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# HOME & SCHOOL



Vol. I.]

TORONTO, JULY 7, 1883.

[No. 14.]

## Steering for Home.

Brow, thou bitter northern gale;  
Heave, thou rolling, foaming sea;  
Bend the mast and fill the sail,  
Let the gallant ship go free!  
Steady, lad! Be firm and steady!  
On the compass fix your eye;  
Ever watchful, ever ready,  
Let the rain and spray go by!  
We're steering for home.

Let the waves with angry thud  
Shake the ship from stem to stern  
We can brave the flying scud,  
It may go, it may return:  
In the wind are cheerful voices,  
In the waves a pleasant song,  
And the sailor's heart rejoices  
As the good ship bounds along.  
We're steering for home.

Standing on the briny deck,  
Beaten by the blinding spray,  
Fearing neither storm nor wreck,  
Let us keep our onward way.  
Loving hearts for us are yearning,  
Now in hope, and now in doubt,  
Looking for our swift returning,  
How they try to make us out!  
We're steering for home.

Fainter blows the bitter gale,  
And more peaceful grows the sea;  
Now, boys, trim again the sail;  
Land is looming on the lee!  
See! the beacon-light is flashing,  
Hark! those shouts are from the shore;  
To the wharf home friends are dashing;  
Now our hardest work is o'er.  
Three cheers for our home!

## My Ride on a Star Route.

A TRUE SKETCH.

I WISHED to go fourteen miles northward. By cars I must go three sides of a square. The trip, and waiting at depots, would take from 11 o'clock A.M. to 4:20 o'clock P.M.

"For the accommodation of two small post-offices, a stage, a poor affair, runs direct," said mine host.

The freshness of a summer morning, the hilly road, the changing views, the trees, wild flowers and singing birds were a delight, even in thought, and I said at once:

"The stage."

While breakfasting, the next morning, the clerk came in and said in a low voice:

"The stage is here, and your trunk is on, but finish your breakfast, the driver will wait."

I went out soon, but no stage was to be seen, and I asked if it had gone for other passengers.

"This is it," said my more laughing than smiling host.

Such another nondescript vehicle may I never see. One poor, old, white horse, an express waggon, the back seat of which had been taken out to make room for my trunk, and the packages of all forms and sizes, for the

driver proved to be an express messenger, and universal errand boy of the farmers along the route. I hesitated. My trunk was on, and the morning air fragrant. So, with help, I climbed on the wheel, and pitched into the waggon, and took possession of the one seat, and planted my feet upon what seemed an empty bag, but which proved to have

have a lady passenger he went in to empty and rinse his mouth out," was the answer.

He came, out at the elbows, patched at the knees, with vest and linen spotted with tobacco juice. I turned my head away, as sitting down beside me, he took up the reins and said:  
"G'lang, g'lang, g'lang!"

crumbs from his pocket and held them out. The robin flew down and ate them from his hand. With a clear smooth voice the driver quoted Wordsworth's

"Thou art the bird that man loves best,  
The pious bird with scarlet breast,  
The bird, who by some name or other,  
All men who know thee call thee brother."

He scattered more crumbs on the stone, buckled the check rein, and mounted the seat with:

"Good-by, my little friend, be here to-morrow, g'lang, g'lang!"

The delicate act, the cultured voice, made me look at him. His face was clean and clean shaven; his features regular and refined; his eyes large, clear and very deep blue; his hair a brown gray; his hands small and, had the nails been clean, would have been handsome.

"Who can he be?" I said to myself; to him I said:

"That bird seems to know you."

"He is always waiting for the mail," he said.

"And always gets something, I fancy."

"Always. I rarely have a passenger and so talk to the birds and squirrels, g'lang, g'lang. I regret I haven't a better horse—g'lang—as my constant urging must annoy you, g'lang, g'lang."

"You do not whip him."

"Never. But I often think Don Quixote's Rosinante, like the wandering Jew, is still on earth."

"And this is he?"

"This is he without a doubt!"

Just then we drove through a bit of woodland full of music. He said:

"How truly Mary Howitt voices one's feelings in her poem:

"Come ye into the summer woods! But no mortal pen can  
Tell half the sights of beauty you may see."

I loved to hear him talk. His language was pure, his anecdotes refined, his quotations from standard authors were frequent, but brief and to the point.

"Who can he be!" I asked myself again and again. At farm houses he stopped to give packages, from a mended scythe snath to a gold bracelet. And whenever a good woman ran out and called, he took her wishes in a note book, with all the courtesy and bearing of a thoroughbred gentleman.

I took the liberty to glance at the book. The writing and spelling showed him to be a man of education.

"Will not so many stops prevent your making time?" I asked.



STEERING FOR HOME.—See Poem.

the honour of being the U. S. Mail, and to contain two packages (one of which, as I got out to rest while the mail was changed, I saw contained exactly two postal cards and four newspapers).

"Where is the driver?" I asked.  
"When he found out he was to

This oft-repeated word alone broke our silence, until out of the village he stopped at a stone trough, beneath some trees, to water his horse. On a bough a robin was swaying, and warbling his sweetest notes, ending in a long twitter. The driver who was standing at his horse's head, took some

"Oh no! I am not obliged to be at — until 12 noon, and I start two hours earlier than the old driver did."

"In order to oblige the farmers along the route?" I asked.

"In part; but Pope says, 'Self-love and social are the same.' I love the morning air, I love to speak a word to the good people, to break the monotony of their work day lives by a bit of stirring news. Truly these hours on the road are the pleasantest of my life."

"You are never lonely?"

"Never! With God and nature can one be lonely?"

A gentleman with a fine pair of blood horses, passed us, and they exchanged cordial greetings. The driver said:

"A woman, who had worked in the family of that gentleman's father for many years, he took care of the last ten. She had become helpless and nearly blind, so when she died last month, she was past mourning for. After she was made ready for burial and laid in the parlour, a well-dressed stranger called to see her. He was told she was dead. He said he had not been East for thirty years, and would like to see her. He stood for a few minutes looking upon her, and then bent down and kissed that cold, brown, wrinkled forehead, and left two great tear drops on it, and with a choking voice said:

"My mother's dearest friend!"

After a moment the driver turned to me and said:

"Do you suppose those friends knew each other when they met?"

"I am sure they did," I said.

"It is a question I often ponder. My wife died when she had just passed into full and beautiful womanhood. She had touched her thirtieth year, and I was but a little older, in the vigor of my manhood. She is now in the freshness of her womanhood with the eternal freshness of heaven. If, as Milton has it, 'From the lowest deep a lower deep still opens,' so, from the highest height a higher height must rise; and she, who was purity itself here, must be purer now. And we grow like those with whom we mingle, she, so lovely here, has been for twenty-seven years the companion of angels! How glorious she must be! Will she—can she know me there!"

Almost my first question on reaching my friend was:

"Who is that driver?"

"I have not the honour of his acquaintance?" she laughingly said.

"I have!" I said.

So soon as the post-waggon drove on, I started for the post-office.

"Will you please tell me who that driver is?"

The postmaster gave his name and said he was once an editor of —, naming one of the best papers in one of our largest cities.

"He is a man of elegant culture," I said.

"He is that. I don't know of anybody that can touch a match to him. He has been through college, and been to Europe, and has been acquainted with a good many distinguished men."

"What has brought him to this?"

"DRINK."—Mrs. Lucy E. Sanford in *N. Y. Observer*.

"Why didn't the missionaries come before?" said an old Armenian woman. "If they had only come when I was young, I too might have worked for Christ."

### Canada's Invitation.

LISTEN to my invitation,  
Borne afar o'er land and sea  
Unto each and every nation;  
Come, I ask you, live with me!  
I will give you homes and homesteads,  
Fertile farms and freedom too,  
Come then with the coming thousands,  
Come and you will never rue!

I have room, ay, room for plenty,  
Room for millions—come along!  
For the free air of the prairie  
Leave the struggling, stifling throng.  
Leap from out the ruts around you,  
Men and women, up, awake!  
Burst the bonds, that long have bound you,  
For your own, your children's sake.

Will you tamely bear the burthen  
Of long years of hopeless toil,  
When I willingly will make you,  
Lords and masters of the soil?  
Who is there would rather struggle  
All his life on hunger's brim,  
Than accept the bounteous offer,  
That I now hold out to him?

Youth's ambitious, upward pathway  
Here's not barred by customs old,  
Here you may by honest labour  
Win both honour, lands, and gold.  
Fiery youth, with hot-blood throbbing  
In each young impulsive breast,  
Ev'ry noble aspiration  
You may work out in the West.

Over Manitoba's prairies,  
And the North-West, wide and far,  
Pour the teeming myriads finding  
Homes no despot hand can mar.  
Come, and help them build a nation,  
Free and glorious, grand and great!  
Come, for life is swiftly passing,  
And it will not pay to wait!

—C. E. Jakeway, M. D.

### A Mistaken Idea.

As soon as a boy leaves school and looks about to see what he shall do next, he is very likely to be told by some unwise person, "The world owes you a living." This probably strikes him as being a very wise remark, and the boy says to himself, "If it is true that the world owes me a living, then I'm all right." He finds a place, and goes to work manfully; but after a time he concludes that there is no fun in it, and he stops to consider: "If the world owes me a living, why should I trouble myself? Let the world pay its debt to me." Suddenly he loses his place and has nothing to do. He is surprised, and wonders why the world does not give him is due. "A nice bed, warm clothes, and regular dinners are good things, and I ought to have them. The world owes them to me, and if I do not get them I've been cheated out of my rights."

At one time this country was a wilderness, where no man could live, save by fighting the wild beasts. Some one chased away the bears and wolves, cut down the forests, laid out roads, built towns, and dug canals. Somebody spent vast sums of money in constructing railroads, steam-boats, docks, light-houses, schools, libraries, and all the fine things you enjoy so freely. More than this, somebody pays the policeman, the fireman, the soldier, the sailor, the light-house keeper, and school-master. From the day you were born your father and mother have fed, clothed, and sheltered you. It has cost you nothing. None of these great public works, roads, canals, towns, navies, and armies cost you anything. How can you say the world owes you a living? Is it not you who are in debt? What has a boy done to deserve all this? Not a thing. It is you who must pay—not the world.

Ah! boys, he was a foolish creature who first said, "The world owes me a

living." He told a very silly fable. The world owes no man a living till he has done some worthy deed, some good work to make the world better and a fairer place to live in. Those old fellows who dug canals, and laid out towns, who built cities and invented all these splendid things,—these telegraphs, these ships, these magnificent engines,—had the right idea. They worked manfully, and the world at last did owe them a living, and paid it many times over. If you mean to get out of the great debt you owe the world, do something, go to work and show you are a man. Then, when you have shown the world you can work, it will gladly pay you a living, and the finer and more noble your work the greater will be your reward.—From "A Fable for Boys," by Charles Burnard, in, *St. Nicholas for May*.

### The Rum Traffic.

THERE was a large audience present in Shaftesbury Hall to listen to a lecture by Rev. Dr. Searle, Chaplain of the Auburn State Prison. He related a number of striking incidents—illustrating the evils of intemperance which came to his notice during the eleven years he has been connected with the Auburn Prison. He described in pathetic language all the misfortunes, disgrace, and ruin which had befallen thousands of unfortunate victims of that great evil, which was the curse of thousands of homes and society, and remarked how singular it was that at this advanced period of civilization comparatively nothing was enacted to destroy this greatest foe of domestic and national happiness. Nineteen-twentieths of all crimes were the direct result of intemperance, and millions of lives with bright prospects and promising futures were blasted through its evil effects. He paid a tribute to Toronto for the manner in which the Sabbath day was observed, the liquor traffic being suspended for nearly sixty days in the year, and claimed that complete prohibition was possible if it was desired, and clearly demonstrated that it was desirable.

### Which is the Fool?

PROF. GEORGE E. FOSTER.

THE beer or spirit drinker is wont to look with ill-concealed contempt upon the simple water drinker, and as he tosses off the glass he has just paid his money for, he imagines that he has swallowed something far better, and performed an act far more sensible. Yet if he would stop a moment to ask what he has just taken, he might think quite differently. Let us see. A barrel of beer contains about five hundred glasses. The seller gives about eight dollars for it, and sells it for five cents per glass, or twenty-five dollars. His profit is two hundred and fifteen per cent. The drinker drops in ten times per day and takes his glass of beer; in fifty days he has consumed the five hundred glasses, and paid twenty-five dollars therefor. What has he swallowed? Scientific men say that in the five hundred glasses of beer there were four hundred and sixty glasses of mere water, twenty-five glasses of pure alcohol, fifteen glasses of extracts and gums. So the beer drinker has paid twenty-three dollars for four hundred and sixty glasses of water, and impure at that, which he could have had at the nearest spring for nothing, and pure as

nature made it. He has had in addition, twenty-five glasses of pure alcohol, which is a poison,—at enmity with every function of the system, no food nor heat producer. And besides all this, he has taken fifteen glasses of extract of malt, sugary matter, indigestible gums, etc.

Surely there is no absurdity so absurd. To pay twenty-three dollars for four hundred and sixty glasses of impure water, when he could have it pure for nothing, and two dollars for forty glasses of poison and mostly indigestible dregs! But it pays the brewer and saloon keeper to sell water at two hundred and fifteen per cent. advance on all their trouble for barreling and bottling it.

### A Word to Young Men.

WE love young men, and would commend to their notice some good advice which we clip from an exchange. Read and ponder it:

Don't be mean, my boy; don't do mean things and say mean things. Cultivate a feeling of kindness, a spirit of charity broad and pure for men and things. Believe the best of everybody, have faith in humanity, and as you think better of other people, you will be better yourself. You can with some accuracy, measure a man's character by the esteem in which he holds other men. When I hear a man repeatedly declare that all other men are knaves, I want a strong endorsement on that man's paper before I'll lend him money. When a man assures me that all the temperance men in the town take their drink on the sly, I wouldn't leave that man and my private demijohn—if I had one—together in a room five minutes. When a man tells me he don't know one preacher who isn't a hypocrite, I have all the evidence I want that that man is a liar. Nine times in ten, and frequently oftener, you will find that men endeavour to disfigure all other men with their own weaknesses, failings, and vices. So do you, my boy, think well and charitably of people, for the world is full of good people.

### Confucius and the Deep Pit.

A LITTLE SERMON BY A CHINAMAN.

A MAN had fallen into a deep pit, and lay groaning in the miry bottom, utterly unable to move. Confucius passed that way, and looking over into the pit, said,

"Poor fellow! I am very sorry for you. Why were you such a fool as to get in there? Let me give you a piece of advice: If you ever get out, be careful you don't get in again." And that was all he could do for him.

Next came a Buddhist priest, and looking down at him, said,

"Poor fellow! I am pained to find you in such a condition. I think if you could scramble up two-thirds of the way, or even half, I might reach down and help you out." But the man was utterly unable to move.

Last of all the Saviour came by, and, hearing his cries, went to the edge of the pit, and reached entirely down to the bottom, and lifted him up, and set him on his feet, and said, "Go, and sin no more."

If we read without inclination, half the mind is employed in fixing the attention, so there is but one half to be employed on what we read.

## Cowper's Grave.

BY ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

It is a place where poets, crowned,  
May feel the heart's decaying;  
It is a place where happy saints  
May weep amid their praying.  
Yet let the grief and humbleness  
As low as silence languish;  
Earth surely now can give her calm  
To whom she gave her anguish.

O poets! from a maniac's tongue  
Was poured the deathless singing?  
O Christians! at your cross of hope  
A hopeless hand was clinging!  
Men! this man in brotherhood  
Your weary paths beguiling,  
Grown'd only while he taught you peace,  
And died while he was singing.

And now what time ye all may read  
Through dimming tears his story,  
How discord on the music fell  
And darkness on the glory,—  
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds  
And wandering lights departed,  
He wore no less a loving face  
Because no broken hearted.

With sadness that is calm not gloom  
I learn to think upon him;  
With meekness that is gratefulness,  
On God whose heaven has won him;  
Who suffered once the madness-cloud  
Toward His love to blind him,  
But gently led the blind along  
Where breath and bird could find him;

And wrought within his shatter'd brain  
Such quick poetic senses  
As hills have language for, and stars  
Harmonious influences!  
The pulse of dew upon the grass  
His own did calmly number,  
And silent shadow from the trees  
Fell o'er him like a slumber.

But while in blindness he remained  
Unconscious of his guiding,  
And things provided came without  
The sweet sense of providing,  
He testified this solemn truth,  
Though frenzy desolated—  
Nor man nor nature satisfy  
Whom only God created!

## "What More do I Want?"

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

A FEW years since, as I was returning  
weary from a long walk, I saw,  
seated on the marble steps of an elegant  
dwelling, a very aged woman. Her  
dress was old and faded, though neither  
torn nor soiled; by her side was a  
small basket, the contents covered by a  
paper; and the attitude of the owner  
was so like that of the street mendicants  
one sees constantly in large cities that,  
tired as I was, I hurried past the poor  
sufferer without even a second glance.  
Mentally I excused myself on the  
ground that probably the woman was  
an impostor; but conscience whispered  
reprovingly, "Inasmuch as ye did it  
not to one of the least of these my  
brethren, ye did it not unto me." So  
I retraced my steps, placed my mite in  
the poor woman's hands, and seeing  
now what I had before failed to observe,  
that she was unable to walk without  
the aid of a crutch that lay at her side,  
I enquired the nature of the sufferer's  
affliction. It was "partial paralysis,"  
she said, in rather broken English, "of  
more than thirty years' standing," and  
she lived "at the Point," some three  
miles or more from the section of the  
city where I met her. She dwelt alone,  
but for the companionship of a lame  
son, who could do but little in the way  
of earning a support for either of them.

"But the dear Lord be so good to  
me," she said in tremulous tones, "so  
good that I never can thank him half-  
enough."

"Then you know Jesus, and love  
him!" I said in surprise; "and can

you trust him always, even though the  
path be dark and thorny?"

"Know Jesus!" was the eager  
response, as the faded eyes lighted up,  
and the whole countenance seemed  
aglow; "know my Lord and Master,  
who has walked by my side for forty  
years, and never once has suffered me  
to come to want! He be with me all  
the time, and make my heart glad with  
His presence, no matter how dark the  
clouds. If I don't see the way, He  
see, and He hold my hand and suffer  
not my feet to slip, and I trust His  
own dear words, that none shall ever  
be able to pluck me out of His hand.  
Is this not enough—safety now and  
glory hereafter? What more do I  
want?"

"But how do you manage to live  
from day to day?" I asked.

"My dear Lord is so good to me,"  
she said; "He always gives me some-  
thing; never beforehand, not much at  
a time; but always something, just as  
we need it; and not often do I ask any  
but Him. My eyes are yet good enough  
to do coarse sewing; and of nights we  
knit. When Jamie is strong enough,  
he carries 'round papers, and calls at  
the market on his way back, while I  
stay home and do our housework. I  
was not begging, as, perhaps, you  
thought I was when you stopped and  
spoke to me just now. A German  
man, a butcher that my husband used  
to deal with, has always some pieces  
for us when we can go for them. As I  
told you, my son does this when he can  
walk; but now his rheumatism is very  
bad, and so he stays in and does our  
housework, while I go for the meat the  
dear Lord sends us through our good  
countryman. He filled my basket this  
morning, and I sat down on the steps  
just to rest a while before starting again  
on my long walk. I felt so glad and  
grateful as I thought of a little stock  
of wood and coal my boy brought in  
the last day he was able to be out, and  
of the food in our basket—enough to  
last until more comes—that I wanted  
to fall on my knees and thank the good  
Father right here, when you stopped and  
spoke to me; and with your kind gift  
I shall buy some little milk; that was  
all we lacked. I know the dear Lord  
sent you; and so, you see, we have  
always something. What more do I  
want here? Up there is the home, and  
the blessed Saviour waits to welcome  
even me. It is evening already; my  
day is nearly done; and by-and-by, the  
Master will say, 'Come home.' What  
more do I want? 'Surely goodness  
and mercy shall follow me all the days  
of my life, and I will dwell in the  
House of the Lord for ever.' Good-by,  
dear lady, I must get along now.  
Jamie will be wanting his dinner, and  
you see I can't walk so fast as I used  
to do. Good-by; we'll meet up yonder  
and talk over all His goodness, and not  
be in a hurry then."

She shook my hand, and was gone,  
while I stood pondering her words,  
"What more do I want? always some-  
thing, here and up there, home and  
happiness, Jesus and His glory, for  
ever and for ever!"—*American Mes-  
senger.*

A SCHOOL TEACHER asserts that  
scholars who have access to newspapers  
at home outstrip those in their studies  
who do not see the papers, becoming  
better readers and spellers, writing the  
best compositions, besides learning  
geography and history quicker.

## My First Sunday-School.

BY W. ORMISTON, D.D., LL.D.

I SPENT several years of a healthy,  
happy, merry, and mischievous boy-  
hood amid the enchanting, beautiful  
scenery of Habbie's Howe, a locality  
celebrated in the dramatic pastoral  
—"The Gentle Shepherd," by Allan  
Ramsay.

The nearest church was at West  
Linton, a distance of three miles, and  
few of the villagers attended it. The  
general character of the population in  
that rural district was the reverse of  
devout. Drunkenness and Sabbath  
desecration prevailed to a lamentable  
extent; and the religious training of  
the children was, with few exceptions,  
almost entirely neglected. The shoe-  
maker of the hamlet, or, as he was  
called, the "souter," and frequently,  
by way of ridicule, the "cantin' cob-  
bler," was a Methodist,—the only  
person of that persuasion I had then  
ever seen, and, so far as I know, the  
only one nearer than Edinburgh. He  
was an earnest, zealous Christian, and,  
though markedly illiterate, well ac-  
quainted with the Scriptures and the  
way of life. He resolved to attempt  
something in behalf of the neglected  
children who were growing up utterly  
regardless of religion and religious  
ordinances. Aided by my mother, the  
only person willing to work with him,  
he opened a Sunday-school in his small  
workshop, which he had cleaned and  
fitted up as well as he could every  
Saturday night for the purpose. The  
entire scene is indelibly engraved on  
my memory. I was at that time in  
my eleventh year, and I can still recall  
with vivid, distinct exactness the place,  
the teachers, and the pupils. The  
flavour of leather filled the entire room  
then, and it seems to fill my nostrils  
now as I write; and I see, with closed  
eyes, the bright brass-headed nails  
which surrounded the circular piece of  
leather on which the shoemaker sat at  
work during the week, and on which I  
had sometimes the honour of sitting on  
Sabbath; and I remember my mother  
once kindly rebuked me for counting  
the nails while the good man's eyes  
were closed in prayer. At first the  
number of scholars was very small, but  
soon rose to thirty or forty; as many  
as the small room could hold, or the  
two faithful, conscientious teachers  
could instruct. I was one of the oldest  
of the scholars, and was frequently  
employed to hear the others recite  
their catechism, and verses of Scripture,  
and hymns. Thus early did my training  
for my life's work begin.

The exercises of the school were the  
reading of a short passage of Scripture,  
and prayer offered by that good man,  
or by my mother; sometimes by both.  
I remember with deep unfeigned  
gratitude to God and with feelings of  
reverent tenderness for the memory of  
those dear servants of God, sainted and  
rewarded now, how earnest, fervent,  
and yearning were their pleadings for  
the souls of the children. Not un-  
frequently the good man would take  
me all alone with him, and prayed for  
me by name. This deeply affected me,  
and touched my heart, and filled my  
eyes. The scholars were encouraged to  
"get by heart" as many verses as  
they could, by giving them reward  
tickets, which were exchanged for  
picture cards and little books when a  
sufficient number had been obtained.  
My memory at that time was ready  
and retentive, and some weeks I would

commit whole chapters, amounting to  
two hundred verses or more. On one  
occasion I repeated the whole of Psalm  
119. Before dismissing the school our  
teacher gave us a brief, simple, affec-  
tionate address, telling us about the  
love of Jesus, and the way of salvation  
through Him. The seed thus sown  
and watered did not, could not, fail of  
producing fruit; to what extent the  
day will reveal when that reviled and  
taunted follower of the Lamb shall  
stand before Him, surrounded by those  
whom his untiring, unwearied, and un-  
appreciated labours led to the Saviour.

## A Touching Incident.

WHEN Mrs. Mary A. Livermore  
lectured in Albion, Michigan, recently,  
at the close of the lecture, an elderly  
white-haired woman approached her  
with the following inquiry:—

"Do you remember writing a letter  
for John — of the 12th Michigan  
volunteers, when he lay dying in the  
Overton hospital, at Memphis, during  
the spring of 1863, and completing the  
letter to his wife and mother after he  
had died?" Mrs. Livermore replied  
that she wrote so many letters during  
the war, under similar circumstances,  
that she could not recall any particular  
case. The woman drew a letter from  
her pocket, that had been torn into  
pieces in the folds of the note and was  
then stitched together with fine sewing  
cotton. "Do you remember this  
letter?" she asked.

Mrs. Livermore recognized her pen-  
manship and admitted her authorship  
of the letter. The first four pages  
were written to his mother, at the  
dictation of a young soldier who had  
been shot through the lungs, and was  
dying of the wound. Then she had  
completed the letter by the addition of  
three pages written by herself, beside  
the dead husband and son, in which  
she sought to comfort the lonely and  
bereaved relatives.

"I think my daughter-in-law and I  
would have died when we heard that  
John was dead, but for this letter,"  
said the worn and weary-looking  
woman. "It comforted us both, and  
by-and-by, when we heard of other  
women similarly afflicted, we sent  
them the letter to read, till it was  
worn to pieces. Then we sewed the  
pieces together and made copies of the  
letter, which we sent to those of our  
acquaintance whom the war bereft.

"But Annie, my son's wife, never  
got over John's death. She kept about,  
and worked and went to church, but  
the life had gone out of her. Eight  
years ago she died of gastric fever.  
One day, a little before her death, she  
said, 'Mother, if you ever find Mrs.  
Livermore, or hear of her, I wish you  
would give her my wedding-ring,  
which has never been off my finger since  
John put it there, and which will not  
be taken off till I am dead. Ask her  
to wear it for John's sake and mine,  
and tell her that this was my dying  
request.' "I live eight miles from  
here," continued the woman, "and  
when I read in the papers that you  
were to lecture here to-night, I decided  
to drive over and give you the ring, if  
you will accept it." Deeply affected  
by this touching narrative, not a  
particular of which she is unable to re-  
call, Mrs. Livermore extended her hand,  
and the widowed and childless woman  
put the ring on her finger with a fer-  
vently uttered benediction.—*Yonkers  
Companion.*

## In the Last Pew.

SHE sits, bent o'er with wrinkled face,  
Poor and forlornly old; no grace  
Smooths the sharp angles of her form,  
Long buffeted by life's slow storm.  
All else around is fine and fair:  
The stained light falls, a golden glare,  
In seeming mockery on her loose grey hair.

The preacher, faultlessly arrayed,  
Tells how our hearts afar have strayed,  
And how all souls should be content  
With these good blessings God has sent.  
And one of all that self-poised throng  
Hangs on his words nor deems them long,  
And humbly thinks only her heart is wrong.

She meekly mumbles o'er the hymn,  
Her eyes with age and tear-drops dim:  
What can their gay world hold for her—  
This worn and weary worshipper?  
Now, rustling down the aisles in pride,  
They toss bright smiles on every side,  
Nor does she know the hurts such fair looks  
hide.

And still she sits, with tear-wet face,  
As loth to leave that sacred place;  
The organ, with quick thunders riven,  
Lifts her sad, trembling soul to Heaven;  
She feels a sense of blissful rest,  
Her bony hands across her breast  
She clasps, and slowly sighs:—"God knoweth  
best!"

One day, within some grander gate  
Where kings and ministers must wait,  
While she hopes humbly for low place  
Far from the dear Lord's shining face,  
Above the chant of heavenly choir  
These words may sound, with gracious  
fire:  
"Well done, good, faithful servant, come up  
higher!"

—Good Company.

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## Home &amp; School:

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

TORONTO, JULY 7, 1883.

## Sunday-School Work.

WILL you allow me to say a word or two in your Sunday-school column, of a matter that has given our school some trouble, and I hope the mothers of the little darlings won't skip this paragraph when they learn that I am going to speak of dress.

Sometimes in the spring of the year we miss Susan or May from the class, and find by calling at their house that their new spring suits were not ready, so they did not come. But next Sunday they will be on hand, and we notice in an instant that the fond mother had done her best (as she looked it) to give them a good send off. I don't pretend to describe the costumes, but lace, and feathers, and gay colored ribbons, glit-

tering chains, lockets and dainty kid boots, etc., make quite a flutter in the class and school, and the little girls themselves seem to feel the notoriety, and act quite vain of their fine plumage. The effect on the rest of the class is discouraging. The other little girls who yet wear the old shabby shoes, and well worn hats and dresses, feel mortified and chagrined and mutually resolve they will not come again until they can shine as well. While the contrast makes one sullen and mortified, the other vain and proud, the poor teacher is trying to impress the lesson, but has a hard time of it. How she wishes mother would learn to dress the little ones plainly and clean'y, and if they must show off, choose some other place than the Sunday-school room.

Mothers, take a note of this and help us to a better practice in this direction.  
—Teacher, in Woodstock Press.

DON'T leave the singing in a Sunday-school to take care of itself. Let the superintendent consult with the singers; if need be some practice should be had. Select the songs before coming to the school, and sing them with a will; have all join who can, and remember it is a part of the worship. Have good order when you sing, as when you pray.

How would it look for the superintendent to say, "Now the secretary will distribute the books while brother Smith engages in prayer," or the executive committee hold a whispering consultation during the same time.

## Let Them Go.

We have referred above to a class of teachers—unfortunately large—who grind out classes, as a mill grinds grist; teachers whose scholars are continually dropping out; whose ranks have constantly to be recruited lest they have no classes left at all; and so they and their influence would be lost to the school. We desire to say, with utmost emphasis: "Let these classes alone; don't replenish them; let them replenish themselves; and if they cannot, or will not, let them go." You can afford to do without them; in fact, you cannot afford to keep them. They are too expensive. They are like a good deal of the land in a State we wot of, of which it has been said, that the more you own of it, the poorer you are.

No school can afford to keep a teacher that cannot keep a class.—*Baptist Teacher.*

It is a great mistake to gauge the merits of a lesson system, or of lesson helps, by their "cheapness." Loyalty to the particular Church of which a Sunday-school is a part, fidelity to the doctrinal truths which that Church and school are pledged to teach, demand the use of the prescribed helps which such Church has seen proper through her officials to provide.

Of course, if the publishing house appointed by the Church to do such work is exorbitant in its charges, the Sunday-school has a right to make inquiry and to enter solemn protest that the policy of the publishers may be modified, and other managers appointed. But while the lesson helps have Church authority, and are not exorbitant in their prices, there is only one thing for the schools of that particular Church to do, namely, to use their own helps.—*S. S. Journal.*

## "Good-Bye."

Who knows to-day that our "good-bye"  
At first was not a wish but prayer;  
A thought of help forever nigh,  
And "God be with you" everywhere!

"Not as the world doth give," said He,  
Who of all men on earth was true,  
To His disciples tenderly,  
"Give I my parting word to you."

Then said He, "Peace with you I leave,  
My peace, O friends, to you I give;  
Let not your hearts be sad—believe!  
They that believe in Me shall live."

Oh, that upon our hearts might He  
Breathe evermore that self-same word!  
And oh, that our "good-bye" might be  
Prayer for the presence of our Lord!

Could clearer, surer pledge be given!  
Could even He a better send  
Than that with which He went to heaven—  
"Lo I am with you to the end!"

What need we but with trustful heart  
Cling to His word of hope and cheer,  
And say, "With me thou always art,  
Therefore no evil will I fear!"

Then as along these earthly ways  
With weary feet, we go and come,  
Long winter nights, long summer days,  
But every footfall nearer home,—

"Not as the world," our lips shall say  
Peace and good-bye whene'er we part,  
Until we reach some coming day,  
The mansion of the pure in heart.

—Alex. E. Thompson, D.D.

## Bishop Peck.

ANOTHER honoured Bishop is added to the long roll of the sainted Methodist dead. Bishop Peck was born in Middlefield, N. Y., April 4, 1811. His parents were of Puritan stock, and Jesse was their eleventh child. His father was a blacksmith by trade, and for forty years a Methodist class leader. Jesse received a sound Wesleyan training. Concerning his early religious life he once said: "My conversion occurred at home, five days before I was sixteen years old, at a time when there was no revival. It was the result of the teachings of my mother, and of a sense of duty pressed upon me by the Holy Spirit that it was time to begin a holy life." That faithful mother had her reward. One expression of hers, oft used in prayer, was: "O Lord, convert my five sons and take them all for the ministry." Her prayer was answered, Jesse being the youngest, and hence the last to enter the field. He gave all his property sometime before his death to Syracuse University, for which he had done much in many ways. His ambition, unlike that of most men, was to die poor, not rich in this world's goods.

## HIS LAST MOMENTS.

Notwithstanding his sufferings, nothing that could be called complaint escaped his lips, while, on the other hand, the sunshine of Christian peace and hope illuminated his soul and sweetened his limited conversation. To some members of the family who manifested considerable emotion in his room over his increasing helplessness, he said, "You are becoming alarmed." I said, "You are not alarmed, uncle?" "No," said he. "I have with me the Prince of Peace; I'm the child of a King." On Sunday last, in the midst of physical suffering and bodily wants, which we were trying our best to relieve, he said very deliberately, "My soul has no lack." On overhearing us express some concern lest his pains and afflictions should become insupportable, he looked up with surprise and asked, "Where are my afflictions?" Brave

and beloved Bishop! His trust in God is so complete that he finds no afflictions in the piercing shafts of the "grim monster," death. He finds that these "light afflictions" are as nothing compared with the "eternal weight of glory."

## Sunday-School Notes.

LUTHER said: "If I were not a preacher, I certainly would be a teacher of boys."

THE *Morning Star* says: Wherever duty calls, wherever the providence of God may place a man for the doing of good, he can never reach lower down than our Saviour reached, nor be more misunderstood than he.

REMEMBER that a stream don't rise higher than its fountain, and teachers often take pattern from the superintendent, and scholars imitate teachers, so the superintendent must look sharp. Be on time! A half an hour before the time is better than a half a minute behind.

ONE of our exchanges devotes nearly the entire editorial page to the inquiry, "Why are not more of the scholars of our Sunday-schools converted?" We are of the opinion that the Sunday-school is proving a very effective agency in saving souls. It will be found out, we suspect, if the matter is looked into, that the greater number of our converts come from the Sunday-school.—*Central Advocate.*

THERE lives to-day, in a part of the country where books are comparatively scarce, a dear invalid whose library contains several thousand volumes. There is not an idle one among them! By mail, and by express, and by private messenger, they go forth; and if they come back the worse for wear, she submits cheerfully, because of what they have accomplished. Let us search our homes and our unused hours, and our several aptitudes for this or that kind of work, and call forth to glad service those idle Joachims.

A SUPERINTENDENT said to me the other day, the way to superintend a school is to keep at it all the week, speak kindly to every boy and girl you meet, and if they have not been to Sunday-school ask them to come. Bring the subject up when in conversation with the parents. Invite the older people to meet with you, and when they come greet them heartily. Don't pounce on them and put them in to teach a class when they don't want to do so, for if they do take it to-day, it may be with a mutual promise not to be caught that way again, so you will lose them altogether.

SUNDAY FROST AND WEEK-DAY FEVER.—The rain on Sunday, which thins the preacher's congregation, makes no impression on the business thermometer during the week. There were less than three-score at church on a recent Sunday. On Monday the men who could not go to the place of prayer because "the weather was bad," were in counting-room, office and shop, and if their employees had offered the weather as an excuse for absence from their posts, they would have met with a prompt discharge. Ugly weather did not keep them from their earthly pursuits, but it kept them from their house of worship. They "mean business" on Monday. What do they mean on Sunday when they allow the slightest excuse to keep them from the house of God?



GRANDMOTHER IS COME.—(See next page.)

**The Impatient Mother.**

UNLOAD the chair; caps, one, two, three,  
Mittens and scarfs accordingly  
A pile of coats all thrown about,  
Their pocket treasures all emptied out.

Marbles and tops, and tangled string,  
Pencils and pebbles and a sling;  
Slate rags? No, hankchiefs! Behold,  
The tricks of boys are manifold.

Six muddy boots across the floor  
Their tracks I even now deplore;  
Yet as I set them up again  
My heart goes toward my little men.

All day these boots on tireless feet  
Have tracked along the muddy street,  
Or paced the school-room's closer bounds,  
Or tramped, for me, some tiresome round.

The caps and coats upon the chair  
Take on an almost life-like air,  
I hang them up full patiently,  
While softening thoughts come over me.

Upstairs those weary, childish heads  
Rest softly on their cosy beds,  
And now I think, remorsefully,  
How welcome nightfall is to me.

How often through the busy day  
I chide my children at their play—  
How often, weary and oppressed,  
Impatiently I long for rest!

And now I ponder, tearfully,  
How sad that time may be for me—  
For death might bring it, and at best  
There hastens on this time of rest.

The time will come when nevermore  
Shall children play about my door,  
Or noisy voices at their play  
Disturb me as they have to day.

**Grandmother is Come.**

THE very nice cut on the preceding page will remind many of our young friends of some happy days in their past history.

Grandmother, yes, dear grandmother; what is comprised in that one word, grandmother? There was joy of anticipation, and as the time drew near for arrival, how eagerly they watched for her coming,—almost flew to the door, nearly pulling her in, and just as soon as she was seated, how many covered her dear cheeks with kisses, and how glad they were to be kissed again, and yet again. How the big boys half envied their sisters, because that tyrant custom did not allow them to help take off grandmother's cloak.

Now turn to the picture. Grandmother has just taken her seat in the arm-chair, and her little grand-daughter is in the act of removing her bonnet. Judging from the position of grandmother's hand, she is not altogether free from doubt on the success of the performance; but she need not fear, for older eyes are watching the proceedings. Little John stands waiting for a chance to do something, while down at grandmother's side, little Curiosity has opened the box, and among other things, espies a big doll already dressed. Look how artful the effort to catch the brother's eye. Perhaps grandmother has come to spend the Christmas; what a good time all are expecting.

Pass from the joy of anticipation to the real joy of her presence. She is come; they love to look at her, to get into her lap, to put their arms around her neck, and true love kisses on her cheek. They feel they would like her to live with them all the time. How many of the readers of HOME AND SCHOOL will involuntarily sigh, when remembering the pleasure they had had Christmas in grandmother's presence. The chair she then occupied is now used by another, for grandmother has gone home to glory and to God. Well, she

cannot come to us, but we can go to her. Let the children so live, that when they die, whether in youth or old age, they may go to help grandmother sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, where they shall never more suffer the pain of parting.

"Grandmother is come" will ring out from many thousand little throats before this month is out. What jumping, and running, and shouting, "Ma, pa, grandma is come." Let all the little folks, and for that matter, large folks too, be kind to grandmother, and pray God to bless grandmother.

"Speak gentle to the aged one,  
Grieve not the care-worn heart,  
The sands of life are nearly run,  
Let such in peace depart."

**Destroy the Drink Traffic.**

A CENTURY and a-quarter ago, in the celebrated debate on the Gin Act, when the distillers flooded London with their poisonous liquors, drunkards lay in heaps on the streets, and the Government was defied by the mob, the Bishop of Oxford thus addressed the House of Lords: "Poisons, my lords, of all kinds ought to be confined to the apothecary's shop, when the master's character, and even his bread, depends upon his not administering too great a dose to any person whatever. Will you then commit the care of dispensing this poison to every ale-house keeper in the kingdom—I may say, to every man in the kingdom who is willing to pay half-a-crown to the justice and twenty shillings a year to the Government for a license? Will you enable them to dispense this poison at so cheap a rate that a poor thoughtless creature may get drunk for threepence, and may purchase immediate death for a shilling? . . . The increase of the sale of distilled spirits," he continued, "and the propagation of all kinds of wickedness are the same. . . . It has been found by experience that *nothing can restrain the people from buying these liquors but such laws as hinder them from being sold.*"

On the same occasion, Lord Chesterfield truthfully remarked: "Luxury, my lords, is to be taxed, but *vice prohibited*, let the difficulty of the law be what it will. None, my lords, ever heard, in any nation, of a tax upon theft or adultery, because a tax implies a license for the use of that which is taxed to all who are willing to pay for it. Would not such a tax be wicked and scandalous? . . . It appears to me that the number of distillers should be no argument in their favour, for I never heard that a tax against theft was repealed or delayed because thieves were numerous. It appears to me, my lords, that really if so formidable a body are confederate against the virtue of the lives of their fellow-citizens, it is time to put an end and to interpose while it is yet in our power to stop the destruction. If their liquors are so delicious that the people are tempted to their own destruction, let us at least, my lords, secure them from their fatal draught by *bursting the vials* that contain them. Let us crush at once these *artists in human slaughter*, who have reconciled their countrymen to sickness and ruin, and spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such a bait as cannot be resisted."

In more recent times, that distinguished justice, Lord Brougham, has thus expressed his opinion on the constitutionality of prohibition: "Intem-

perance," he says, "is the common enemy. The philanthropist has no more sacred duty than to mitigate, if he cannot remove this enormous evil. The lawgiver is imperatively bound to lend his aid, when it appears manifest that no palliatives can avail. Certainly we have the example of the United States to prove that repression is practicable, and their experience to guide us toward it." Mr. Gladstone himself, in the debate on the Sunday Closing Bill, stigmatized the drinking habits of Great Britain as "one of the greatest scandals, disgraces, and misfortunes of the country."—*Withrow's Temperance Tracts.*

**The Brewer's Dog.**

THE brewer's dog is about, boys,  
Be careful where you stray;  
His teeth are coated with poison,  
And he's on the watch for prey.  
The brewery is the kennel,  
But he lurks on every hand,  
And he seeks for easier victims—  
The children of the land.

His eyes gleam through the windows  
Of the gay saloon at night,  
And in many a grocer's window  
He crouches full in sight.  
Be careful where you enter  
And, if you smell his breath,  
Flee as you would from a viper,  
For his fumes are the fumes of death.

O boys! would you kill the bloodhound?  
Would you slay the snarling whelp?  
I know that you can do it  
If every one will help.  
You must make a solemn promise  
To drink no ale or beer,  
And soon the feeble death-wail  
Of the brewer's dog we'll hear.  
For if all keep the promise  
You can starve him out, I know;  
But if boys and men keep drinking  
The dog will thrive and grow.

—*Ella Wheeler.*

**Table-Talk.**

BRIGHT, healthful table-talk is spice to the dinner, choice sauce to the supper, and happy is the family whose head and master knows how to encourage it.

It is not easy to give fixed rules for drawing forth appropriate conversation around the family board, no easier than to arrange a manual of courtship for the use of bashful lovers. Table-talk must be fresh and voluntary, or it will lose its charm. But this necessity does not preclude the adoption of general principles, nor does it exclude previous thought and provision; indeed it is desirable that some member of each family bear the responsibility of preparation in order to secure the best interchange of opinion and information at the table.

All subjects which may irritate should be carefully avoided, for a ruffled spirit is always hypercritical. Discussion may well be encouraged, but one of the participants—preferably the father or mother—should sufficiently control the expression of opinion to prevent the possible issue of a quarrel.

Nor should the talk be confined to one or two. In many American families one of two evils prevail: the little folks either sit in their places silent and repressed, while their elders discuss themes of which they have no understanding, or the children absorb all the conversation. In some homes the boys and girls talk loudly to each other across the table about their childish sports or teachers' failings; they express their opinions openly upon the various dishes set before them, demand the first attention, and monopolize the valuable hour without real pleasure or

profit to any one. It is possible that "a golden mien" can be found between these extremes by the adoption of five simple methods: A mature mind to guide the table-talk, previous preparation on the part of one or more, the selection of popular themes, a general participation, and constant good humour.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

IN the fascinating biography of the heroic Lord Lawrence there is among many anecdotes one eminently characteristic of the man, who was as strong in his affection as in his will. He was one evening sitting in his drawing-room at Southgate with his sister and other members of the family: all were engaged in reading. Looking up from his book in which he had been engrossed, he discovered that his wife had left the room. "Where's mother?" said he to one of his daughters. "She's upstairs," replied the girl. He returned to his book, and looking up again a few minutes later put the same question to his daughter and received the same answer. Once more he returned to his reading and once more he looked up with the same question on his lips. His sister broke in: "Why, really, John, it would seem as if you could not get on five minutes without your wife." "That's why I married her," he replied.

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.—A fine example of a word fitly spoken is found in Dr. Bushnell's biography. An intelligent but not religious young lady, after spending a social evening with the good doctor's family, was escorted home by her courteous host. On their way the brilliant starlight led them to talk of astronomy. The doctor spoke of the law of harmony which held each little star in its appointed place, and then turning to the bright-minded girl, with a winning smile, he said, "Sarah, I want to see you in your place." This was all he said that was personal, but the thought thrilled her young soul as if it had dropped on her from the skies. Its effect was to win her to discipleship. "A word spoken in due season, how good it is!"—*Zion's Herald.*

**Advice to Reporters.**

At the first meeting of the Harvard Temperance League the Rev. Edward Everett Hale said: "I well remember the severest day of my experience, when, as a reporter of a daily paper, I reported the dedication of the Bunker Hill monument. There were ten reporters at work, and we had to take down in shorthand the oration of Webster, the speeches in Faneuil hall and the address of President Taylor. We went to work at ten a.m., and the one best off got done at four the next morning. Of those who had bottles of beer to stimulate them not one is alive now, and not one died an honourable death. The men who have lived were those who stuck to cold water, which is the only thing for a literary man to use."

O WHAT a blessing is Sunday, interposed between the waves of worldly business, like the divine path of the Israelites through Jordan! There is nothing in which I would advise you to be more conscientious than in keeping the Sabbath day holy. I can truly declare that to me the Sabbath has been invaluable.—*Wilberforce.*

## A Lost Pearl.

I do not know where I lost it,  
For it slipped from a broken string,  
And far and away from my sight to day  
It lies, a neglected thing.

Oh worse, since it may be another  
Is wearing my pearl of price,  
And the gem that was mine, with its lucent  
shine,  
May be set in some strange device.

I do not know when I lost it;  
It was just as the dawning burst  
Through the crystalline bars of the lingering  
stars  
That with sorrow I missed it first.

Perhaps in an opaline twilight,  
Perhaps when the moonbeams lay,  
With their delicate quiver o'er field and river,  
And night was fairer than day.

I never dreamed half how precious  
Was my beautiful pearl to me,  
Till the grief of its loss, a heavy cross,  
I bore over land and sea.

You marvel? You do not divine it!  
I have lost what I could not lend,  
What I'll mourn while I live; for no art can  
give  
To my heart the lost heart of my friend.  
—Margaret Sangster.

## Keep Close to the Colours.

THE Colour-Sergeant of a Highland regiment, engaged in action during the Crimean War, carried the colours far in advance of his regiment, to a height occupied by the foe. "Bring back the colours," was the call to him. His ringing answer was this: "Bring up your men to the colours."

We are not to refuse to take a position of peril and danger when the path of duty leads there. If our colours are unfurled in the very camp of the enemy, it is all right. He is not much of a soldier who knows nothing about long marches and fatigues, and was never lost in the smoke of battle.

"It is a sad day," says Mr. Moody, "when a convert goes into the church, and that is the last you hear from him." Some professing Christians engage so earnestly in worldly schemes and amusements that they cannot be distinguished from those who make no profession.

Positive conviction as to what we ought to be, after making a profession, is very important. Too many of us hold our beliefs loosely; because of this we are found sometimes where we are not expected to be seen, where professing Christians ought not to be seen. We hold fast many things that belong to worldly lives—that hinder us from reaching high places in Canadian experience—until sorrows fall upon us, as sorrows will, when, with the quickness of thought, prayer flashes upward.

Jesus of Nazareth is indeed our glory and our strength; let us see to it that we do not serve him afar off.

## A Highlander's Honour.

Two centuries ago, in the Highlands of Scotland, to ask for a receipt or a promissory note was thought an insult. If parties had business matters to transact, they stepped into the air, fixed their eyes upon the heavens, and each repeated their obligations without a mortal witness. A mark was then carved upon some rock or tree near by as a remembrance of the compact. Such a thing as breach of contract was rarely met with, so highly did the people regard their honour. When the march of improvement brought the new mode of doing business, they were often pained by these innovations. An anecdote is handed down of a farmer

who had been to the Lowlands and learned worldly wisdom. On returning to his native parish he had need of a small sum of money, and he made bold to ask a loan from a gentleman of means named Stuart. This was kindly granted, and Mr. Stuart counted out the gold. This done, the farmer wrote a receipt and handed it to Mr. Stuart. "What is this, man?" cried Mr. Stuart, eyeing the slip of paper.

"It is a receipt, sir, binding me to give you back the gold at the right time," replied Sandy.

"Binding ye! Weal, man, if ye canna trust yourself, I'm sure I'll no trust ye. Ye canna have my gold."

And gathering it up he put it back in his desk and turned the key in it.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the canny Scotchman, bringing up an argument in favour of his new wisdom, "and perhaps my sons might refuse it to ye; but the bit of paper would compel them."

"Compel them to sustain their dead father's honour! They'll need compelling to do right if this is the road ye're leading them. I neither trust ye nor them. Ye can gang elsewhere for money; but ye'll find nane in the parish that'll put more faith in a bit of paper than in a neighbour's word o' honour and his fear o' God."

## Victory Over Self.

An ill-temper is not only a torment to one who yields to it, but to every one who comes into contact with the person under its control. To those seeking to lead a true Christian life, it is one of the hardest faults to bring into subjection, particularly when it has been allowed to hold unlimited sway over its unhappy victim from early childhood.

A young girl who was subject to a passionate disposition was anxious to lead an obedient Christian life. Her temper had caused herself and those around her much unhappiness. A trifle was sufficient to throw her into a violent rage. She strove to overcome it, but such a hold did it have upon her, that it seemed impossible to gain the mastery.

One day her brother, having by some trifling act thrown her into a passion, exclaimed with some scorn to his mother:—

"I thought she was trying to be a Christian! A noble Christian, she!"

Then did she fully realize for the first time how dangerous this evil had become to her influence. She saw that to those who were watching her, her conduct would bring discredit upon her faith.

From that time she tried in earnest to master her emotions, not in her own strength alone, but with the help of her faith in One whose follower in every way she was striving to be.

Her brother saw the struggle going on. It made him thoughtful, and turned his attention to the concerns of his soul.

Some time after both she and the brother were united to the church on the same day.

It was a happy day for them both. Truly noble in life are they who are able to conquer themselves. The world marks such a struggle, and the influence is a power for good in other lives.

Those to whom the earth is not consecrated will find their heaven profane.—Martineau.

## A Living Evidence in Japan.

For several years students from the Kioto Training School have been going, occasionally, to the village of Gawata, about fifteen miles south of the city. A few have become believers, but the interest has always been quite limited. A few days ago, however, we learned of a largely increased number of hearers, and a much greater interest in Bible study, with the explanation that the reformed life of a recent believer was the cause of this more general interest.

About five miles north of Kioto lives an humble peasant woman, a widow, who has for some time been a member of the First Church in our city. She last year gave of her poverty sixty yen (dollars), for the church building, and lent thirty yen more, without interest, for the same purpose. As would be expected from this, she is anxious to have the gospel preached in her village, and a student from the school has gone there occasionally on Friday nights for a year or two past. Here, too, the interest has been limited to a very few. One of these few, a woman, died last month, and the whole village were astonished that she died without calling upon an idol, and that her death was so strangely peaceful and happy. The excitement over the affair reached the ears of the village priest (Buddhist), and he protested against the introduction of this "new way." The head man of the village, in whose house the woman lived and died, told the priest that he himself was not a Christian, but that a religion which purified the life and gave such a hope at death couldn't be very bad. The priest then threatened to confront the students. The latter were somewhat anxious, and the next trip took with them a student from our theological class who was formerly a Buddhist priest. The village priest, however, did not show himself; and the students, after spending a good part of the night talking to the people and answering their questions, returned much encouraged.—*Outlook.*

## Not Useless.

THERE died lately in a western state, a blind brush-maker, whose story is worth telling for the truth it illustrates and the practical lesson it conveys.

At the age of sixteen, John B. was a bright, ambitious student in an Ohio college. His parents being poor, he worked on the farm in summer to pay for his schooling. He was an earnest follower of Christ; and it was his intention to become a missionary, and he hoped to go into the field in Africa, his attention having been drawn to that field of Christian labour. A violent attack of fever destroyed his health, and left him with a disease of the eyes which, in a year's time, rendered him stone blind. Whatever the boy suffered in this destruction of all his earthly hopes, he kept to himself. He was outwardly the same cheerful, light-hearted fellow. As soon as he had strength he began to learn the art of brush-making, and supported himself by that trade.

A year after he was established at it, he began to gather into his little shop on Sundays the boys whom he found on the river wharves, to teach and talk to them. This work he continued for thirty years, until the time of his death. He had a peculiar aptitude for interesting lads, and the experience of his own life gave a force and pungency to his

appeals which they would have lacked coming from happier men. But he was in the habit of regarding his life's work as utterly destroyed by his misfortune.

"God," he would say, "perhaps will allow me to be of some use hereafter." When he died, a letter came from one of the most influential statesmen of our country—a man whose strength has urged many a reform which has helped to civilize the nation.

"Whatever I am," he said, "and whatever I have done, I owe, under God, to John B. It was he who took me out of the slough and made a man of me."

Let no man who reads this be discouraged by any circumstances, however hard. If God forbids you to plant an oak, plant an herb. It is He who will give the increase, and only the future can tell how great the harvest will be.

Do thy work—it shall succeed  
In thine or in another's day;  
And if denied the victor's meal,  
Thou shalt not miss the toiler's pay.

—*Youth's Companion.*

## Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

43.—Met-hod-is-m.

44.—Pennsylvania.

45.— B a r T  
A i r A  
L o n G  
S o l D  
A l b A  
M i l D

46.— R E C K N S I O N  
E F F U L G E  
T U M O R  
R E D  
R  
L I D  
T A C I T  
N O K A D I C  
L I B E L L U L A

## NEW PUZZLES.

47.—DIAMOND.

A consonant; pale; a girl's name; a nickname; a consonant.

48.—SQUARE WORD.

A liquor, a permit; a nickname.

49.—DECAPITATION.

Behead a fish, and leave healthy; again, and leave a drink.

50.—CHARADES.

To agitate; a mug. One habitually given to strong drink  
A fruit; a weight. A distinguished publisher.

Mr. C. was in the habit of asking his children to repeat the text, on their return from church, to prove that they gave attention. One Sabbath the text was, "Why stand ye here all the day idle! Go into my vineyard and work, and whatsoever is right I will pay thee." Charlie came home, and was asked to repeat the text. He hesitated a moment, and then, as if it just came to him after much thought, he said, "What are you loafing around here for, doing nothing! Go into my barnyard and go to work and I'll make it all right with you!"

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1451.] LESSON III. [July 15.

## THE PLAINS OF JERICHO.

Josh. 5. 10-15; 6. 1-5. Commit to memory vs. 13-16

## GOLDEN TEXT.

By faith the walls of Jericho fell down after they were compassed about seven days.—Heb. 11. 30.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ is our victory.

TIME.—B.C. 1451, April.

PLACE.—Gilgal and Jericho. Gilgal (a circle or a rolling away) is about five miles west of the Jordan. It lay in the eastern edge of a beautiful forest of palm trees, 8 miles long and 3 miles wide, while Jericho was about a mile and a half distant in the western edge. Jericho was the largest city in these parts, and was the key to Palestine.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—The Israelites, after crossing the Jordan on the 10th of Nisan, went up the western slope of the valley about 5 miles to Gilgal, where the memorial stones were set up. Here they renewed the rite of circumcision, and then held their greatest religious feast, as consecrating themselves anew to God at the very outset of their new life.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—10. *The Passover*—See Exod. 12. 1-27. 11. *Eat of the old corn*—This is a mistranslation; it means simply *eat of the corn or produce of the land*. It was barley harvest, and the fields could now support them. 12. *When Joshua was by Jericho*—He was probably out to reconnoitre, to see and learn what to do to take the city. *A man—a person*. *With a drawn sword*—As ready to fight. Joshua probably thought him some Canaanite chief. 14. *Captain of the host of the Lord*—Of angels, of all beings. This was no doubt Jesus himself, who, in Old Testament times appeared as The Angel of the Lord. In ch. 6. 2 he is called Jehovah. He came to tell Joshua what to do. 15. *Less thy shoe*—An oriental mark of reverence. The shoes being defiled with dust, were removed on entering a holy place. 6. 1. *Stratagem*—strictly. This verse is a parenthesis. 2. *The Lord said*—Here is resumed the narrative broken off at the close of the last chapter. 3. *Compass*—March around. It was done in the morning, v. 13. *Six days*—Once each day. The delay tested the faith of the Israelites, and called the attention of the Canaanites to God's wonder soon to be done. 4. *Trumpets of rams' horns*—Not the war trumpets, but those used in calling to religious services. *Seven times*—If it took an hour to go round the city, with half-hour rests between, it would take till toward evening to complete the task. 5. *All the people about*—Each one join in doing his part, and showing his faith.

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CANAANITES.—1. The right of Israel to Canaan, was because God gave it to them. 2. He took it away from the Canaanites on account of their wickedness. Their religion was the foulest and most degrading idolatry. 3. It was as right for God to use the Israelites as the instrument of destruction, as it would be to use an earthquake or pestilence. 4. This instrumentality showed clearly that the punishment was from the God of Israel. 5. It inspired the Israelites with a horror of the Canaanites' sins. 6. Their total destruction was necessary to prevent the true people and the true religion from being contaminated. 7. Otherwise all true religion would have been lost from the earth.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Gilgal.—Jericho.—The Passover.—The old corn.—The casting of the stones.—The captain of the Lord's host.—Why he appeared to Joshua.—The method of destroying Jericho.—Why blow the trumpets and shout.—Why the Canaanites were to be utterly destroyed.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTION.—On what day did the Israelites cross the Jordan? In what place did they encamp? How near was this to Jericho? How far from the Jordan?

SUBJECT: THE BEGINNING OF THE CONQUEST.

1. PREPARING TO CONQUER (vs. 10-15).—How did they begin to prepare for the great conquest? Why with religious services? The meaning of the Passover? Why had it not been kept in the wilderness? What are we taught by this preparation as to our conquest over sin? As to the conquest of the world for Christ? What change was now made in their food? Was the natural food better for them now than the miraculous food? Was it so truly the gift of God? What lesson do we learn from this?

2. THE CAPTAIN OF OUR SALVATION (vs. 13-15).—Where did Joshua go to reconnoitre. Who met him there? What did the drawn sword signify? Whom did Joshua think him to be? What question did he ask? Whom did the stranger announce himself to be? What is the host of the Lord? Who was this? (ch. 6. 2.) What was the object of this appearance? What was his first command to Joshua? The meaning of this ceremony? Why should we express our reverence by outward acts? Who is the captain of our salvation? (Heb. 2. 10.) Why is he so called? Give some description of him. (Rev. 19. 11-16.) Where is the rest of this account of Joshua's interview recorded?

3. THE FIRST VICTORY (vs. 1-5).—What can you tell about Jericho at this time? Why was it important to take this city? Give an account of the plan of its capture. Why did they go around the city so many times? Give the order of the procession. Why was the ark carried around? What part had the people in this victory? How was it by faith? (See the Golden Text.) In what respects is Jericho a type of the sinful heart? Of the world opposed to Christ? In what respects were the means of this victory like those for bringing the world to Christ? (1 Cor. 1. 17-24.) Who only was saved alive? (6. 17.) What was done with all the rest of the people? (6. 21.) What with the city? (6. 24.) What with the silver and gold? (6. 24.) Can you explain how this destruction of so many people was right and just? What right had the Israelites to the land of the Canaanites?

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Begin every great work with religion.  
2. Our ordinary blessings are as truly from God, and as truly blessed as the extraordinary.  
3. God comes to our help when we are doing all we can.  
4. The reverent and loving spirit will express itself in natural forms.  
5. Jericho, walled in and shut up, is a type of the sinful heart, and of the world.  
6. God by the simplest means.—His spirit, the word of the Gospel, the crucified Jesus,—conquers the world.  
7. God gives us the Promised Land, but there are many battles to be fought before we gain full possession.

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

11. What was the first city the Israelites captured? *Ans.* The city of Jericho. 12. What was their first act of preparation? *Ans.* They renewed their covenant with God in religious exercises. 13. Who appeared to Joshua? *Ans.* Jesus, the Captain of the Lord's hosts. 14. How did they capture Jericho? *Ans.* By marching around the city for seven days. 15. What was done on the seventh day? *Ans.* They marched seven times around the city, and blew their trumpets and shouted a great shout. 16. What was the effect? *Ans.* The walls of the city fell flat.

B.C. 1451.] LESSON IV. [July 22.

## ISRAEL DEFEATED AT AI.

Josh. 7. 10-26. Commit to memory vs. 10-18.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Be sure your sin will find you out.—Num. 32. 23.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

Sin one source of trouble and defeat.

TIME.—B.C. 1451. Spring. Soon after the last lesson.

PLACE.—AI, a city of 12,000 inhabitants, (ch. 6. 25.) 15 or 20 miles north-west of Jericho, and a short distance east of Bethel. It is 2,000 feet higher than Jericho, being situated in the high lands.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Soon after the overthrow of Jericho, Joshua sent spies to learn the situation of Ai, who reported that it was a small city and could be easily taken. 8,000 soldiers were sent against it; but they met with a disastrous defeat. 36 men were slain; the rest were driven back to Gilgal. The whole people were in great consternation and trouble. Our lesson opens with Joshua bowed before the Lord in agony of prayer.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—10. *The Lord said*—Probably from the Tabernacle before which Joshua was bowed down, v. 7. 11. *Israel hath sinned*—All had sinned in Achan's sin; (1) he was a part of the nation, and could not be separated from it; (2) all had been guilty of the same covetousness in a degree; (3) so far as they yielded to any sin they were responsible for the out-breaking of sin in crimes. *My command*—His command to obey, and agreement to bless if they obeyed. *Assured thing*—Devoted to destruction, and hence with a curse upon it if used in any other way. 12. *Sanctify the people*—

do so through the ceremonial of purification, and purify your hearts from sin, as the ceremonial taught. 14. *Take which the Lord taketh*—Probably by lot. *Family*—Equivalent to clan. 19. *My son*—Showing great tenderness, and not anger. 21. *Babylonish garment*—Such as kings wear, very rich in material and brilliant in color, embroidered, for which the Babylonians were celebrated. *200 shekels*—about \$100. *50 shekels in weight*—18,700 grains of gold, worth \$500. 24. *The silver... and gold*—Destroyed because God would not have dishonest, accursed treasures used in his work. *Sons... daughters*—Probably they knew Achan's sin, and connived at it. 26. *Fierceness of his anger*—Not passion, but indignation and displeasure at sin, which led to its punishment. Severity was necessary in this case, in order to save the whole nation from ruin.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—AI.—The defeat before AI.—Why no prosperity with sin in the nation.—How far Israel was guilty of Achan's sin.—Sanctifying the people.—Casting lots.—Achan's confession.—His temptation and sin.—Babylonish garment.

## QUESTIONS.

SUBJECT: FAILURE THROUGH SIN.

1. THE DEFEAT.—What city did the Israelites attack next after Jericho? Where was AI? How large a city was it? (Josh. 8. 25.) What was the report of those sent to investigate? How many soldiers marched against the city? What was the result of the attack? What was the effect of the defeat on the people? Why was it a great evil at the beginning of the conquest? (vs. 7-9.)  
2. THE CAUSE OF THE DEFEAT (vs. 10-18).—What did Joshua do in view of the defeat? (v. 6.) Why should we always take our troubles to the Lord? In what place did Joshua pray? What did the Lord say to Joshua? What was the cause of the defeat. How could Israel be said to have sinned in the sin of one man? How far are we guilty of the prevailing sins and crimes of our nation? What had one man done? How many of the ten commandments were broken in this act? What is meant by "the accursed thing"? Why could not God give them success unless this evil was removed? Does the same principle hold good now? Can one man in the church hinder its prosperity? Can one man now ruin a community? What kind of sins are like this of Achan? What is it necessary for us to do in the case of scandalous sins in the church or community? How did the people "sanctify themselves"?  
3. THE SINNER FOUND OUT.—THE CURSE REMOVED (vs. 14-26).—In what way was the guilty man discovered? Who was he? Why did Joshua call him "my son"? What confession did Achan make? Was this true repentance? Give the story of his temptation. Is this the history of many sins? What was a Babylonish garment? What was the value of the silver and the gold? What was done with Achan? Why were the stolen things also destroyed? Why were Achan's family punished with him? Is "the partaker as bad as the thief"? Can any one do wrong and his friends not suffer from it? Why was the punishment so severe? Is the Golden Text always true in this life? How does sin find us out? Where in the valley of Achor referred to again? (Hos. 2-16.) How did it become a door of hope? What valleys of Achor to us may become doors of hope?

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Take every trouble to God in prayer.  
2. The sin of one man is a trouble to all with whom he is connected, in family, church, or community.  
3. The whole community are in a degree responsible for the crimes of its members.  
4. Note the way to crime: (1) he saw; (2) coveted; (3) he took them; (4) he concealed them; (5) he deceived; (6) he was discovered; (7) remorse; (8) punishment.  
5. There is a time when confession and remorse are too late.  
6. Those who partake in the sin, partake also in the punishment.  
7. God cannot prosper us so long as we harbour sin in heart or church or nation.

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

17. What city was next attacked? *Ans.* AI, 15 or 20 miles north-west of Jericho. 18. With what result? *Ans.* The Israelites were defeated. What did Joshua do? *Ans.* He carried his trouble to the Lord in prayer. 20. What was the cause of the defeat? *Ans.* Some of the people had deliberately disobeyed God. 21. What was done with them? *Ans.* They were solemnly and utterly destroyed. 22. What followed? *Ans.* Then God gave Israel the victory.

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