such, that they will absorb sufficient light from their surroundings, to make them luminous in the darkness after nightfall. Their advantage is, that when you enter a darkened room at night, you can be guided by such a luminous match-safe to the means of a more permanent and brilliant light. So it ought to be with every disciple of Jesus. In his hours of walking in the light of the Sun of Righteousness he should absorb sufficient light to enable him to glow with contained and reflected light in any darkened room he may be called to enter. By this means, those who would otherwise walk in darkness may be guided surely to the means of an abiding light as their own possession. We all know persons of this sort. They bring light into any room they enter. They seem to shed light out of surrounding darkness. And again we know persons who have the power of darkening the sunlight in the brightest room, by their presence. They come between the light and our eyes like a piece of smoked glass; and the sun is always eclipsed while they are with us. Whether we are to shed light, or to shadow light by our presence and influence is not a question of temperament merely. It is a question of personal duty.—*Sunday-School Times.*

OFTEN on slight examination of the lesson it seems like dry ground, and it will not do to put entire dependence upon the intellectual understanding, nor upon commentators; it is only by earnest prayer that "the blade, then in the ear, then the full corn in the ear" is revealed. It was Whitefield who remarked, in effect, that the fullest, clearest light fell upon the inspired word when he was upon his bended knees over the open Bible. Words, feather-tipped with prayer, will wing their way to the heart, when lengthened, clear expositions, sent from the head will fall cold and unheeded at the feet of careless listeners.—*E. C. Casey.*

It is a pitiful thing to see a young disciple going about and asking everybody how much he must "give up" in order to be a Christian. Unfortunately many of those who take it upon themselves to instruct him, give him the same impression of Christian discipleship—that it consists chiefly of giving up things that one likes and finds pleasure in. But a man in solitary confinement might as well talk about what he must "give up" if he is pardoned out of prison, or a patient in consumption about what he must "give up" in order to get well. The prisoner must give up his fetters, and the invalid his pains and his weaknesses—these are the main things to be sacrificed. It is

true that the one has the privilege of living without work; and the other the privilege of lying in bed all day; these are the privileges that must be relinquished, no doubt. And so there are certain sacrifices to be made by him who enters upon the Christian life, but they are "not worthy to be compared" with the liberty, and dignity, and joy, and peace into which the Christian life introduces us; and to put the emphasis upon this negative side of the Christian experience, as so many at the present time are inclined to do, is a very great mistake.—*Word and Work.*

Home College Series.

In addition to the numbers of this series previously announced we have received the following:

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THE LEOPARD CUBS.

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The Leopard Cubs.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

OUT in the offing lay the ship,  
One tropic summer day,  
That was to bear the Teacher home—  
Three thousand miles away;  
And gathered for a last farewell,  
Around him pressed a crowd  
Of dusky followers, on the beach,  
Who wept and sobbed aloud.

Upon the surf the native boat,  
Waiting to waft him o'er  
The white-capped breakers, churned and  
chafed

Against the pebbly shore.  
His soul was sad with toil and pain,  
So lately had he won  
From rites of fetichev savagery  
These children of the sun.

But soon the last good-bye was said,  
For he must be afloat;  
And with a prayer upon his lips  
He stepped into the boat;  
And stopping, heard a cry, and saw  
Come rushing o'er the sand  
A lad who held a leopard-cub  
Aloft in either hand.

"Mas' Teacher, see!—De mudder beast,  
Me watch her go,—den up  
Me creep into de den and fetch  
De little spotted pup;  
Dis ebery ting me hab to bring  
For pay de Captain fee;  
Me want to learn big English so,  
Wid you across de sea!

"Mas' Teacher! take de boy along!  
De pups dey no shall bite;  
Me keep him in me bosom close,  
An' watch him day and night.  
De 'Meiky man, he buy him glad;  
Dollars an' dollars pay.  
Me know big English,—me go teach  
Big English den, some day."

Dim-eyed the Teacher left the shore,  
And o'er the breakers' swell  
He still could see the Grebo lad,  
As rose the boat and fell,  
Lying in silent, hopeless grief,  
Stretched out upon the sands,  
While in his breast the leopard cubs  
Nestled, and licked his hands.



IN THE HARVEST-FIELD.

## The Harvest Home.

"THEY joy before Thee according to the joy in harvest," says one of the most beautiful verses of Scripture. And right and comely is it to rejoice at this glad season of the year when God openeth His hand and we are filled with good. To the Jews the harvest-tide was a time of special rejoicing. So should it be with us. We greatly like that old English custom of the Harvest Home, of bringing in the last load with songs of rejoicing and thanksgiving. We would like to see more of this kind of harvest festival in Canada. As the Jews had their feast of first fruits, and presented their wave-offering before the Lord, so should we recognize the bounty of the Giver of every good and perfect gift and testify our gratitude by liberal gifts for His cause. For after all it is only of His own that we give unto Him.

Let the children share the joy. Let them gather harvest flowers and keep holiday among the reapers, and rejoice in that love which giveth us all things richly to enjoy. Why might not the Sunday-school be decorated with wheat and flowers and fruit, and a harvest festival of song and thanksgiving be held?

Sing to the Lord of harvest,  
Sing songs of love and praise,  
With joyful hearts and voices  
Your hallelujahs raise  
By Him the rolling seasons  
In fruitful order move,  
Sing to the Lord of harvest  
A song of happy love.

## "The Time is Short."

BY HOLLIS FREEMAN.

ONLY a few more years of life!  
Shall I waste them in idle dream,  
Gather sweet flowers with a careless hand,  
To cast on a widening stream?

Only a few more years for love!  
Shall I spend them in war and strife,  
Struggle on with weary, rebellious feet  
Past the few last milestones of life?

Only a few more years for God!  
Shall I seek after greed and gain?  
Pile up earth's straws on a bank of sand,  
Dashed o'er by a ruthless main?

Only a few years left for man!  
Shall I lie on a couch of ease,  
Shut out from sight his sorrow and tears,  
Make self the idol to please?

Only a few more years—oh, no!  
Let me gather with tears and pain  
The scattered hours of a wasted life,  
The fragments that yet remain.

## The Sunday-School at Brightacre.

"If you please, miss, there is some one in the parlour to see you."

"To see me! At this hour!"

Belle Dorset tossed aside the book she had been reading, and flew to her mirror. While she bade Bridget say she would be down in an instant, both hands were busy among the braids of her yellow hair.

"I wonder who it can be," she soliloquized. "If any one intended coming from the city he would certainly have sent a message."

The effect of a red rose pinned at the collar so pleased her, that when she swung her white robed figure down

the stairway there was a smile of supreme satisfaction upon Miss Belle's face. At first, upon entering the parlour, she failed to see the young gentleman; but when her eyes had grown a little accustomed to the light of the room, and his face had grown a little redder, she saw him starting from a dark corner and heard him stumbling over imaginary obstacles, as an awkward boy will.

"I am George Anderson," he began, when he had found his voice, blurring out what was evidently a set speech; "and I—that is, we—would like to have you do us a favour."

Miss Dorset was so surprised that she scarcely knew how it came about, but in five minutes she had drawn aside the curtains, let in more of the afternoon's sunlight, and was seated, chatting to her visitor. He seemed to be very much in earnest, and his awkwardness was almost forgotten.

"You see," he was saying, "it is the only afternoon Sunday-school in this whole town, and we ought to have more than thirty scholars and four teachers."

"I should think so."

"I heard that you taught a class in the city while you were there, and I want to ask you if you won't do the same here?" He did not pause long enough for her to answer, but went on: "We have not the scholars yet, but me and Frank'll find them if you will promise to come."

"Frank! Who is Frank?" Miss Belle asked, more for the purpose of giving herself time to think than from any desire to know of him.

"O, he's a boy. He's waiting around the corner for me. He and I have been elected treasurer and secretary of the Sunday-school. The superintendent used to have all the offices, but we were elected last Sunday, and we are going to build that Sunday-school up."

"Yes?"

"Somehow he doesn't think much of us. 'Boys' work is of no use,' he says."

"And you propose to show him that it is of some use?"

"Yes, ma'am. The Sunday-school is breaking up, just because nobody will go to work. The teachers and the superintendent and our preacher all have a dozen plans, but they don't try any of them—they just talk about them, and worry and wait, till I'm tired."

"Yes?"

It was evident that Miss Belle was not like some young ladies we have heard of, who talk when they have nothing to say, and who would, most probably, have laughed at this earnest country boy.

"And if you will promise to come next Sunday, anyhow, we will be mighty glad."

"But I have not studied the lesson for that day. In fact, I don't know what it is."

"O, I can tell you where it is. Here is our printed lesson slip, and you can soon learn all about it."

The upshot of the matter was that Miss Belle did promise. "Somehow, I could not bear to refuse him," she told her mother a little later: "he seemed so determined to have me come, and I told him I would be there for one Sunday at least. So now the least I can

do is to look up the lesson." And taking her garden hat from the rack, she was soon seated in the deepest shade of her father's beautiful grounds reading, and thinking of things very different from what had occupied her attention but a half hour previously.

"Hurrah! she'll come, Frank," cried George, when he met his bashful friend waiting at the corner.

"Well, you've been long enough," said Frank. "But will she really be there though?"

"Yes, indeed. And now we've got to raise a class for her first, and then get Miss Parkinson and Mr. Shaw and some more to promise, and we'll have that Sunday-school chock full next Sunday."

"But we'll have to work like beavers all the week. I'm good for coaxing boys, but you can bring the girls and teachers."

"All right. Mr. Green will be surprised next Sunday when he finds so many there, I tell you."

And he was.

Three o'clock upon the following Sunday afternoon found such a concourse at the little stone church as was never seen there before. Every seat was full of eager, bright-faced children, and several classes had been formed in the nooks about the pulpit with chairs and the pulpit steps for seats.

After the lesson was ended, Mr. Green, the superintendent, clapped his hands to rouse every one's attention (they had no call-bell) and began a little speech.

"When I was a boy," he began, "my mother used to tell me stories of two benevolent old ladies who were in the habit of talking a great deal. Once upon a time they found a very poor family, who were in immediate need of help—the mother was sick, the father was dead and three little babies were hungry. But instead of aiding them at once, these good old ladies went home and had a talk about it. One thought it would be better to send them something to eat at once; the other thought no, the house had best be put in order first, and a fire built. And then these two old ladies united in half an hour's discourse about the poverty of this world and the various means of lessening it.

"When night came, the poor family would have been in very bad plight indeed, had not a little girl who lived near by and who was almost as poor as they, happened in. This little girl had no time for conversation. She went to work—hunted up some chips and built a fire, swept the room, washed the children's faces, and gave them her best loaf of bread. And when the two old ladies at last made up their minds what to do, they were sorely mortified to find that a little girl had been before them and had done a world of good while they were merely arguing.

"As these old ladies were mortified, so am I. I talked and thought and thought and talked about our lack of scholars, and about means for remedying it, but I did nothing, and now I find myself forestalled. Two boys have been before me—I need not name them, we all know who they are—and by one week's hard work have gathered an army which any general might be proud of.

"I want to thank them, and I want to say to them and to you all that I have learned this morning that energetic work is the narrow path leading to success."—Our Own Sunday-school.

### What I Live For.

I LIVE for those who love me,  
For those who love me true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me  
And awaits my presence too:  
For the human ties that bind me,  
For the tasks by God assigned me,  
For the bright hopes left behind me,  
And the good that I can do.

I live to hail that season,  
By gifted minds foretold,  
Where men shall live by reason,  
And not alone by gold—  
When man to man united,  
And every wrong thing righted,  
The whole world shall be lighted,  
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion  
With all that is divine;  
To feel there is a union  
'Twixt Christian hearts and mine;  
To profit by affliction,  
Reap truth apart from fiction,  
Grow wiser from conviction,  
And fulfil each grand design.

I live for those who love me,  
For those who know me true;  
For the heaven that smiles above me,  
And awaits my being too;  
For the wrong that needs resistance,  
For the cause that lacks assistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.

### Blue Violets.

BY ALICE M. GUERNSEY.

MANY little people know that in the village of S. there is a State Prison, in which some four hundred women are confined. It is clean and comfortable, the food is well cooked, the women do not overwork, but yet it is a prison, and the women cannot leave it until the end of their sentence, but must wear the prison dress, obey the prison rules, and sleep in their lonely cells.

Not many miles from the prison is another large building, in which are four hundred women and girls. But this is a college for young ladies, and every thing is sunny and home-like. At study or recitation, roaming the beautiful park, or rowing on the lovely lake—wherever they may be, the occupants of this building show bright, hopeful faces.

All around the college grounds are meadows that are blue with violets in the early spring. How the girls rush to gather them! how the mails are loaded with boxes of the fragrant flowers for friends at home.

One day the president of the college suggested that the young ladies gather violets, make them into tiny bouquets, and send one to each woman in the prison. By breakfast-time the next morning many a table was loaded with the purple blossoms, and skilful fingers were soon busy in fashioning the dainty bouquets.

"Let's tie them with a ribbon," said some one. "Perhaps it will please the women."

Drawers and boxes were searched, and when the flowers were ready at last each bunch was tied with a bit of ribbon—red, blue, pink, or, best of all in its suggestion of purity to the poor, sinful women, a knot of snowy white. The flowers reached the prison, a note of grateful thanks from the matron came in return, and the incident was half-forgotten at the college in the press of work.

A few weeks after, as the students gathered in their beautiful chapel for evening prayers, the president said, "I have some letters to read to you to-night." And then, selecting from the large number received, she read the touching words of thanks that the

prisoners themselves had been allowed to write. I wish you could have seen and heard those letters. Poorly-spelled and full of mistakes were many of them, yet they brought tears to the eyes of the listeners that night.

"I thought nobody cared for me," said one, "but I shall never think so again." "I can remember picking just such violets when I was a girl," wrote another. "I have preserved the flowers, and shall always keep them," said a third. But their gratitude for the tiny ribbons was most touching. "Just think!" they said to the matron, "the young ladies tied the flowers with ribbon!" And nearly every letter spoke of treasuring the bright bits thus sent, while one woman wrote that she should leave the prison in a few days, but should take with her the ribbon, and tell her children about the kindness of the young ladies.

VERY eloquently does Dr. Dix show the terribly degrading effects of fashionable life on womanhood. He pictures the little girl with a child's fresh soul and honest heart sent to school to conscientious pains-taking teachers. She is thoughtful, earnest, apt, makes rapid progress, and her eyes begin to see the outlines of a noble mission. Thus she reaches the age of eighteen, the very time when higher education should begin. "Two or three years more would make the woman that should be," but the mother comes, and against protest of both child and teacher, takes the child away to make her a "success" in society.

And what will society do for this poor child of God! What will she learn there, she who has just missed the chance of entering God's great temple of thoughtful, earnest souls. It will work her hard in the tread-mill, till the freshness of life is faded; it will drag her up and down from show to show; it will fill her eyes and ears with things which she had better never have seen and heard. Whatever in her is ingenuous, pure and religious must be rubbed out. She must be successful; and success in these days is measured by the distance from modesty, simplicity, and quietness. Let us leave her to this undoing, and a year or two after let us come back and see what we have. Here surely is another person; old, hard, unmade, as it were, and made over again; thoroughly converted to the spirit of the age; she can banter, jest and make repartee; she listens without flinching to talk which but a year ago would have brought the bright blush to the maiden cheek. She has no more simple tastes; she laughs at her own old virtues; she has no aspirations beyond the charmed circle in which she is held enchanted; home is tiresome; old friends are a weariness; God and religion are very far away.

THE prospect of conquering this world for Christ was never so bright and cheering as at present. The Church is coming to see and understand her mission better than ever; her different branches are more united, are seeing eye to eye, and are pushing their conquests to all parts of the world. She is moving slowly, but surely. Her speed will increase as she awakens more fully to the importance and magnitude of the work before her. To take the world for Christ is her mission—a stupendous undertaking! It transcends in importance every other interest

of man. But it can be accomplished. Provision is amply made for it. "Go," said Jesus, "and disciple all nations;" and "Lo, I am with you always to the end of the world." She was to receive "power from on high;" with this she conquered everywhere, and this will enable her to triumph in her great mission. Opposition will come; various obstacles will be met and overcome; blatant infidelity will make its boasts; but nothing can stand before her onward march to victory. Let every Christian take heart and be encouraged.

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,  
Does his successive journeys run."

—Zion's Herald.

### Our Country and our Home.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,  
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;  
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
And milder moons imparadise the night;  
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,  
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth:  
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores  
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores.

Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
Not breathes the spirit of a purer air;  
In every clime the magnet of his soul,  
Touched by remembrance trembles to that pole;

For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,  
The heritage of nature's noblest race,  
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,  
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,  
While in his softened looks benignly blend  
The sire, the son, the husband, brother,  
friend;

Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter,  
wife,  
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of  
life!

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye  
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;  
Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet.  
Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be  
found?

Art thou a man!—a patriot!—look around;  
O thou shalt find, how'er thy footsteps roam,  
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

### The First Temperance Society.

IN 1812 the only Temperance Society in America was the Methodist Episcopal Church. But many of her members did not recognize the Church as a Society of this kind, and followed the "way of the world" in regard to whisky making and drinking. The Rev. J. B. Finley was at this time a young preacher. He had a heart of fire and nerves of steel, and feared no living man. He was ridiculed and opposed for his advocacy of the cause of temperance, but, as might be expected, "none of these things moved him."

On one of his circuits, his host, who was a member of the Church, assigned him a room in which stood a ten-gallon keg of whisky. This the brother had provided in view of a barn-raising which was soon to take place.

"Do you know," said the brave preacher, "that God has pronounced a curse upon the man who putteth the bottle to his neighbour's lips?"

"There is no law against using whisky, and I will do as I please," replied the brother testily.

"Very well," said the preacher. "I will also do as I please. Take that whisky out of the room or I will leave your house at once. I would rather lie in the woods than sleep in a Methodist house with a ten-gallon keg of whisky for my room-mate."

The angry host let the plain-spoken preacher depart, and at his appointment

the following day he preached a vigorous temperance sermon. He was advised by an old exhorter, after the sermon, to go home and preach no more. "If you can't preach the Gospel," said the old gentleman, "you are not wanted at all."

Finley was not dismayed, but pursued the work vigorously of breaking up this "stronghold of the devil," as he called it. Often, after a strong sermon, he would pledge his whole congregation to the temperance cause, and on one circuit alone, he relates, at least one thousand persons pledged themselves to total abstinence. Throughout his field, he says that the better portion of the community became the friends and advocates of temperance, which shows what one earnest-minded man can do.

Through all this region revivals of religion swept soon after, like "fire in a prairie," so true is it that the faithful denouncing of sin prepares "the way of the Lord!"

### Our Scholars Watch Us.

I WAS early at my post one Sabbath morning, but I found John there before me. His peculiarly happy smile told of great joy and peace within, for he had some months before opened his heart to the Lord Jesus.

After a few words of greeting, I said,

"John, I am glad to see you are so near the Saviour this morning."

"Yes, I do feel very happy, but how did you know?" "Ah, I can tell as soon as I look into your face when you are happy," I said. He smiled and looked as if he wished to say something, but could hardly speak it.

"What is it, my boy?" I asked.

"Did you wish to tell me something?"

"Yes, teacher, I was going to say I can always tell when you are close to Jesus, too."

"How can you tell?" I asked. "Oh, by your looks one way, and then by the way you talk to us."

Just then the rest of the class came in and we talked no more, but those few words kept speaking to me all the day, "I can tell when you are near to Jesus."

I had often scanned each face to see if the love of Christ lighted up the eye, or if the tear of penitence welled up from the heart.

So long had I been with them, so well had I known them, that I thought I could tell much of the heart by the outward appearance. But John had turned the tables, had been watching me—could tell when I was far from Jesus.

I knew that my pupils watched my conduct to see if precept and example went together. I knew they watched my words when I spoke of Jesus, but I knew not that they watched my very looks.

I had not expected this. I had not thought they felt the difference when I came with the heart warmed by communion with Jesus or with a closely studied but prayerless lesson.

Those few words made me think if I would have them close to Jesus I must be there myself.

Teachers, our classes are watching us. Do they see that we are near to Jesus?

We must lead if we wish them to follow.—Sunday-School Times.

THE way Chinese laundries are accumulating it really does look as though the celestials had come to clean out the country.

"The Harvest truly is Plenteous,  
but the Labourers are few."

(Matt. ix. 37.)

BY FAIRLIE THORNTON.

There's a work for me and a work for thee  
In the world's wide field below;  
Let us up and away, for we may not stay,  
As time waits for none, we know.

We are young, 'tis true; but there's work to  
do  
For children such as we;  
If we never begin no crown we shall win,  
Or a starless crown 'twill be.

See, yonder they go the good seed to sow!  
Oh! shall we not join the throng?  
Hark! the Master doth speak, for us He  
doth seek—  
He may not wait for us long.

Then let us arise and in time be wise,  
For the work brooks no delay.  
Shall we idly lie and sigh, "By-and-by?"  
Oh! shall we not work to-day?

The work is great and the hour grows late  
And the Master calleth now;  
His voice let us heed and at once sow the seed,  
For no slumber will He allow.

There's a work for me and a work for thee  
In the world's wide field below;  
Let us follow our Lord, and obey His word,  
And the seed He gives us sow.

#### Touching the Right String.

BY THE REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"FACT is, Ned, if they are bound to  
drink, you can't stop 'em," said Tom  
Staples to his fellow-clerk, Ned Owen.  
"No, you c-a-n't," and Tom yawned  
lazily.

"O, if we could only find the right  
place in a man—touch the right string  
—we could influence him," replied Ned.  
"Ahem!" said some one who was  
passing.

Ned and Tom looked up. They saw  
a shabby old man shuffling along. It  
was a pitiable sight—those gray hairs,  
those worn clothes, the battered hat,  
and the general air of destitution and  
neglect.

"There's one of 'em!" whispered  
Tom. "He's a soaker. See his nose!"  
Tom and Ned were standing in front  
of their employer's, Mr. Drinkwater,  
store when this occurred. Tom declared  
that he must go in and start things at  
his counter. Ned remained on the  
sidewalk watching the poor man.

"I have a great mind to follow him.  
It is not time in my department to  
start the selling. I feel sort of inter-  
ested in that rusty old chap. Wonder  
where he'll turn in?"

Down the street went Ned Owen.  
The rusty old gentlemen turned off  
into a little alley, then into a narrow  
court flanked by tall tenement-houses,  
and stopped.

"Grab Court! He live here!"  
thought Ned.

The man suddenly faced Ned. He  
was apparently sixty years old.

"As I passed you two young chaps,  
didn't I hear you saying something  
about people's drinking?" asked the  
old man.

"Y-e-s, sir."

"Didn't you say something about  
touching the right string?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you come up here."

Ned followed the old man up a dark,  
dirty stairway, and then up another,  
climbing, climbing, till the old man  
threw open a door—battered like his  
hat—and said, "There!"

It was a low, unclean room. In one  
corner was an old mattress, and beside  
this there was a chair. There was no  
stove, but ashes and dead embers on

the hearth showed that a fire had  
been there once.

"Do you live here?" asked Ned.

"Yes, Timothy Trull lives here. No  
other place!" he muttered. "Room  
enough for a rum bottle besides me,  
and there's room, more and more of it,  
for as the rum bottle comes in, other  
things go out. Sold 'em," he said  
fiercely, "sold 'em for rum."

"How do you get a living?" Ned  
wanted to say, but the old man antici-  
pated him.

"My violoncello almost went this  
morning, and my living would have  
gone with it."

"You a musician?"

"Yea. You want to hear me?"

"I should like to, very much.  
Won't you let me?"

But where was the violoncello?  
The old man went to the mattress, and  
lifting it, look up his only earthly  
treasure. Then he seized his bow, and  
woke out of its sleeping-place note after  
note.

"You know how to handle it," ex-  
claimed Ned admiringly.

"You think so?" said the old man,  
his eyes kindling with delight at the  
praise.

"Of course, I do. Now, see here.  
Why do you throw yourself away when  
you are a good musician—"

"But," said the old man, "I lost my  
place."

"Well, if you will say that you will  
quit drinking, I will go this noon and  
see your old employer—whoever he is  
—and ask him to take you back. You  
just fix up, you know, and there! I'll  
get you a coat."

"Where?"

"My employer gives away his when  
he is through with them, and I dare  
say he has one."

"What's his name?"

"Drinkwater."

"That's the kind of folks—those  
who drink water—who have things.  
I have a great mind to try."

"I would—try once more, and God  
will help you, if you'll ask him."

"Once more, once more!" murmured  
the old man. Then he lifted a tearful  
face heavenward, and sobbed, "God  
help me!"

Between that time and the next  
evening, Ned saw Mr. Winthrop,  
Timothy's former employer, and the  
latter promised to try him again.

On the edge of the evening, Timothy  
appeared in the room where Mr. Win-  
throp's force of musicians met for  
rehearsal. The janitor had lighted the  
room, only tenanted as yet by chairs,  
music stands, and a few musical in-  
struments.

What happened afterward Timothy  
told Ned when the two met the next  
night in Timothy's room, swept now,  
with a clear fire burning on the hearth,  
though it was a room of poverty still.

"He told me—Mr. Winthrop did—"  
said Timothy, "that I might have my  
old place, and I took it last night, and  
I'm going to be a new man."

Timothy was crying now.

"This is all the home—I've got, but  
I'll make it—better. I haven't—any  
wife or children left, but I'll try—to  
meet 'em—in heaven. I 'spose they  
—know up there—and praps—God  
has his angels—that won't leave—a  
poor—man trying to do—better."

There was silence save as Timothy's  
sobs and the crackling of the fire were  
heard. The room was only lighted by  
the flames, but their radiance pure and  
golden swept across the bare floor and

walls till they shone. Was it just the  
firelight? What if the angels had  
come to help a poor soul struggling to  
do better, and brightened the place  
with their forms? All because a boy  
wanting to do something had touched  
in a human heart that "right string"  
always responding to kindness.—*Royal  
Road.*

#### Poor Drunkard.

"Poor drunkard!" 'Twas all that the baby  
said,  
As she looked with pitying eye  
On the bloated form and filthy rags  
Of the poor wretch reeling by.

"Poor drunkard!" the accents floated down  
To the ear of the fallen man,  
And his heart was bowed with a load of shame,  
As tears from his bleared eyes ran.

"'Poor drunkard!' can that be the name I  
bear—  
Once pure as that innocent child,  
Once filled with the pride of a noble heart  
By the tempter undefiled?"

"'Poor drunkard!' how little that child can  
tell  
The depths that her voice had stirred  
In the guilty soul of that fallen man  
By her sad and pitying word.

"'Poor drunkard!' The crowd jeered on as  
he passed,  
With never a thought for his woe.  
Little cared they though his brain was mad,  
As their different ways they go.

"'Poor drunkard!' a slave to his own weak  
will;  
With his own hand forging the chain  
That binds him fast with links of fire  
That can never be quenched again.

"'Poor drunkard!' he cares no more for his  
home,  
Nor friends, nor his children dear,  
For the demon Drink asserts his might,  
And the end is drawing near.

A YOUNG LADY in Chicago has some  
very practical ideas about missionary  
work. She is a student in the Female  
Baptist Missionary Training School,  
and is not yet twenty years of age. It  
has been her practice for the past few  
months to visit the sick and destitute  
in the lowest and vilest slums of  
Chicago, entirely alone, at all hours of  
the day. The little figure dressed  
modestly in black is known and re-  
spected by the criminal classes of the  
city, and in all her errands of mercy  
she has never once been molested or  
even insulted. She says that her  
object is first of all to do some practical  
good, and next to fit herself by actual  
experience for her life work as a mis-  
sionary. Wiser people than this young  
girl have gone through life without  
getting as near the ideal of Christianity.  
—*N. Y. Tribune.*

LOVING GREETING.—Never take your  
place in your class without a smile and  
a kindly word of greeting to each of  
your scholars. Many a teacher puts a  
barrier between himself and the warm-  
hearted, wide-awake boys of his class  
by taking his place in the Sunday-  
school without seeming to recognise the  
presence of those already there, or to  
observe those coming in afterwards,  
until he has to speak to them in open-  
ing the lesson. And many a teacher  
gets a fresh hold on restless, trifling  
scholars, and prepares them for an  
interest in the lesson he teaches, by  
the sunny look and loving word through  
which he shows sympathy with each  
scholar on his first meeting with him  
for the day. A teacher must show his  
love for those whom he would bring to  
see the love of Jesus.

#### Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

55.—Mart-i-net.

56.—Indiana, Indian, India. Tinge,  
ting, tin.

57.—

C  
T H E  
C H I L I  
E L M  
I

J  
B E N  
B E D A N  
J E D I D A H  
N A D A B  
N A B  
H

58.—

C A P  
A P E  
P E N

#### NEW PUZZLES.

59.—HIDDEN RIVERS.

Get up, Bob; England is in sight.  
Sugar, honey, and candy.  
Lo, I remembered him.

60.—CHARADE.

One of the twelve tribes; a termina-  
tion; in what manner; a son of Judah.

61.—WORD SQUARE.

A garment; dry; to languish; a  
paradise.

62.—DIAMOND.

A letter; to gain; an animal; lately  
made; a consonant.

#### Varieties.

He who pretends to be everybody's  
particular friend is nobody's.

No LADY can fan herself without  
giving herself airs.

JAPAN has the cheapest postal service  
in the world. Letters are conveyed all  
over the empire for two sen—about a  
cent and a half.

A DOCTOR considers tight lacing a  
public benefit, inasmuch as it kills off  
the foolish girls and leaves the wise  
ones to grow into women.

TWO LADIES, officers of the Salvation  
Army, who recently went over H. M. S.  
Britannia in Dartmouth Harbor, duly  
entered their rank and names in the  
book kept on board for visitors, adding,  
in the column for residence: "Bound  
for glory!"

A MASSACHUSETTS pastor gives a  
good illustration in this line, when he  
writes: My little boy, in reading the  
golden text for last Sunday [May 6],  
made of it a statement which is not yet  
real or realized: "On the *gentools* also  
was poured out the gift of the Holy  
Ghast." The "*gentools*" are only a  
species of the "*Gentiles*." When will  
the upper classes be as accessible to, or  
as receptive of, the Spirit of God, as  
are those in the humbler circles of life?  
Cornelius was *genteel*.

THE following answer by a boy of ten  
or twelve is remarkable: In a Sabbath-  
school class in which the lesson touched  
upon the promise of Herod to the  
daughter of Herodias, the teacher asked  
whether it was true that Herod was  
obliged to keep his vow, when it would  
lead to the beheading of John the  
Baptist. "I guess if she had asked for  
his own head, Herod would not have  
felt himself obliged to keep it," replied  
a bright boy of ten or twelve.



At Set of Sun.

If we sit down at set of sun
And count the things that we have done,
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard,

But if through all the live long day
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've done no thing, that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face;

-Ella Wheeler.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1222.] LESSON IX. [Aug. 26.

GIDEON'S ARMY.

Judges 7. 1-8. Commit to memory vs. 2, 3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon.—
Judges 7. 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God can give the victory to the fewest
numbers and the feeblest instrumentalities.

TIME.—About B.C. 1222. Two hundred
years after our last lesson. Gideon was judge
from B.C. 1222-1182.

PLACE.—Gideon's home was in Ophrah, in
Manasseh. The battle was fought in the
valley at the foot of Mt. Gilboa, 15 or 20
miles south-west of the sea of Galilee.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—

- 1. The oppression of Chushan-Rishathaim during the last days of Joshua . . . . . 8 years.
2. First Judge, Othniel . . . . . 40 years.
3. Oppression by Moabites . . . . . 18 years.
4. Deliverance by Ehud, rest for . . . . . 80 years.
5. Oppression by Jabin and Sisera . . . . . 20 years.
6. Deliverance by Deborah and Barak, rest for . . . . . 40 years.
7. Oppression by Midianites . . . . . 7 years.
8. Deliverance by Gideon, and rest for . . . . . 40 years.

INTRODUCTION.—Two hundred years have
passed since the death of Joshua. The
northern tribes have now been suffering for
seven years under the depredations of the
Midianites, who have carried away their
cattle and destroyed their harvests. To-day's
lesson gives an account of the deliverance
God sent them when they repented.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. Jerubbaal
—i.e., One with whom Baal contends.
Gideon was so named from his casting down
Baal's altar. See Judges 6. 24-32. Harod
. . . . . Moreh—A fountain and a hill in the
valley of Jezreel, at the base of Mt. Gilboa.
3. Whosoever afraid.—At the sight of the
multitude of the Midianites. 5. Lappeth—
Brought the water to his mouth in his hand,
showing quickness and prudence, as not put-
ting himself in the power of the enemy by
lying down. 8. Trumpets—Each of the
three hundred had a torch, which he hid in
a pitcher as a dark lantern, and a trumpet
which was usually in the hands only of
leaders. So that there seemed to be 300
chieftains. The blare of the trumpets and
the crash of the pitchers confused the Midian-
ites. See the rest of the chapter.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Gideon's
first exploit—How he was prepared for his
greater work—The Midianites—God's aids to
Gideon's faith—Lapping—Lamps, pitchers,
and trumpets—The victory.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How much time inter-
venes between this lesson and the last? Give
some of the events of that interval? How
much of the time were the Israelites pros-
perous, and how much in subjection to their
enemies?

SUBJECT: THE SOLDIERS OF THE LORD.

1. GIDEON'S PREPARATION (v. 1).—What
two names had Gideon? Why was he called
Jerubbaal? (Judg. 6. 24-32.) How was this
transaction a preparation of Gideon for his
future work? What other preparation had
he? (Judg. 6. 11-14.) What kind of a man
was he before he was called? (Judg. 6. 12.)

Was this a reason why he had further aid?
How did the Lord strengthen his faith?
(Judg. 6. 36-40.) Are we all called to be
soldiers of Christ? (Eph. 6. 11.) In what
ways? How are we prepared for our future
work?

2. GIDEON'S ARMY (v. 1-8).—What enemy
was now oppressing the Israelites? For how
long? (Judg. 6. 1.) How had they treated
Israel? (Judg. 6. 2-6.) Where were the
enemy now encamped? What great enemies
have we to fight? (Eph. 6. 12.) Is their
oppression of us as evil as that of the Midian-
ites? How large was Gideon's army? Why
were these too many? What test was ap-
plied to see who should remain? Why is
courage necessary in the Christian soldier?
How many were now left? What other test
was applied? What is meant by "lapping"?
Did this act show any moral qualities? Is
our character shown in our smallest acts?
What qualities are needed in the Lord's
soldiers? How were the 300 armed? (Judg.
7. 16.) What was the object of the trumpets?
of the lamps? of the pitchers?

3. GIDEON'S VICTORY.—How did God en-
courage Gideon's faith? (Judg. 7. 10-15.)
How did Gideon arrange his little band?
Give an account of the battle? Has God
often gained his victories in this world with
as feeble means? What should we learn
from this?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. God raises up great heroes and leaders
from the most obscure families.
2. By doing the duties near at hand we are
prepared for our future work.
3. God's army needs courage, quickness,
and prudence.
4. Our character is revealed in our most
trivial actions.
5. Never be discouraged because our num-
bers are small and our means feeble.
6. God aids and strengthens the faith of
his soldiers.

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

1. Who was Gideon? Ans. The son of
Joash, of the city of Ophrah, of the tribe of
Manasseh. 2. To what work did God call
him? Ans. To deliver Israel from the
Midianites. 3. How was he prepared? Ans.
By overthrowing the altar of Baal in his own
city. 4. How large was his army? Ans.
Three hundred men. 5. How were they
armed? Ans. With lamps, pitchers, and
trumpets. 6. What was the result? Ans.
They gained a great victory.

B.C. 1096.] LESSON X. [Sept. 2.

THE DEATH OF SAMSON.

Judg. 16. 21-31. Commit to mem. vs. 28-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The God of Israel is he that giveth strength
and power unto his people.—Psa. 68. 35.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Lead us not into temptation, but deliver
us from evil.

TIME.—Samson was judge from B.C. 1116-
1096. His death was about 1096. 126 years
after our last lesson.

PLACE.—Gaza, a large Philistine city 50
miles south-west of Jerusalem, and three
miles from the sea-coast.

Table with 2 columns: Event, B.C.
Rest under Gideon... 40 years... 1222-1182.
Rule of Abimelech... 3 years... 1182-1179.
Tolah, judge... 28 years... 1179-1150.
Jair, judge... 22 years... 1156-1134.

Table with 2 columns: Region, B.C.
EAST ISRAEL.
Oppression of Ammonites... 18 years... 1184.
Jephthah... 6 years.
Jozan... 7 years.
Elon (in part) 9 years.

Table with 2 columns: Region, B.C.
WEST ISRAEL.
Oppression of Philistines... 40 years... 1184.

During this time Eli was
judge. It includes 20
years of Samuel, and the
20 years of Samson.

SAMSON (sunlike).—Born at Zorah; of
the tribe of Dan; father was Manoah. He
was a Nazarite, i.e., one consecrated to God,
and forbidden to drink wine or shave his

hair. He was raised up to defend his people
from the Philistines, whose country was on
the border of Dan.

INTRODUCTION.—After many adventures
for almost 20 years in various contests with
the Philistines, Samson fell before the tempta-
tions of Delilah, a Philistine woman. He
revealed the secret of his strength, his hair
was cut off by her, and the Philistines took
him captive.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—21. Philis-
tines—A warlike nation, south-west of Pales-
tine, and from Palestine receives its name.
Grind—Turn a huge millstone placed upon
another for grinding grain. It was regarded
as disgraceful work. 23. Dagon—An idol
with the body of a fish, but head and arms
of a man. 26. Feet the pillars—The two
central pillars upon which one side of the
roof rested. 28. Remember me—It was to
avenge Samson. It was also to honour
Jehovah, for the Philistines attributed to
their god what was due to God's punishment
of Samson's sin.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Samson's
life—His character—His work—His fall—
The Philistines—Samson's death—Lessons
from his life.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Give some of the events
that took place between the last lesson and
this. Over how long a time does the interval
extend? What kind of a government had
the Israelites at this time? What great
prophets lived at the same time with Samson?

SUBJECT: LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF
SAMSON.

1. SAMSON'S LIFE.—Where was Samson
born? When? Who were his parents? To
what was he consecrated? (Judg. 13. 5.)
What is a Nazarite? What is it for us to be
consecrated? Relate some of the events in
Samson's life? What would you say about
his character? How could God's Spirit come
upon such a man? What was the source of
his great strength? Was he doing God's
work? Does God still use imperfect instru-
ments? How long did Samson judge Israel?
(Judg. 16. 31.)

2. SAMSON'S FALL.—Who tempted Sam-
son? How did he put her off at first? How
was he finally induced to tell the secret of
his strength? Did his strength really lie in
his hair, or was this only a sign or symbol?
How far was Samson to blame for his fall?
Does the punishment of our sins often grow
out of our sinful indulgences? How might
he have resisted the temptation? Are our
temptations ever greater than we can bear?
(Eph. 6. 14-18; Heb. 12. 1, 2.)

3. SAMSON'S PUNISHMENT AND REPENT-
ANCE (vs. 21-31).—Who were the Philistines?
How did they treat Samson? Why? To
whom did they attribute his fall? How
would this dishonour Jehovah? Why is it
mentioned that his hair grew again? Was
it a sign of his repentance? How did the
Philistines celebrate their victory? What
was Dagon? How many people were in the
temple? What was Samson's prayer? Was
his feeling right? How were the Philistines
destroyed? Did Samson wish to die, or was
this an act of heroism? How would this
event honour Jehovah among the heathen?
What lessons do you learn from Samson's
career?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- 1. Great gifts are often joined with great
imperfections.
2. All persons should be consecrated to
God.
3. We see the danger of going into bad
company.
4. Only in obedience and consecration is
safety.
5. The sins of God's people dishonour God.
6. The punishment of sin often grows out
of the sin.
7. Trouble often leads men to repentance.
8. God ever hears the penitent's prayer.

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

7. Who was Samson? Ans. A very strong
man who lived 1100 years before Christ. 8.
How was he set apart? Ans. He was con-
secrated to God by the Nazarites' vow. 9.
What did he do? Ans. He delivered Israel
from the Philistines. 10. How did he fall?
Ans. By yielding to the temptations of
Delilah. 11. How was he punished? Ans.
His eyes were put out, and he was placed in
prison in fetters. 12. What was his last
act? Ans. He died in causing a terrible
destruction of Israel's enemies.

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