

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

WELCOME AND SCHOOL

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 26, 1887.

[No. 5.]

VOL. V.]

Holy Men of India.

THE picture on this page represents what are called two holy men of India. They profess to spend their time in worship. Some of them will place great iron collars about their necks and have many strings of beads hanging to their person. Others will pierce themselves with pieces of iron, and seek by suffering to make atonement for their sins. Some will crawl on their hands and knees for years, or hang suspended to a tree with their heads down, hoping by this means to merit salvation. It is for us to send them the knowledge of salvation through Jesus.



HOLY MEN OF INDIA.

The Family Pledge.

A CITY missionary relates the following incident, which illustrates the value of the family pledge:

In one of his walks about the poorer portion of the city he came upon one family which was quite destitute on account of the drinking habits of both husband and wife. The poor little children were uncared-for and left much of the time to themselves. He pleaded earnestly with the parents, for the sake of the children if not for their own good, to abandon the drink, and after much persuasion prevailed upon the mother to sign her name to a pledge. The father firmly refused, though again and again urged to do so.

The gentleman resolved to try a new plan. He procured a neat family pledge, suitable for framing, with space sufficient for five signatures, one line for each member of the family. He

desired the wife to sign her name on the second line, leaving the first line blank; and explaining the matter clearly to the three children, they were only too glad to promise to have nothing to do with the hateful drink, and put their names under their mother's.

The card was fastened up over the mantel. The father was urged to fill up the blank line, but moodily refused. The card remained there several days, preaching silently to the man and telling him his duty. It needed only his name to make a perfect card, and he

knew it. At last one morning he said to his eldest daughter, "Give me that card!" The poor girl appeared as though she did not hear the request, for she feared he meant to destroy it. A second time he demanded it, when she tremblingly obeyed, expecting the next minute to see it torn into pieces and cast into the fire. But no; he went to the table, took up pen and ink, wrote his name on the blank line, pinned up the card on the wall, and marched out of the room without saying a word.

The appearance of both family and

home soon changed for the better, and comfort reigned where had been only poverty and strife.—*National Temperance Almanac.*

A Dutiful Son.

A CORRESPONDENT writes us that during the visit of General S— at the White House an incident happened which exhibited General Garfield as an obedient son.

It was the practice of the President to run his eye over the morning papers while eating his breakfast. On the morning after General S—'s arrival, while at breakfast, the President, treating his guest as an old, familiar friend, began reading the newspapers. The customary act annoyed his venerable mother, whose notions of courtesy are of the old-fashioned sort.

"James! James!" she exclaimed, "put away the papers; General S— is with us."

"Yes, mother," smilingly replied the dutiful son.

"Yes, James," con-

tinued the old lady, "General S— does not come every day, and the papers do."

The papers were not read that morning at the breakfast-table.—*Youth's Companion.*

A LITTLE boy of three years, whose mother played the organ in church, and who was obliged to be left to the care of others, was asked one Sunday morning what his kitten was crying so piteously for. "I don't know," said he, "but 'spect the old cat has gone to church."

A Warning.

I CAN tell just how it happened, though it's fifty years ago,
And I sometimes think it's curious that I can remember so;
For though things that lately happened slip my mind and fade away,
I am sure that I shall never lose the memory of that day.

Job was coming to Thanksgiving—so he wrote us in the fall;
He was Ezra's oldest brother, and his favourite of them all.
We'd been keeping house since April, but I couldn't always tell
When my pie-crust would be flaky or the poultry roasted well;
So I felt a little worried—if the truth must be confessed—
At the thought of Ezra's brother coming as our household guest.

Just a week before Thanksgiving Ezra rode one day to town,
As I needed things for cooking—flour, and sugar, white and brown:
And I worked like any beaver all the time he was away,
Making mince and stewing apple for the coming holiday.
I was hot, and tired and nervous, when he galloped home at night—
All that day my work had plagued me, nothing seemed to go just right.

"Here's the flour, Lucindy," he said; "it's the best there is in town;
I forgot the other sugar, but I've brought enough of brown."
"You're a fool!" I cried in fury, and the tears began to fall;
"Ride ten miles to do an errand, and forget it after all!"

I was cross and clean discouraged, as I thought he ought to know;
But he turned as white as marble when he heard me speaking so.
Not a word he said in answer, but he started for the door,
And in less than half a minute galloped down the road once more.

Then I nearly cried my eyes out, what with grief and fear and shame:
He was good, and kind, and patient; I was all the one to blame.
And the hours wore on till midnight, and my heart seemed turned to stone,
As I listened for his coming while I sat there all alone.

With the daylight came a neighbour; "Ezra has been hurt," he said;
"Found beside the road unconscious; taken up at first for dead."
Just behind him came four others, with a burden slowly brought;
As I stood and dumbly watched them you can guess of all I thought!

Oh, the days and nights that followed! Ezra lived, but that was all;
And with tearless eyes I waited for the worst that might befall.
Wandering in a wild delirium, broken phrases now and then
Dropped from fevered lips, and told me what his painful thoughts had been.

So Thanksgiving dawned upon us. Job came early, shocked to meet
Such a broken-hearted woman for the bride he hoped to greet.
Not a word we spoke together in that hushed and shadowed room,
Where we waited for the twilight darkening down to deeper gloom;
For the doctor said that morning, "There is nothing more to do;
If he lives till after sunset I, perhaps, can pull him through."
Just as five o'clock was striking Ezra woke and feebly stirred;

"Did you get the sugar, darling?" were the words I faintly heard.
How I cried! You can't imagine how I felt to hear him speak,
Or to see his look of wonder as I bent to kiss his cheek.

Well, I've told a long, long story—Ezra's coming up the walk;
But I've had a purpose in it—'twasn't just for idle talk.
Don't you think, my dear, you'd better make your quarrel up with Gray?
It may save a heap of trouble, and it's near Thanksgiving Day.

—Caroline B. Lerow.

"Home College Series"—The Ocean.

II.

The Gulf Stream.—This remarkable stream deserves special mention. It is the most powerful and best known of all the marine currents. It extends from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic Ocean. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, while its volume is a thousand times greater. Its water, from the Gulf of Mexico to the Carolina coast, is indigo blue, and is so distinctly marked that the joining line with the water of the ocean can be clearly seen with the naked eye. One half of a ship is sometimes seen floating in the Gulf Stream, while the other is in the water outside, in a strait betwixt two. The water is much saltier than the ocean through which it flows, which accounts for its deep blue colour.

This wonderful stream conveys away the heat of the Gulf of Mexico and disperses it over the Atlantic. The highest temperature of the Gulf Stream is 86 degrees, nine degrees above the ocean temperature in the same latitude. In passing through ten degrees of north latitude it loses only two degrees of heat, and, after running 3,000 miles northward, it still retains, even in winter, the genial warmth of summer. With this temperature it crosses the Atlantic at the 45th parallel of north latitude, and then overflows its banks and spreads out over a thousand leagues of surrounding water, softening and tempering the climate of Europe. Simple calculation will show that the amount of heat discharged over the Atlantic, from the water of this magnificent stream, in a winter day, would raise the temperature of France and England from the freezing point to summer heat. "Every west wind that blows wafts this stream on its way to Europe, and bears along with it a great body of heat to temper the northern winds of winter." Were it not for this vast marine river, the countries contiguous to the Mexican Gulf would be the hottest, if not the most unhealthy, part of the globe. As the water becomes heated it is carried off by the Gulf Stream, and is replaced by the colder water of the Caribbean Sea. It is estimated that the amount of heat daily borne away from these regions and distributed over the Atlantic Ocean is sufficient to raise "mountains of iron from zero to the

point of fusion, and keep in constant flow a molten stream of metal, greater in volume than the water daily discharged from the Mississippi. Whales first pointed out the Gulf Stream by avoiding its warm water.

This same stream, moreover, is the great balance-wheel—a part of the intricate and delicate machinery by which air and water are adapted to each other, and by which the earth itself is fitted for the use of its inhabitants. According to sailors, the Gulf Stream is the great "weather-breeder" of the north Atlantic, the prolific mother of storms and gales. The most furious winds sweep along with it, while the fogs of Newfoundland are doubtless due to the warm water flowing into the cold water of that region. Investigation shows that the terrible storms that so often rage in that part of the Atlantic are caused by the differences between the temperature of the Gulf Stream and the surrounding air and water. The habitual dampness of the British Islands, the dense London fogs, as well as the universal dampness along the coast of the United States, when the wind is east, is due, also, to the Gulf Stream. Notwithstanding all this, the presence of the Gulf Stream, with its summer heat, off our bleak coast, is a vast help to navigation. How many, many ships take refuge in its warm water during the terrible cold and storms of our winter! Their number can only be guessed, but are, no doubt, immense. Formerly ships knew no place of refuge nearer than the West Indies, where, when blown off their course, they sought shelter, and waited for the pleasant weather of spring before leaving port again. It serves, also, as an admirable landmark to sailors off our coast in all weathers, showing them what course to steer, and what waters to avoid.

The Pacific Gulf Stream is hardly less important, although much less known. It does for the Pacific what our better-understood stream does for the Atlantic. It is composed of several different currents. Among the best known is the famous Humboldt Current of Peru, which is felt as far as the equator, rendering the rainless climate of Peru delightful.

Uses of the Ocean.—The ocean is popularly called "a waste of waters." There is no greater mistake and misnomer. The sea is as essential to the life and beauty of the world as the blood that flows in our veins is essential to human life and beauty. It is a vast, exhaustless fountain of life and health and beauty. Without its contributions every form of life would perish, and the "world become one vast Sahara of frost and fire, and the solid globe itself, scarred and blasted on every side, would swing in the heavens as silently as on the first morning of creation." The water is as indispensable as the air. All plants from the smallest to the greatest; all animals, from the animalcule to the leviathan, from the mastodon to the

microscopic creatures that swarm by millions in a dew-drop, all drink out of the sea. "All the waters that are in the rivers, lakes, and fountains, the dew, the rain, the snow, the vapour, come alike from the ocean. The ocean fills the rivers, not the rivers the ocean." The womb of all the water is the sea. The rivers rise in the sea, not in the mountains, as geographers declare. When they return to the ocean they are simply wayward children going home to their generous mother. The amount of water taken up out of the ocean and sent down in refreshing dew and rain would make a river twenty-five thousand miles long, reaching round the globe, more than fifty times as large as the Mississippi or the Amazon. It would make another grand Gulf Stream sweeping and circling about the entire planet. "How many rivers are there in the sky? Just as many as there are on the earth. If they were not first in the sky how could they be on the earth? If it is the sky that keeps them full, then the sky must always have enough to keep them full; that is, it must be pouring down into them as much as they themselves are pouring down into the sea." It is estimated that enough water falls every year to convert the whole globe into an ocean five feet in depth. All this water, vast as it is, comes first out of the sea, and then returns to it. If it were not for this amount sent off by evaporation, and the amount sent out and the amount received did not balance, we should all very soon be under water, and the waves of old ocean would be tramping over all the land.

"We are surrounded every moment by the presence and bounty of the sea. It is the sea that looks out upon us from every violet in our garden bed; from every spire of grass that drops upon our passing feet the beaded dew of the morning; from the rustling ranks of the growing corn; from the bending grain that fills the arms of the reaper; from the juicy globes of gold and crimson that burn among the green orchard foliage; from the forehead of his cattle, and the faces of his children; from the well at his door, and the brook that murmurs at its side; from the elm and spreading maple, that wave their protecting branches beneath the sun, and swing their breezy shadows over his habitation. It is the sea that feeds him. It is the sea that clothes him. It cools him in summer, and warms him with the blazing fires of winter." It is, moreover, the great vehicle for the distribution and equalization of the heat of the globe, cooling the torrid and warming the temperate and frigid zones.

The Winds of the Sea.—These perform a vital function in the health and vigour of men and animals. There are both land and sea breezes. When the air over the land becomes heated it rises up, creating a vacuum. The cool, fresh, vitalized, salted air of the ocean

flows in to cool, invigorate, and cleanse the atmosphere. Impurities of all sorts rise from city and town, from bog and swamp, from decaying animals and vegetables, upon the face of the whole earth. The air would become intolerable; pestilence would stalk abroad at noon-day; the odor of a pest-house would pervade our homes and fill our nostrils, but for these grateful, health-charged sea breezes.

"The sea is set to purify the atmosphere. The winds, whose wings are heavy, and whose breath is sick with the malaria of the lands over which they are blown, are sent out to range over these mighty pastures of the deep; to plunge and play with its rolling billows, and dip their pinions over and over in its healing waters. There they rest, when they are weary, cradled into sleep on that vast, swinging couch of the ocean. There they rouse themselves when they are refreshed, and lifting its waves upon their shoulders, they dash them into spray with their hands, and hurl them backward and forward, through a thousand leagues of sky, until their whole substance, being drenched and bathed and washed and winnowed and sifted, through and through, by this glorious baptism, they fill their mighty lungs once more with the sweet breath of ocean, and striking their wings once more for the shore, breathing health and vigour along all the fainting hosts that wait for them in the mountain and forest, valley and plain, till the whole drooping continent lifts up its rejoicing face, and mingles its laughter with the sea, that has waked it from its fevered sleep, and poured such tides of returning life through all its shriveled arteries." By its chemical properties and mechanical forces, the sea is the great sanitary commission of the nations. It fills the veins of the earth with pure water, and "feeds its nostrils with the breath of life;" "keeps its bosom pure and sparkling as the sapphire sky, thrills its form with eternal youth, and fires it with the flush of eternal beauty."

The Broadway of the Sea.—The sea is the great thoroughfare which brings the ends of the earth together, and binds them in a most effectual brotherhood. The great nations of the civilized world have been located on the sea, as England, Italy, Greece, etc. It develops both individuality and enterprise. It rouses courage and stimulates adventure. It makes a bold, resolute people, who begin by creeping, at first, along the shore, and end by turning the prow seaward and striking boldly across the deep. In this way the ends of the earth are brought together. Were the globe solid land we never would have known who lived on the other side of it. Without ships there never would have been railways, and only a primitive and puny population. How much more rapidly a nation develops in all material resources that lies on the sea-board, and is penetrated by gulfs and bays, those arms and hands of the sea, reaching inland

to gather up the materials of commerce, the products and manufactures of the interior; or is pierced by great rivers that wash the roots of the mountains, and form "a silver pavement" for thousands of miles, over which men may pass to settle the inmost heart of the country, and bring its products and treasures to the shore. Our own country is a striking instance of this sort. With "our necklace of lakes thrown around our southern borders," and that stupendous river coming up from the gulf to meet them, our whole land is opened up.

The whole gigantic commerce of the world, whose sails whiten every sea, and whose prows are thrust up every bay and inlet and navigable river; whose huge steamers, floating palaces, nay, almost cities, that cross and recross every ocean, and steam along every coast, that brings all the treasures and luxuries of the earth and lays them down at our feet, and piles them in our warehouses, spreads them on our tables, and brings us the plants and birds, the plumage and flowers of all lands, the fruits and gems of every clime, uses the water as its highway, and is the first-born child of the sea. Agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, the master trinity of human industries, all depend upon the sea, and live and move and have their being from it.

Animals and Plants.—The sea seems one vast grave, a receptacle of the dead waste and refuse of the earth. But it is far from being a receptacle of the dead. It is crowded with the intensest and busiest life. The inhabitants of the sea outnumber those of the land many thousand-fold. There are more than eight thousand species of fish, and some of these swarm in such countless millions, that they "move in columns that are several leagues in width, and many fathoms thick; and this vast stream of life continues to move past the same point for whole months together. Incredible numbers are taken from the sea: in Norway, four hundred millions of a single species in a single season, in Sweden, seven hundred millions; and by other nations, numbers without number." Those that are taken are as nothing to those that remain. This is only one species out of eight thousand. The fish of the sea, innumerable as they are, bear no sort of proportion, are but a drop in the ocean, compared with the multitudinous forms of microscopic and animalcular life with which the ocean is filled. Some of these creatures are so small that it would take forty thousand of them to measure one inch in length. They are so densely crowded together that a drop of water contains five hundred millions, half as many as there are inhabitants of the whole globe. Every drop of the sea is all astir with intense and innumerable hosts, a whole continent of busy, happy beings, that draw their existence from God, and wait on him for food. No two of these minute creatures are alike.

They are marked and formed distinctly. Their shells are fluted, dotted, punctured, and variously and gorgeously coloured.

Many of these species of fish are good for food. The inhabitants of the polar region live from the sea. The savage tribes of the islands of the Pacific, and along some of the shores of the continents, draw upon the same source of supplies. All civilized lands levy immense contributions on the life of the sea. The fishing marine is large and active, and uncounted millions are taken from the water and distributed by commerce, in various forms, as food and oil and fertilizers, over the civilized world.

The flora of the sea is as remarkable as the fauna. The plants and flowers, if less numerous than the fish, are no less wonderful. The sea bottom in many places is a royal garden, the king's vale. The variety, colour, beauty of the flowers and plants are a source of exhaustless study and wonder to those who have given attention to them. Almost every storm that stirs up the sea from the bottom strews the shore with masses of various and exquisite plants. Whole windrows of sea-weed and mosses are rolled upon the beach by the marching and counter-marching of the waves, which catch these wrecks of marine gardens in their teeth and spit them upon the shore. One of the most exquisite ornaments ever devised by man, or worn by woman, is a cluster of deep-sea mosses, ethereal as a dream, clear as a beam of light, of all the rare and rich marine colours, clasped in a plain band of gold, and worn at the neck, or in the hair.

God.—"The sea is his, and he made it." He holds exclusive possession of it. Its vastness and loneliness proclaim the name and majesty of Jehovah. Man's empire stops at the sea. Here his proud steps are stayed. Man has "no inheritance in it." If he goes upon it, it is as a pilgrim and a stranger. If he crosses it, he leaves no foot-prints behind him. He leaves no trace of his presence or power; he builds no roads, rears no houses, pitches no tents, erects no monuments, fixes no boundaries. The spot of no naval battle or great calamity is marked by a monument or an arch. It scorns and laughs at man's puny power. "All the strength of all his generations is to it as a feather before the whirlwind, and all the noise of his commerce and all the thunder of his navies it can hush in a moment within the silence of its impenetrable abysses." What a vast multitude of things have gone down into its dark, tumultuous waters, and not a trace "or a bubble marks the place" where they sunk. I suppose it is true, that if all the people and cities and monuments, the marine of the ages, all the accumulations of the generations of men, were cast into the sea, the waters would roll over them in derision, "a thousand fathoms above their topmost stone." Though

all the steamers that ply between the Old World and the New were to pass over the same track for a thousand years, they would not leave a trace behind to tell where they went. The sea is to-day as if man were never upon it. It is God's habitation, the liquid floor of his great temple, where none but the Majesty on high dwells. Its great waves and billows voice his name and praise. When going over it we seem to be borne us into the presence of the Unseen.

The Phantom Printers.

BY F. M. KOERNER.

In an ancient German city,
In a narrow, gloomy lane,
There stands a mouldering dwelling,
With many a broken pane;
The mildewed walls are crumbling,
And the spirit of decay,
Like a black, ill-omened raven,
Broods o'er it night and day.

As the gossips say, at midnight,
When wise folks are a-bed,
'Tis thronged with spectral shadows,
And filled with shapes of dread;
The wraith of Faustus hovers
High in the ebon air,
And at his awful summons
The phantoms gather there.

They throng that ancient building,
They seize on rule and stick,
And like the beat of seconds
Resounds the ghostly "click."
With lightning speed they pick up;
No "whip" Australia boasts
Could vie in speed or deftness
With any of those ghosts.

They are the shades of printers
Who lived in olden times,
Condemned to ceaseless setting
In penance for their crimes—
For drinking and for sweating,
And sins done in the flesh,
Which still despite much preaching,
Draws souls to Satan's mesh.

'Tis said that they are setting
The grim and endless rolls,
Where gleam in blood-red letters
The names of all lost souls;
And wayfarers belated
Who chance to wander nigh,
With limbs that scarce support them,
And hair upstanding, fly.

But when the cock's loud clarion
Thro' mornin'g's air sounds shrill,
At once the phantoms vanish,
And all again is still.
Through broken pane and doorway
Streams in the sun's fair light,
Nor shines on any vestige
Of the fearful deeds of night.

How to be Happy.

1. OBSERVE, invariably, truth in all your words and integrity in all your actions.
2. Accustom yourself to temperance, and be master of your passions.
3. Endeavour to spend your life profitably both to yourself and others.
4. Never make an enemy or lose a friend unnecessarily.
5. Cultivate such an habitual cheerfulness of mind and evenness of temper as not to be ruffled by trivial causes or inconveniences.
6. Let it rather be your ambition to acquit yourself well in your proper station than to rise above it.

The First Hymn to Christ.

CHRIST! of tender lambs the leader,
Shelter of each nestling bird,
Of our young the guide and pleader,
Let our song to thee be heard;
While sweet praises each voice raises
To the everlasting word.

King of saints, the all-prevailing
Message of the Father's grace,
Lord of wisdom, grief-assailing,
Saviour of our mortal race;
Shepherd Jesus, guide and lead us
To thy heavenly pasture-place.

Fisher in the sea of mortals,
Whom thy grace alone can save,
Luring us from sin's dark portals,
Luring from the hostile wave:
With thy life so sweet and tender,
Save thy saints, O Christ, we crave.

Lead, O king, to life eternal,
In the footsteps thou hast trod,
In the heavenly way supernal,
Strength of those who worship God;
Fount of mercy, virtue's author,
Lead us with thy staff and rod.

For thy lowly life of teaching,
Find thou here thy blest reward,
While the children, heavenward reaching,
Sing the praises of their Lord;
Children tender, their defender
Praising in divine accord!

OUR S. S. PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96pp., monthly, illustrated	3 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	5 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16pp. 8vo.	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100	
Home and School, 8pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,
3 Bleury Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N. S.

Home and School

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 26, 1887.

\$250,000

FOR MISSIONS

FOR THE YEAR 1887.

The Course of Home Reading for Young People.

At the recent General Conference in Toronto the following Resolution was adopted:

Whereas it is desirable to cultivate a love of literature and learning among the young people of our Church; and

Whereas the success of the great Chautauqua movement, and especially of the C. L. S. C. Circle, has demonstrated the general demand for courses of home reading and study, and the practicability of thus reaching and influencing for good great masses of the youth of our country; and

Whereas there is very general demand for and need of a course of reading shorter and less expensive than that of the C. L. S. C., and one better adapted to the needs of the youth of Canada; and

Whereas there is good reason to believe that thousands of young people in connection with the various churches might be induced to undertake such a course of home study, if laid down under the auspices of their Church, who would not otherwise be benefited by any similar educational agency; therefore be it resolved:

That it is expedient for the General Conference to prepare a course to be known as "The Course of Home Reading for Young People."

A large and representative committee was appointed to carry out that purpose. That committee, after full deliberation, reports the following organization:

CANADIAN HOME READING CIRCLE,

Organized in accordance with a resolution of the General Conference of 1886.

The following is the committee appointed by the General Conference:

The Rev. B. F. Austin, B.D., chairman; Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D., Rev. E. A. Stafford, M.A., Rev. Dr. Burns, and L. C. Peake, R. Brown, and J. B. Boustead, Esqs., and Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., secretary. To this committee Rev. Dr. Potts was added.

The following are advisory members of the said committee: Rev. Prof. Shaw, Rev. S. Card, Rev. Dr. Burwash, Rev. A. M. Phillips, M.A., and Geo. Bishop, Esq.

1. Name of organization: "Canadian Home Reading Circle."

2. Objects: To promote habits of home reading in approved courses of religious and secular literature.

3. Methods: It proposes to encourage individual study in lines and by text-books which shall be indicated, and by local circles for mutual help and encouragement in such studies.

4. The Course of Study shall consist of a series of compendious and inexpensive text-books, to be selected year by year by a committee appointed for that purpose by the General Conference.

5. Course for 1887: The following books are recommended by said committee for home reading during the year 1887:

- (a) Assembly Bible Outlines, J. H. Vincent, D.D., 12 cents.
- (b) Richardson's Temperance Lessons, 25 cents.
- (c) British and Canadian History, Adams & Robertson, 35 cents.
- (d) Christian Evidences, J. H. Vincent, D.D., 12 cents.
- (e) What is Education? By Prof. Phelps. 12 cents.
And Socrates. By Prof. Phelps. 12 cents.

The complete list of text-books will be supplied for \$1.00 net.

NOTE.—These books can be procured at the prices marked from Rev. Wm. Briggs, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto; C. W. Coates, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal; and Rev. S. F. Huestis, Methodist Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Supplementary illustrative readings will appear in successive numbers of HOME AND SCHOOL.

The following is the recommended Order of Study for the year ending October 1st, 1887:

FEBRUARY.

British and Canadian History, and Assembly Bible Outlines.

MARCH AND APRIL.

History continued, and Richardson's Temperance Lessons.

MAY AND JUNE.

Education, by Herbert Spencer or Prof. Phelps, and Christian Evidences, by Dr. Vincent.

The committee recommend Professor Phelps' books for younger readers, and Herbert Spencer's for more advanced readers.

N.B.—The Secretary of each local Circle is requested to report to the General Secretary, Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto, the organization and membership of said Circle, in order that the said General Secretary may be able to communicate with the local Circles on all subjects in which their interests are concerned.

Lesson Notes in "Home and School."

At the meeting of the Niagara Conference, held in the town of Woodstock in June, 1886, the following resolution of the Conference Sunday-school Committee was adopted by the Conference:—

"That, as the publication of the Sabbath-school lessons in the children's papers is needless, and wasteful of space that attractively filled would make the papers more acceptable, we urge its discontinuance."

(See Minutes of Niagara Conference, page 65, section 2.)

This resolution was forwarded to the Sunday-school Board, with the assurance that it had been carefully considered before adoption. In deference to the judgment of the Conference, the Lesson Notes were omitted from the HOME AND SCHOOL and from the Sunbeam. They are continued in Pleasant Hours, Banner, Berean Leaf,

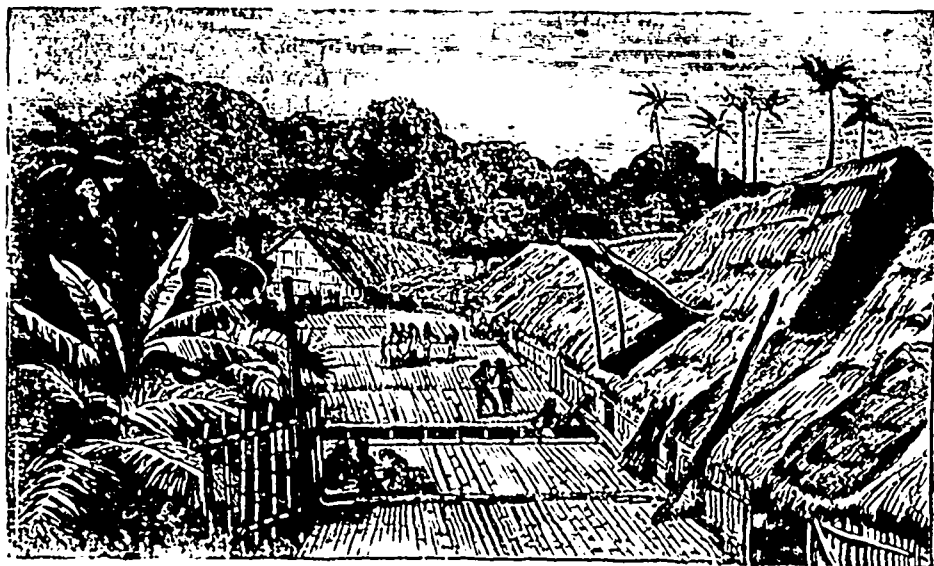


GIRL OF BORNEO.

and Berean Quarterly. This explanation is given for the satisfaction of friends who write complaining of the omission and asking why it was made. It is resolved, in deference to the views of many patrons, that the Lesson Notes shall be restored to the Sunbeam.

As concise notes on the lessons for every Sunday in the year are still given in Pleasant Hours, it is not deemed necessary to duplicate these lessons in HOME AND SCHOOL. It is thought that the space can be more profitably employed in giving some of the Home Readings referred to in the first editorial in this number.

FAR be it from us to wish or endeavour to intrude upon the proper religious or civil liberty of any of our people. But the retailing of spirituous liquors, and giving drams to customers when they call at the stores, are such prevalent customs at present, and are productive of so many evils, that we judge it our indispensable duty to form a regulation against them. The cause of God, which we prefer to every other consideration under heaven, absolutely requires us to step forth with humble boldness in this respect.—Thomas Coke and Francis Asbury, the first Bishops of the M. E. Church in America, 1800.



A VILLAGE IN BORNEO.

The Variations of the Rose.

Well pleased to see the roses bloom,
The muse demanded why
Should some the lily white assume,
And some the crimson dye?

The cause was sought, but no essays
An answer could afford,
Till fancy wrapped in ancient days
The hidden cause explored.

Near where the tree of knowledge grew
In Eden's hallowed ground,
A bed of roses struck the view,
And fenced the tree around.

Large, sweet, diffusing thro' the vale,
The milk-white beauties spread
Their virgin bosoms to the gale,
Nor yet assumed the red.

While Adam strung the manly nerve
To dress and keep the ground,
The bride, well pleased her lord to serve,
Would range the garden round.

To cull the fruit and tend the flowers,
And mark their early bloom,
With smiling roses strewed her bowers,
Which breathed a rich perfume.

This favourite spot her nursery made,
New beauties daily rise,
Her morning visit here she paid
To gather fresh supplies.

One morn (a fatal morn it was)
She paid her usual suit,
But ah! from hence destruction rose,
She coveted the fruit.

Urged on by Satan's false pretence
(The chief and first of foes),
She dared to break the feeble fence,
And trampled on the rose.

As she stretched the impious hand
The alluring sweets to prove,
Regardless of her Lord's command,
And heedless of his love.

The injured rose beheld the theft,
And injured hung his head,
The snowy white his bosom left,
And blushing turned to red.

The foliage wept a dewy shower,
Which spoke some strange events,
She turned and saw the bleeding flower
And wondered what it meant.

While she stood and gazed thereon
Till trembling she withdrew,
Unconscious she had trampled on
The fairest plant that grow.

Her fancy paused—and truth began
The wonder to disclose,
A nobler form than flowers or man
Lies couched beneath the rose.

This only trodden to the ground
Dishonour'd blushed a red,
'Twas "Sharon's Rose" that felt the wound;
'Twas Sharon's Rose that bled.

The atrocious deed no sooner done
But Christ the victim stood,
In spotless white his Godhead shone,
His manhood bathed in blood.

And hence the roses now unite
To exhibit him that bled.
This means the justifying white,
And that the atoning red.

The muse these graces sought to prove,
And brighter beauties eyed,
Till lost in wonder, praise and love,
She kissed the rose and died.

Oh may my soul those blessings share
"In the decisive hour."
And ever in my bosom wear
This sweet, this lovely flower.

Christian Work in Borneo.

BY A NATIVE OF BORNEO.

THE Island of Borneo, Pulo Kalamantan, as it is called by the natives, is, even in this nineteenth century, almost a *terra incognita*.

Little is known of its interior and people, though from its position it has an equatorial climate, very moist, and with a small range of temperature. The island is rich in gold, antimony, and diamonds, the soil fertile, products many and varied, while its dense forests contain many strange, beautiful birds, and is the home of the large orang outang.

The coast inhabitants are Malays, speaking the Malayan language, Mohammedans in faith, treacherous, vindictive, cruel, and pirates at sea. The aborigines are Dyaks, of whom there are many tribes, oppressed to a painful degree by the Malays.

At Pontianak, situated on the river of the same name and six miles from the coast, was founded, in 1839, an American mission. Four missionaries and their wives had been sent to Java, but, by the exclusive policy of the Dutch government, Borneo was the only portion of the Netherlands India in which they were allowed to settle. A second station at Karangan, 150 miles in the interior, was commenced by these brave pioneers, who with

their own hands cleared away the jungle, felled trees, and built the mission premises of bark, roofed with thatch. Then came the task of reducing the Dyak language to print, translating and preparing elementary and other works, all of which it was necessary to send to Singapore to print; and with this, preaching, teaching, and itinerant tours among the native villages.

Sickness and death made sad inroads upon the mission families, until finally the work was suspended, temporarily it was hoped, but has not since been resumed.

Mr. Steele is still living, busy and active as his strength will allow; Messrs. Thompson and Youngblood are at rest, one sleeps on the shores of Lake Geneva, where the tall Jung Frau shadows his grave, the other amid the green hills of the Empire State. At Sarawak, the settlement of Sir James Brooke, the mission work is prospering.

It is impossible in this short sketch to do justice to the Christian work on this island, almost continental in size; sufficient has been done, however, to glorify "the name of the Lord God of Israel in the isles of the sea."

Victory for Temperance.

WE condense from the *Canada Citizen* the following:

The triumphant re-election of W. H. Howland Esq., as Mayor of Toronto, by the overwhelming majority of 2,195, is a victory for morality and temperance of which our city may well be proud. Mr. Howland assumed the duties of mayor a year ago with the openly avowed determination to suppress the illicit sale of liquor and see that all the laws were firmly enforced. He succeeded in his efforts beyond even the most sanguine expectations of his most enthusiastic supporters, and at the same time has managed to win the bitterest enmity of the whiskey party and its associated villainies. The people of Toronto, warmly appreciating the improved condition of civic affairs, desired to retain him in office for another year. This the liquor ring determined to prevent, if at all in their power, and after strenuous exertions they succeeded in securing a gentleman of respectability, position and influence to champion their disreputable cause. The traffic did its best; all of bribery, misrepresentation, personation and fraud of every kind that unstinted gold could purchase, were pressed into the services of the saloon brigade. Notwithstanding these frantic and prodigal efforts on the part of the vicious element of the community, who were supposed to control the Toronto electorate, the people made a successful resistance to the onslaught of organ-

ized scoundrelism. The women of Toronto rallied to the support of their homes; the Young Men's Prohibition Club took the field with characteristic and unflagging energy; the intelligent workingmen of this city, true to their declared principles, stood up against the attack and taught the surprised friends of monopoly and rum that the liquor traffic, with all its hordes of accumulated wealth, is not rich enough to purchase their votes. The morality and intelligence of the city, understanding the nature of the conflict, rallied round the ballot-boxes and buried the champion of the whiskey cause under such a majority as was never before recorded in favour of any candidate for the mayoralty.

The result of the contest will be hailed with joy in every part of our Dominion, and even in every part of the English-speaking world. A city of over one hundred thousand population has closed in deadly conflict with the supposed omnipotent forces of organized rum, and has come victorious out of the conflict. Workers for the cause of truth and right everywhere will take heart. The good that will result to our city is incalculable, but the general good that will result from it will be greater still. Friends of virtue and progress need not despair. The world is growing wiser and better, and the victory of Monday, January 3rd, will stand out as a way-mark on the upward march of progress and reform. "We 'thank' God and take courage."

Too much praise cannot be given to the noble-minded ladies who worked so earnestly and successfully. A very large proportion of the woman vote of Toronto was polled for this result.

The thanks of the whole city are due to the W. C. T. U. for the splendid efforts made in securing the overwhelming vote in favour of morality and right, that has broken forever the neck of whiskey dominance in Toronto.

Toronto is to be congratulated on the magnificent victory she has achieved, and on the fact of having fairly defeated the liquor traffic in a clearly-defined and desperate contest. For the first time in its history the majority of the council are avowed temperance men. Let other places imitate the example of Toronto, till all our towns and cities are rescued from the control of liquor to the interests of temperance and morality.

No stone should be left unturned to counteract the great sin of intemperance.—*Dean Stanley.*

We strongly recommend to all to vote as they pray; then they can pray as they vote. It is a contradiction that should once and forever end, that a Christian man will pray in one way that God will remove the liquor traffic from our midst, and the next hour vote to perpetuate it.—*General Conference of the United Methodist Church, held in Belleville, Ontario, 1884.*

Holiness.

ONCE in Persia reigned a king, who upon his signet ring
Graved a maxim true and wise, which, if held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance fit for every change and chance,
Solemn words, and these are they, "Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas brought him pearls to match with these,
But he counted not his gain, treasures of the mine or main;
"What is wealth?" the king would say, "Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court at the zenith of his sport,
When the palms of all his guests burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine, cried: "Oh, loving friends of mine!
Pleasure comes, but not to stay; even this shall pass away."

Fighting on a furious field, once a javelin pierced his shield.
Soldiers with a loud lament bore him bleeding to his tent;
Groaning from his tortured side, "Pain is hard to bear," he cried
"But with patience, day by day—even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square, twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue carved in stone. Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name, musing meekly, "What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay—Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sear and old, waiting at the gates of gold,
Said he, with his dying breath, "Life is done, but what is death?"
Then in answer to the king fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing, by a heavenly ray,—“Even this shall pass away.”

A Talk to Boys.

THE *Interior* is proud to number among its readers a great army of boys. And while all classes are nowadays being lectured through our columns, it occurs to us that the boys will appreciate a talk that is not grandfatherly, and fatherly, but, as it were, older-brotherly. With that in view, we have been trying in imagination to do what, alas! can not be done in fact—turn back a score and more of years, and construct the boy in whose place we would like to put ourselves. We are going to draw the picture of the kind of a boy we would like to be, and trust that some of our boy-readers may find some traces of their own characters, or, at least, some answer of their own wishes and hopes.

If we were a boy, we would like to be a hard-working boy. All success waits on that. Only fools and gamblers trust to "luck." We will never come to much unless the habit of hard work teaches us the right use of our faculties. As all boys are not especially bright boys, as the rank and file are average sort of boys, with ordinary brains and opportunities, it will be a good thing if we can realize how far hard work will go to make good the lack of gifts

and good chances. Sir Walter Scott was called the blockhead of the school at Edinburgh. Perhaps calling him that waked him up, and he put himself to hard work. Isaac Newton was the dull boy at school. The "smart" boy once kicked this dull boy. That kick stung him to an iron purpose. He went to work, and never let up till the stars were at his feet. Oliver Goldsmith was so stupid that the person who taught him the alphabet was thought to have worked a miracle. So he did. He waked up the boy who could by and by astonish the world by writing "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village." A friend said to us, pathetically, not long since: "I used to long for a library. Now I have it, and cannot use it." But hard work will give us the use of everything that comes to us.

Again, if we were a boy, we would want to be a thorough boy. If it were only to sharpen a lead pencil, we would want to bring it to the very best point—not for fine writing, but for the self-discipline. We are well enough endowed, if we only knew how to use the endowments. A spirit that is self-exacting, and will permit no slight in any kind of work, will soon get the habit of bringing large and difficult undertakings to own its mastery.

Again, we would want to be an obedient boy. Only those are fit to command who have learned how to obey. Grant, after the battle of Shiloh, was disgraced, and ordered to report each morning to an officer his inferior in worth. He touched his hat to that subaltern every morning as loyally, and waited for his commands as deferentially, as if he were standing before the Commander-in-chief. That spirit helped to make him an irresistible commander. The boys who begin life by throwing flags of independence before they are fairly out of the nursery are not likely to come to anything. If we were looking for a captain, we would hunt for him among the boys who never disobeyed their mothers.

If we were a boy, we would want to be a boy with a purpose. We would not loaf or drift; we would set our rudder; we would select some aim worthy of our best energies, and then we would stick to it; and, as Carlyle would say, "Work at it like Hercules." There will be people who will lecture against ambition. But the boy without a good ambition will likely be the boy without a good record. And only high things are worth aiming at. As Emerson said, "Hitch your waggon to a star."

We would also like to be a truthful boy. Truth is a cardinal virtue. In Hebrew it means firmness; in Greek it means that which cannot be hid. A boy at once open and firm commands universal respect. And when business men are looking for a boy whom they may advance in their service, their most important question concerns truthfulness. It makes a good foundation. He can build high who has that for a corner stone.

And then, as including everything else, if we were a boy, we would be a Christian boy. We would be quite sure it would help us in the battle of life. As we look around among the successful men of our acquaintance, we do not know of one whose success was not helped by his Christian principles. We have the feeling that the saints are going to possess the earth within the next fifty years, and if we were a boy, with a chance for seeing the dawn of the next half century, we would want to stand on the Lord's side.

Great things are going to be done in the lifetime of the boys; and if we were a boy, we would want to get the best tools for helping to do them. Among them are the things we have named; however small our gifts or our privileges, we should feel pretty sure that our small gifts, wrought out by hard work and discipline, directed to a great aim and uplifted by a true Christian spirit, would give us a good and successful standing in the lists of the battle.—*Interior*.

Marguerites.

BY RACHEL E. MOORE.

THERE are flowers more bright, and blooms more rare

Than the lissom marguerite;
But where will you find a flower more fair,
Or one more modestly sweet?

On their slender stems the white disks blow
In a sweet, contented way,
As if it were pleasure indeed to grow
And blossom from day to day.

In field or on lawn, it matters not,
They bloom in beauty the same.
Nor trouble about the soil or spot;
Or whether they're winning a name.

Each marguerite as its leaves unfold,
Imprisons a sunbeam bright;
And there in its heart, like a bit of gold,
It glitters day and night.

Ah, ministry hidden, tender and sweet,
In the petals of daisies fair,
There are souls who need their lesson replete
With his gracious love and care.

There's a natural sun for the daisies bright,
But a Sun divine for you;
The daisies' sun goes out at night.
But yours shines always true.

And whether you live to be great or not,
Or ever are known to fame,
Let quiet contentment be your lot,
His love is ever the same.

Open your heart to the Sun divine,
One ray of the heavenly light,
And your life, as the daisy, will glow and shine,
In darkness as well as light.

If the traffic in ardent spirits is immoral, then of necessity are the laws which authorize the traffic immoral. And if the laws are immoral, then we must be immoral if we do not protest against them.—*Gerrit Smith*.

WHAT I wish to do is to lift the temperance idea to the level of its patriotic significance. But there is one thing that law can do, which the safety of our institutions demands, and that is to shut the door of the drinking saloon.—*Wendell Phillips*.

The Right Sort of a Boy.

ROBERT dropped a fine, red apple out of the front window, which rolled very near the iron railing between the grass-plot and the street. Robert forgot to pick it up. Shortly afterward two boys came along.

"Oh," cried one, "see that bouncing apple! Let's hook it out!"

The other boy nudged him, with a whispered, "Oh, don't; there's somebody looking;" and on they went.

A little girl next passed. She spied the apple, and stopped, looking very hard at it, then put her hands through the rails, and tried to reach it. Her fingers just touched it. She looked around; a man was coming down the street. The girl withdrew her hand and went away. A ragged little fellow came by soon after. "That boy will steal the apple," I said to myself, peeping through the blinds. His bright eye at once caught sight of it, and he stopped. After looking at it a moment, he ran across the street and picked up a stick. He poked it through the rails, and drew the apple near enough to pick it up. Turning it over in his grimy hands, I could not help seeing how he longed to eat it. Did he pocket it and run? No. He came up the steps and rang the bell. I went to the door to meet him.

"I found this big apple in your front garden," said the boy, "and I thought may be you had dropped it out, and didn't know it was there; so I picked it up, and have brought it to you."

"Why did you not eat the apple?"
"Oh," said he, "it is not mine."
"It was almost in the street," said I, "where it would have been hard to find its owner."

"Almost is not quite," replied the boy, "which, Mr. Curtis says, makes all the difference in the world."

"Will you tell me who this Mr. Curtis is of whom you speak?"
"My Sunday-school teacher. He has explained the eighth commandment to me, and I know it," and he handed me the apple.

"Will you accept the apple?" said I. "I am glad you brought it in, for I like to know honest boys. What is your name?"

He told me. I need not tell you, however, only I think you will agree with me that he is the right sort of a Sunday-school scholar. He squares his conduct by the faithful Christian instruction which he gets there.—*Presbyterian Banner*.

I AM thoroughly, heartily, and honestly of the conviction that the traffic in strong drink prevailing in our land, resulting from custom supported by appetite and entrenched in party, cannot be overthrown until the Christian people of the land are taught the duty of using their political influence, as they have been taught to use their moral influence, for its overthrow.—*James Black*.

The Little Shoes.

ONE night on the verge of ruin,
As I hurried from the tap,
I beheld the landlord's baby
Sitting on its mother's lap.
"Look here, dear father," said the mother,
Holding forth the little feet,
"Look, we've got new shoes for darling!
Don't you think them nice and neat?"

You may judge the thing was simple,
Disbelieve me if you choose;
But, my friends, no fist e'er struck me
Such a blow as these small shoes.
And they forced my brain to reason;
"What right," said I, standing there,
"Have I to clothe another's children,
And to let my own go bare?"

It was in the depth of winter;
Bitter was the night and wild:
And outside the flaring gin-shop
Stood my starving wife and child.
Out I went and clutched my baby,
Saw its feet so cold and blue:
Fathers! if the small shoe smote me,
What did those poor bare feet do?

Quick I thrust them in my bosom!
Oh, they were so icy chill!
And their coldness, like a dagger,
Pierced me. I can feel it still.

Of money I had but a trifle,
Just enough to serve my steed;
It bought shoes for little baby;
And a single loaf of bread.
The loaf served us all the Sunday,
And I went to work next day;
Since that time I've been teetotal.
That is all I've got to say.

—Selected.

The Teens.

A TALK WITH BOYS AND GIRLS.

WHAT do you think is the most important time of life? Boys will probably answer, "When we go to business, or to college." Girls will say, "When we go into society or get married." But I think it is when you are going into your teens.

I know that it does not seem so to most people, for boys and girls are more unnoticed at that age than at any other. The baby or the big brother or sister get all the attention, while Master Knee-breeches and Miss Ankle-skirt are crowded into the corner. You are not so interesting just now as you have been, or will be. Your time of blossoms has gone; but your fruit-time has not come.

But the life of Jesus, as told in the Gospels, makes much of this time of life. The only thing that is said about him after his babyhood until he was thirty years of age was: "When he was twelve years old." What he did then is told us because it was a sort of prediction of what he would be and do when he became a man.

The Jews regarded this age as the turning point in life. Until the boy had passed twelve, he was called a child; after that, a man. He must then learn his trade, put on the phylacteries, begin to study the Talmud or holy books, be called to account for breaking any of the laws of worship, take the name of Ben Hattorah, or son of the law, and go up to the great feast at Jerusalem—which was about equivalent to joining the Church. The Jews also said that this was the

age when Moses first refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, when Samuel heard God's call, and when Josiah had his first dream of becoming a great and good king.

Now those old Jews were wise in making so much of the time of going into the teens. A portrait painter once told me that a picture of a child younger than twelve would not be apt to look like him as he became a man; but that one taken after that age would show the settled outline of features which even the wrinkles of old age would not crowd out. Your physician will tell you that about that time the body too gets into its shape. If you are to be spindle-shanked or dumpy, the stretch or the squat will have begun to grow into you. A great writer, who has much to do with educating boys, says: "The latter life of a man is much more like what he was at school than what he was at college."

A Swedish boy, a tough little knot, fell out of a window, and was severely hurt; but, with clinched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did; for he became the famous General Bauer.

A woman fell off a dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of a crowd of men dared jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she did, and managed to keep her up until stronger hands got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. That boy was Garibaldi; and, if you will read his life, you will find that these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that nobody could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous that all the world, except tyrants, loved to hear and talk about him.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gaped at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." So he did; for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

There was a New England boy, who built himself a booth down in the rear of his father's farm, in a swamp, where neither the boys nor the cows would

disturb him. There he read heavy books, like Locke "On the Human Understanding," wrote compositions, watched the balancing of the clouds, revelled in the crash and flash of the storm, and tried to feel the nearness of God who made all things. He was Jonathan Edwards.

After the melted iron is poured into the mould, it is left for a while that it may take shape. But the first few moments are the most important; for then the surface of the great iron globule, which comes into contact with the damp sand of the mould, is cooled, and the shape is set. The time after that serves to harden the metal, not to change its form. Life in this world is the mould in which our souls are shaped for eternity; and the first years after we have begun to think for ourselves, to feel the pressure of right and wrong, to determine duty and indulgence—these first years have more to do with the making of us than all the rest.

Have you been in the Adirondack woods hunting and fishing? If so, you remember that your guide, when he came to the rapids in the stream, did not dash carelessly down it. He stopped the cranky little craft, balanced the boat, got a sure grip on his paddle, then let her drift slowly to the centre of the narrow sluice until the skiff's nose was in the smooth water which shows that there it is deepest. Then, with eye and nerve and muscle all working together, he kept her head on, just so, and you shot down the rock-strewn stream as swiftly and safely as a water-snake. Ask your guide why he was so careful at the beginning, and he will tell you that if he starts the boat right he can keep her right; but the twisting waters would be too much for him if he did not have her safely in hand at the word "Go!"

Boys and girls entering your teens, you are at the head of life's rapids. Your craft is already catching the drift of strong desires, ambitions, passions. You feel them. They almost affright you sometimes. Have no anxiety except to aim at the very centre of what is right, at the purposes which are deepest and purest. Knit the nerves of your strongest resolution. Vow to yourself and to God, who will help you. Then away down life's stream! It will be exhilarating, grand; all true life is. But take care! For your soul's sake, don't drift in among the rocks and whirlpools without the grip.—James M. Ludlow, D.D., in *S. S. Times*.

THE point to be decided—to be decided by the legislatures of these United States; to be decided for all coming posterity, for the world and for eternity—is, shall the sale of ardent spirits, as a drink, be treated in legislation as a virtue or a vice? Shall it be licensed, sanctioned by law, and perpetuated to roll its all-prevailing curses onward interminably, or shall it be treated, as it is in truth, a sin?

"Follow Copy."

A SHORT time since a lad in a printing office received from his master a list of Scripture questions and answers to be set up and printed. In the progress of the work the lad turned aside and asked the foreman if he should "follow copy"—that is, set it up just as it was written. "Certainly," said the foreman; "why not?" "Because this copy is not like the Bible, and it professes to be the language of that book." "How do you know it is not like the Bible?" "Because I learned some of these verses at a Sunday-school six years ago, and I know that two of them are not like the Bible." "Well, then, do not 'follow copy,' but set them up as they are in the Bible." The lad got the Bible and made it "the copy"—his guide and pattern.

"Follow copy," children, wherever you find it according to the Bible, but do not stir a step when you find it differs. Through all your life make the Bible your one copy. Look to your words, your actions, your practices; see that all are according to the Bible, and you will be right. Take nothing for your rule in daily life but what is like that great unerring and divinely-written copy.—*Children's Messenger*.

Spare Moments.

A BOY, poorly dressed, came to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, one morning, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and, thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go round to the kitchen.

"I should like to see Mr.—," said he.

"You want a breakfast, more like."

"Can I see Mr.—?" asked the boy.

"Well, he is in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must."

So she bade him follow. After talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume that he was studying, and took up some Greek books, and began to examine the new comer. Every question he asked the boy was answered readily.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "You do well. Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"In my spare moments," answered the boy.

He was a hard-working lad, yet almost fitted for college by simply improving his spare moments. What account can you give of your spare moments?

A LIQUOR-SELLER had a tavern undergoing repairs. One day a boy came running to his mother, crying out: "Mother, mother!" "What is it, my boy?" "Mr. Pool's tavern is finished, mother." "How do you know, my dear?" inquired the mother. "Why, I saw a man come out drunk!" Now that is the legitimate fruit of the dram shop.—*John B. Gough*.

The Legend Beautiful.

BY H. W. LOSOFFLOW.

"HADST thou stayed, I must have fled!
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed a Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision,
Prayed for greater self-denial,
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the Blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysium
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment around him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossing,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Kneelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who art I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who art I, that from the centre
Of thy glory, thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then, amidst his exultation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor,
With persistent irritation
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour
When alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Wrapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his heavenly guest,
Slight his visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered audibly and clear,
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty, that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close
And of feet that pass them by;

Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they know not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise;
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying:
"Whatever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?
Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the Blessed Vision said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

Ruined by Alcohol.

OUR readers may remember the story of a New York youth who, some years ago, distinguished himself by saving several persons from drowning round the wharves and piers of that city. His name was William O'Neil, though he was general known as "Nan, the news-boy." After his paper sales were concluded, he would travel around the wharves until midnight, armed with ropes and hooks, and listening for cries for help from persons who had fallen overboard. As an average of one or two a night of drunken or careless persons managed to fall into the water surrounding the great city, our young hero managed, in less than two years of voluntary service, to save some twenty lives. His exploits became known to the press; he soon gained a notoriety that lifted him into favourable notice. His photographs were circulated largely, and the papers gave illustrations of his methods of work. Presents poured in upon him from philanthropic admirers, and offers of positions in various kinds of promising businesses were made to him. A theatre manager tempted him with a large sum to appear nightly on the stage, but, with the modesty and healthy pride that always accompanies true heroism, he refused all such sources of gain. He was then an ignorant youth of seventeen or eighteen years, and he was content to be a newsboy, until growing into manhood, a year or two ago, he procured a com-

mission in the police force, which is the highest point of ambition to which a New York newsboy aims.

Even here fortune was in his grasp, and earnest friends might have soon influenced his promotion; but an enemy came in the shape of strong drink, and so rapidly did it gain upon him and disable him, that last December he was ignominiously, though reluctantly, expelled from the force for repeated drunkenness.

But, fortunately for this brave young man, he has lately turned over a new leaf, and, as he is only on the threshold of life, he may make a noble record yet. A few weeks ago he sent to McAuley, the Water-street evangelist, asking to be prayed for. He afterwards attended several meetings, has signed the pledge, and claims to be a Christian. He said recently:

"I was a respectable young fellow until I took to drink. What did it do for me? It brought me to poverty and want. It caused me to leave the police force, and daily covers me with shame."

As "Nan" is widely known among the young drinking classes of New York, he may yet live to save more from alcoholic than he has from watery graves. May God speed him and guide him.—*Temperance Cause.*

Telegraphic Rates.

THE cost of foreign telegraph correspondence can be gleaned from these figures. The rate to Aden, Arabia, from London, exclusive of the rate from here to London, is ninety-three cents per word. To Beloochistan it is one dollar per word; farther India, one dollar and thirty cents; China, Amoy, two dollars and five cents; Italy, nine cents; Java, three dollars; New Zealand, two dollars and ninety cents; Australia, via Siberia, four dollars and five cents; South Africa, two dollars and twenty-five cents; Burmah, one dollar and thirty cents; Ceylon, one dollar and twenty-five cents; Sicily, nine cents; and to Tripoli messages are mailed from Malta. To Muscat, Arabia, the rate is one dollar per word, exclusive of eighteen dollars and forty cents charged for a boat from Jask. It costs to send messages around the world, but men who have to send them have the money to pay for them.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

"THE cause of temperance is the cause of social advancement. Temperance means less crime and more thrift and more of comfort and prosperity for the people. Nearly all crime in our army can be traced to intoxication, and I have always found that when with an army or body of troops in the field there was no issue of spirits, and where their use was prohibited, the health as well as the conduct of the men were all that could be wished for. No one can wish the cause success more earnestly than I do."—*Sir Garnet Wolseley.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL

Reward Cards

EXTRAORDINARY!

We have just opened up the most elegant line of

Sunday-School Reward Cards

ever shown in Canada for the money. The average size of the card is 5 x 6 inches. Each package contains 10 cards, with Scripture texts and verses by Miss Havergal.

Please order by numbers.

- No.
- 251. Landscape and Floral designs.
 - 252. Floral designs.
 - 249. Landscape and Floral designs.
 - 281. Landscape designs.
 - 274. Floral designs.
 - 277. Floral designs.
 - 286. Floral designs.
 - 283. Floral designs.
 - 235. Floral and Landscape designs.
 - 271. Floral designs.
 - 12. Floral designs.
 - 253. Floral designs.
 - 298. Floral designs.
 - 256. Floral designs.
 - 303. Floral designs.
 - 252. Floral designs.
 - 300. Landscape designs.
 - 301. Landscape designs.
 - 247. Landscape and Floral designs.
 - 240. Landscape and Floral designs.

Send for a sample package and examine them.

Price per package—30 Cents.

Mailed post free on receipt of price.

ANNUALS FOR 1886.

Our Stock of these Annuals is almost Exhausted. Order quickly if you wish to secure them.

Adviser, Boards	\$0 35
" Cloth	0 70
British Workman	0 50
British Workwoman	0 50
Children's Treasury, Boards	0 30
Cottage and Artisan	0 50
Charterbox, Boards	1 00
" Cloth	1 75
Children's Friend, Boards	0 50
" " Cloth	0 70
" " Gilt edges	0 90
Child's Companion, Boards	0 50
Every Girl's Annual, Cloth	2 00
Every Boy's Annual, "	2 00
Family Friend, Boards	0 50
Friendly Visitor, Cloth	0 70
" " Gilt edges	0 90
Friendly Greetings, Cloth	0 70
Infants' Magazine	0 50
" Cloth	0 70
" " Gilt edges	0 90
Little Folks, Boards	1 50
" " Cloth	1 75
Little Wide Awake, Boards	1 50
" " Cloth	1 75
Leisure Hour, Cloth	2 00
" " Gilt edges	2 50
Sunday, Boards	1 00
The Prize, Boards	0 50
" Cloth	0 70
The Pansy, Boards	1 50
Worthington's Annual	1 50
Wide Awake	1 50
Young England, Cloth	2 00

WILLIAM BRIGGS

Publisher,

78 and 80 King St. East, Toronto;

C. W. COATES, 3 Henry St., Montreal.

A. F. MUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.