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HOME & SCHOOL.

L. IV.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 14, 1886.

[No. 17.]



THE MOTHER OF THE LORD.*

The Mother of the Lord.*

MAIDEN dream of mother love,
Broods thy gentle eyes above;
Maiden hands with mother grasp
Hold thy Child in tender clasp.
Awe and glory in thy face,
Blend with woman's shrinking grace.
Yet through thine heart must pass the sword,
Thee, beloved of thine adored,
Mary, Mother of the Lord!

Deep and dark the Cross's shade
On thy loving heart is laid;
On thy sweet and pensive lips
Rapture glows through grief's eclipse;
Stilled with mystery's silent spell,
Thrilled with thoughts no speech can tell;
Past the sense of human sadness,
Past the dreams of human gladness;

On thy breast the Living Word,
In thine arms the Babe adored—
Mary, Mother of the Lord!

The Blood of Christ.

AN old herdsman in England was taken to a London hospital to die. His grandchild would go and read to him. One day she was reading in the first chapter of the First Epistle of John, and came to the words, "And the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son,

* This picture is a copy of Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair," one of the most famous paintings in the world.

cleanseth us from all sin;" the old man raised himself up and stopped the little girl, saying, with great earnestness:

"Is that there, my dear?"
"Yes, grandpa."
"Then read it to me again—I never heard it before."
She read it again: "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."
"You are quite sure that is there?"
"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."
"Then take my hand and lay my finger on the passage, for I want to feel it."

She took the old, blind man's hand and placed his bony finger on the verse, when he said:

"Now, read it to me again."
With a soft, sweet voice she read: "And the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."
"You are quite sure that is there?"
"Yes, quite sure, grandpa."
"Then, if any one should ask how I died, tell them I died in the faith of these words: 'The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.'"

With that the old man withdrew his hand, his head fell softly back upon

the pillow, and he silently passed into the presence of Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin.

Knitting.

GRANDMA sits in her easy chair,
Knitting a stocking for baby May;
Slipping the stitch with loving care,
Knitting and dreaming the time away;
Thinking of other little feet,
Cold and silent, at rest so long;
And as she dreams of the old time sweet,
Her heart runs over in simple song:

Narrow, and widen, and slip, and bind!
Swift and silent the needles run;
Hands are willing and heart is kind;
Honest workers are hard to find;
Baby's stocking begun!

Grandma dreams of a glad spring day,
Years and years ago,
When her hair was gold, now so thin and
gray,

And her faded cheeks wore a rosy glow;
And Robin comes to the farm-yard gate,
And tells his love in his bashful way;
And grandma sings, while the hour grows
late,
The song she sung on her wedding-day:

Narrow, and widen, and slip, and bind!
Click the needles and sing the song;
Swift and silent the skeins unwind;
Hands are willing and heart is kind;
Baby's stocking grows long!

Grandma thinks of the children three—
Bob, and Charlie, and little Bess,—
Lisping prayers at her mother-knee,
Making music her life to bless,
O'er her face comes a shade of pain,
Brought by thoughts of the long ago;
Trembling voice breaks forth again,
The song runs on while the tear-drops
flow:

Narrow, and widen, and slip, and bind!
Work and trust while the moments
run;
Eyes with tears are often blind;
Hands are willing and heart is kind;
Baby's stocking half done!

Grandma's hands have tired grown;
Poor old hands, that have worked so
long!
Daylight swift from the earth has flown;
Almost silent has grown the song;
Still she knits, as she sits and dreams,
Hurrying onward to reach the toe;
Deftly turning the even seams,
While she murmurs in accents low:

Narrow, and widen, and slip, and bind!
Hands grow tired at set of sun;
Hands are willing and heart is kind;
Life grows short while the skeins unwind;
Baby's stocking most done!

Grandma stops, and her knitting falls
Idly down on the sanded floor;
Shining needles and half-wound balls;
Grandma's knitting, alas! is o'er.
So we found her at close of day,
White head resting upon her breast;
Knitting finished and laid away;
Loving fingers for aye at rest.

Narrow, and widen, and slip, and bind!
Skein at last to the end has run;
Heart stops beating that once was kind;
Hands are folded that ne'er repined;
Baby's stocking is done!

—J. S. Culler.

My Sermon.

BY D. L. MACLONE, COBOURG, ONT.

"WHO'S going to church this morning?" asked Cousin Charley last Sunday, just as we had finished breakfast. "If anyone wants to go, he'd better be getting ready."

"Why," exclaimed Aunt Margaret, jumping up hastily. "It can't be so late as that, Charley. I had no idea of the time; really we must turn over a new leaf after this, and be smarter Sunday morning."

But as aunt says that every Sunday, no one appeared disturbed or alarmed at the prospect for future Sunday breakfasts.

"I s'pose, then, you won't feel like going out, Margaret, since it's so un-

usually late," said Uncle James with a touch of irony.

"No, James, I couldn't think of going this morning, but next Sunday, I'll see to it that we have breakfast in time anyway. One would think we were perfect heathens, to see us getting up from the table at this time of day."

"Well, I guess I'll drive over and take grandma to meeting; she's generally ready and waiting to go," said Uncle James as he left the room. "Want to go, Ada?" asked Charley of me.

"Are you going, Maggie?" I asked in my turn of Cousin Maggie.

"Guess not, it's too hot," was the reply; then, with a slight laugh, she added, "I'll wait till next Sunday, and go with me."

"But somebody ought to go," said Allie, my sister, who was visiting with me at our uncle's.

"Why?" suddenly said John, the oldest of our cousins, "what's the use of going to church if you don't feel like it?"

"O nothing," Allie said, with some confusion; "only it looks so, you know."

"What if it does 'look so'?" Every one has a right to please himself. We talk about our free country, and then make ourselves slaves to other people's opinions, and hypocrites as well as slaves when we go to church to make folks believe we are pious."

"Yes," assented Allie feebly. But aunt took it up as she invariably does all John's strictures.

"There's plenty of excuse for the sin in the world now, without your making more," she said. "Allie's right enough when she says it looks disgraceful not to see one of a whole family at church of a Sunday morning; and," she added in a lower tone, "the pew rent going for nothing too."

John smiled slightly as he rose and shoved his chair back, but Charley said: "Beaten again, John; mother's arguments clinch every time."

So none of us went to church that morning, which, by the way, was no very unusual thing, for driving grandma over to meeting was not considered going to church by any one of the family. Grandma does not go to our church in the town, but keeps to her own little old-fashioned meeting house, several miles further back in the country.

After breakfast we separated, and each one went his own way. Aunt bustled herself over affairs in the kitchen, and held what Charley calls an "inquisitive meeting" with Nancy, the girl. John took down a book on Civil Engineering and went up to his own room. Every one knew what that meant; while Charley vanished under the maples leading to the garden. Within, girls strolled around rather aimlessly for a while, and I for one felt decidedly glad when Charley appeared again at an open window, holding out a great handful of ripe berries, and proposed a walk to the woods. Allie declared that it was too hot to walk and that it would make her head ache to be in the sun; so Charley, Maggie and I started off, under the protection of a huge umbrella, for the woods were nearly a mile away.

Nothing is more delightful to me than an hour in one of our lovely Canadian woods. Everything is so refreshing and inspiring: the cool air, the rustling leaves, the flutter of birds and hum of insects—all are to me charming.

That Sunday everything seemed par-

ticularly peaceful and cool and pleasant. We wandered in and out among the thick trees, continually finding new beauties and curiosities.

It was a very thick wood, and after we had gone what seemed a long way, Charley said: "We must be nearly out to the road by this time; the 'darkey meetin' house' can't be far from here."

"'Darkey meetin' house,' what's that?" I asked. "O just an old place where the darkeys come to meeting every Sunday," said Maggie. "There used to be a great many of them around here, you know, and they used part of the woods for a burying place, didn't they, Charley?"

"So they say," answered Charley. "Where are they now?" I asked.

"O most of the older ones are dead, and a good many of the younger ones have moved away, and anyway they would be much too 'toney' to come to this tumble-down old place. O there it is now; see, Ada?"

We went towards it and, sure enough, it was a tumble-down old place. I was some little distance in from the road, and as the other side of the road was a continuation of the woods, it was a lonely spot. Deserted as well as lonely it seemed old and weather-worn, and likely to fall any time. One corner had been propped up, showing that it had been long in use, and one could trace a nearly overgrown path from a low place in the snake fence leading up to the steps; the bushes also were less thick thereabout than in the rest of the woods. How much more lonely a deserted place "where man hath been," seems to be, than a spot where nature has been alone! Before we came to this old building, all had seemed still to me and silent, but now it was lonely as well as silent. We were tired and threw ourselves down upon low branches of a pine a few yards from the old house, and when the noise of our steps had ceased, there rose upon the air the sweet song of a bird perched upon the bough of a tree which swayed over the low roof. It sounded like a hymn of praise, befitting the spot, but almost before it closed we heard the unmistakable tones of a human voice. At first Charley started up, exclaiming, "Why, there must be some one in the old meeting house," but after a moment's hesitation he sat down again. It was a low, tremulous voice singing

"There is a fountain filled with blood."

In silence we listened to the familiar melody, sometimes scarcely catching the air, and again hearing even the words distinctly. The last refrain came clearly:

"And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

What a weak old voice it was! but it carried the song through two stanzas; and after that, we heard the same voice in prayer; we could catch no word, but it sounded more like a person engaged in conversation than in worship. At last it ceased, and presently we saw an old coloured man coming out of the door. He looked queer enough with his white hair and beard, and dressed in a long black coat and high hat, both shabby and old, but carefully brushed. He carried in one hand his Bible, and in the other a large cane. After shutting door behind him, he moved with painful slowness down the broken steps, and made his way towards a large pine-tree not far from where we sat. We

had not the slightest idea of the old man's errand, but when we saw him stoop over something at the foot of the tree, we noticed for the first time that under almost every tree there were low, regular shaped mounds. Instinctively we arose, and at the noise the old man turned his face towards us.

"Why, it's Uncle Pete," said Charley, and going forward he greeted the aged man.

"Good morning, Uncle Pete! I did not know that the old meeting house was used any more. We should not have come to disturb the—your services—if we had thought of such a thing."

"Good mawnin', Marser Spence," said Uncle Pete, after peering into Charley's face. "Do meetin' house but use any mo', cept by ole Pete."

"What! you don't mean to say you come here alone every Sunday for nothing, Uncle Pete! It must be nearly two miles from your cabin."

"Two mile an' alf, but tain't ver far. I starts early an' jes' takes one step to onc' an' I'se soon heah. Bress yo', young marse, de Lawd's been ver good 'old Pete, an' t'wouldn't be savin' ver much ef I nebber come to see great Marser in his own house, an' on his own day too. An' tain't for nothin', Marser Spence! I'se read a bit, an' sing an' pray, an' t'does ole Pete heaps o' good. Deys mos' on 'em," continued the old man, noticing our silence, "forgot the ole meetin' house, an' right 'nuff too, 'is gettin' ole; but d're can't nebber be no oder meetin' house fer ole Pete now, 'cept de noo one up dere. My ole woman, she come yere fer good seben springs ago, an' I han't missed a Sunday sence."

We glanced at the grave at our feet, where the trembling finger pointed, and saw beside the larger one four small graves, all long since grass-grown. In the trunk of the tree above were cut five crosses with a solitary initial under each. Near the larger grave a thrifty wild rose bush grew, now covered with blossoms. I had often been in our cemetery at home, and it seemed to me to contain a city full of tears and a row within its four walls, but I never felt more pity than now. Here was the tale of a household and the traces of sorrow born in solitude. The tears sprang to my eyes, and we silently stood before that old man, fearing to speak, afraid or ashamed to look at each other.

"We wus boaf fond o' poses, so we boaf has 'em yit," said Uncle Pete presently, and bending over he plucked too full blown roses and gave them to Maggie and me, saying: "Dey be none de wus, Mi', fer habin' growed on the grave." Maggie answered for us both, "Thank you, Uncle Pete, they are beautiful."

We turned and went towards the path, and as we were getting over the fence I saw that the old man was plucking the few dead leaves and broken twigs from the graves. That was my sermon. I cannot forget it, and I think it will be many a Sunday before I fail to appear in God's house again. Our walk home was such a silent one that I think Charley and Maggie felt the power of that sermon as much as I did.

It is not stately walls nor beauteous spires that tell for Christ; nor eloquent sermons, nor artistic anthems; but lives that are clean, hearts that are glad with the life of Christ, and hands that are loaded with mercy.

England's Bibleo.

Thou hast thy mighty bulwarks,
Thou Island of the brave,
Who sittest on thy sea-girt throne,
The empress of the wave,
Stretching thy sceptre o'er the sea
With proud imperial smile,
Waving the banner of the free
O'er ocean and o'er isle.

Thou hast thy bristling ramparts,
Where thundering cannons roar;
Thou hast thy stately walls of oak
At vigils round thy shore,
And a hundred gallant Argosies
Toss proudly ocean's foam,
And stream thy pennon on the breeze
That waft thy treasures home.

As y' spears would rise like forests,
Around thy peaceful bowers,
Ere the banner of a foreign foe
Shall float from England's towers;
The strong would man thy battlements,
The weak would scorn to flee—
Yet these are not thy true defence,
Dear Island of the free.

Thou hast a mighty bulwark
To guard thy hallowed sod—
A praying people lifting up
The banner of their God;
A people, weak in carnal might,
Yet strong in faith and love,
Drawing supplies of life and light
From treasures far above.

Thou hast a dauntless people,
Right loyal to their Lord,
Whose tegs is the shield of faith,
Whose hand, the "Spirit's sword,"
And valiant is their noble strife
'Gainst wrong and grief and sin,
Their battle-field the path of life,
Their warfare all within.

Ah! thou hast matchless treasures
(Though some may prize them not),
Bibles in queenly palaces,
Bibles in hall and cot;
With Christ's own testament of "peace"
For every grief and wound,
And "jubilees of full release"
For souls whom sin hath bound.

Oh, England! haughty England!
Thy towers may mock our trust,
Yet battlefied wall and bannered height
May crumble into dust;
But Christ shall be our sure defence
And God's own truth shall be
For bulwarks and for battlements,
Dear Island of the free.

Methodism and the Missionary Problem.

[From the Rev. Dr. Eby's soul-stirring lecture on this subject, which rings like a trumpet-call summoning the Church to duty, we make the following extracts.—Ed.]
Seven or eight hundreds of millions of our fellow-men are still pagan and under pagan governments. Four or five hundred millions are under Christian, or so called Christian governments, of whom two or three hundred millions are still pagan. Of nominal Christians, the majority belong to a paganized form of Greek or Roman Catholicism. Of the apparently small remnant left, the majority stand aloof from the Christian Church, either as avowed unbelievers or practical neglectors of religion. And in all these lands, so full of gospel light, iniquity abounds. Does this gloomy outlook appal? Has God's plan to save the world failed, and are His promises and prophecies false? God forbid. God's part never fails; but in His inscrutable wisdom He made the success of His plans for humanity largely dependent on voluntary human co-operation—and our part often fails. Ages of preparation have been leading up to the present crisis of the missionary question we are called upon to face. We are inheritors of the riches of the past; upon us devolve the responsibilities of the grandest opportunity ever known to man for the salvation of nations and the infusion into

human affairs of the divine salt of God's love. Upon the Church has been laid, with promise of divine help, the salvation of mankind. The long history of the Christian Church, from the Acts of the Apostles to the present day, indicates men's conception of the undertaking, giving instances of success or failure, leading to the crisis of today, which gives to the whole subject a vastly different aspect from that seen by our fathers of even one short generation ago. The heroism of the pioneers, the work accomplished by the moderate efforts of the last half century or so, have brought upon us a burden of responsibility which demands immensely increased effort and enlarged plans to be at all commensurate with the opportunities of the hour, and failing in which the ever vigilant powers of darkness will soon have stolen a march on Christendom that a century will not recover.

From the very first God indicated that His gracious purposes towards man should be carried out by the union of the divine and the human, the co-operation of God and man. The seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head; in Abraham and his posterity all the nations were to be blessed; the Son of David and His kingdom should unite the allegiance of all the earth. In the Old Testament the promises of God in this regard and indications of His purposes emphasized the divine side, for men were not yet able to appreciate the real nature of God's reign over the world in a spiritual kingdom, much less able, voluntarily and consciously, to unite with God in bringing into existence and extending such a kingdom. It was only when the God-man came, uniting in Himself all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, giving a perfect illustration of the union of the divine and the human, that the larger duties and responsibilities of the man of God towards humanity were made clear. The universality of the fatherhood of God, of the atonement of Christ, of the brotherhood of man, was unfolded, and the central injunction unifying all was placed upon the infant Church—"Go ye; therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you; and, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Methodism arose in a time of spiritual torpor and moral stagnation—arose to awaken all the churches, and to lead Christendom to a profounder spiritual revival and grander moral uplifting than had ever been known in the world's history. It was born, not in struggle or alliance with temporal powers, as the Papal Church; not as a revolt from the domination of a foreign hierarchy, as the Episcopal Church; not in a revolt of the intellect against the tyranny of a corrupt ecclesiasticism, as the German Churches of the Reformation; not in a revolt of conscience against narrow and bigoted attempts at compulsory uniformity, as the Puritan Churches; but in an unappeased hunger of the human soul for a conscious, practical union with the divine nature—a thirst after the living God and His holiness. The conflicts of other ages had prepared the way for a new and larger development, and God gave the men, as He always does—just the men needed for the times. John Wesley and John Fletcher freed theology of its

trammels, infused into it new life, opened up its vastest possibilities, translated it into the language of the common people, so that, as the poorest were saved, they could tell coherently what they had realized, and could lead others to like precious faith. Charles Wesley and other poets of the time put the renewed evangel into song, and the potency of the word preached was multiplied by the power of heart-stirring hymns of penitence and praise. Those men had also a genius for organization and thus preserved the fruits of a revival which otherwise would have been ephemeral, so that instead of its dying out in forty years, which Luther gives as the limit of every great revival, it not only stirred the hearts of the masses in its earlier days and aroused other churches to spiritual life, but it moves on wherever worldliness has not sapped its vigour, a perennial revival. So that within the last twenty-five years Methodism has doubled and now stands at the very head of all the great divisions of Protestantism in number of members and accredited ministers. Although much of this growth is amongst the poorer classes of Anglo-Saxondom, the poorer classes of a few years ago are largely growing into wealthier classes to-day, and the sons of illiterate parents are having all the advantages of education, so that the capital of material, intellectual and moral wealth within the Church is increasing by enormous strides and puts into the hands of Methodism a leverage of stupendous power with which to work for God and man, if rightly enlisted and directed.

All things move on now with accelerated speed. We progress more in five years than formerly in fifty. Every General Conference opens a new world for us to take possession of, and rapid changes must take place that will astonish staid conservatives who are still living in the memory of other days. Methodists of to-day must be as heroic as our fathers in laying large plans and putting new machinery, if needed, into operation to do our part in the moulding of our nation, in the uplifting of the world.

"'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of legendary virtue carved upon our father's graves,
Worshippers of light ancestral make our present light a crime;
Was the Mayflower launched by oarwads, steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks towards Past or Future that make Plymouth Rock sublime?"

They were men of present valour, stalwart old iconoclasts,
Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's,
But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,
Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee
The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them across the sea.

New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must pilgrims be:
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's old rusty key."

For what is it to thee, whether that man be such or such, or whether this man do speak this or that? Thou shalt not need to answer for others, but shall give account for thyself. Wherefore dost thou entangle thyself? St. Thomas.

The Only One out of Seventeen.

It is related of Gen. Harrison, by one who knew him well, that while he was a candidate for the Presidency, he stopped at the old Washington House in Chester, for dinner. When the General offered his toast he pledged it with water. A New York gentleman, offering a toast, asked:

"General, will you not favour me by drinking a glass of wine?"

The General politely declined. Once again he was urged to drink a glass of wine. This time he rose from the table and said in his grave, dignified way:

"Gentlemen, I have refused twice to partake of the wine-cup. That should have been sufficient. Though you press the cup to my lips, not a drop shall pass the portals. I made a resolve when I started in life that I would avoid strong drink, and I have never broken it. I am one of a class of seventeen young men who graduated, and the other sixteen filled drunkards' graves, all through the pernicious habit of wine-drinking. I owe all my health, happiness, and prosperity to that resolution. Will you urge me now?"—The Clarion.

Only Mother.

BY ELIZABETH SHYDER ROBERTS.

"HARRY! where are you?"

"What do you want?" said a very cross little voice.

"Why, Harry, my dear, where are you?"

"I am up here in the barn hunting for eggs! What do you want now?" the childish voice asked louder and more harshly than before.

"I want to see you, Harry; won't you please come here a minute?"

"No, I won't!"

"Don't you know who I am, Harry? I'm Miss Thomas."

"Oh, Miss Thomas, is it you? I'm so glad you're come. I'll come down just as quick as I can."

Now the little voice was so sweet and loving you would have been sure if you had been there that two little boys had been in the barn.

Harry came down, his pretty face dimpling and smiling. He ran up to Miss Thomas, and put his soft pink cheek against hers.

"You were so nice to come and see me," he said; "you'll tell me a long story, won't you?"

"Why, Harry, you frightened me. I didn't know you could ever say such cross words. I thought a little bear was up there growling. Who did you think I was, Harry?"

"Oh, I thought it was only mother."

Only mother!—could words be more cruel?

"Oh, Harry Summers, what can it be that your mother has done?"

"Way, nothing—nothing—only she is my mother, you know."

That was a year ago or more. Harry can never say "only mother" now. His kind, good mother has gone away for ever, and people say that one of the chief causes of her death was sorrow over the ungrateful conduct of her boy.

ALCOHOL in beer is the same as alcohol in whiskey, and is just as harmful, only it takes more slops to wash it down.

ALL the crimes on earth do not destroy so many of the human race, nor alienate so much property, as intemperance.—Lord Bacon.

Temperance Parody on "John Anderson, My Joe."

JOHN ALCOHOL, my foe, John,
When we were first acquaint,
I'd siller in my pockets, John,
Which noo, ye ken, I want;
I spent it all in treating, John,
Because I loved you so;
But, mark ye, how you've treated me,
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
Ye've blear'd out a' my een,
And lighted up my nose, John,
A fiery sign atween!
My hands w'll palsy shake, John,
My locks are like the snow;
Ye'll surely be the death o' me,
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
'Twas love to you, I ween,
That gart me rise sae ear', John,
And sit aae late at e'en;
The best a' frien's maun part, John:
It grieves me sair, ye know;
But "we'll nae maiv' to yon town,"
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
We've been ower lang together,
Ae ye maun tak' ae road, John,
And I will take awither;
For we maun tumber down, John,
If hand and hand we go;
And I shall hae the bill to pay,
John Alcohol, my foe.

John Alcohol, my foe, John,
We've wrought me muckle skaith;
And yet to part w' you, John,
I own I'm unco' laith;
But I'll join the temperance ranks, John,
Ye needna say me no;
It's better late than ne'er do weel,
John Alcohol, my foe.

—Anonymous.

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Home & School.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 14, 1886.

Special Help for Japan.

We desire to call the attention of all our Sunday-schools to the following earnest appeal by the leading authorities of our Church for special help for the Japan Mission. God is opening up the way in that country in a very remarkable manner, and now is the time to take advantage of this great opportunity. Cannot our schools all take up a special collection as a harvest thank-offering to the Lord of the harvest on behalf of this work? The amount required is, we understand, about \$20,000. Our schools have, in the past, raised that much for the regular work. About one cent from each scholar would raise the whole amount needed. Can they not at least raise, say one-

fourth or one-fifth that amount for this special object? Let each school have a share in this great work. All sums raised should be sent to the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Methodist Mission Rooms, Toronto. The following is the official appeal for Japan:

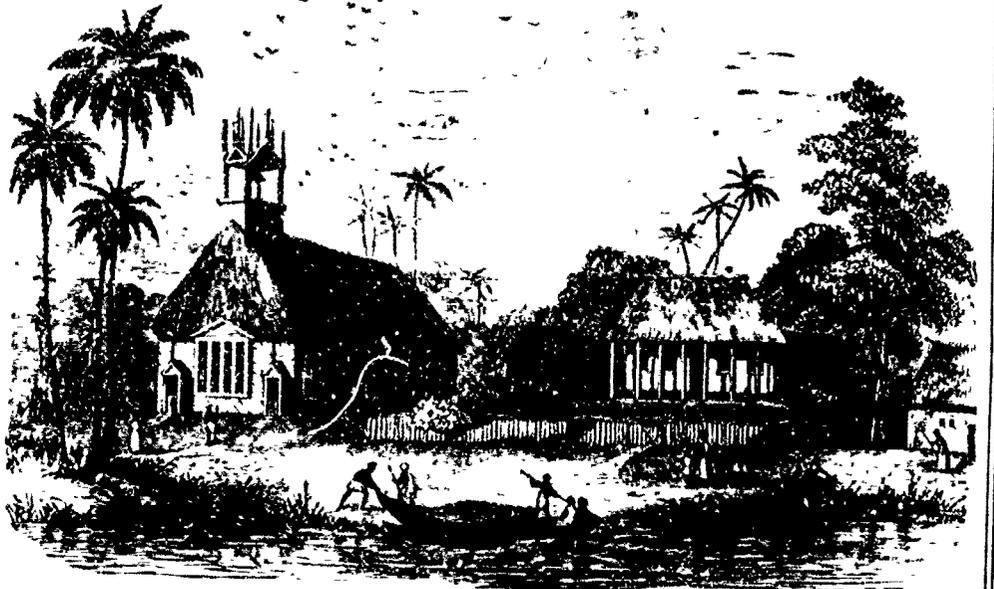
SPECIAL AS TO THE WORK IN JAPAN.

During the past year urgent requests have been made by the brethren of the Japan Mission for reinforcements, but the Committee of Consultation and Finance decided not to take any action in the premises till at least the income of the year had been ascertained. In recent letters from that work, the requests are repeated with growing urgency in view of the wonderful openings at present set before the Church in that empire. Two men are wanted for school-work, and one, or, if possible to obtain them, two for evangelistic work. The salary of one teacher will be paid by the Japanese authorities, and the committee has a standing promise of the removal expenses of a young man for the evangelistic work, and a special donation of five hundred dollars per annum for three years in aid of his salary. But even with these encouraging offers, and the charming fact that on account of the efforts at self-support in Japan, the brethren there have felt justified in reducing their estimates and call upon the Mission Fund of the year, the committee did not feel free to assume the responsibility involved in the augmentation of our force in Japan, unless the cost of sending out the additional men could be raised without drawing on the General Fund. Still, that the spirit and intelligence of the Church might be exercised in these great responsibilities and grand opportunities, and lest the faith and prayer, the heroic self-sacrifice and exemplary liberality of our people in this department of our work be hindered, the committee, at its session in Toronto on the 24th inst., adopted the following resolutions, and directed that this important business be commended to the prayerful consideration and Christ-like beneficence of the Church:—

Resolved—"That in view of the large demands upon the funds of the society for our general work throughout the Dominion and in Newfoundland, it is desirable that the cost of reinforcing the Japan mission, outside of items for salary, be met without drawing upon the ordinary income; it is therefore ordered that, in the meantime, the treasurer, Dr. Sutherland, be authorized to receive special voluntary contributions toward the cost of sending out the missionaries to this field, and that the Rev. Dr. Eby be requested to give what time he can during the summer to this special object.

"That in case the amount thus raised be more than enough to pay the expenses of the missionaries to Japan, the balance be applied to the building of a central church in Tokio, which is greatly needed at the present time for the consolidation and development of the work in that city."

In harmony with these resolutions,



WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH IN FIJI.

our beloved brother, Dr. Eby, may take occasion to lay before the Church such information as seems to him necessary and proper, and will likely make such calls as we are persuaded shall be rather helpful than harmful to our missionary interests at large. He and his good and noble work are hereby commended to the prayers, generous consideration and hearty aid of our people; and especially to the able and liberal friends of our mission cause, who, while doing the more for Japan, shall certainly not do the less for other fields equally needy and equally deserving.

Your fellow-laborers in the Gospel,
A. CARMAN.
J. A. WILLIAMS.
A. SUTHERLAND.

An Idol Transformed.

The world has heard of such a metamorphosis as that of a wheel of the idol-car of Juggernaut in India being used as part of the woodwork of a printing-press for publishing the Scriptures. Just such another interesting conversion has taken place on Bau. There is a menolith in that antique Fijian city which has a history grisly as that of "Moloch, horrid king." It stood in front of the chief temple, Vata ni Tawaki, which, on a high foundation, towered loftiest above the many temples of Bau. This stone stood upright in an enclosed ground, and had a distinctive name—"Vatunimbokola." To this were dragged the corpses destined for a cannibal orgie. These were trailed in their gore along the dusty soil and dashed by the head against the stone, thereby being presented as an offering to the divinities before being devoured by the chiefs and warriors of Bau. How many scores of victims have been presented at this grim altar no man knoweth: they are said to have been innumerable; and could Vatunimbokola but speak, what a tale it would unfold! For at least thirty years this stone has had no stain of human blood upon it, and now it has been converted into a baptismal font. With the co-operation of the chiefs, this relic of the past has been uprooted from the spot which it had occupied from the misty past, and was borne into the great Bau church and set up there. A cavity was hollowed out in it by the unpracticed hands of the missionary, and it is now

a font, but with such associations as few church-fonts possess. The history of this fragment of the past throws light on what mission work has done in Fiji.

The Chautauqua Movement. By JOHN H. VINCENT. Boston: Chautauqua Press. Pp. 308.

In this book Dr. Vincent gives an account of the great educational movement of modern times. The story reads like a romance. From that little lakeside assembly have gone forth moral influences to the ends of the earth. As one visits Chautauqua he feels that the grandest part of it is the part that is not there. He feels that the galleries of the vast auditorium are in the Rocky Mountains and its back seats in the isles of the sea—in Otaheite and Honolulu and as far distant as Japan. All Chautauquans, of course, will want this book, which should secure it a circulation of 100,000, and many who are not Chautauquans should read it that they may become students of this world-wide university. What we like best about Chautauqua is its thoroughly Christian character. In all its developments it is true to its motto—"Let us keep our Heavenly Father in our midst." That energetic Chautauquan, Mr. L. O. Peake, will at an early date give a paper on some of the remarkable results of this movement recorded in this book.

In reply to an inquiry with reference to this book, reviewed in August *Banner*, we have received the following:—

DEAR DR. WITHROW,—The "Chautauqua Movement" may be obtained by members of the Circle at one dollar. As, however, it will cost for duty on such books fifteen cents, I made a special arrangement by which the members in Toronto get them through me at one dollar each, duty free. This applies however to Toronto only. All others should send their dollar to Miss Kimball, Plainfield, N.J.* (The book will cost the Book Room \$1 net).

* Persons who order in this way will have to pay duty extra and have, beside, the trouble of passing the book through the Custom House. Better order the book through the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, or Halifax. Toronto Chautauquans may address Mr. Peake, at the Methodist Mission Rooms, Adelaide Street.



KUMASI.

An Appeal to Christians.

The following poem was written in connection with the Dunkin Act campaign some years ago, but as direct bearing upon our present Scott Act campaign.

Your vote is a trust that God has given,
Its record is taken up in heaven,
As well as on earth below;
We sing of angels hovering round,
Unseen at our side they are ever found,
Their deep eyes watch us now.

No spot or stain on their white wings fair,
They watch as they sweep through our tainted air—

Shall they carry the news to heaven,
That one Christian man has his trust betrayed?

His guardian angel would shrink dismayed
As the traitor vote was given.

Will you vote to keep open the tavern door?

Will you vote to increase its master's store?

Will you vote for crime and woe?
Will you vote that the liquor may freely flow?

Till, instead of God's kingdom here below,
Hell's kingdom on earth may grow.

Will you vote that your child on the village street,
The drunkard's staggering form should meet,

And his filthy ravings hear?
Till an oath shall seem a familiar thing,
And the lips that should glad hosannas sing,

Speak words that defile the ear.

Will you vote that the tempters shall still betray,
And tempt your boys to the evil way,
That leads where the lost abide?
Nay! God forbid! In His name we pray,
Destroy them not with your vote to-day
For whom the Saviour died.

Kumasi.

KUMASI is the capital of the Ashanti kingdom in Western Africa, which occupies about 60,000 square miles in the interior, not far from the Gulf of Guinea, and is said to have a population of over 4,000,000. The people are very powerful and warlike, and very degraded in the observances of the most heathenish superstitions.

EVERY good principle is more strengthened by its exercise, and every good affection is more strengthened by its indulgence, than before. Acts of virtue ripen into habits; and the goodly and permanent result is the formation or establishment of a virtuous character.

BARBARA HECK

A STORY OF THE FOUNING OF UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

THE weary years of the war dragged their slow length along. The seasons came and went, bringing no surcease of the strange unnatural strife between the mother- and the daughter land. From the Northern lakes to the everglades of Georgia, the red tide of battle ebbed and flowed. On Lake Champlain, Governor Carleton now took active measures for the creation of a fleet of about twenty vessels, besides many transports, the materials for which had been brought in part from England, and with infinite toil transported to the place of launching. The Americans also constructed a fleet, but one much inferior in size and equipment to that of their antagonists. In a severe engagement near Crown Point Arnold was badly beaten, and, to avoid surrender, beached those of his vessels that remained uncaptured, and set them on fire. The British now controlled the lake, and the Americans concentrated their strength at Ticonderoga.

Meanwhile the revolted colonies had thrown off their allegiance to the mother country by the celebrated Declaration of Independence, which was solemnly adopted by the Continental Congress, July 4, 1776. The British had already been obliged to evacuate Boston. They were also repulsed in an attack upon Charleston, S. C. In July, Lord Howe gained an important victory at Long Island, and took possession of New York, driving Washington across the Delaware. The latter, however, won a brilliant victory at Trenton and another at Princeton, which left the result of the campaign in favour of the revolted colonists.

Notwithstanding the protests of Lord Chatham and Lord North against the war, the King and his ministers persisted in their policy of coercion. The following spring, General Burgoyne, who had been appointed to the supreme military command, set out from Canada with nine thousand men, to invade the State of New York by way of Lake Champlain, effect a junction with Gen-

eral Gage at Albany, and sever the American confederacy by holding the Hudson River. He captured Ticonderoga, and advanced to Fort Edward. The New England and New York militia swarmed around the invading army, cut off its supplies, and, familiar with the ground, attacked its detached forces with fatal success. Burgoyne was defeated at Stillwater, on the Hudson, and soon afterwards, being completely surrounded, surrendered, with six thousand men, to General Gates, at Saratoga. This surrender led to the recognition of American independence by the French, and to their active assistance of the revolt by money, arms, ships, and volunteers. The occupation of Philadelphia by the British, and the defeat of the Americans at Brandywine and Germantown, were, however, disheartening blows to the young republic.

The Revolutionary War continued with varying fortune to drag its weary length. Several European officers of high rank and distinguished military ability placed their swords at the disposal of the young republic of the West, and rendered valuable service in organizing, animating, and leading its armies. Among these were the Barons Steuben and DeKalb, the brave Polish patriots Kosciuszko and Pulaski, and, most illustrious of them all, the gallant Marquis de la Fayette. The genius and moral dignity of Washington sustained the courage of his countrymen under repeated disaster and defeat, and commanded the admiration and respect of even his enemies. The last great act of this stormy drama was the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, with seven thousand troops, at Yorktown, Virginia, October 19, 1781. Lord Chatham, Lord North, and many of the leading minds of Great Britain were averse to the prosecution of the war, and now public opinion compelled the King and ministry to recognize the independence of the revolted colonies.

The treaty of peace was signed at Versailles, September 3, 1783. By its terms Canada was despoiled of the magnificent region lying between the Mississippi and the Ohio, and was divided from the new nation, designated the United States, by the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence, the forty-fifth parallel of north latitude, "the highlands

dividing the waters falling into the Atlantic from those emptying themselves into the St. Lawrence," and the St. Croix River.

The Angel of Peace at last waved her branch of olive over the weary continent.

Seven red years of blood
Had scourged the land from mountain top
to sea—
So long it took to rend the mighty frame
Of England's empire in the western world.

The British loyalists in the revolted colonies were the subjects of suspicion and aspersions; and if they manifested sympathy for the fortunes of their British countrymen, they were not unfrequently visited with injustice and persecution. Hoping against hope, they still trusted that the land in which they lived, where were all their earthly possessions—the homes hewn out of the wilderness by their indefatigable toil—would still be restored to the sovereignty of their King. At last all hope died. The tie that bound them to the mother-land was severed. The independence of the revolted colonies was recognized. They found themselves in a foreign country—strangers in a strange land.

Their condition, during and after the war, was one of extreme hardship. They were exposed to suspicion and insult, and sometimes to wanton outrage and spoliation. They were denounced by the local Assemblies as traitors. Many of them were men of wealth, education, talent, and professional ability. But they found their property confiscated, their families ostracized, and often their lives menaced.

The fate of these patriotic men excited the sympathy of the mother country. The leaders of both political parties spoke warmly on their behalf. Their zeal for the unity of the empire won for them the name of United Empire Loyalists, or, more briefly, U. E. Loyalists. The British Government made liberal provision for their domiciliation in the seaboard provinces and Canada. The close of the war was followed by an exodus of these faithful men and their families, who, from their loyalty to their King and the institutions of their fatherland, abandoned their homes and property, often large estates, to encounter the discomforts of new settlements, or the perils of the pathless wilderness.* These exiles for conscience' sake came chiefly from New England and the State of New York, but a considerable number came from the Middle and Southern States of the Union.

Several thousand settled near Halifax and on the Bay of Fundy. They were conveyed in transport-ships, and billeted in churches and private houses till provision could be made for their settlement on grants of land. Many of them arrived in wretched plight, and had to be clothed and fed by public or private charity. A large number established themselves on the St. John River, and founded the town of St. John—long called Parrottown, from the name of the Governor of Nova Scotia. Numbers also settled in Prince Edward Island.

What is now the Province of Ontario, at the close of the Revolutionary War was almost a wilderness. The entire European population is said to

*The British Parliament voted £3,300,000 for the indemnification and assistance of the patriotic Loyalists, of whom twenty-five thousand are estimated to have sought refuge in the British colonies.

have been less than two thousand souls. These dwelt chiefly in the vicinity of the fortified posts on the St. Lawrence, the Niagara, and the St. Clair rivers. The population of Lower Canada was, at this time, about one hundred and twenty thousand. It was proposed by the Home Government to create as a refuge for the Loyalist refugees, a new colony to the west of the older settlements on the St. Lawrence, it being deemed best to keep the French and English populations separate. For this purpose, surveys were made along the upper portion of the river, around the beautiful Bay of Quinte on the northern shores of Lake Ontario, and on the Niagara and St. Clair rivers.

To each United Empire Loyalist was assigned a free grant of two hundred acres of land, as also to each child, even to those born after immigration, on their coming of age. The Government, moreover, assisted with food, clothing, and implements, those loyal exiles who had lost all on their expatriation. Each settler received an axe, hoe, and spade; a plough and one cow were allotted to every two families, and a whip-saw and cross-cut saw to each group of four households. Sets of tools, portable corn-mills, with steel plates like coffee-mills, and other conveniences and necessities of life were also distributed among those pioneers of civilization in Upper Canada.

Many disbanded soldiers and militia, and half-pay officers of English and German regiments, took up land; and liberal land-grants were made to immigrants from Great Britain. These early settlers were, for the most part, poor, and for the first three years the Government granted rations of food to the loyal refugees and soldiers. During the year 1784, it is estimated that ten thousand persons were located in Upper Canada. In course of time not a few immigrants arrived from the United States. The wilderness soon began to give place to smiling farms, thriving settlements, and waving fields of grain, and zealous missionaries threaded the forest in order to administer to the scattered settlers the rites of religion.

We return now to trace more minutely the fortunes of the principal characters in our little story. During the long years of the war, they lived quietly in the town of Montreal, where growth was stimulated to fictitious prosperity by the military movements upon the adjacent frontier. The little group of loyalist exiles shared this prosperity. Paul Heck found constant employment, notwithstanding his honest scruples about fighting, in the construction of gun-carriages and other military carpentry; and John Lawrence as house-joiner. The latter, soon after his return from Quebec, built a small, neat house for himself in the suburbs, where St. Lawrence Main Street began to stretch out into the country. Hither, the following spring, he brought as his bride the blooming young widow, Mary Embury. It was a very quiet wedding. They were married by the military chaplain, in the little English church which had been erected for the use of the growing English population. Theirs being the first marriage celebrated in the church, they received from the church-wardens the present of as handsome a Bible and Prayer Book as the store of the principal minister and draper of the town, who was also the only bookseller, contained. After the marriage ceremony, they received a hearty "infare" to their own house,

under the motherly management of Barbara Heck. Nor was this little group of Methodists without the chastening effects of sorrow. Two children, the daughters of Paul and Barbara Heck—sweet girls about twelve and eight years old—within a short period of each other, died. The parent's heart was stricken sore, but smiling through her tears, Barbara consoled her husband with the holy words: "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Such were the difficulties and obstructions of travel during the war, that none of their old loyalist neighbours in the revolted province of New York were able to carry out their purpose of escaping to the great northern province which remained still loyal to the King. At the close of the war, however, a number of them reached Montreal, and after a temporary sojourn there, sought new homes in what was then the virgin wilderness of Upper Canada, and was recently erected into a province. The Hecks and Lawrences, desirous of returning to the simple agricultural life in which they had been bred, resolved to join them. The sturdy boys of Paul and Barbara Heck were growing up almost to man's estate; indeed, the oldest was over twenty-one. The little company of Methodist pioneers, therefore, again set their faces to the wilderness.*

"We go, such like Abraham, not knowing whether we go," said Barbara Heck; but with the prescient instinct of a mother in Israel, she added, "but I have faith to believe that this is my last removal, and that God will give us a home, and to our seed after us. A many changes have I seen; I seek now a quiet resting-place, and a grave among my children and my children's children."

Prophetic words! She now sleeps her last sleep amid her kinsfolk after the flesh; and her spiritual kinsfolk—the great Methodist community of whom she was the mother and pioneer in this new province—far and wide have filled the land.

At Lachine, above the rapids, the little company embarked their household gear in a brigade of stout batteaux. Along the river's bank the boys drove the cattle that were to stock the future farms. The oxen were employed, also, in dragging the batteaux at the Cedar and Galops rapids. Night after night they drew up their boats and pitched their tents in the shadows of the primeval forest. At length, after a week's strenuous toil, these pioneers of civilization reached the newly-surveyed township of Augusta, in which were the allotted lands for which they held the patents of the Crown. They lay on the broad upland slope of the St. Lawrence, in full view of the rushing river, near the spot where the pretty village of Maitland now stands. They found, with little difficulty, the blazed trees with the surveyor's marks, by which they recognized their several allotments. The tents were pitched beneath the forest shade, the boats unladen, the fires kindled, and in the long twilight—it was the early spring—they ate their bread in their new home, if home it could be

*Dr. Stevens, in his history of the M. E. Church, gives an earlier date, 1778, as that of their removal to Upper Canada; but in his Centenary volume on Methodism, written after fuller investigation, he corrects his error, and gives the date of their removal to Upper Canada as 1785.

called, while not yet a tree was felled, with gladness and singleness of heart; and, like Jacob at Bethel, erected an altar and worshipped the God of their fathers in that lofty-vaulted and solemn-aisled cathedral of the forest.

Day after day the keen-edged axes ring through the woods. The immemorial monarchs of the forest are felled to earth, and soon, shorn of their branches, lie out in log lengths on the sward. Strong arms and brave hearts build the first rude log houses. The children gather moss to stuff the chimneys. The rough "stick chimney" is constructed, but most of the cooking is still done out of doors by the women, beneath the shade of broad-armed maples. The straining oxen, with much shouting and "haw-goo"ing of their drivers, drag the huge logs into heaps, and all hands, including women and children, help to gather the brush and branches of the felled trees. These soon drying in the sun, help to kindle the log heaps, which blaze and smoulder day after day, like the funeral pyre of some sylvan Sardanapalus, till only a bed of ashes tells of the cremation of these old forest kings. The rich alluvial soil is rudely scratched with a harrow, and the seed wheat and corn and potatoes are committed to its care, and soon the late stern and frothing wilderness laughs with the waving harvest.

The dim forest aisles are full of sounds of mystery and delight. The noisy finches call out unceasingly, "Sow the wheat! sow the wheat!" The chattering blue-jay, who, clad in regal coat purple, sows not neither does he reap, laughs derisively as the farmers toil. The scarlet-crowned woodpecker, like some proud cardinal, haughtily raps upon the hollow beech. In the penitive twilight, the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will is heard; and at the solemn midnight, from the top of the blasted pine, shrieks the ghostly whoop of the great horned owl, as if demanding who dare molest his ancient solitary reign. The wild flowers are to the children a perpetual delight—the snowy trilliums, the sweet wood violet, the purple iris, the waxen and fragrant pond-lily, with its target-like floating leaf; and, like Moses' bush, ever burning, ever unconsumed, the flame-like brilliance of the cardinal flower.

Before winter the transformation of the scene was wonderful. A cluster of houses formed a nucleus of civilization in the wilderness. The cattle were comfortably housed in a combined stable and barn, one deep bay of which was filled with the golden sheaves of ripened grain. While the wind howled loud without, the regular thud, thud, of the falling flail made sweet music to the farmer's ear. The wind-winnowed grain was either pounded with a wooden pestle in a hollowed tree stump, or ground in hand-mills by those fortunate enough to possess them. Not unfrequently would be heard, in the long drear nights of winter, when the trees snapped with frost and the ice on the river rent with an explosion like cannon, the melancholy long-drawn howl of the pack of wolves, and more than once the sheep-pen was invaded and their snowy victim was devoured to the very bones. Amid such privations and hardships as these did the pilgrim fathers of Canada lay the foundations of the grand Dominion of to-day.

Amid all their secular labours, the pioneers did not forget nor neglect their

spiritual husbandry. True to their providential mission, they became the founders and pioneers of Methodism in Upper Canada, as they had been in the United States. In the house of John and Mary Lawrence, the latter the widow of Philip Embury, a class meeting was forthwith organized, of which Samuel Embury, a promising young man, walking in the footsteps of his sainted father, was the first leader. Among its first members were Paul and Barbara Heck; and the names of their three sons, recorded on its roll, perpetuate the godly traditions of their house, which, like the house of Jacob, has never failed to have a man "to stand before the Lord." "They thus anticipated," remarks Dr. Stevens, "and in part prepared, the way for the Methodist itinerancy in Canada, as they had in the United States, for William Luce, the first regular Methodist preacher in Canada, did not enter the province till 1790. The germ of Canadian Methodism was planted by these memorable families five or six years before Luce's arrival."

In Dreamland.

The tales are told, the songs are sung,
The evening romp is over,
And up the steepest stairs they climb
With little buzzing tongues that chime
Like bees among the clover.

Their busy brains and happy hearts
Are full of crowding fancies,
From song and tale and make-believe
A wondrous web of dreams they weave
And airy child romances.

The starry night is fair without,
The new moon rises slowly;
The nursery lamp is burning faint;
Each white-robed like a Holy saint,
Their prayers they murmur K. W. Y.

Good night! The tired heads are still,
On pillows soft reposing;
The dim and daisy mist of sleep
About their thoughts begins to creep,
Their drowsy eyes are closing.

Good night! While through the silent air
The moonbeams pale are streaming,
They drift from daylight's noisy shore,
Blow out the light and shut the door,
And leave them to their dreaming.

—M. Johnson.

He Never Failed Me.

A GENTLEMAN once visited a public school. At recess a little fellow came up and spoke to the teacher. As he turned to go down the platform, the master said, "There is a boy I can trust: he never failed me." We followed him with our eye, and looked at him when he took his seat after recess. He had a fine, open, manly face. We thought a good deal about the master's remark. What a character had that boy earned! He had already got what would be worth more to him than a fortune. It would be a passport into the best store in the city, and, what is better, to the whole community. We wonder if the boys know how soon they are rated by other people. Every boy in the neighbourhood is known, and opinions are formed of him: he has a reputation either favourable or unfavourable. A boy of whom the master can say, "I can trust him: he never failed me," will never want employment. The fidelity, promptness, and industry which he shows at school are in demand everywhere, and are prized everywhere. He that is faithful in little will be faithful in much.

Alcohol is the worst thing to help preserve a live man, but the best to help to keep a dead man.

The Drunkard's Wife.

BY MR. E. V. WILSON.

In a hospital ward a woman lay,
Painfully gasping her life away;
So bruised and beaten you scarce could
Trace
Womanhood's semblance in form or face;
Yet the hair that over the pillow rolled
In a tangled mass, was like threads of
gold;
And never a sculptor in any land
Would a daintier foot or hand.

Said one, who ministered to her need;
"None but coward could do this deed;
And what bitter hate must have served the
arm
That a helpless creature like this could
harm."
Then the dim eyes, hazy with death's
eclipse,
Slowly unlocked, and the swollen lips
Murmured faintly: "He loves me well—
My husband—'twas drink—be sure you
toll
When he comes to himself—that I for-
give;
Poor fellow—for him—I would like to
live."
A shudder, a moan, as the words were
said,
And a drunkard's wife on the couch lay
dead.

Oh, fathers, who hold your daughters dear,
Somebody's daughter is lying here;
Oh, brothers of sisters, come and see
What the fate of your precious ones may
be;

Oh, man! however you love your home,
Be it palace or cottage, 'neath heaven's blue
dome,

This demon of drink can enter in,
For law strikes hands and bargains with
sin.

You have legalized crime, you have the
gold,

Now hand them over, the sons you sold—
Keep pushing them forward, Drink, boys,
drink!

Your fathers are paid for your souls, they
think,

And in the great mart where mammon
strives,

Cheapest of all things are human lives.

Boliver.

BY MARY ABBOTT RAND.

You may have heard of General
Boliver, but this was not my "Boliver."
His real name was Benjamin Oliver
Dee. He wrote it the first day of
school, "B. Oliver Dee," so, of course,
the boys called him "Boliver" after
that.

He was by far the worst-looking boy
in school, sullen and scared looking,
besides being ragged and generally mis-
erable. One would never suppose that
he was one called the prettiest baby in
Winterton and that his mother wore
lovely jewellery and costly dresses, and
that his father was the handsomest
soldier among the volunteers.

He was not slain in battle; more's
the pity, perhaps. He came home
with flying colours, but soon it became
known that Sergeant Dee had "taken
to drinking," and by the time Boliver
was eleven years old there wasn't a
more wretched place to be found than
that scene of cold and hunger and
drunkenness that Boliver called home.

Mr. Dee was now never pleasant in
his family, and when his drunken fits
were upon him he was positively dan-
gerous.

One winter night Mrs. Dee had been
summoned to watch with a sick neigh-
bour. She needed the money her ser-
vices would bring. "But what shall I
do with you, my boy!" said she. "He
will be coming home like a tiger, and
you here all alone!"

"I guess I could sleep in Laba-
ree's stable, somewhere," said Boliver.
"Away up in the hay I could hide
away and be on hand at breakfast time
when you are home."

"But ask Mr. Labaree's permission,"
said his mother.

Mr. Labaree, the stable keeper, was
a kind-hearted man. "Why, yes, boy!"
said he, heartily, when he had heard
Boliver's timid request. "You're wel-
come to the warmest corner in the loft.
There's plenty of fresh, sweet straw,
and if your mother doesn't get home
in time for breakfast, come round to
my house and I'll give you some. Come
round, any way," he added.

It was eight o'clock in the evening,
and quite still in the stable, for a won-
der. Most of the horses were out. It
was a splendid moonlight night and
capital sleighing. The high school
scholars had gone to Lexington in the
"Beile of the Coast," Mr. Labaree's
famous shell sleigh, and quantities of
private parties were enjoying the other
turn-outs from the stable. The new
Irish hostler, Mike Flaherty, was the
only person about the premises, and he
was so busy in cleaning the stalls that
he did not notice the boy.

Boliver climbed the ladder to the loft
in the utmost haste, thankful he could
go to his lodgings without being seen
by anybody. He found the pile of
fresh, sweet straw Mr. Labaree had
told him about; and creeping quite out
of sight in its golden warmth he was
soon snug and safe. Poor boy! Safe—
from his father!

The moonlight night dances gayly
along. The idea of anybody wasting
it in sleep! That is what the young
folks thought. Far from their minds
were visions of sick-beds, weary watch-
ers, raving drunkards, and poor boys
sleeping in straw. Mike Flaherty did
not seem to be having a gay time, but
he was thoroughly content and bless-
ing his good luck that had brought him
safe to "Ameriky," and given him a
place to work only two days after his
arrival. Mike was a warm-hearted
fellow as ever lived, overflowing with
kindness to every living thing. The
horses under his care already knew his
voice, and he had made friends with
every one.

By midnight he had cleaned the
stalls to his mind, and mounted the
ladder, pitchfork in hand, to get some
"claw swate beds for the pore cray-
thurs."

How am I ever going to tell the
terrible thing that happened! Poor
Mike was not to blame. How could
he know that a poor little boy was
hidden under the straw fast asleep,
and that when the pitchfork glanced
sharply through the yellow straw it
would come so near taking an innocent
young life.

Hours later, Boliver lay unconscious
on the bed in Mr. Labaree's spare room.

Mike, crouching behind the stable,
the most pitiable object in the world,
torn with remorse and expecting the
gallows.

Mrs. Dee seemed like a stone. At
last when she spoke it was to say
bitingly.

"Need not talk to me about a
Providence and guardian angels! What
were they about to let this dreadful
accident happen?"

Poor woman! By and by she believed
that "there are no accidents in God's
kingdom."

This shocking event worked out at
last a blessed result. It startled Mr.
Dee into repentance and reformation.
It interested Mr. Labaree in Boliver,
who watched the boy's slow recovery
with great anxiety.

There is now a very unusual livery

stable in the town of Winterton. It
is remarkable because there are no
rough characters hanging about it, and
profane language is never heard on the
premises.

Mike and Mr. Dee and Boliver are
all employed there, and Mr. Labaree
boasts that his stable might be named
"The Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals," thanks to Mike!

In School Days.

STILL sits the school house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow
And blackberry vines are running,
Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official,
The warping floor, and battered seats,
The jack-knife carved initial;
The charcoal frescoes on its walls,
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The foot that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing.
Long years ago a winter's sun
Shone over it at setting,
Lit up its western window panes
And low eaves' icy fretting,
It touched the tangled golden curls
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving;
For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favour singled,
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled,
Pushing, with restless feet, the snow
To right and left, he lingered,
And restlessly her tiny hands
The blue checked apron fingered.
He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hands' light caressing,
And heard the trembling of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.
"I'm sorry that I spelt the word;
I hate to grow above you!
Because" (the brown eyes lower fell)—
"Because, you see, I love you!"
Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet child face is showing.
Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing,
He lives to learn in life's hard school
How few who pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss
Like her—because they love him.

The Folks who Ought not to Drink.

"I HAVE been studying the temper-
ance question," says a well-known
gentleman, "and I have come to the
conclusion that there are just two sorts
of people that ought never to take
strong drink—viz., those who do not
like it, and those who do. All who do
not belong to one of these classes I
would allow to take as much as they
please."

Under this rule no strong drink
would be taken, for, don't you see,
these two classes take in everybody. I
suppose he meant that those who did
not like it ought not to drink it for
fear they might at last begin to like it,
which would very naturally be the
case. We soon get accustomed to any-
thing, you know, which at first is un-
pleasant and disagreeable.

Then as to the second class: those
who like strong drink certainly ought
never to taste it, for to them it is a
most dangerous and deadly thing.

A celebrated general was once suffer-
ing so greatly from fatigue and severe
exposure that his surgeon prevailed
upon him to take a little brandy. He
made a wry face as he swallowed it
"Why, general, is not the brandy
good?" asked the doctor. "It is some-
what recently captured, and I think
it very fine." "Oh! yes," was the
reply; "it is very good brandy. I like
liquor—both its tastes and its effects—
and that is just the reason why I never
drink it." What a good thing it would
be if all who have a liking for it would
follow the general's example, and never
touch it!

A Puzzled Monkey.

A NUMBER of the little creatures
were at the fair grounds, where they
amused every one by their antics and
mischief. One of them was particu-
larly lively, and soon became a great
favourite with the by-standers. A
gentleman in the crowd happening to
have a small mirror with him, passed
it to the monkey. The animal's be-
haviour on seeing his face reflected
in the glass was very amusing. He of
course failed to recognize the reflection
of himself, and took it for another
monkey; and his anxiety to get hold
of that monkey was what made the
fun. He would look behind the glass
and feel for it in such a comical way
while he was looking in the glass that
one could not help laughing. While
the glass was close to his eye, he gra-
dually bent over, casually; and, notic-
ing that the evanescent monkey was
on his back apparently, he dropped the
glass and made a sudden grab for him.
When he didn't get him, he looked sur-
prised, and commenced looking under
the straw to see what had become of
him. He was then seized with a lum-
inous idea. He picked up the glass
and ran to the topmost branch of the
dead tree that is erected in the cage,
and, climbing to the extreme end, again
looked in the glass. It seemed he
reasoned that in such a position the
monkey could not get away. He felt
for it, grabbed at it, and tried all sorts
of strategy to capture it, notwithstanding
repeated failures.—*St. Louis Re-
publican.*

A Word to Boys.

You are made to be kind, boys,
generous, magnanimous. If there is a
boy in your school who has a club-foot,
don't let him know you ever saw it.
If there is a poor boy with ragged
clothes, don't talk about rags in his
hearing. If there is a lame boy, let
him have some part in the game that
doesn't require running. If there is a
hungry one, give him a part of your
dinner. If there is a dull one, help
him to get his lesson. If there is a
bright one, be not envious of him; for
if one boy is proud of his talents, and
another is envious of them, there are
two great wrongs, and no more talent
than before. If a larger or stronger
boy has injured you, and is sorry for
it, forgive him. All the school will
show by their countenances how much
better it is than to have a quarrel.—
Horace Mann.

Fickle Fortune.—By ROBINA F.
HARDY. This is one of a series of
popular shilling books, published by
Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Edin-
burgh, and is well written. The
different persons who appear on the
canvas are graphically portrayed.
Gertrude, one of the principal actors,
was a young lady whose conduct
deserves the highest commendation.
The duplicity displayed by some and
the spendthrift, prodigal course of
others, may serve as beacons to warn
the traveller of the dangers that beset
the path of life. There is one para-
graph which we cannot approve, where
the author writes of the "quadrille"
in an approving manner. Young
persons may read the book with profit.

It is calculated that the adult male
native of Bavaria drinks not far short
of half a gallon of beer a day.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A.D. 30.] LESSON VIII. [August 22
John 13, 21-38. Commit vs. 30-33.

WARNING TO JUDAS AND PETER.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. 1 Cor. 10, 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Under the best influences men may fall.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 13, 18-38. Tu. Matt. 26, 21-35. W. Mark 14, 18-31. Th. Luke 22, 21-38. F. 1. John 3, 1-24. Sa. 1. John 4, 1-21. Su. John 18, 1-27.

TIME.—Thursday evening, April 6, A. D. 30. The same time as the last lesson.

PLACE.—An upper room in Jerusalem.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—With vs. 21-26,—Matt. 26, 21-25; Mark 14, 18-21; Luke 22, 21-23. With vs. 30-33,—Matt. 26, 30-35; Mark 14, 26-31; Luke 22, 31-38.

INTRODUCTION.—After the washing of the disciples' feet Jesus reclines again at the table, and the Passover supper continues, while Jesus converses with his disciples.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—21. *Jesus troubled in spirit*—Indignation and grief that one for whom he had done so much should be so wicked, and lose his soul.—a type of many others. 22. *Looked one on another*—And asked, "Lord is it I?" Luke 22, 23; Matt. 26, 22. Each one thought of himself, not his neighbours. 23. *Whom Jesus loved*—John himself. 26. *To whom I shall give a sop*—Some of the unleavened bread dipped in a sauce of bitter herbs. The head of the table was accustomed to give this to all, and so John only knew what this giving the sop to Judas at this moment meant. 31. *Now is the Son of man glorified*—His death, by which he was to have the glory of redeeming the world was to be the next morning, and he would soon be with the Father, on his throne in heaven. 33. *Whither I go ye cannot come*—They must stay in the world a little longer to do their work. But in time he would take them to himself, v. 31 (14-3). 36. *Thou shalt follow me afterwards*—He not only went to Jesus, but by way of the cross. 38. See the fulfilment in John 18, 16-27.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Judas.—Why he betrayed Christ.—The disciple whom Jesus loved.—Jesus troubled in spirit.—The Son of man glorified.—The new commandment.—Peter's denial.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTION.—When and where was our last lesson? How is the present lesson connected with it?

SUBJECT: TWO FAILURES.

I. THE TRAITOR.—A TOTAL FAILURE (vs. 21-30).—Why was Jesus troubled in spirit? Which one of the disciples was a traitor? What had Jesus done for him that should have made him good? If people become bad now, must it be against many good influences? What are some of them? How did the disciples receive the announcement of Jesus? (v. 22; Matt. 26, 22.) How did Jesus point out to John who it was? Who entered into Judas after this? What does this mean? What were the effects? Who is mentioned in striking contrast with Judas? (v. 23.) In what way may we be disciples whom Jesus loves? With what spirit are such persons filled? (John 16, 7, 13)

II. THE NEW COMMANDMENT (vs. 31-35).—How was the Son of man to be glorified? What commandment did Jesus give his disciples? Why is it called a new commandment? Is it easy to obey? What things does it forbid? What things would it lead you to do? What mark distinguishes Christians from the world?

III. THE IMPETUOUS DISCIPLE.—A PARTIAL FAILURE (vs. 36-38).—Where was Jesus going that his disciples could not follow him? (vs. 33, 36.) Would they follow him there some time? (John 14, 3.) What did Peter think he could do? (v. 37.) How could he be so mistaken about himself? What did Jesus say to him? When did he do as Jesus said? (John 18, 1-27.) Did Peter repent of his act? Did Judas' act prove that he was not a Christian? Did Peter's prove that he was not? What was the difference? Who alone can keep us from falling?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The sins of God's professed people bring sorrow to his heart.
2. Men may grow bad under the best influences.
3. It is blessed to be a disciple whom Jesus loves.
4. We may be such, (1) by loving him; (2) by living near him; (3) by cherishing a lovely character.
5. We can put ourselves under the influences of Satan or of the Holy Spirit, and the choice will be followed by corresponding results and rewards.
6. Love in the great law of the Christian life.
7. True Christians sometimes fall, but they quickly repent and do deeds meet for repentance.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

16. Who betrayed Jesus? ANS. Judas Iscariot.
17. Under whose influence did he put himself? ANS. Satan entered into him.
18. What is the new commandment? ANS. (Repeat v. 34.)
19. What did Jesus foretell that Peter would do? ANS. Deny him three times before morning dawned.
20. What did Peter do when he had committed this sin? ANS. He went and wept bitterly.

A.D. 30.] LESSON IX. [August 29.

JESUS COMFORTING HIS DISCIPLES.

John 14, 1-14. Commit vs. 1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.—John 14, 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ gives comfort and strength to those who believe in him.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 14, 1-14. Tu. John 14, 15-31. W. Rev. 21, 1-27. Th. Rev. 22, 1-21. F. Rom. 10, 1-15. Sa. Eph. 3, 8-21. Su. Matt. 7, 7-11.

TIME.—Thursday evening, April 6, A. D. 30. Directly after our last lesson.

PLACE.—An upper room in Jerusalem.

PLACE IN THE OTHER GOSPELS.—Matt. 26, between vs. 29 and 30; Mark 14, between vs. 25 and 26; Luke 22, between vs. 38 and 39.

INTRODUCTION.—Just after the close of our last lesson Jesus instituted the Lord's supper, and then held a long confidential talk with his disciples at the table. To-day's lesson is a portion of this discourse.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Troubled*—By his death soon to follow, and the power of their enemies, and their own weakness. *In my Father's house*—i. e., heaven, God's home. Perhaps it includes the universe. *Many mansions*—Dwelling-places, enough for all; a variety suited to all. *I go to prepare a place for you*—He will be still working for them though they do not see him. 4. *Ye know*—By remembering what he had taught them. 6. *I am the way*—To the Father, and to his heavenly home. He is the way: (1) his life and character revealed to them the Father's life and character; (2) his words taught them about the Father; (3) his atonement prepared the way, so that all can go; (4) his character drew men to himself to love and to obey him, and thus drew them to the Father; (5) by giving spiritual life. 9. *He that hath seen me hath seen the Father*—Because he was the express image of the Father. Whatever he was, or did, or said, was from the Father. 12. *Greater works than these shall he do*—More healing of sickness; more sight to the blind. More help to men has come through Christianity than Christ gave on earth; more disciples are made than he made. His Gospel has made greater triumphs, wonderful conversions, nations brought to Christ. *Because I go unto my Father*—By his atoning death he makes these triumphs. He is the mighty Prince in heaven working in all his Church, abiding with his disciples, and not an humble teacher. Men now see him in his glory, and are drawn to him. 13. *In my name*—As my representatives, in my service, as my loving friends seeking my will.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Why the disciples might be troubled.—The many mansions.—Christ's coming again.—Jesus as the Way.—As the Truth.—As the Life.—He that hath seen Jesus hath seen the Father.—v. 12.—v. 13.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was our last lesson about? Where were Jesus and his disciples? What great sacrament of religion was instituted between the last lesson and this?

SUBJECT: SOURCES OF COMFORT AND STRENGTH.

I. COMFORT THROUGH FAITH (v. 1).—What troubles were threatening the disciples at this time? How would faith in God give the comfort? How would faith in Jesus bring comfort?

II. COMFORT FROM AN ASSURANCE OF HEAVEN (vs. 2, 3).—What was his Father's house? What are the many mansions? What comfort in the knowledge that they are many? To what does Jesus refer when he speaks of going? How did he prepare a place for us? What is meant by his coming again? How do these things comfort us?

III. COMFORT FROM CHRIST AS THE WAY TO THE FATHER (vs. 4-11).—Where was Christ going? What is meant by his being the way? The way where? How is he the truth? How the life? Show how it is that those who have seen Jesus have seen the Father. (Heb. 1-3.) What is his argument in v. 13? What do we learn about God's character and works from Jesus?

IV. COMFORT FROM THE POWER OF JESUS WORKING IN THEM (v. 12).—What works are referred to here? What promise does he make those who believe? Why is it only to believers? How has this promise proved true? What comfort to us is this?

V. COMFORT IN THE PROMISE TO ANSWER PRAYER (vs. 13, 14).—What promise does Jesus make? On what condition? Is all true prayer answered? In what ways? How is this a comfort?

SOURCES OF COMFORT.

1. Faith in God as the good, wise, loving controller of all things.
2. Faith in Jesus as our Teacher, Guide, Saviour, and King.
3. The assurance of a home in heaven.
4. A Saviour who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.
5. A knowledge of God's character and works in Jesus Christ.
6. An ever-present Saviour working in us mightily.
7. The assurance of an answer to our prayers.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Why were the disciples troubled? ANS. (1) They were surrounded by enemies. (2) Their Master was about to be taken from them. (3) They were exposed to danger and death. (4) Their hopes seemed disappointed.
2. What sources of comfort did Jesus give them. ANS. (Repeat the question headings.)

The Spirit of Discontent.

The other day we stood by a cooper who was playing a merry tune with his adze round a cask.

"Ah!" said he, "mine is a hard lot—driving a hoop."

"Heigho!" sighed the blacksmith on a hot summer day, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, while the red iron glowed on the anvil; "this is life with a vengeance—melting and frying one's self over a hot fire in such weather."

"Oh! that I were a carpenter," ejaculated the shoemaker as he bent over his lapstone. "Here I am, day after day, wearing my soul away making soles for others—cooped up in this seven by nine room. Hi! ho! hum!"

"I'm sick of this out-door work!" exclaimed the bricklayer, "broiling under the sweltering sun or exposed to the inclemency of the weather. I wish I were a tailor."

"This is too bad," petulantly cried the tailor, "to be compelled to sit perched up here plying the needle all the time. Would that mine were a more active life."

"Last day of grace! Banks won't discount, customers won't pay! What shall I do!" grumbles the merchant. "I had rather be a truck, a dog, or anything else."

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