

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
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- 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
- 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.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

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

- 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

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
			✓								

HOME SCHOOLS

TORONTO, JULY 4, 1885.

[No. 14.]

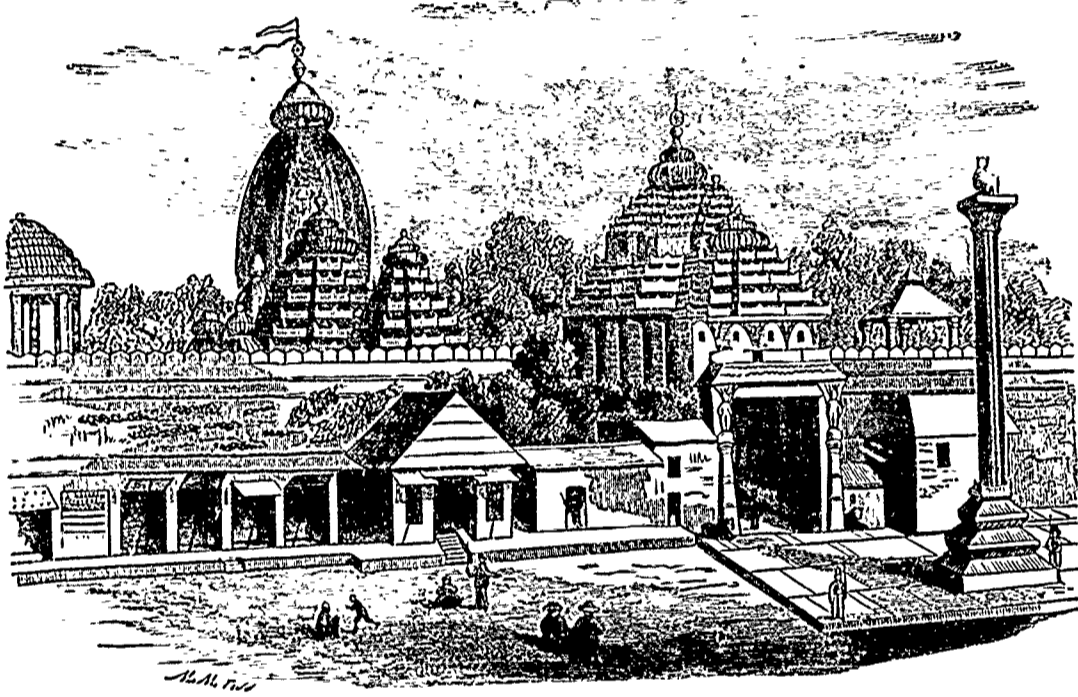
Vol. III.]

Temple of Juggernaut in Puri.

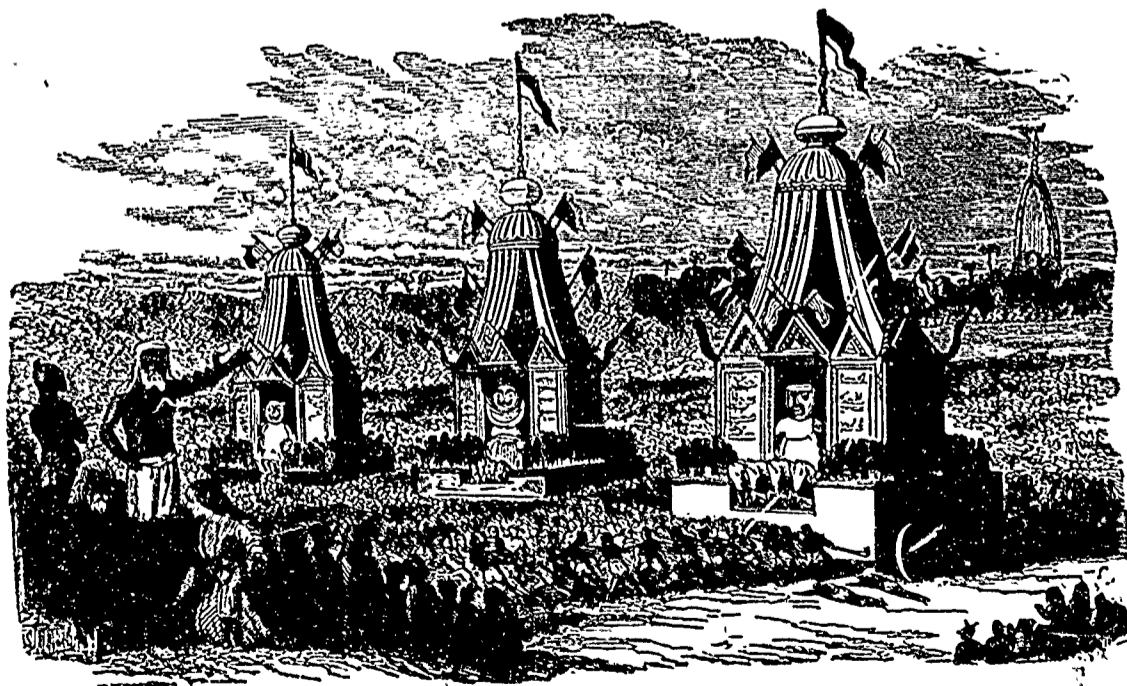
MR. WRIGHT, author of "Life in India," visited the temple of Juggernaut, at Puri, represented in the picture, and himself made upon the ground the drawing for this engraving; which, he states, is a perfectly accurate representation of the buildings brought to view. Mr. Wright says, in his work:

"Juggernaut has many temples; the one at Puri, on the western shore of the Bay of Bengal, being the largest, and esteemed the most holy. The principal edifice rises to the height of one hundred and eighty-four feet. The wall which surrounds the temple is twenty-one feet high, and forms an inclosure six hundred and fifty feet square.

"The car festival celebrated here is usually attended by more than one hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims, nearly half of whom are females. There is great suffering among these pilgrims, and very many of them die in consequence of excessive fatigue, exposure to the annual rains, and the want of suitable and sufficient food. The plains, in many places, are literally whitened with their bones, while dogs and vultures are continually devouring the bodies of the dead. The car of Juggernaut consists of an elevated platform, thirty-four feet square, and supported by sixteen wheels, each six and a half feet in diameter. Six ropes, or cables, are attached to the car, six inches in diameter, and three hundred feet in length, by means of which the people draw it from place to place. Many devotees have cast themselves under the wheels to be crushed to death. As a reward for this act of devotion, they expect to enjoy health, riches, and honours in the next life."



TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.



FESTIVAL OF JUGGERNAUT.

The Festival of "Juggernaut."

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

THE great Car Festival of Jugannáth held at Puri, a sea-coast town a little to the south-west of Calcutta, in numerical importance is only exceeded by the monster fair at Hurdwar. The number of pilgrims who flock to Puri varies, of course, from year to year, and is estimated from fifty to three hundred thousand. The chief festival of the year occurs at midsummer, when the journey of perhaps a thousand or even fifteen hundred miles, mostly performed on foot, is rendered more oppressive by the intolerable heat, in spite of which the weary pilgrims, chiefly consisting of fragile-looking women, must push on, never falling short of their full day's march, lest they should reach the hallowed spot too late, and fail to be present at the various ceremonies which are to secure their salvation. We should notice, by the way, that this thirst for pilgrimage and the persevering zeal which carries the wayfarers through all hardships of the journey are diligently fanned by priestly emissaries, who go forth into every corner of the land preaching the necessity of thus purchasing salvation, and of carrying suitable offerings to the gods, or rather to the cruel harpies who guard the shrines.

By the time the weary, footsore creatures reach their desired haven, scarce able to crawl on bleeding feet, the season of the rain arrives. Perhaps for a few days longer the sun may shine, and the wayfarers, refreshed by a bath in some sacred tank, don the finery that was wrapped up in their little dirty bundles, and come forth like radiant butterflies to flutter in and out of every temple and drink of the

elixir of holiness—a draught, however, which is by no means “without money and without price,” for at every turn they are taxed by the wofish priests, and compelled to give alms far beyond their ability. By the time they are shorn of every available coin, and have scarcely retained the sum necessary to purchase their daily meal of rice on their homeward journey, the rains set in in good earnest.

Such of the multitude as have secured a right to lie down anywhere under cover are deemed fortunate, even though they be packed close as herrings in a barrel. Vast numbers have no option but to spend days and nights without shelter of any sort, exposed to the pitiless rain, which pours down in sheets on the miserable multitude, who have no option but to lie still, helpless and hopeless, literally sodden—soaked to the skin, without the possibility of a change of raiment, and, moreover, half-starved. Meanwhile the rain is busy stirring up the foul accumulations of filth from every corner, and overflowing such substitutes for drainage as may exist, till the whole town becomes altogether abominable and pestiferous, and the lurking cholera and fever fiends start up on every hand, and hold high revel on a stage so admirably prepared for them. Of course multitudes perish, and their unburnt and unburied bodies are left a prey to foul birds and dogs.

A Beggar.

BY ADELAIDE ANN PROCTOR.

I beg of you, I beg of you, my brothers,
For my need is very sore;
Not for gold and not for silver do I ask you,
But for something even more:
From the depths of your hearts' pity let it
Pray for me.

I beg of you, O children, for He loves you,
And He loves your prayers the best:
Fold your little hands together, and ask Jesus
That the weary may have rest,
That a bird caught in a net may be set free—
Pray for me.

I beg of you who stand before the altar,
Whose anointed hands upraise
All the sin and all the sorrow of the ages,
All the love and all the praise,
And the glory which was always and shall
Pray for me.

I beg of you, I beg of you, my brothers,
For an alms this very day;
I am standing on your doorsteps as a Beggar
Who will not be turned away,
And the Charity you give my soul shall be—
Pray for me!

Our Next-Door Neighbour.

BY PROF. WILLIAM HARPER, FARMINGTON, M.E.

In large cities people sometimes do not know their nearest neighbours, although they might be very desirable acquaintances. The universe contains more objects of interest than any city. The sky has more stars than London has houses, and it is not at all strange that our acquaintance with them is limited. Our nearest cosmical neighbour is the moon. It may be that now and then a comet pays us a closer visit, but the average distance of comets is many hundred times that of the moon. They all pass around the sun, which is some 400 times as far away as the moon.

The distance of the moon has been determined in a very simple and interesting way. You are aware that when you change your position with respect to any object, the object also changes its position with respect to you. Thus if you are on the west side of a tree the

tree is east of you, but if you pass around to the south side the tree is then north of you. Suppose that you had to take ten steps in changing your position, another tree, say a mile off, would change its position so slightly while you were going that distance that you could scarcely notice it, and one much farther away would not be seen to change its position in the least. In a similar manner some of the heavenly bodies appear in different positions when seen from different places at the same time, though the places of observation, instead of a few feet, have to be thousands of miles apart. The moon shows by far the greatest displacement, hence must be much nearer to us than any other of the earth's neighbours. This difference of position as seen from different points is called *parallax*, and the distance of the body is determined by a simple mathematical calculation. The average distance of the moon from the earth has thus been found to be 240,300 miles.

You can readily see that the farther off a body is the less its *parallax* must be, as we notice in the case of the trees. Most of the stars have no parallax that can be detected, although observed from points on opposite sides of the earth's orbit, and therefore about 185,000,000 miles apart. What an inconceivable depth of space must separate them from us!

The diameter of the moon is 2,160 miles—what a long face the man in the moon must have!—about the distance from New Orleans to Hudson's Bay, or a little more than quarter of the diameter of the earth. This makes the size of the moon not one quarter of that of the earth, as you might possibly suppose, but only about one fiftieth, as those who understand the measurement of solids will easily see. The surface of the moon, which is all dry land, is not so large as the continent of Asia, but larger than Africa.

Astronomers have learned a great many curious facts about the moon. I will tell you about some of the most interesting.

The sun always appears about the same, the changes being so slight that the naked eye can hardly detect any. With the moon it is far different. She presents us every month with a magnificent series of changes. Only once a month does the moon appear to us “full orb,” and there are a few days—at “new moon”—when we cannot see her at all. All the rest of the time she varies from the smallest sickle-shaped crescent to first quarter and full moon, then back through a similar series of changes to new moon again. Her appearance at any one time is called a *phase*.

The moon does not shine by its own light but by the reflected light of the sun. The sun and stars, on the other hand, all shine by their own light; though there are a number of bodies called *planets*, which look like stars but shine by the light of the sun.

The earth, as you know, turns on its axis every day, but it takes the moon nearly a month to turn around once. It takes exactly the same time to turn on its axis as to go once round the earth, and the result is that we always see the same side of the moon. No one has ever seen the other side. The sun turns on its axis in about twenty-five days, so that in about two weeks from now the farthest side will be turned toward us.

Are there people living in the moon

and looking down upon us and wondering whether the earth, which looks to them like a great moon, is inhabited? This interesting question we cannot answer with absolute certainty, but it is probable that there is no life of any kind on the moon. There appears to be neither air nor water, and it is certain that if there is any the amount is exceedingly small, so that beings such as those on the earth could not exist there.

Another reason why the moon could not be inhabited is the long and fearfully cold nights which the inhabitants would have to endure. If our nights were twice as long as they are now there would be a sharp frost almost every clear night all through the summer, in the temperate zones at least, and the result would be that scarcely anything could grow. But as the moon turns on its axis once a month the nights are more than two weeks long. Hence, even if there was plenty of air and water, nothing could live in such a climate.

Without an atmosphere the nights are far colder than they would be with an atmosphere like ours, which acts like a blanket to prevent the escape of heat at night. It has been intimated that the temperature of the lunar night may go down to two or three hundred degrees below zero. This is little more than a guess; but at any rate it must be fearfully cold.

Faithful in Little.

“He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.”—Luke 16:10.

I CANNOT do great things for Him,
Who did so much for me;
But I would like to show my love,
Dear Jesus, unto Thee;
Faithful in very little things,
O, Saviour, may I be.

There are small things in daily life
In which I may obey,
And thus may show my love to Thee;
And always, every day,
There are some loving little words
Which I for Thee might say.

There are small crosses I may take,
Small burdens I may bear,
Small acts of faith, and deeds of love,
Small sorrows I may share,
And little bits of work for Thee
I may do everywhere.

And so I ask Thee, give me grace
My little place to fill,
That I may ever walk with Thee,
And ever do Thy will;
And in each duty, great or small,
I may be faithful still.

Sunday Newspapers.

THE Rev. Dr. Buckley, editor of the N. Y. *Christian Advocate*, has recently visited Toronto. The following extract from an interesting article setting forth the impressions produced by his visit, have a special bearing on the question of the desecration of the Christian Sabbath in certain aspects now exciting general interest:—

“In Toronto a larger proportion of the people go to church than in any other city on this continent. This fact is to be attributed, doubtless, mainly to two things: First, that Sunday papers are not published there. They can be relied upon to diminish the attendance upon divine worship from one-third to one-half, in any city where they are introduced, in the course of a very few years. But until the insurrection broke out in the North-West, a few weeks ago, such papers were not published in Toronto—or, at least, if we are correctly informed, had not been since the last rebellion. It is certain

that if they are introduced the same dissipating tendency and disinclination to attend the house of God, the day being filled with other thoughts and occupation given at home, will take possession of all except those who are governed by principle or who really love the sanctuary of God. The second reason is that the street cars are not allowed to run on the Sabbath. It might be supposed that the running of the street cars would have a tendency, in a city of great distances, to increase the attendance upon the house of God. But that is not the case. Men and women in Toronto walk one and even three miles, twice—many of them three times, including the Sabbath-school to the house of God. Street cars make it easy to get out into the country, to go upon excursion, and, at the same time, debilitate the people. In some American cities walking is a lost art; nothing but shopping will induce women to perform the feat. In Toronto the health of the city, both morally and physically, is undoubtedly better, because of the necessity imposed upon the people of walking to church. Another important reason is that the most influential people of the city and province are devout church-goers. Of course, there are exceptions, but this is the general fact.”

What are Christians For?

A Christian lady, who was engaged in work for the poor and degraded, was once spoken to by one who was well acquainted with both the worker and those whom she sought to reach, and remonstrated with for going among such a class of people.

“It does seem wonderful to me that you can do such work,” her friends said. “You sit beside these people and talk with them in a way that I do not think you would do if you know all about them—just what they are and from what places they come.”

Her answer was: “Well, I suppose they are dreadful people; but if the Lord Jesus were now on earth are they not the very sort of people that he would strive to reach? And am I better than my Master? Would he feel himself too good to go among them?”

A poor, illiterate person, who stood listening to this conversation, said with great earnestness and simplicity, “Whv, I always thought that was what Christians were for.”

The objector was silenced, and what wonder? Is not that what Christians are for?

If not, then what, in the name of all that is good, are they for?—*Am. Messenger*.

ALAS for the cripple Practice when it seeks to come up with the bird Theory, which flies before it.—*Emerson*.

“MANAGING.”—“You can't drink so much brandy with impunity,” said a physician to a gouty patient. “Perhaps not with impunity, doctor, but with a little peppermint I can manage it,” was the serene reply.

WHISKY is the key by which many gain an entrance to our prisons and almshouses. Wine causes many a man to take a winding way home. Punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches. Ale causes many ailments, while beer brings many to the bier. Champagne is the source of many a real pain.

Send the Gospel.

BY MRS. SUE F. MOONEY.

HARK! the wail of heathen nations,
List! the cry comes back again;
With its solemn, sad reproaching,
With its piteous refrain.
We are dying fast of hunger,
Starving for the bread of life;
Haste! O haste ere we perish,
Send the messengers of life.

Send the gospel, faster, swifter,
Ye who dwell in Christian lands,
Reck you not, we are dying, dying,
More in number than the sands?
Heed ye not His words, your Master,
Go ye forth, to all the world?
Send the gospel, faster, faster,
Let its banner be unfurled.

Christian, can you sit in silence
While this cry fills all the air?
Or content yourself with giving
Merely what you can spare?
Will you make your God a beggar
When He asks but for His own?
Will you dole Him from your treasure
A poor pittance as a loan?

Hear ye not the tramp of nations
Marching on to day of doom?
See them falling, dropping swiftly—
Like the leaves—into the tomb.
Souls for whom Christ died are dying
While the ceaseless tramp goes by,
Can you shut your ears, O Christian,
To their ceaseless moan and cry?

Hearken, hush your own heart-beating,
While the death-march passeth by,
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the beat of nations,
Never ceasing, yet they die.
When the Master comes to meet us,
For this loss what will He say?
I was hungered, did ye feed me?
I asked bread, ye turned away.
I was dying in my prison,
Ye never came to visit me.
And swift witnesses those victims
Standing by will surely be.

Myra Ogden.

BY CHARLOTTE HAMMOND.

"We won't give up! I, for one, mean to go to H—Academy next fall!" exclaimed Myra Ogden to her sister in a very determined manner.

"But what can we do?" was the dubious question from Belle. "Father can't help us, and we certainly can't go without money."

"Then we must earn it," declared Myra. "Oh, if we could only have got the two schools we hoped for! But we'll find a way to do it, somehow."

Belle and Myra Ogden lived in that part of New England where school-teachers are hired by the school-agents of districts from term to term—commonly a man for the winter-term and a woman for the summer, so there is a constant change of teachers; and often a relative or friend of the school-agent secures the term of school in preference to the best teachers, so that teaching school is a precarious way of gaining a livelihood, and cannot under such circumstances become a profession.

Myra Ogden was twenty years of age, had taught four or five terms of school and was regarded as a good scholar, being almost fitted for college. Belle was seventeen, and had taught one term. Both had been disappointed in securing summer-schools, and, as can be inferred from their conversation, had at present no means of earning money to go on with their studies.

A few days after the talk related above, Myra came in from the post-office with sparkling eyes. "I've found the way, Belle! I've found the way!" she exclaimed to her sister, who was busy setting the dinner-table.

"Found the way to what?" asked Belle curiously.

"Go to the White Mountains!" exclaimed Myra. "We—"

"Go to the White Mountains!" interrupted Belle. "Are you crazy! Do you think we can do that?" And she laughed at her sister.

"No, I'm not crazy; and we can do it!" exclaimed Myra merrily, delighting to puzzle her sister. "Yes," she continued, "I've engaged two chambermaids at one of the big hotels there. Mr. Jarvis told me about the places and promised them to us."

"Really. How much can we earn?" asked the matter-of-fact Belle.

"Three dollars a week apiece," said Myra. "Heigho! that's better than teaching school at the same price, isn't it? For we'll see the grand old mountains."

"That remains to be seen," Belle replied. "But I'm glad of the chance."

In due course of time Myra and Belle Ogden found themselves in the great hotel at the White Mountains, installed in the large dining-room as table-waiters. Being entirely new in the business, they had to serve an apprenticeship of two weeks for which they received no remuneration. Their worst difficulty at first was to remember an order, which usually comprised from half-a-dozen to a dozen dishes, some of the names of which were wholly unfamiliar to them. Myra had more trouble in this respect than Belle, and made some ludicrous mistakes during the first week. They began the first of July. They both made excellent waiters.

About the last of the month there came a queer, fussy, elderly lady to the hotel. Mrs. Van Tassell—such was her name—seemed to take delight in snubbing people and finding fault with everything done for her. She was always in trouble about her table-waiter, and in two weeks had had five different ones to serve her. She had snubbed the head-waiter two or three times, and informed him in regard to his duties in the dining-room with some asperity.

One morning she dismissed her fifth waiter, telling the girl not to come to her table again, and then she requested the head-waiter to send some one to her who had some idea of what was required of a waiter.

The young man in despair went among the table-girls and asked some one to volunteer to wait on Mrs. Van Tassell. "She is fussy and particular, and never gives fees," he said.

No one responded for a minute, and then Myra Ogden said she would try. The head-waiter thanked her with a look of relief on his face.

So Myra took her place as waiter at Mrs. Van Tassell's table. She was always polite and pleasant, changing the old lady's order as many times as she demanded, changing her beefsteak six times one morning before she could be suited, and listening to all her grumbings with polite, attentive ear, but never replying other than to say, "I'm sorry it does not suit you; perhaps I can change it," though sometimes Myra's eyes would fill at some biting sharp word, and the quick blood mount to her face, but she controlled her tongue.

Myra had waited on Mrs. Van Tassell about two weeks, when one morning she was offered a silver dollar by the old lady.

Myra said simply as she returned the money, "I thank you; I'd rather not take it."

"Humph!" mumbled Mrs. Van Tassell. "You expected more, did you?"

"No, madam," respectfully answered

Myra, though her cheeks burned, "I am paid for my work, and I'd rather not receive a fee."

"Well, well," ironically from Mrs. Van Tassell, "not many waiters have such a high sense of honour;" and she looked curiously at Myra, bringing a scarlet flush into the girl's face.

The other waiters laughed at Myra for not taking the offered fee, telling her she had well earned it. "But of course," they said, "you hope to get a heavy fee by waiting."

On the whole Myra got on very well with the fussy woman, who found less fault as the days went by.

"When you get through with your work, come up to my room," said Mrs. Van Tassell one morning.

Wondering what could be required of her, about eleven o'clock Myra tapped at the old lady's room-door.

To the response, "Come in," the young girl entered. Mrs. Van Tassell was alone. She pointed to a chair and bid Myra be seated. "Do you know how to read?" was the surprising interrogation.

"Why, yes, I think so," stammered Myra, a little embarrassed by this unexpected question.

"Take that book there on the table and read a little aloud," commanded Mrs. Van Tassell. "Begin it."

Myra took up the book from the table and opened it. The book was "Doctor Lay." She began reading, while Mrs. Van Tassell listened.

At the close of about an hour she stopped Myra. "You read well," she said. "You don't mumble your words all together. Are you at leisure at this hour usually?"

"Yes, Mrs. Van Tassell," was the reply.

"Well, if I pay you for it will you come here and read aloud to me days when I want you?" asked the old lady.

"I don't know any reason why I cannot, if you wish it," Myra answered.

"This won't be a part of your table-work," said Mrs. Van Tassell. "I will pay you a dollar each reading."

"I fear—" began Myra.

"You needn't do anything of the sort," interrupted the old lady. "I set my own price. If you choose to accept it, come again to-morrow at the same hour." Myra thanked her and left the room. For several days thereafter she went and read aloud to the fussy old woman, who had evidently taken a liking to the young girl. Sometimes Mrs. Van Tassell stopped Myra's reading and questioned her of her past life, her future plans, and found out a good deal about her in general.

"How do you like it?" questioned Mrs. Van Tassell as Myra finished "Doctor Lay."

"Oh, I like it! It seems to me an ideal life and work, that being a physician," exclaimed Myra enthusiastically.

"The old lady's eyes twinkled. "May be it is," she said, "Perhaps you'd like to be a doctor yourself?"

"Oh, if I only could!" said Myra, with longing in her voice.

"Aren't you a lucky girl!" exclaimed the others, when they learned of her reading, "to get into the good graces of that rich old woman!"

"I wish the girls wouldn't say such things," Myra said to Belle when they were alone. "I only try to do my duty; and Mrs. Van Tassell is real kind to me now."

It was the 15th of September. Myra

tapped a usual hour at Mrs. Van Tassell's door.

"You needn't read to-day," said the old lady. "I've something to say to you. I suppose you think I'm a terribly cross, fussy old woman, don't you?" And she looked straight at Myra.

"Sometimes you are cross," answered Myra simply. "But when you are pleasant and kind you are very generous and nice, and I like you very much."

"Thank you," smiled Mrs. Van Tassell a little dryly. "Do you still think you'd like to be a doctor?" she asked.

"Yes, I should like it," was Myra's answer, "but I can't see a way at present."

"No," said the old lady, smiling, "but I can. I have taken a liking to you, Myra. I have a big house in Boston, near a medical school where young women are admitted. Now, will you come and make your home with me and read to me and amuse me occasionally? I will advance you money to carry on your studies, and you can pay me when you are able."

"O Mrs. Van Tassell, how good you are!" and Myra kissed the old lady impulsively.

"I don't know about that," said the old lady. "It's mostly selfishness, I suspect; for I want you, my dear young lady, to brighten my dull house."

Mrs. Van Tassell made all arrangements, and obtained the consent of Myra's parents. And now the young girl gladly accepted the generous offer on the condition that all the money she should receive should be paid back.

And this good fortune came to Myra Ogden because she by her honest, cheerful manners and conscientious performance of duty won the esteem of the fussy but wealthy old lady who has since proved her generous friend. Almost two years Myra has been in the medical school, and is putting heart and mind into her study, and Mrs. Van Tassell is justly proud of her protegee.

Belle Ogden is taking a course at a normal school, fitting for a teacher, and Myra's good friend, Mrs. Van Tassell, has recently made Belle a generous offer about fitting herself for a high-grade teacher by taking a course at Wellesley College. I think the offer will be accepted.

All those who honestly and conscientiously do their duty are not rewarded so liberally as Myra Ogden was; but it pays every time in clear conscience, pure, sweet life, and self-respect, if no more.—*Children's Friend*.

As we go to press, the Eastern question is so much improved that the indications now are favourable to a peaceful settlement by arbitration of the difficulties which have appeared so threatening. This, if accomplished, will be to the lasting honour of the "Grand Old Man" who, while thoroughly preparing for war and placing before his country's enemies her capability to enforce her rights if the conflict must come, has not for an hour relaxed his efforts to avert so dread a calamity.

With a patience and fortitude equally firm and which have won for him the admiration of the civilized world, he has determined to accept war only as the inevitable. It is true there is yet an element of uncertainty as to the final result of the negotiations, but Earl Granville stated on Saturday, after a meeting of the Council, "that from its latest advises the Government have every reason to believe a pacific settlement will be arrived at."—*Guardian*.

Go Preach My Gospel, Go!

THERE is a voice upon the wind,
A voice that comes from far,—
A voice from where the distant groves
And perfumed breezes are.
'Tis not the song of triumph, nor
The scream of heathen rage;
But 'tis a cry for Gospel light,—
The echo of the age.

The orb of night is going down,
The crescent hastes to set;
For where the Arab prophet ruled,
The men of God have met.
The Persian moollah seeks for light,
The Tartar waits to know
If Christ's command hath been repealed:
"Go preach My Gospel, go."

Along Sumatra's tropic shores
And Java's upas vale,
The heathen strains his eye to catch
The missionary sail.
The idol-gods that long have ruled
Are burned in Borneo,
And there the voice from heaven proclaims,
"Go preach My Gospel, go."

The Karen from his rocky hills,
And natives of Japan,
Unite their voices with the sound
That comes from Hindustan.
They call on us in words direct,
Or in their rites of woe,
Obey, ye saints, your Lord's command,—
"Go preach My Gospel, go."

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE PAID.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 93 pp. monthly, illustrated	2 00
Magazine and Guardian, together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Borean Leaf Quarterly—per year	0 60
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per hundred.	
Home & School, 8 pp. 6to. semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Borean Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month.	5 50
Sunbeam—Semi-monthly—when less than 20 copies	0 15

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto.
G. W. COATES, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal.
S. F. HUESTIS,
Methodist Book Room
Halifax.

Home & School:

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

TORONTO, JULY 4, 1885.

The Revised Bible Complete.

THE New Testament Revision was issued in May, 1881, and more than three millions of copies were sold before the close of the year. The sale of the Old Testament is not likely to equal that of the New Testament. It will probably be more favourably received, as it involves no changes of the Hebrew text—no older manuscripts than the Masoretic having been discovered—and the idiom of the authorized version is most carefully preserved, out of regard for the conservative feeling of the Church in its attachment for the language of the old version. It is not in any sense a new translation, only a revision of the common version. The simple aim has been to correct the errors of the translation and make the revision as perfect as possible. It presents the results of the combined labours of a large number of the best Hebraists and Biblical scholars of England and the United States, most of them professors of Hebrew in universities and seminaries. It has, moreover, the advantage of the great advances of the last fifty years in Oriental philology, Biblical geography, history and antiquities, all of which

were but imperfectly understood by the forty-seven translators of King James' Bible.

Whatever may be the final general verdict as to the merits of this revision as a whole, it cannot but be regarded as the most important event in the history of the English Bible since 1611, when the authorized version was given to the English speaking world. And, whether it be accepted and adopted or not, its influence on Biblical exegesis and interpretation will be widespread and pronounced. No intelligent man anticipates that the Revised Bible will at once supplant the common version. Thousands of self-constituted critics will object to manifold specific changes which have been made, as unwarranted and unwise. Still it admits not of a doubt that the Revision is a more intelligent and accurate representation of the original than our present Bible. It could not well be otherwise, as no pains have been spared, under wise and comprehensive rules, to get the best results of the most advanced and accomplished scholarship of the day. Though the revision will not afford universal satisfaction, yet it is a good beginning and a grand advance towards a complete and universally accepted revision of the Bible. If the present revision were perfect, or as nearly so as Christian scholarship and painstaking can ever make it, it would not at once displace the old. That must be the work of time, thank God. The common version, which has withstood the assaults of critics and infidels for ages, has deep-laid foundations in the sentiments and memories and affections of all Christendom. The old-time familiar words, in which God has so long spoken to men's hearts, will be abandoned with great reluctance. It will require, not only still greater perfection in the line of revision, but also many decades of gradual change in individual and public sentiment, before a new revision will take the place of our present time-honoured Bible.

Anniversary Services—Elm Street Methodist Sabbath School.

SERVICES commemorating the twenty-first Anniversary of the above School were held on May 17th, 18th, and 19th. On Sunday the Rev. J. O. Peck, D.D., of New Haven, Conn., preached the anniversary sermons, and on Monday evening delivered, for the first time, his new lecture, entitled, "General Gordon," England's Latest and Greatest Hero. For nearly two hours the lecturer held his large and appreciative audience spellbound, as it were, as he recounted the heroic deeds and daring exploits of this wonderful man, who with no other weapon than a small cane, but with an implicit faith and trust in the Lord of Hosts, went unattended into the midst of armed bands of Egyptian savages, and compelled them by his undaunted courage and fearlessness to acknowledge his rule and authority. As the brilliant lecturer recounted the last noble efforts of this grand hero to restore peace and order in the Soudan, and the tragic circumstances that led to his untimely end, the vast audience seemed melted almost to tears. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded the lecturer at the close. On Tuesday evening the anniversary meeting of the school was held. A large platform was erected, the front part of which was covered with beautiful floral decorations. Upon a raised gallery extending from the



YOKOHAMA, JAPAN.

north end of the platform was seated the children of the infant class, to the number of 250, while the intermediate and adult portion of the school occupied the large gallery of the church. From the Secretary's report it was shown that the school has a membership of 50 officers and teachers, and 651 scholars, with an average attendance of 566. During the past three months the library has been replenished with the addition of 500 of the latest and best Sabbath School books obtainable at our Book Room. The school has also donated about 200 volumes to the Relief and Extension Fund, for the use of schools in poor districts. This is an example which many of our city schools might do well to follow. The most gratifying part of the report was the announcement that during the year, in connection with the special services conducted by the Rev. Thos. Harrison, better known as the "Boy Preacher," upwards of 130 of the scholars were converted to God. The total number of scholars in active church membership was given as 235. A very high compliment was paid the pastor, the Rev. W. H. Laird for his untiring efforts to promote at all times the best interests of the school. Great credit is also due to R. J. Score, Esq., the able and efficient superintendent of the school, to whose zealous efforts is to be attributed to a very great extent the present efficiency of the school.

Yokohama, Japan.

THE longest unbroken stretch of water on the globe that is traversed regularly by a steamer is between San Francisco and Yokohama. For four thousand miles no land is seen, and sometimes not a sail appears during the voyage to relieve the vast monotony of the ocean. It is, therefore, with a feeling of peculiar relief and pleasure that the traveller at last touches land, and finds himself in a place of so much interest as Yokohama.

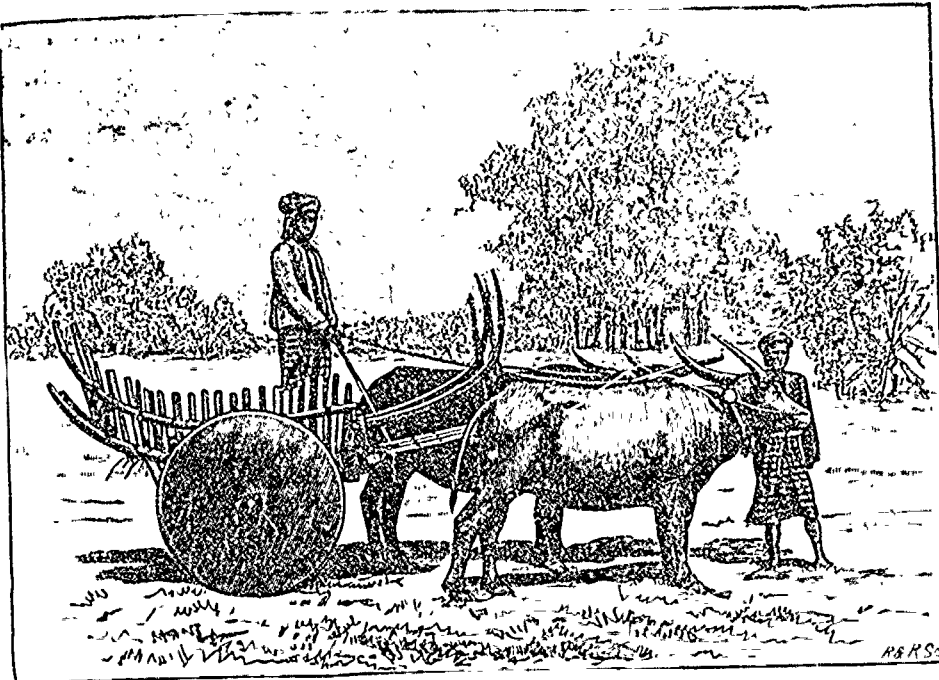
Yokohama means "opposite shore." When the Americans and English entered into treaty with Japan, it was a mere fishing village, in the midst of a marsh, and had taken its name from being opposite Kanagawa, on an inlet of the Bay of Yeddo. By the treaty, Kanagawa was to be the port of com-

merce. This place was close to the main road extending from Southern Japan to the capital, and was well located for trade. But when the Americans and English came to avail themselves of the privileges of the treaty, they found Kanagawa closed to them and Yokohama fitted up as the place of trade. At great expense of money and labour the Japanese had constructed piers and wharves of solid masonry, and erected a custom house and other buildings for the accommodation of foreign business. The evident intention was to hold foreigners off the main land, and put them where every movement could be watched and controlled by the Japanese officials. The American and English consuls protested at the breach of the treaty, but in vain; and so the fishing village, which, but for the jealousy of the Japanese, would have remained forever in obscurity, rose to be one of the most important cities of the East.

In Yokohama, some three years ago, a little band of Christians determined to meet daily to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on Japan. For two years they met daily, imploring the blessing of the Lord Jesus Christ. At length the blessing came, and in one year as many were added to the Church in Japan as had been added in any six years before, and the holy influence of that prayer-meeting is still felt. Are there not some in our Church who would be willing thus to meet daily to pray for a great outpouring of the Spirit on our Church and on all the work?

THERE is a pagoda in Benares—the sacred city of India—that is covered with gold leaf. A poor family brings a little bit of gold leaf to put on the pagoda; others do the same, till the whole temple shines as the sun. If every man, woman, and child would bring some little golden service of work or prayer to the church each Sunday in the year, how it would soon begin to shine!

Good resolutions are often like a loosely-tied cord—on the first strain of temptation they slip. They should be tied in a hard knot of prayer, and then they should be kept tight and firm by stretching Godward.



A Burman Carriage.

"In Memoriam"

GROWING to full manhood now,
With the care lines on our brow,
We, the youngest of the nations,
With no childish lamentations,
Weep, as only strong men weep,
For the noble hearts that sleep,
Pillowed where they fought and bled,
The loved and lost, our glorious dead.

Toil and sorrow come with age,
Manhood's rightful heritage,
Toil shall only make us stronger,
Sorrow make our hearts bear longer
All the Sunderings of time;
Honour lays a wreath sublime—
Deathless glory,—where they bled,
Our loved and lost, our glorious dead.

Wild the prairie grasses wave
O'er each hero's now made grave,
Time shall write such wrinkles o'er us,
But the future spreads before us,
Glorious in that sunset land;
Nerving every heart and hand,
Comes a brightness none can shud
But the dead, the glorious dead.

Lay them where they fought and fell,
Every heart shall ring their knell,
For the lessons they have taught us,
For the glory they have brought us,
Tho' our hearts are sad and bowed,
Nobleness still makes us proud,
Proud of light their names shall shed
In the roll call of our dead.

Growing to full manhood now,
With the care lines on our brow,
We, the youngest of the nations,
With no childish lamentations,
Weep, as only strong men weep,
For the noble hearts that sleep
Where the call of duty led,
Where the lonely prairies spread,
Where for us they fought and bled,
Our loved, our lost, our glorious dead.
Frederick George Scott.

The Canadian Methodist Magazine for June.

CONTENTS: This number completes the 21st volume of this Magazine, which seems to improve with every issue. The leading article is one copiously illustrated on "Walks about London." A touching memorial of the Princess Alice, with engravings, follows. A fine portrait of the Prince of Wales is also presented. Special prominence is given to the subject of University Federation, Dr. Dewart, Dr. Nelles, Dr. Sutherland, and the Editor contributing articles, which form a sort of symposium, representing different aspects of this important question. Dr. J. L. Withrow, of Boston, has an article on "What to Read." A couple of good stories, a brilliant study of Wesley's hymns, and other articles

complete an excellent number. Among the attractions of the 22nd volume, beginning with July, will be handsomely illustrated articles on "Walks about Rome," "Saunterings in England," "Here and There in Europe," "Mexico and the Mexicans," "Jamaica and its People," "The Cruise of the Challenger," "In Florida," etc. The present is a good time to subscribe—\$1 to the end of the year.

A Burman Carriage.

OUR cut is made from a photograph of the Buffalo cart which Mrs. Ingalls, a missionary in Burmah, uses in her travels from village to village in the vicinity of Thongzai. It cannot be very luxurious without seats or springs. It is the only wheeled vehicle obtainable in Burmah, however, except that a few are now made with spokes to the wheels. The jungle roads over which Mrs. Ingalls travels are very rough, and this rude cart has the advantage of strength and space to carry the provisions, bedding, cooking utensils, etc., which are necessary on these trips.

Littell's Living Age. The numbers of *The Living Age* for May 9th and 16th contain, Samuel Johnson and his Age, *Quarterly*; The Sun's Corona, Since 1880, by Mr. Goschen, and Gordon at Gravesend, *Nineteenth Century*; Shakespeare's Portraiture of Women, *Contemporary*; The German Abroad, 1853 and 1885, *Archaeological Frauds* in Palestine, and An Appeal to Men of Leisure, *National*; Musings without Method, and Reminiscences of Sir Herbert Stewart, *Blackwood*; Irish Loyalty, and Talmudic Proverbs, *Spectator*; The Most Powerful Man in Persia, *St. James' Gazette*; The Action of very Minute Particles on Light, and The Colours of Arctic Animals, *Nature*; At an Eastern Dinner Party, *Chambers*, etc. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; clubbed with the *Methodist Magazine*, \$9. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

ENOUGH liquor was consumed in Great Britain last year to make a lake a mile long, a mile wide, and thirty-five feet deep. What a lake of fire that would make if lighted!

The Old Testament. SOME OF THE CHANGES IN THE REVISED EDITION.

THE rush for copies of the revised Old Testament on the first day of publication was unprecedented in England. It is stated the London correspondent of a New York newspaper offered \$500 for a sight of an advance copy without success. The same correspondent was authorized by his paper to spend \$2,500 in telegraphing the main features of the new version. The first orders for the revision amount to over a million copies.

The changes in the text that are necessary have been introduced with as much uniformity as possible. For instance, "tabernacle of the congregation" has everywhere been changed to "tent of meeting." In regard to the word "Jehovah," the

usage of the authorized version is followed, the revisers not thinking it advisable to insert it uniformly in place of "Lord" or "God," which, when printed in small capitals, represent words substituted by Jewish customs for the ineffable name. In the poetical books, "sheol" replaces "hell," which has been changed in prose passages to "the grave," and "the pit," with "the sheol" in margin.

SOME VERBAL ALTERATIONS.

The term "meat offering" has been changed into "meal offering," the former term having ceased to be the generic name for all food. A new plural—peoples—has been introduced, although sometimes this becomes "Gentiles" when the contrast to "chosen people" is marked. All the headings of the chapters have been dropped, and the text has been divided into paragraphs.

FAMILIAR PHRASES.

Examination of the more familiar passages and phrases discloses the fact that care was taken in preserving intact the household words of the Old Testament. The old literary form has been held sacred, and the revisers cannot be charged with any pedantic straining after the original text, but not all the familiar features of the Scripture have escaped untouched. The summary of each day's work at the creation now runs according to formula "and there was evening and there was morning, one day," "there was evening and there was morning, a second day, a third day," and so on, giving a suggestion of successive stages with long intervals. The "apples of gold," of Proverbs xx. 4-11, are now encased in "figured work" of silver, not in "pictures." "Vanity and vexation of spirit" (Ecclesiastes ii. 17), has become "vanity and a striving after wind."

KING JAMES' VERSION. REVISED EDITION.

Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.—Gen. xlv. 4.
There were giants on the earth in those days.—Gen. vi. 4.
Behold my servant shall deal prudently, he shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high.—Isaiah lii. 13.

Unstable as water, have not thou the excellency.
The Nephelim were in the earth in those days.
Behold my servant shall deal wisely, he shall be lifted up and shall be very high.

Oh, that one would hear me! behold my desire is that the Almighty would answer me, and that mine adversary had written a book.—Job xxxi. 35.

For thou has made him a little lower than the angels.—Psalm viii. 5.

I said in my haste, All men are liars.—Psalm cxvi. 11.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter.—Ecclesiastes xii. 13.

Fools make a mock at sin; but among the righteous there is favour.—Prov. xiv. 9

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not.—Isaiah liii. 3.

He was afflicted, but he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter.—Isaiah liii. 7.

He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation?—Isa. liii. 8.

The flood breaketh out from the inhabitant: even the waters forgotten of the foot: they are dried up, they are gone away from men.—Job xxxviii. 4.

Beware lest thou take thee away with his stroke.—Job xxxvi. 18.

I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him.—Psa. xii. 5.

Extol him that rideth upon the heavens.—Psa. xlvi. 4.

Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits.—Psalm lxviii. 19.

Rebuke the company of spearmen.—Psalm lxviii. 30.

As well the singers as the players on instruments.—Psalm lxxxvii. 7.

Let the righteous come to me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head.—Psalm cxli. 5.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord.—Isaiah xl. 3.

Oh, that one would hear me! behold my desire is that the Almighty would answer me, and that I had the indictment which my adversary hath written.

For thou has made him a little lower than God.

I said when I made haste to escape, All men are a lie.

This is the end of the matter. All hath been heard.

The foolish scorn the guilt offering, but among upright there is good will.

He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief, and as one from whom men hide their faces. He was despised and we esteemed him not.

He was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth, as a lamb that he led to the slaughter.

By oppression and judgment he was taken away, and who considereth his generation.

He breaketh open a shaft away from where men sojourn. They are forgotten and the fool that passeth by. They swing to and from.

Beware lest thou be led away with thy sufficiency.

I will set him in safety at whom they mock.

Cast up a highway for him that rideth through the deserts.

Blessed be the Lord, who daily beareth our burdens.

Rebuke the wild beasts of the reeds.

As well the singers as they that dance.

And let him reprove me, it shall be oil upon the head. Let not my head refuse it.

The voice of one that crieth, Prepare ye in the wilderness the way of the Lord.

SURGEON-GENERAL GUNN, M.D., says that his experience of twenty-five years in the army is this: "Out of every twelve men who became total abstainers, nearly ten became Christians afterward." Dr. Gunn went through the Crimean war as a total abstainer.

DRINK AND DISEASE.—Sir Andrew Clark asserts that seven-tenths of the persons in the hospital he has attended for twenty years were under the influence of intoxicating drink in its consequences, or that the disease by which they suffered was aggravated by intemperate habits.

Toronto's Glorious Dead.

In Memoriam Lieut. Fitch, who Died on the Field of Honour.

TOLL! sad voiced bells, a dirge of woe. To his last narrow bed
Far Occident returns to-day Toronto's honoured dead;
Not with his shield, but on it borne, comes he who scorn'd all fear,
And the pathos of a nation's grief bedews his blood-stained bier.
Yea, halo'd Vict'ry shades her light in patriotic gloom
For him, the leal-hearted youth, who risked a soldier's tomb—
Peal slow, ye bells, your solemn notes o'er his devoted head,
Far Occident returns to-day Toronto's honoured dead.

When desolating war's alarm rang through the startled land,
When loud the midnight cry "To arms" was heard on every hand,
Ready! aye ready! gallant Fitch, for tonted field or fray,
Nobly and well the trust's redeem'd reposed in him that day.
On far Batoche's stricken field his life he freely gave—
To-day we give 'tis all we can—a soldier's honoured grave;
And street and square vibrate beneath the serried columns' tread,
Far Occident returns to-day Toronto's noble dead.

Sleep on, O gallant heart, sleep on! For thee all strife is done,
The bloody marge of battle pass'd, the leaves of cypress won;
What though the rattling fusilade has closed the mournful scene,
The loyal heart of Canada shall keep thy memory green;
And grey-haired sires, in years unborn, shall tell of childhood's day,
And unto wondering childhood's ears, and reverent hearts shall say,
Peace with true Honour crown'd the land, a beauteous lustre shed,
When Occident returned in state Toronto's glorious dead.

H. K. Cockin.

Tribute to the Memory of Lieut. Fitch.

ON a black shield in the organ recess of All Saints' Church appeared in white letters the words, "In memoriam Lieut. W. Fitch, who died on the field of honour." The altar was covered with flowers and immortelles, and on a scroll were the words, "Faithful unto death." The pulpit and reading desk were draped in black, in mourning for the deceased officer of the Grenadiers. At the evening service Rev. A. H. Baldwin, preaching to a crowded congregation, made touching reference to the late Lieut. Fitch. Taking for his text the words, Matthew chapter 16, verse 26, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" the preacher pointed out at some length the necessity of constant preparation for death, in view of the suddenness with which it struck down rich and poor alike. Many of his hearers could doubtless bring to mind cases where persons had been called suddenly from time into eternity. Proceeding, he said—There was lately one among us whose loss you and I feel so deeply, one whom it was my privilege to know for many years, one whose name is now hanging in this church with the words "In memoriam"—I mean Lieutenant Fitch. He was one who joined us and sang in our choir, and then came under deep religious impressions, giving himself really, sincerely, and truly to God. He met afterwards with an accident, which, owing to the weakness of his nature, often made him incapable of joining in the service in this house of prayer, but many an evening down near the door, where he could slip out if it were necessary to escape from the dizziness which sometimes affected him, he sat and

there served and worshipped his God. He was not one of those who got tired of holy and spiritual things; he was not one of those who neglected the holy communion to which Jesus Christ had called him; he was not one of those who neglected his daily prayers; he was not ashamed of the influence and power of his father and his mother. He was one, though blessed with considerable means, who did not waste and squander them in riotous living, but was the brightness and the joy of his father's house, and the joy, I may say it, of his mother's heart. And now, how can you go to that house, and what can you say to the

STRICKEN FATHER AND MOTHER?

Are we, any of us, ready to have been a substitute? *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* I know the glory of dying for one's country; I know we honour, and love to honour, those who pass away from us in this way; but the glory of the battlefield will never wash the soul white and the honour you and I can give will never make a soul prepare to meet its God. Stephen, when yielding up the ghost, said, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Probably there was no opportunity for our dear friend to say this, but I know his trust was in his God. He was not one of those who boasted about religion, he was one of those manly men as far as his strength and power would allow him. He was one who entered into the bright things of this life, his religion only brightened all, and, I say now the only true comfort we have is in his eternal salvation.

Gough in Toronto.

JARVIS Street church was crowded to the doors with a congregation eager to hear a lay sermon from Mr. J. B. Gough. Mr. Gough said he would not speak from any special text, but deliver an address to young men on the subject which was next his heart, and of supreme importance—temperance. Young men starting in life were anxious not to incur any responsibility, nor to be bound by any pledges. They wished to be perfectly independent. But this independence when analyzed resolved into freedom to plunge into material pleasures, which was a slavery worse than death. At Richmond in Virginia, he had once addressed a meeting of over 2,000 coloured people, one of whom said, "Brethren, I do not own myself, my body belongs to Mas'r Carr, but my soul is a freeman of the Lord Jesus Christ." How many of those who are slaves to vice could say as much as this poor negro slave? The temperance advocate was doing Christ's work, because in combating the vice of drunkenness he was clearing away one of the obstacles in the path to Christ, as the Lord Himself when He raised Lazarus from the dead rolled the stone away from the mouth of the cave. Young men on starting in life, if they had any regard for their own well-being, good fame, fair prospects, or their mothers' hearts, should take the right road on this question. He desired every young man to have over his door the motto, "Keep in the right path." Even one glass might kindle a craving which might result in a habit to free himself from which might bring agony and tears. He did not deny that one might take a glass without becoming a

drunkard. But what was to be the measure of moderation? If one man could drink two quarts of whiskey a day without getting drunk, was he to be worthy of admiration, while he who drank two glasses only and got drunk was but a poor, pitiful creature lacking in power of will? A lady friend of his (Mr. Gough's) was in the habit of giving a very good dinner, but never allowed wine at her table. A friend dining with her one day took her to task in Mr. Gough's presence. "Now," said he, "Mrs.—, I would enjoy your very good dinner ever so much better if I had only a glass of wine. I am in the habit of taking a glass of wine with my dinner and think it does me good. But because some poor creature the semblance of a man is so lacking in will that one glass might lead to nine am I to be deprived of this little enjoyment? While a great many take a little bit of cheese after dinner with much advantage, not because some can't take it without incurring indigestion, am I to be deprived of cheese?" "Mr.—," said Mr. Gough, in reply, "I was once in the State Prison in New York, where there are over 1,700 prisoners, and asked the superintendent how many of these had come there through the drink habit. 'I am not,' said the superintendent, 'a teetotaler myself, but I must say that over 70 per cent. have come to this stage through intemperance.' 'Did you ever,' I asked him, 'hear of anyone coming here through eating cheese?'"

The Russian Crisis and Mr. Gladstone.

EVERYONE knows that Mr. Gladstone, like every right-thinking man, has an unspeakable horror of war, and that he is always ready to do everything that can be done with honour to obviate the necessity of an appeal to the sword. He thinks such an appeal brutal, irrational, and most unchristian, and he has longed and laboured as no man of this or of many other generations has to have this horror relegated to the barbarism of the past. Above all he has shown a great fairness towards Russia, and has recoiled with special energy from the idea of war with that Empire. He has never taken any stock in the glory or greatness to be secured by the slaughter of thousands and the misery of millions. And yet after all this has been said, and with the greatest truth, of the present Premier of England, we find him calmly, deliberately, yet most energetically, preparing not only for war on a gigantically large scale, but war with Russia. He has used his past endeavours to secure the settlement of all difficulties on an honourable, peaceful, and permanent footing. He has held the nation, which is behind him as a unit, severely back, that he might allow no stone to be left unturned which might give even the faintest glimmering of hope in the interests of peace.

In all the negotiations this has been his avowed aim, and he has stood by it with all earnestness, but at the same time with all dignity. He has been conspicuously moderate, not from fear, but from principle. But he has been as conspicuously resolute, when principle said that further concession was impossible.

He has no reason for being ashamed of the stand he has made for peace, and he knows too well what war is to go into it "with a light heart."

But when all this has been said, and when it has to be added that even such a man has to confess with a sad, yet a fearless, heart that negotiation has all but reached its limit, and that "preparation" for coming conflict is now at once a necessity and a duty, the nation for whom and to whom that man speaks may follow his lead when he says "war," not with a light heart, but with a strong, a settled, and a resolute one. The likelihoods are all, in such a case, in favour of England's quarrel being that of justice, and when such is the case the adage of "doubly armed" comes in with all its power.

The manner in which Mr. Gladstone's last great speech was received shows that this is the universal feeling, and that all the burdens and bereavements of the conflict will be borne with a feeling almost approaching to solemn cheerfulness, from the conviction that it would not be avoided if England were to remain loyal to her own honour and to the cause of truth and righteousness. The entire absence of bravado, the undertone of regretful sadness that such a thing should be necessary, instead of making the work of war, if such there comes, to be engaged in with any half-heartedness that might invite defeat, will be found to impart an energy and enthusiasm which will carry forward the old flag as in other days and will afford another illustration of the world-known phrase:—

"Yet freedom, yet, thy banner torn but flying,
Streams like the thunder cloud against the wind."—*Globe.*

THE world has never seen nobler efforts made by a statesman than those made by the Premier of England during the past few weeks to preserve the peace of Europe and, at the same time keep the honour of England untarnished. The demands of justice must be met and the calls of honour obeyed at whatever cost of treasure and blood. But the Christian Premier of England held, and still holds, that it is his duty to do everything possible within the lines of honour and justice to preserve peace. To our mind, one of the most revolting spectacles of the present day is the disappointment manifested by so many people calling themselves civilized because these two great empires have not taken each other by the throat. The cool brutality with which some of these people can contemplate the horrors of the battlefield and the hospital, the callous way in which they speak about the thousands of devastated homes the struggle would make, leads one to ask whether civilization has done much for us after all. Some men who even profess to be Christians seem as cruel and callous as Poundmaker or Big Bear. A good many of them wish to make some money out of the blood of their fellow countrymen. This is the kind of patriots they are.—*Canada Presbyterian.*

In twenty ports in England and Ireland an aggregate of 7,748 seamen signed the total abstinence pledge last year. This is an effective plan for lessening the dangers of the sea.

"How did you like it?" asked a Canadian girl of an American visitor whom she had steered down the steepest slide. "O! I wouldn't have missed it for a hundred dollars!" "You'll try it again, won't you?" "Not for a thousand dollars."

Japan.

The Rev. Dwight Williams has written the following beautiful piece of poetry about Japan.

From long and gloomy ages
She comes to join the van,
And pass to higher stages;
All hail, we say, Japan!
From solitudes of ocean,
Self-exiled from the world,
Her millions are in motion;
Behold a flag unfurled.

The conqueror's flag is lifted
Above Mikado's throne;
The night of years is rifted,
And she who sat alone,
Amid the desert waters,
Looks on the azure blue,
And o'er her sons and daughters
Appears the day-star now.

Her temples, dim and hoary,
Have felt the touch of time;
And, lo! a stranger story,
And, lo! a sweeter chime
Breaks on the air enchanted,
And tells of Him whose charm,
Shall bring thout, idol-haunted,
To know His kingly arm.

The steed of progress enters
To find a new renown,
To dash through royal centres
The joy of serf and crown;
Old empire of the islands,
Her cities spring elate;
Her valleys and her highlands
The coming glory wait.

It comes, a new dominion,
And Jesus King shall be;
Spread out His broad pavilion,
O islands of the sea;
The weary lands and olden,
And peoples young and strong,
With silver cords are holden,
And echo one sweet song.

A new reveille breaking,
The lines are forming fast,
And old pagodas shaking
Shall linger with the past.
The Lord's house on the mountain
Shall sound the welcome far;
There flows the healing Fountain,
There rests the Morning Star.

Soon shall the lightning's flashes
The song of peace repeat,
And moldering back to ashes
Shall turn the idols' seat;
The Conq'ror comes unbidden,
With neither grapo nor sword;
He comes with treasure hidden,
The beauty of His word.

A Time of Peril at Prince Albert,
N. W. T.

THE people of Prince Albert received on Thursday night news of the skirmish at Duck Lake, and the death of so many of those whom they had sent off full of life, and confident of an easy if not bloodless victory. It was expected that as soon as Irvine and Crozier had united their forces, the movement would collapse at once. Now a serious disaster had occurred, and Riel and his savage forces

FLUSHED WITH VICTORY

were nearer to us than our own men. The citizens at once set to work to build a barricade of cordwood around the Presbyterian Church and manse grounds, in which the women and children might obtain shelter. Almost every man in town, including three of the ministers, worked with a will, and in less time than could have been supposed, a strong stockade was completed, in most places eight feet high, and lined within by another pile of wood on which the men could stand. Stores and ice cut from the river were rapidly driven in. A large shed was run up in the enclosure, and a two-storey house across the street, which commanded the square, and would have given protection to the enemy advancing, was pulled down and levelled with the ground. All through Friday no courier

came from Col. Irvine. Seven nuns from the convent had the novel experience of spending two nights under the roof of a Presbyterian clergyman.

The manse, church, and shed were filled with the people of the town. Three women with little babes only two or three days old were carried on mattresses into the manse. The houses near at hand were also filled with people ready to run into the stockade as soon as an alarm should be given.

Not till 1 p.m. on Saturday was intelligence received of Irvine's march from Carlton. Two hours after the wounded were driven in. It was with thankfulness learned that only 12 were dead, and that the wounded had borne the journey very well. The police and volunteers were greeted on their arrival with ringing cheers—the joy and gratitude shaded only by the thought that nine of their brave comrades were still

LYING DEAD UPON THE FIELD,

exposed, as far as was then known, to the hot sun by day and the frost at night, and possibly also the beasts of prey.

About 7 p.m., just as the people were hoping that all was safe, the scouts and telgraph operator came in from the road that leads to Batoche and reported that a force of Indians was approaching and close at hand. A shot was fired from the stockade, and messengers rushed in all directions to alarm the people, and bring them within the stockade. The church bell was rung; and even in the midst of the alarm there were many who noticed how different is the effect on the soul of the same sound in different circumstances. The bell which had rung out joy and gladness after a wedding, which had filled them with solemn and devout feeling as they went to the house of prayer, seemed now to be pouring out sounds of horror and making the heart quake with alarm.

"Hear the tolling of the bells!

Iron bells!

What a tale of turbulency now their music tells—

In the silence of the night,

How we shudder with affright,

At the melancholy menace of their tone—

For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan."

Such a panic many pray to God that they may never see again. Women arose from their sick beds and rushed into the enclosure; children snatched up in their nightclothes were carried into the manse in blankets. Another woman with a babe only a few hours old was added to the number of those previously carried in. The minister and others guarded the door, admitting

WOMEN AND CHILDREN

only, and sternly refusing admittance to selfish or timid men and boys. Some sad and one or two amusing scenes might be described. Two or three of the women fainted and the doctor was pressed in to attend to the sick. After the first rush was over all behaved very well, keeping quiet as they sat on the floor, and receiving as well as could be expected the assurance that there was no sufficient cause for the alarm. Meanwhile the stockade was lined with police and volunteers in arms ready to receive the enemy. After a time it was discovered that the scouts had been far too hasty in giving the alarm, as they had not actually seen the Indians at all.

On the Sabbath, Sanderson and two others went with sleighs to Duck Lake to bring in the dead. They found that Riel had permitted the prisoners whom he holds, and some of the French, to go out and carry the bodies into the house from which so many had been shot. On Monday at noon they returned, bringing along with the corpses New-ith, the wounded prisoner, whom Riel had liberated. The bodies were laid out in an empty building, and with great thankfulness it was found that none of them had been grossly mutilated by the savages. The nine bodies lying side by side, the faces of two blackened with powder, formed

A GHASTLY SPECTACLE.

A few days before they went forth, full of life and spirit, too eager, poor fellows, for the fray, and there now they lay—stiff, discoloured, and silent in death. But they went at the call of duty, and they died on "the field of honour." Loving and gentle hands carried them to different places and prepared their bodies for the burial. Well may the people of Prince Albert cherish their memory with sorrowing affection and solemn pride. Like Him in whom we trust for salvation, though of course in a lower sense, they "laid down their lives for their friends."

On Tuesday, at 2 p.m., the funeral procession started for the Church of England cemetery, where it was thought best to lay the nine together in one common grave. The Prince Albert band led the way playing a funeral march. Then followed the volunteers, a body of police, and the ministers of the town. Next came the coffins, the mourners, and the general public. The Bishop and two of his clergy read the ordinary burial service. There was no sermon nor address, nor allusion to the peculiar circumstances. To some it seemed a pity that the order of the Church should be so rigid as to prevent any more honour being done to these brave men brought in from the field of battle, than would be shown at the burial of a newborn child. The Bishop of Saskatchewan, and the Presbyterian minister, however, both preached funeral sermons appropriate to the circumstances on the following Sabbath.

Before Batoche.

He lay at evening by our tent;
And who was graver, who more gay?
Out there the sentry came and went,
And we thought of the coming day.

His soldier's heart with hope beat high,
His eyes shone in the watch-fire's light;
Too slowly did the hours pass by,
For with the morn would come the fight.

A random shot far on the right,
Tells that our picket sees the foe;
A gun booms out upon the night,
The scouts dash up—away they go.

The bugle sounds. The call to arms
Rings wild across the prairie grass;
An eagle, scared by war's alarms,
Screams from his perch as on we pass.

Again at evening by our tent
He lies, but death cold is his face.
He smiles as if perchance he dreamt
The charge was o'er and won the place.

Nathanael Nix.

CANADA has a great future if she can hold to her heritage. She has as much arable land as the United States, and she can draw from the northern latitudes of Europe races which thrive only in a semi-arctic climate. The problem which confronts the rest of mankind is how to control the increase of species. With Canada this question

is a hundred years away. The main thing for her now is to hold together. The public enterprise of Canadians, all things considered, exceeds anything of the kind in the history of provinces or nations.—Chicago Current.

The Prose of War.

POETRY, romance and even sober history have done much to throw over warlike deeds and scenes of battle a glamour that does not fitly belong to them. We have heard too much of the pomp and circumstance of war and too little of its cruelties and miseries. Heroism, self-sacrifice, patriotism, are worthy of all admiration considered by themselves, but they should not be allowed to blind the eyes of men to the reality of things. The prose of war differs from the poetry to the extent that martial music, huzzas of victory and the gleaming of banners and the tramp of armed men, differ from the groans of the wounded and dying, the ghastly corpses, the blood-soaked fields and the weeping and mourning of those whose loved ones have been laid in gory graves. One who has visited a battlefield just after the smoke of conflict has lifted and looked upon things to be seen, and heard the sounds that smite the ears, may well pray in all fervor that such scenes may never again be spread before the eyes of men.

If war ensues between the two great Empires of the Eastern world, who shall estimate the number of men whose duty it will be to abandon home, friends and peaceful pursuits, to engage in the fearful work of killing and mutilating each other, and whose fate in the end it will be to perish on distant battlefields, or to return at last maimed and disfigured to drag out a weary life of suffering? Who shall forecast all the sorrow that shall fall upon the homes of England should this calamity actually come to pass? Who shall give even an approximation to the losses that shall ensue to the world in the way of ravaged cities, countries wasted, commerce destroyed, industries paralyzed, and countless other interests diverted from their proper and legitimate purposes? These are the things that have prime consideration in the question of war. This is not sentiment, but sober fact. If war must come with all its terrible realities, let peoples and rulers enter upon it with a full realization of what it means and upon whom the awful responsibility rests for plunging the world once more into an era of blood and carnage.

We commend to our legislators at Ottawa, says the *Canada Citizen*, as an example that might be copied by them with advantage to themselves, the transaction of our public business, and their standing with the better part of the community, the following rule of the Congress of the United States:—"No intoxicating liquors shall be offered for sale, exhibited or kept within the Capitol, or in any room or building connected therewith, or on the public ground adjacent thereto, and it shall be the duty of the sergeant-at-arms of the two Houses, under the supervision of the presiding officers thereof respectively, to strictly enforce the foregoing provisions, and any officer or employee of either House who shall in any manner violate or connive at the violation of this rule shall be dismissed from office."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE KINGS.

B.C. 975.] LESSON II. [July 12

IDOLATRY ESTABLISHED.

1 Kings 12, 25-33 Commit to mem. vs. 28-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
—Ex. 20. 3.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Disobedience to God ruins the brightest hopes.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 12. 18-23. Th. 2 Chron. 12. 1-16.
T. 1 Kings 13. 1-10. F. 1 Chron. 13. 1-22.
33, 34; 14. 19, 20.W. 1 Kings 14. 21-31. Sa. Lev. 26. 1-20.
Su. Deut. 8. 1-20.

TIME.—B.C. 975, soon after the division of the kingdom.

PARALLEL ACCOUNT.—2 Chron., chs. 11, 12.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—In our last lesson we saw the kingdom divided. The ten tribes, henceforth called *Israelites*, chose Jeroboam for their king. Rehoboam raised an army of 180,000 soldiers, and proposed to subdue the revolted tribes, but he was forbidden of God. Jeroboam immediately began to establish his kingdom, as recorded in to-day's lesson.

JEROBOAM'S PROSPECTS.—(1) Jeroboam was the free choice of the people. (2) He had good talents and experience. (3) He had the promise of success from God, if he would serve him. (4) He had a large, populous, prosperous people. The prospects before him were bright, but he ruined them by want of faith in God.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—25. *Built*—Built up, fitted for his capital. *Shechem*—The largest town in Ephraim, his own tribe; centrally situated for his capital. *Mount Ephraim*—The hill country of Ephraim. *Panuel* (face of God)—East of the Jordan on the brook Jabbok. It was for a defence of his eastern borders. Here Jacob wrestled with the angel. (Gen. 32. 24-32.) 27. *If this people do sacrifice, etc.*—If Jerusalem should continue to be the religious capital, and the people went up there three times a year as commanded, there would soon be a reunion of the kingdoms. *Kill me*—Jeroboam; to make the reunion possible. 28. *Two calves*—Probably imitations of the cherubim over the ark, and the colossal ones in Solomon's temple (1 Kings 6. 23-28.) One of their four faces was that of an ox. He allied his worship to the old. They were not intended to be false gods, but symbols of Jehovah. 29. *Beth-el* (house of God)—an ancient place of worship on the southern borders of Ephraim, 12 miles north of Jerusalem. *Dan*—An old heathen shrine in the extreme north, at the sources of the Jordan. (See Judg. 18. 1-29.) 30. *Became a sin*—(1) It broke the second commandment; (2) it led to idolatry; (3) it made the people irreligious; (4) it led to the immoralities of idol worship. 31. *Lowest of the people*—Rather all classes of the people. The priests of the Levites had gone over to Rehoboam. (2 Chron. 11. 13, 14.) 32. *Feast in the eighth month*—Instead of feast of tabernacles, their thanksgiving day, in the seventh month as ordained by God.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Review of last lesson.—Jeroboam's prospects and possibilities.—His policy and the reason of it.—The foolishness of worldly policy that disobeys God.—The golden calves.—Bethel.—Dan.—The results of Jeroboam's policy.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long had Israel been one kingdom? (Saul was made king B.C. 1095.) When was it divided? From what cause? How many tribes went from Rehoboam? Who was chosen their king?

SUBJECT: BRIGHT HOPES BLASTED BY DISOBEDIENCE.

I. BRIGHT PROSPECTS OF JEROBOAM'S KINGDOM.—What had God promised Jeroboam? (1 Kings 11. 37, 38.) On what condition? How would his natural ability and experience aid his prospects? (1 Kings 11. 28.) By whose choice was he made king? (1 Kings 12. 20.) What was the size and condition of his kingdom? Could his life and reign have been a great success? Have we equal hopes and prospects?

II. WORLDLY POLICY (vs. 25-28).—What place did Jeroboam make his capital? Why? What other place did he fortify? What fear arose in Jeroboam's mind? Was there danger in this direction? What policy did he propose as a guard against this danger? Why was it a false policy? Is any policy good that forfeits the favour of God, or breaks his laws?

III. THE RESULT.—IDOLATRY ESTABLISHED (vs. 28-33).—What did Jeroboam do first in pursuance of his policy? What were these "calves" like? (1 Kings 6. 23-27; Ezek. 1. 5-10.) Why did Jeroboam imitate the temple symbols? Did he mean the people to worship false gods, or the true God in a wrong way? Which commandment did he break? Where did he place these golden idols? Why in these places? How did this act become a sin? Whom did he make priests? Why? What change did he make in the divinely appointed festivals?

IV. HIS BRIGHT PROSPECTS DESTROYED BY HIS POLICY.—What promise did Jeroboam forfeit by his course? (1 Kings 11. 37, 38.) What did he lose personally? (1 Kings 13. 1-6, 34; 14. 1.) How long did his line last? (1 Kings 15. 25-30.) What bad name was fastened upon him forever? (1 Kings 16. 26, 31.) What was one effect of his kingdom? (2 Chron. 11. 13-15.) Is there any true and lasting success except by obedience to God? (Lev. 26. 1-20.) Give examples. What is the promise of God to us? (Matt. 6. 33.) How was Jeroboam's failure the result of a want of faith?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. God gives us many precious prospects for this life and the next.
2. They are given on condition that we serve and obey him.
3. All worldly policy is foolish, that breaks the laws of God.
4. Religion and morality are essential to true prosperity.
5. Want of faith in God leads us to sin for the sake of some advantage.
6. God has many ways of bringing his promises to pass even when we cannot see how it can be done.
7. Faith in God, and obedience to God are the ways to a happy and successful life.

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

7. Who was chosen king of the ten tribes? ANS. Jeroboam, the son of Nebat.
8. What danger did he fear? ANS. That if Jerusalem should continue to be the religious centre of his people, he would lose his kingdom.
9. What did he do to avert this danger? ANS. He set up golden images in Bethel and Dan.
10. What was the effect? ANS. He forfeited the favour of God; he led the people into sin; and brought ruin upon his family and upon the nation.

B.C. 929-914.] LESSON III. [July 19.

OMRI AND AHAB.

1 Kings 16. 23-34. Commit to mem. vs. 30-33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The way of the wicked is an abomination unto the Lord.—Prov. 15. 9.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The wicked tend to grow worse and worse.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 15. 1-15. Th. 1 Kings 16. 15-34.

T. 1 Kings 15. 25-34. F. Josh. 6. 17-27.

W. 1 Kings 16. 1-10. Sa. Prov. 4. 14-27.

Su. Matt. 3. 1-12.

TIME.—B.C. 929-914. Some fifty years after the last lesson.

INTERVENING HISTORY.—1 Kings, chs. 13-16. 2 Chron., chs. 13-17. Fifty years have passed since the kingdom was divided. Neither was perfect, but Judah was the better of the two. After Rehoboam and his son Abijah there followed two long reigns of good men, who brought the people back to religion and to God. But the Kingdom of Israel grew worse and worse. Jeroboam's line ended with his son, and every one of his family was slain. The usurper Baasha was treated in the same way. Then Omri, a general, was chosen king, and he and his son Ahab led the people farther and farther away from God.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—23. *Thirty-first year of Asa*—B.C. 925. *Omri*—The sixth king of Israel; was a general in the army. His tribe is unknown. *Twelve years*—Four of these were spent in civil war,and for only eight did he reign over a united kingdom. The thirty first year of Asa marks the beginning of the eight years, not of the twelve. *Tirzah*—A few miles from Shechem. 24. *The hill Samaria*—Six miles from Shechem. A place specially fitted for his capital. *Two talents*—A talent is \$1042.50 of our money. 26. *His sin*—Setting up the idol calves, and leading the people into idolatry. 26. *Book of the Chronicles*—Not the books of that name in our Bible, but the national records. 29. *Thirty-eighth year of Asa*—B.C. 918. 31. *Jezebel*—The same name as our Isabel. She was a strong-willed woman, beautiful and attractive, and an idolater. *Zidonians*—On the coast of the Mediterranean Sea. The kingdom included Tyre and Sidon. *Baal*—The sun god. 32. *The house of Baal*—A splendid temple Ahab built for this idol. 33. *Made a grove*—Rather, a wooden pillar, the symbol of Asherah or Astarte, regarded as the wife of Baal. She was like the Grecian Venus, and was worshipped with licentious rites. 34. *Hiel and Beth-el* *i.e.*,—Who lived at Bethel, the seat of one of Jeroboam's idols. *Built Jericho*—A curse was laid upon whosoever should rebuild this city. (See Joshua 6. 26.) His first-born died when he began to build, and his youngest when he had completed it.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The intervening history.—Omri.—Ahab.—Jezebel.—Baal.—The "grove."—The rebuilding of Jericho.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How much time intervenes between the last lesson and this? Who reigned in the kingdom of Judah during this time? Were they good or bad kings? Name the succession of kings in Israel. What was the general condition of things there?

SUBJECT: GROWING WORSE AND WORSE.

I. OMRI.—OUTWARD SPLENDOR AND INCREASING SIN (vs. 23-28).—Who was Omri? How long did he reign? In what years before Christ? Where was his capital? For how much did he purchase the hill of Samaria? From whom did the place receive its name? What was the character of Omri's reign? Why is it said that this evil was "in the sight of the Lord"? Whose bad example did he follow? What was Jeroboam's sin? What worse did Omri do? What is meant by "provoking the Lord to anger"? Are all good beings indignant at sin? Is God angry still with sin? What is meant by vanities? Was Omri a great man? Where was the history of his reign recorded? What lessons can you learn from his history?

II. AHAB.—WORSE AND WORSE THROUGH BAD COMPANIONS (vs. 29-34).—Who succeeded Omri? How long did he reign? What was his character? What did he do that was worse than the deeds of those who went before him? Who was Jezebel? What was her character? What influence did she have over Ahab? Why is it dangerous to make bad persons our intimate companions? What does David say of bad companions? (Ps. 1. 1; 26. 4, 5; 101. 7.) What does Solomon say? (Prov. 1. 15; 4. 14, 15; 12. 11; 13. 20; 22. 24, 25.) What does Paul say? (1 Cor. 5. 11; 15. 33; 2 Cor. 6. 14-18.) How did Ahab favour idolatry? What was Baal? What is meant here by "grove"? What account is given here showing the evil influences of the times? Where did Hiel live? Under what special evil influences? (1 Kings 12. 28, 29, 33.) What curse was pronounced on the builder of Jericho? (Josh. 6. 26.) How was it fulfilled? Was Hiel's act a defiance of God? Can such acts go unpunished?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The tendency of the sinner is to grow worse and worse.
2. A nation may have splendid buildings and gain great victories, and yet grow worse and worse.
3. It is an awful thing to lead others into sin.
4. One wrong step leads to another.
5. God is angry with the wicked every day.

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

11. Name the first seven kings of Israel in order. ANS. Jeroboam, Nadab, Baasha, Elah, Zimri, Omri, Ahab.
12. What was the state of the kingdom? ANS. Growing worse and worse.
13. In what respect? ANS. (1) By repeating the sins of their fathers; (2) by alliance with heathens; (3) by introducing the most immoral idolatries; (4) by leading others into sin; (5) by defiance of God.

SUNDAY SCHOOL REWARD BOOKS

Neatly Bound in Cloth and Illustrated.

COUSIN KATE'S LIBRARY

Each with Coloured Frontispiece and an Illustrated Side. 18mo.

Price 20 cents each.

Love Thy Neighbour as Thyself.
Trust in God.

Wisdom's Ways are Pleasantness.

The Way to be Happy.

The Story of Ned, the Shepherd Boy

The Head, or the Heart?

Six stories, having for their object the teaching of gospel truths and Christian principles. Good books for Sunday scholars or for Sunday home reading.

LITTLE ALICE'S LIBRARY.

Each with Coloured Frontispiece and an Illustrated Side. 18mo.

Little Alice's Palace

The Power of Truth.

The One Moss-Rose. By the Rev. P. B. Power.

Stories on the Lord's Prayer.

Sunny Faces, Blessed Hands.

Faithful Nicoletto.

Little Henry and His Bear.

Live to be Useful.

Freddy and His Bible Texts.

The Giants, and How to Fight Them

Fanny Burton.

Sowing and Reaping.

A series of pleasing tales and short addresses for children, by writers who are well known for their power of interesting and instructing the young.

THE "LITTLE ROSA" SERIES.

A NEW SET BY POPULAR AUTHORS.

Each Illustrated with Six Engravings by E. M. Scannell.

Gentleman Jim. By Mrs. E. Prentiss.

Little Rosa. By Mrs. E. Prentiss.

Abby Blake. By the Author of "The Babes in the Basket," &c.

The Boy Friend. By the Author of "The Babes in the Basket," &c.

The Little Musicians. By the Author of "The Babes in the Basket," &c.

Joe's Partner. By the Author of "The Babes in the Basket," &c.

Only a Slip. By Elmer Burleigh.

The Lost Book. By Annie Lucas.

Only Johnny Brown. By the Author of "Dreams and Deeds."

Leon, and the Lesson He Learned. By the Author of "Dreams and Deeds."

The Star Boys. Translated from Karl Otto Tholmann.

The Amulet. By Cousin Kate.

The Little Chimney Sweep. By W. B. F.

THE HOME LIBRARY FOR LITTLE READERS.

With Frontispiece printed in Colours. Also in Stiff Paper Covers, 4d. each. Royal 18mo.

Jessie Graham.

Blind Alice and Her Benefactors.

Florence Arnot; or, Is She Generous?

Stories for Little Readers.

Love Tokens for Children.

A Kiss for a Blow. By H. C. Wright.

Little Clara. By Mrs. Anna Bache.

Grace and Clara.

Sunshine and Shade.

Well-Spent Hour. By Eliza Leo Follen.

Harry Burne, and Other Stories.

The Sister, and Other Stories.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 & 80 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.
C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.