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HOME AND SCHOOL.

VOL. IV.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 6, 1886.

[No. 23. A]

Corinth.

This famous city of antiquity has a history most interesting. It was at one time the most famous of all the Grecian cities. History tells us that in all probability, it was founded by the Phœnicians, about the year 1350 B. C. Its citadel was an isolated hill, eighteen hundred and eighty-six feet high, and was the most gigantic natural citadel in all Europe, being much higher than either the Acropolis of Athens or the fortress of Gibraltar.

But Corinth has done something for the world after all. It was here that the art of painting first originated, and architecture, statuary, and bronze work received much attention.

St. Paul visited Corinth and preached Christ there. A church was planted there, and the two epistles to the Corinthians, which we find in our New Testaments are the two letters which he wrote to that Church. Since that time it has been twice destroyed, and each time it has been restored. The

Patches and Heroes.

"THREE! four! five! How funny!" cried the girls. "Hurrah!" shouted the boys. What were they counting? Yes; the patches on poor little Constance's dress. She heard every word and the boys' loud laugh. Poor little heart! At first she looked down, then the tears came with a great rush, and she tried to run home.

"Cry-baby!" said the boys.

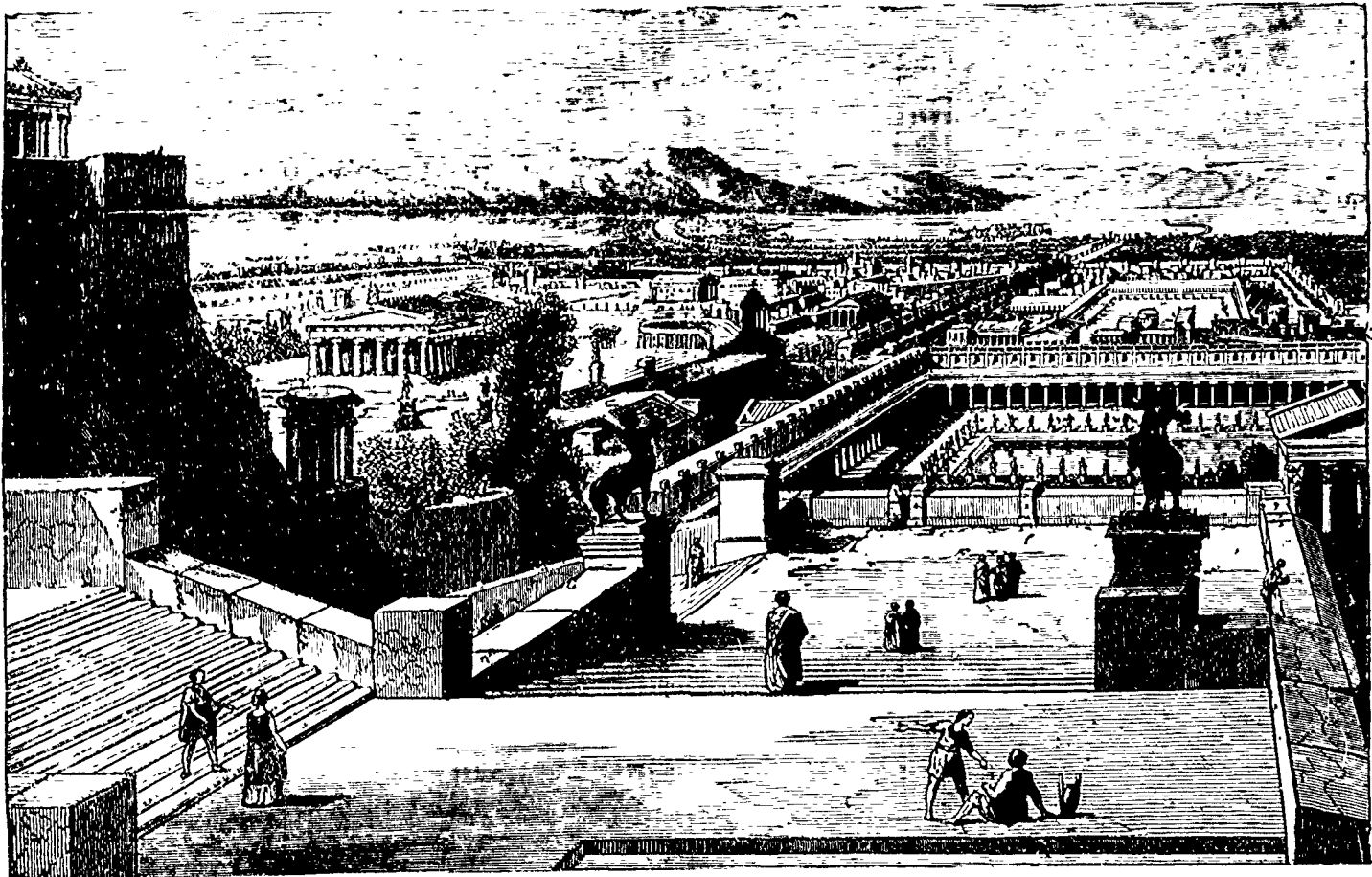
"Don't want her to sit next to me," said Ella Gray.

"No matter for that. It has pretty vines and climbing roses, and it's a very nice house to live in," said Douglas.

"I daresay you are happy there."

"Yes. I don't want to come to this school again," said Constance, softly.

"Oh, things will be all right in a day or two," said the boy kindly. "Never mind them just now." The scholars had been talking of heroes a little while before; they had been wishing to be like Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon. There was not



CITY OF CORINTH—RESTORED.

At the northern foot of this hill, lay the city.

In the year 146 B. C., the city was completely destroyed by the Romans, and lay in ruins for a whole century. In the year 46 B. C., Julius Cæsar rebuilt it, and made it the capital of Achaia. It became again a powerful and prosperous city, but never regained its former importance.

The wealth of its merchants caused Corinth to become the most wicked city in Greece, and some of the worst kinds of sin were not only legalized but incorporated into their religion.

last time it was rebuilt its position was changed, bringing it near the Gulf of Corinth. Our picture shows you the city as it appeared after its first restoration, and as St. Paul saw it.

A LITTLE six-year-old boy went into the country visiting. About the first thing he got was a bowl of bread and milk. He tasted it, and then hesitated a moment, when his mother asked him if he didn't like it, to which he replied, smacking his lips: "Yes, ma'ma. I was only wishing that our milkman in town would keep a cow."

"What right has she to come to our school!" whispered proud Lilly Gross.

"There! don't mind a word they say!" exclaimed Douglas Stewart, leaving the group of rude boys and trying to comfort Constance. "Let me carry your books," he continued. "Cheer up! It is only a little way to your home, is it?"

Constance looked up through her tears to see the bravest boy in school at her side.

"I live in the little house under the hill," said Constance. "It isn't like your grand house."

a hero among them except this same Douglas Stewart, who dared to stand out before all his school mates and befriend this poor, forlorn little girl.—*S. S. Visitor.*

God weighs our characters, our actions, our motives, our intentions.

We are weighed when we are tested by temptation, by opportunities to do good, by the Bible.

Sin helps to bring its own punishment, as we see in the case of intemperance.

The Barren Tree.

THERE stood in a beautiful garden
A tall and stately tree;
Crowned with its shining leafage,
It was wondrous fair to see,
But the tree was always fruitless;
Never a blossom grew
On its long and beautiful branches
The whole bright season through.

The lord of the garden saw it,
And he said, when the leaves were sore;
"Cut down this tree so worthless,
And plant another here.
My garden is not for beauty
Alone, but for fruit as well;
And no barren tree must cumber
The place in which I dwell."

The gardener heard in sorrow,
For he loved the barren tree
As we love some things about us
That are only fair to see.
"Leave it one season longer—
Only one more, I pray."
He pleaded; but the master
Was firm, and answered, "Nay."

Then the gardener dug about it,
And cut the roots apart
And the fear of the fate before it
Struck home to the poor tree's heart.
Faithful and true to his master,
Yet loving the tree so well,
The gardener toiled in sorrow
Till the stormy evening fell.

"To-morrow," he said, "I will finish
The task that I have begun."
But the morrow was wild with tempest,
And the work remained undone.
And through all the long, bleak winter
There stood the desolate tree,
With the cold, white snow about it,
A sorrowful thing to see.

At last, the sweet Spring weather
Made glad the hearts of men,
And the trees in the lord's fair garden
Put forth their leaves again.
"I will finish my task to-morrow,"
The busy gardener said,
And thought, with a thrill of sorrow,
That the beautiful tree was dead.

The lord came into his garden
At an early hour next day,
And then to the task unfinished
The gardener led the way.
And lo! all white with blossoms,
Fairer than ever to see,
In its promise of coming fruitage
There stood the beautiful tree!

"It is well," said the lord of the garden,
And he and the gardener knew
That out of its loss and trial
Its promise of fruitfulness grew,
It is so with some lives that cumber
For a time the Lord's domain;
Out of trial and mighty sorrow
There cometh a countless gain,
And fruit for the Master's pleasure
Is born of loss and pain.

—The Congregationalist.

When It Began.

"SAY, boys, let's have a temperance society of our own."

It was Saturday morning, and the boys had met at Mr. Parker's shop for an hour's chat. The fact was, that Ben Parker had some beans to shell that morning, and the boys had been up in the loft helping him, and now they were resting outside; resting and whittling. How it does help a boy to rest, if he only has a jack-knife and a billet of wood! They whittled and talked, and if the truth must be told, they cut their fingers, too. At least Jack Carr did, and whimpered a little over it; but then Jack was a little fellow, so they overlooked his whimpering, and the boys pitied him until he was as good as new. They had been discussing the temperance meetings over at Montclair, where Ben had been staying a few days with his uncle. He had attended.

"Yes, I signed; of course I did," declared Ben; "anybody would after hearing that man talk." And then Ben went on to tell the boys all he could remember about the lecturer, the

meetings, the men who reformed, and the crowds which came to the meetings, and at length wound up with the exclamation, "Say, boys, let's have a temperance society of our own."

"I say so too," said Frank Sherman; "we manage to get together pretty often, and we might as we have something to meet for. I go in for any kind of a society."

"All right," said Joe Burch.
"Come on! Let's go and talk to Grandfather Briggs about it; he will draw up a pledge for us with a lot of flourishes; I don't know any young fellow who can write half as well as grandfather can. And gathering reinforcements by the way the boys soon brought up at a little bird's nest of a cottage, where they were sure of a welcome. The boys were always welcomed by the old couple who lived there. These old people had not forgotten their childhood, and they understood just the kind of talk girls and boys like.

"We are going to start a temperance society," began Ben Parker, "and we have come down to ask you to write the pledge for us."

"Pledge, eh! What sort of a pledge?"

"Why, a temperance pledge, of course."

"But there are different kinds of temperance pledges."

"Are there?" said two or three of the boys in a breath. And Ben added, "I thought they were all alike."

"Hump! Let me read to you what was called a temperance pledge in the year 1808;" and taking an old book from the shelf where were stored a few volumes which appeared to have been well read, Mr. Briggs read as follows: "No member shall be intoxicated under penalty of fifty cents. No member shall drink rum, gin, whiskey, or wine under penalty of twenty-five cents; and no member shall offer any of such liquors to any other member under penalty of twenty-five cents for each offence." There, is that the pledge you want?" said the old gentleman, smiling, as he closed the book.

"Well, not exactly," said Ben; "who ever heard of such an absurd pledge as that?"

"That is the pledge, or at least the substance of it, which was adopted by the first temperance society in the United States. It does not seem much of a pledge to you, but it was a beginning of a great temperance reform which has been gaining ground ever since, though we sometimes think but slowly. The Total Abstinence Pledge was introduced in 1834: it was called the 'tee-total' pledge, and since then temperance societies have for the most part used this pledge."

"Grandpa, do you know why it was called the 'tee-total' pledge?"

"The story is, that a man in England, who stuttered fearfully, in trying to speak the word 'total,' stammered repeatedly over the first letter of the word. Try it and see how it sounds."

Of course the boys were ready to try it, and they will be apt to remember why people say "tee-total."

"What about the Washingtonians?" asked Frank Sherman. "I have heard uncle Philip speak of such a society, I think."

"Very likely you have; your uncle Philip and I joined the Washingtonians more than forty years ago, and I have my pledge now; here it is," producing as he spoke a worn and time-yellowed

card from between the leaves of the old family Bible. "You see it is a tee-total pledge. It is what they call an 'iron clad' nowadays, and I suspect it is what you boys are after. You see 'we do pledge ourselves as gentlemen not to drink any spirituous liquors, wine or cider.' It appears that six drinking men met at a tavern in Baltimore, and somehow the conversation turned upon the subject of temperance, and after some talk they decided to form themselves into a temperance society, much to the disturbance of the landlord."

"Well, it was queer to set about forming a society to undo the work of the man under whose roof they were entertained," said Ben, laughing.

"I believe they did not form themselves into a society there, but adjourned to the house of one of the number, and there drew up the forms of an association. At their next meeting they received two new members, and soon the movement became popular, and thousands were enrolled as members, and auxiliaries sprang up all over the country. Since that time there have been numerous organizations, all having the same end in view—the promotion of temperance. One of the most remarkable in the earlier days of the movement was the Father Mathew Society; and later we have had reform clubs, and red ribbon armies, and blue ribbon bands, and white ribbon unions. I always join everything that comes under the name of a temperance society, so if I write out your pledge you must let me belong. I signed the first tee-total pledge, and maybe yours will be the last one I shall have an opportunity to sign. So you'll let me, won't you?"

"Of course we will," cried the boys all together.

"And make it strong," said Ben Parker.

"Put in tobacco," said Joe Burch.

"And profanity," added Frank Sherman.

Now I rather like the ideas of those boys. What do you think about their plans?—Lover.

Autumn.

BY REV. HILARY BYGRAVE.

Now the shadows lengthen early,
And the birds that with us stay
Ill at ease and anxious seeming,
Sing not as they do in May.

For the wind suggests the keenness
Of the Winter days so nigh,
And the trees stand bare and lonely,
As the leaves drop off and die.

Now the squirrels are most busy,
Whisking here and leaping there;
Gleam their colours in the sunlight,
Sounds their chatter on the air;

And with cheerful toll and wisdom,
Lay they up their winter store,
'Gainst the time when snow will cover
Sheltered wood and open moor.

Now the denseness of the forest
Lessens as the days speed by,
And, in search of game, the sportsman
Listens for the quail's lone cry.

And church steeples in the distance,
And towns lying far away,
And the blue lake, gleam before us,
That lay hid for many a day.

Oh! when summer's day is ended,
And the strength of spring is spent,
And the frame of man so sturdy
'Neath the weight of time is bent,

May not man pass like the Autumn,
Fading out in colours rare,
And from heights of contemplation
See a future large and fair.

Kind Words.

"KIND words can never die." But if this were not equally true of unkind words our world would be far happier. Kind words are like the oil and the wine of the good Samaritan; unkind words are to the soul as nitric acid to iron. Most unkind words affect at least two souls—the one uttering them and the one hearing them. With the former rest their most withering and dwarfing effect. A thousand times better to be the one for whom harsh words were intended than the one uttering them. He who can restrain his anger and control his tongue under severe provocation is a hero. "You may tame the wild beast, or check the wildest conflagration in the American forests, but you can never arrest the progress of that cruel word which you uttered this morning."

Unconscious Influence.

It is said that among the high Alps, at certain seasons, the traveller is told to proceed quietly; for on the steep slopes overhead the snow hangs so evenly balanced that the sound of a voice or the report of a gun may destroy the equilibrium and bring down an immense avalanche that will overwhelm everything in ruin in its downward path.

And so about our way there may be a soul in the very crisis of its moral history, trembling between life and death, and a mere touch or shadow may determine its destiny. A young lady who was deeply impressed with the truth, and was ready, under conviction of sin, to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" had all her solemn impressions dissipated by the unseemly jesting of a member of the church by her side as she passed out of the sanctuary. Her irreverent and worldly spirit cast a repellant shadow on the young lady not far from the kingdom of God. How important that we should always and everywhere walk worthy of our high calling as Christians.—Rev. T. Stork.

Finger-Marks.

A GENTLEMAN employed a mason to do some work for him, and among other things to "thin-whiten" the walls of one of his rooms. This thin-whitening is almost colourless until dried. The gentleman was much surprised, on the morning after the chamber was finished, to find in the room white finger-marks. Opening a drawer he found the same on a pocket-book. An examination revealed the same marks on the contents of a bag. This proved clearly that the mason with his wet hands had opened the drawer, and searched the bag, which contained no money, and had then closed the drawer without once thinking that any one would ever know it. The "thin-whitening" which happened to be on his hands did not show at first, and he probably had no idea that twelve hours' drying would reveal his wickedness. As the work was all done on the afternoon the drawer was opened, the man did not come again, and to this day does not know that his acts are known to his employer. Beware of evil thoughts and deeds! They all leave their finger-marks, which will one day be revealed. Sin defiles the soul. It betrays those who engage in it by the marks it makes on them, though these may be invisible at first.—The Voice.

Thanksgiving.

O, MEN! grown sick with toil and care,
Leave for awhile the crowded mart;
O, women! sinking with despair,
Weary of lank and faint of heart,
Forget your cares to-day, and come
As children, back to childhood's home!

Follow again the winding rills;
Go to the places where you went,
When, climbing up the summer hills,
In their green lap you sat, content;
And softly leaned your head to rest
On nature's calm and peaceful breast.

Walk through the sore and fading wood,
So lightly trodden by your feet,
When all you knew of life was good,
And all you dreamed of life was sweet!
And let fond memory lead you back,
O'er youthful love's enchanted track.

Taste the ripe fruit of orchard boughs,
Drink from the mossy well once more;
Breathe fragrance from the crowded mows,
With fresh, sweet clover running o'er;
And count the treasures at your feet,
O'er silver rye and golden wheat.

Go, sit beside the hearth again,
Whose circle once was glad and gay;
And if from out the precious chain
Some shining links have dropped away,
Then guard with tender heart and hand
The remnant of our household band.

Draw near the board with plenty spread,
And if in the accustomed place,
You see the father's reverend head,
Or the mother's patient, loving face;
Whate'er your life may have of ill,
Thank God that these are left you still.

And though where home hath been, you stand
To-day in alien loneliness;
Though you may clasp no brother's hand,
And claim no sister's tender kiss;
Though with no friend or lover nigh,
The past is all your company—

Thank God for friends your life has known,
For every dear, departed day;
The blessed past is safe alone—
God gives, but does not take away:
He only safely keeps above
For us the treasures that we love.

—Phoebe Cary.

Poor Uncle Si.

A TRUE STORY.

I SHALL never forget that bright, sunny afternoon, when my father stood looking down at us, my two brothers and myself. We had been planning, with great glee, how we could dress up, some dark night and, in the character of ghosts, frighten a certain timid schoolfellow of ours.

"It will be jolly fun, boys, I can tell you!" I exclaimed, with a shout of laughter at the idea.

"Jolly fun to you, Harry, but what will it be to him?" asked a deep, reproachful voice from the doorway, and glancing up, there stood our father, with a pained look on his face.

It was a new idea! It would be fun to us, but what would it be to him, the poor, unoffending boy we were planning to frighten so cruelly?

We had never thought of that side of the question at all; boys, ay, and men too, are only too apt to look at one side only, and that side the one that pleases themselves the most.

Our father stood a moment in thought, and then came into the room and sat down.

"My sons," he said, "I see the time has come for me to tell you a story of the long ago, when I was a boy, so full of life and fun that, like you, I did not stop to think whether my fun might not be just the opposite to some one else."

He paused awhile, and a sad, pained shadow crept over his face, a look I had often seen there, and had learned to connect with a certain man who dwelt in a little cottage near by.

He was a large, strong man about

our father's age, but alas! the light of his life, his reason, had gone out for ever; he was a lunatic, gentle and harmless, and for the most part cheerful and playful; but there were times when he would fall prone on the floor, quivering with terror, and shrieking out wild appeals to be saved from the ghosts that were about to seize him.

My father often visited this poor fellow, "poor Uncle Si," we boys called him, and on a few occasions had taken me, his oldest boy with him; he never went with empty hands, but always carried some little gift, a picture-book, candy, cake, or a toy; and even at such times I noted that weary, sad expression creep over my father's usually cheerful face, and remain there like a cloud, long after our return home. I knew, too, that it was he who, with my Uncle John's assistance, paid the rent of the lunatic's cottage, clothed him, and provided the old woman who lived with and took care of him.

And sorely had all this puzzled me, for I knew that "Uncle Si" was in no wise related to my father or mother, and that the money expended in his support could ill be spared for that purpose.

Often had my father promised to tell the story "when the right time should come;" and it had come now, it seemed, for his first words were of "Uncle Si."

"My boys," he said, "I am going now to tell you the story of Uncle Si, and it is the saddest story in all my life. When you have heard it, you will know why I think it my duty to tell it to you just now.

"I would give ten years of my life if I had no such story to tell. But it is my cross, and one of my own making, so I must bear it patiently as my punishment. When I was a boy going to school, there was among my school-mates a bright little fellow, a good scholar, but a very nervous, timid boy. His mother was a poor woman, who worked hard to support herself and him, and it was her greatest ambition to see him win his way up in the world.

"We all liked Silas, he was so gentle; but at the same time we took advantage of his good temper and his timid nature, and were always playing jokes on him.

"His mother was an Irishwoman, and was full of queer superstitions. There seemed nothing too marvellous for her to credit, and Silas had inherited this superstitious tendency in a great degree.

"We boys soon found out his weakness, and nothing pleased us more than after the afternoon session was over, to sit on the school-house steps and vie with each other in inventing the most outrageous and startling stories of ghosts, robbers, and murderers. Si would listen with his blue eyes almost starting from their sockets, and his cheeks turning white and red, finally becoming excited to such a pitch that he would jump at every sudden noise, the slamming of a door, or the stamp of a foot on the pavement.

"One afternoon we had been indulging in our favourite amusement until the sun had almost gone down and darkness began to steal across the fields and woods around us.

"Oh, what shall I do!" exclaimed Silas, looking fearfully around. "I must go over to Farmer Brown's before I go home, and it will be dark before I can get back."

"To Farmer Brown's!" said I, winking at the other boys; "then you'll have to cross the old bridge over Long

Pond, Si, and they say that the ghost of a woman who drowned herself there haunts it after nightfall; that's only on the anniversary of her death though, so—but I say, boys, what day of the month is this?"

"The tenth," was the answer.

"I drew in my lips in a long whistle, and looked hard at Silas.

"Then I'm glad I don't have to go that way to-night," I muttered in a low tone, but not so low but that he heard me, as I meant he should.

"Why, why?" he stammered, turning white as a sheet; "is it—"

"Yes, it is, since you must know. But do not be afraid, old fellow, I don't believe the story, anyhow. Who ever heard of a ghost with fiery ribs and fiery spots all over its face? Pshaw, it's all humbug."

"But poor Silas was thoroughly alarmed; indeed, I intended he should be, and thought his terror fine sport, or, rather, the beginning of some fine sport, for I had made up a plan, of which this was only the prelude.

"While Silas hesitated, divided between the fear of meeting the ghost and the certainty of getting a whipping if he did not perform his errand, I called my brother John aside, and in a hurried whisper told him of my plan, which we decided to keep to ourselves.

"As a result John proposed to accompany Silas on his errand, an offer the poor fellow gratefully accepted, and so they set off together and the rest of our party started for home.

"I made some excuse to turn off before I reached my home, and ran with all speed to the drug store, where I bought a stick of phosphorus, then I darted home and succeeded in getting possession of a small sheet and in slipping off again unnoticed.

"Very soon I found myself at the bridge, and there, hidden behind a bush, I proceeded to trace over my dark jacket the outline of skeleton ribs, and and very startling they looked—the white, glowing lines shining out clear and distinct through the darkness, for by this time it was entirely dark. Then I put some of the phosphorus on my hands and face and wrapped the sheet around my waist, leaving it to trail behind me.

"Thus prepared, I posted myself a few yards beyond the bridge, on the side the boys would reach first on their return path.

"Directly I heard Silas' voice:

"Oh, John, I'm afraid, I'm afraid."

"Nonsense," answered my brother. "The idea of a ghost. I only wish there was such a thing. I'd like to see one."

"Oh don't, don't say that. Oh, oh!"

"Such a cry of intense, utter horror I hope never to hear again, and as Silas uttered it he fell all in heap on the ground. John, according to our agreement, shrieked also and started to run, as if terribly frightened. An instant Silas lay there, and my heart gave a leap. Was he dead? Had I killed him? But no, my boys, I had done nothing so merciful as that.

"Silas sprang to his feet again, and uttering shriek after shriek, rushed headlong down the road towards the bridge. By this time, seeing how terribly in earnest he was, I began to think that my fun had gone quite far enough, so I followed at full speed, calling out to him that it was all a joke and no ghost at all.

"But he never heeded a word I

uttered; on and on he ran, shrieking all the way, "he reached the bridge, and there to a horror he sprang with one leap over the wall down into the soft, slimy mud and water at the margin of the pond.

"John had turned back, and, tearing loose the sheet from around my waist, I rushed with him down the steep bank to the spot where Silas was. There was more mud than water just there, as we well knew, and the force of his descent had sent him down into the deep, yielding slime until only his head and shoulders were above the surface, and to our further alarm we saw that he was slowly sinking down, down, down!

"Something must be done, and that speedily, or he would be buried alive before our eyes. Some heavy planks were lying on the shore, and seizing them we dragged them out in the mud until we had formed a line reaching to the spot where poor Silas was still shrieking, 'The ghost! the ghost! the ghost!'

"How we two boys contrived to drag him out of that oozy slime I cannot to this day understand. But we did it somehow, and between us we got him back home, though he broke from us several times with the old cry of 'The ghost!'

"He was very ill for weeks after that, and when his body got well the doctors said his mind would never come back again, and from that time to this he has been just as you see him now.

"As long as his unhappy mother lived your Uncle John and I helped her to take care of him, and ever since her death, long years ago, we have entirely supported the miserable victim of our cruel 'fun,' though it was more my sin than your uncle's, for I was the ringleader.

"My sons, that piece of 'jolly fun' has saddened my whole life and clouded its brightest moments."

My father ended his story, and sat looking down at the awe-struck faces as we murmured in sorrowful tones:

"Poor Uncle Silas!"

"Well, my sons," he said, after awhile, "I am waiting to hear what that plan is that it will be such fun to play off on Sam Harrow."

We hung our heads in silence, and he smiled gently.

"Ah, I see you know why I have told you my sad story to-day. You have read its lesson. And now, boys, I can trust you, I know; but lest you might forget, I want each one of you to lay his hand on this Holy Book, and, remembering that our Father in heaven is listening to you, promise never to indulge in any sport that may injure or distress your fellow-creatures."

And then, standing at our dear father's knee, we each gave a solemn pledge that we have never broken, and our lives have been the better and the happier for it.

My boy reader, and you also, my girl reader, I plead with you to go and do likewise, for so shall you obey the Saviour's command to "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."

CHRIST condemns and bears witness against all sins.

He is to His people what the sun is to the world,—the giver of light, warmth, comfort, life, and power.

The Day the Lord Hath Made.

BY DOROTHY HOLROYD.

HERE on a hillock underneath the pine
I watch the golden Sunday afternoon;
On woods and fields the blessed sunlight
shines
With equal boon.

Among the murmuring boughs there is a
thrill
And stir of little wings; and clear bird-
notes
Fill all the air with music sweet and shrill
From throbbing throats.

The winds of God chant low their Maker's
praise,
And sing soft Sabbath anthems through
the shade;
All Nature's voices hymn: This day of days
The Lord hath made.

No bird am I to carol, but I see,
In this green springtime world, Thy king-
dom come;
Shall I, who am Thy creature equally,
Alone be dumb?

Not so, O Lord! as Thou hast given me
power,
So will I sing; turn Thou my prayer to
praise,
And let Thy love, like sunshine, fill each hour
Of these, thy days.

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Home & School.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 6, 1886.

The Lesson Leaf in the Class.

BY REV. CHAUNCEY N. POND.

1. NAME two of the most common
abuses of the lesson leaf in the Sunday-
school class. One is to depend upon
the leaf to the neglect of the Bible;
another is the practice of reading from
the lesson leaf the answers to ques-
tions.

2. What would you say of remedy-
ing these abuses by discarding the leaf
entirely, at least during the class half-
hour? To discard the leaf because it
is sometimes wrongly used would be as
unwise as to throw away the books in
the home library because they are occa-
sionally unwisely read. We must dis-
tinguish between the correct and in-
correct use of every good.

3. Why will it not do as well to
study the lesson help at home, and
come to recitation with only the Bible?
Because any proper mastery of the
facts and truths to which the leaf
affords us a clue will occasion the need
for many references to it while in reci-
tation.

4. Name some particular uses for

which the lesson leaf or quarterly will
be valuable in the class. It will be
useful as a guide to references and
home readings, and as a means of look-
ing up special notes. It will enable
teachers sometimes to put scholars in
the leadership of the recitation for a
brief season, thus drawing out their
independent thought. And, perhaps
most important of them all, the pre-
sence of the leaf will make it possible
to show to the pupils more definitely
what particular points are to be mas-
tered in the lesson for the following
week.

5. But will not pupils read the
answers to questions if they have the
answers in their hands? Not neces-
sarily. It is not supposed that pupils
in geography will read their answers,
even though the book be within reach
at the moment. The habit of allowing
answers to be read is totally unneces-
sary.

6. How may the leaf promote in-
dependent study? By enabling the
teacher to mark out a precise lesson as
a basis of facts; then thought, inquiry,
and further investigation will be easily
secured.

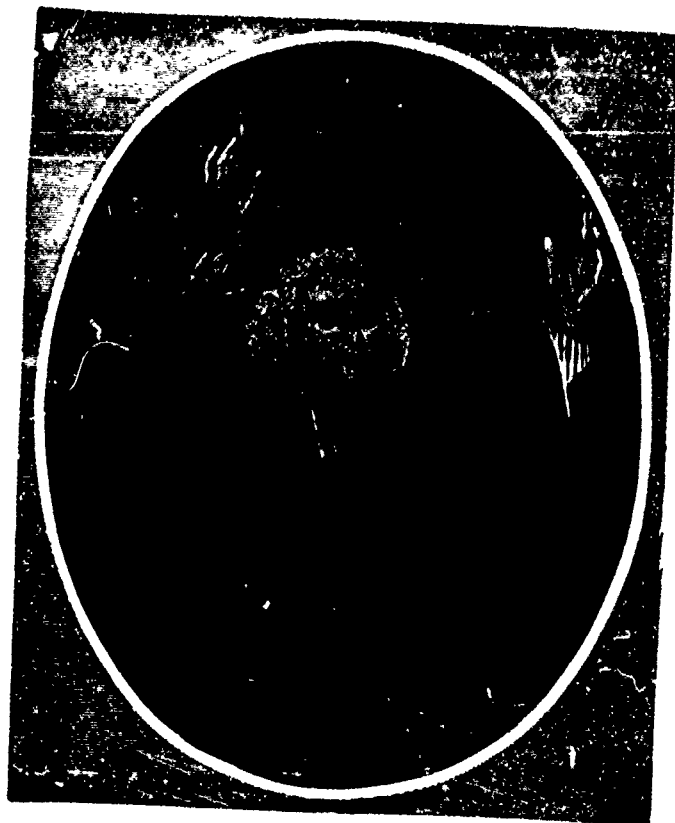
7. As quite commonly used, to what
is the leaf equivalent? Simply to a
few verses of Scripture printed by
themselves. Supplementary help is
not utilized; what is the result? A
very slovenly literary habit, and feeble
attention to the truth concerned.

8. What would you urge in this
connection? Full and careful attention
by the teacher to every point in the
leaf; he will then be able to use what
is best and most helpful in the class.

—Highways and Hedges.

Our Boys.

How have you decided that school
and college issue about your Charlie?
If ready for college, have you deter-
mined to send him? If he is about to
enter school, have you concluded to
shape his studies in preparation for
college? If you have the money and
can spare the boy, give him a "best
chance" for the future among com-
petitors through thorough mental dis-
cipline and wide scholarship. If the
boy can be persuaded to enter college,
or prepare for entry, utilize every item
that will result in the wise choice. If
you can spare his time, but have not
money enough, still encourage the boy
to go to college. The discipline of
self-denial necessary to pay college
expenses will put hickory into the
boy's fibre, and endow him with wea-
pons for future successful struggle
among men. The boy that gets the
most insight into scholarly methods
through college training is thereby
brevetted for success, provided he has
good material by nature. Education
and training never create brains, but
they will indeed make the most of the
brains your boy may happen to have.
This autumn will be a determining
point for many a school, and our heart
aches for the boy whose parents are
about to make a vital September mis-
take. We know several instances
wherein a bit of reasonable suggestion
like unto this procured a reversal of
adverse decisions, and finally opened
college doors for some bright boys.
Nothing is said about the girls, for the
reason that the boy's growing muscle
sometimes tempts the struggling parent
to retain his services at home, and
Charlie has a danger not applicable to
his sister. The girls, too, should have



GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

their full preparation, even though
they are girls. Few lassies are harmed
by close and continued study in
schools. Social late hours and unwise
waste of vitality kill twenty where
judicious study harms one. We depre-
cate the blunder that our church
schools are for the few and more
favoured young people. Our colleges
should open to the many. The day is
coming when our old saying should be
realized: viz., that a child should grow
up in a Christian family that accepts
three things as inevitable: 1. It will
join the church; 2. It will be vaccin-
ated; and 3. It shall go through
college. We believe in that trinity
in foreordination.

George Whitefield.

THE picture on this page is that of
George Whitefield, a friend of the
Wesleys and a true servant of Jesus,
who preached during his ministry of
thirty-four years, more than eighteen
thousand sermons. It is said of him
that "no other uninspired man preach-
ed to so large assemblies or enforced
the simple truths of the Gospel by
motives so persuasive and awful, and
with an influence so powerful, on the
hearts of his hearers."

He was born at Gloucester, England,
December 16, 1714, and died of asthma,
September 30, 1770.

Soon after he was ordained as a
deacon of the Church of England in
the year 1736, he commenced to preach.
In speaking of his first sermon he
wrote, "As I proceeded I perceived
the fire kindled, till at last, though so
young, and amidst a crowd of those
who knew me in my childish days, I
trust I was enabled to speak with some
degree of Gospel authority. Some few
mocked, but most, for the present
seemed struck; and I have since heard
that a complaint was made to the
bishop, that I drove fifteen people mad
the first sermon. The worthy prelate,
as I am informed, wished that the
madness might not be forgotten before
the next Sunday." During all his

ministry he loved to preach in the
open air, and many times his congre-
gation numbered thousands. On one
occasion, as he was preaching under a
tree to a large number of people, a
man, for the sake of ridiculing White-
field, placed himself on one of the
overhanging boughs above the preach-
er's head, and by mimicking his ges-
tures and movements tried to raise a
laugh in the audience. Whitefield
caught a glance of him, but went on
with his sermon as if he had no suspi-
cion of the thing. He was just then
speaking of how powerful God's grace
is, and of the degraded and unlikely
persons it had reached. Dr. Joseph
Belcher tells us that, "as he rose to
the climax of his inspiring theme, and
when in the full sweep of his eloquence,
he suddenly paused, and turning round,
and pointing slowly to the poor crea-
ture above him, he exclaimed in a tone
of deep and thrilling pathos, 'Even he
may yet be the subject of that tree and
resistless grace!' It was a shaft from
the Almighty." It struck the scoffer
to the heart, and he was saved shortly
after.

It would be impossible to tell you,
in these columns, very much about the
abundant labours of this preacher who
preached as if his body never tired.

Shortly before his death one of his
friends said to him, "Mr. Whitefield,
I hope it will be very long before you
are called home; but when that event
shall arrive I shall be glad to hear the
testimony you will bear for God." Whitefield replied, "You will be dis-
appointed, doctor; I shall die silent.
It has pleased God to enable me to
bear so many testimonies for Him
during my life that He will require
none from me when I die. No, no.
It is your dumb Christians, who have
walked in fear and darkness, that He
compels to speak out for Him on their
deathbeds." It was as he had said;
he was taken ill during the night and
died at six o'clock the following
morning.

His whole ministry had been a tes-
timony of love for the Master.

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JAPANESE MODE OF DINING.

Autumn Leaves.

Who cares to think of Autumn leaves in Spring?
 When the birds sing!
 And buds are new, and every tree is seen
 Veiled in a mist of tender gradual green;
 And every bole and bough
 Makes ready for the soft low-brooding wings
 Of nested ones to settle there and prove
 How sweet is love,—
 Alas! who then will notice or avow
 Such bygone things?

For hath not Spring the promise of the year?
 Is he not always dear
 To those who can look forward and forget?
 Her woods do nurse the violet;
 With cowslips fair her fields are set
 And freckled butterflies
 Flash in her gleaming skies.
 And life looks larger, as each lengthening day
 Withdraws the shadow and drinks up the
 tear.
 Youth shall be youth forever: and the gay,
 High-hearted summer with her pomps is
 near.

Yes; but the soul that meditates and grieves,
 And guards a precious past, [last,
 And feels that neither joy nor loveliness can
 To her the fervid flutter of our Spring
 Is like the warmth of that barbarian hall
 To the scared bird, whose wet and wearied
 wing [all,
 Shot through it once, and came not back at
 Poor shrunken soul! She knows her fate too
 well
 Too surely she can tell
 That each most delicate toy her fancy made,
 And she herself, and what she prized and
 knew,
 And all her loved ones too,
 Shall soon lie low, forgotten and decayed,
 Like Autumn leaves.

Japanese Mode of Dining.

DINNER was served in Japanese style. Our host wore Japanese costume, and the room in which we dined was open on three sides, and looked out on the gardens. When you enter a Japanese house you are expected to take off your shoes. This is not alone a mark of courtesy, but of cleanliness. The floors are spotless and covered with a fine matting, which would crack under the grinding edges of your European shoes. We took off our shoes and seated ourselves on the floor, and partook of our food from small tables a few inches high. The tables were of lacquer, and the dishes were mainly of lacquer. There is no plain, no form, in a Japanese dinner, simply to dine with comfort.—*A Traveller in Japan.*

Keep good company or none at all.

"A Single Gallon of Whiskey."

In a recent temperance address in the First Reformed Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, Judge Pierce, in the course of his remarks, said:

"Science has revealed, by aid of the microscope, the presence of living and often disgusting objects in a drop of water. The stomach revolts at the spectacle, under the glass, of the creatures which tenant every refreshing draught, however invisible to the naked eye. Let me tell you what once came out, under the process of justice in the Court of Oyer and Terminer of this city, from a single gallon of whiskey, which to my eyes seemed innocent and harmless enough. There came out of it two murderers, two widows, eight orphans, two cells in the state-prison filled with wretched convicts for a term of years. The whiskey, moreover, was used in connection with the administration of one of the ordinances of religion—the sacrament of baptism. It was drunk at the christening of a child, and the men who drank it fought, and two of them lost their lives; and the further results were as I have said. Did not Shakespeare well say, 'O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee the devil!'"

Talk While at Meals.

THE majority of persons nowadays have too much work to do—"too many irons in the fire." They desire to accomplish more work in a day than should be done in two days. The consequence is, there is perpetual hurry and commotion, and no rest for any one. Even the meals are hastily eaten, the time taken for them being begrudged and looked on as lost. On the other hand, what a delightful flavour is given to dinners by pleasant, lively chat at table. Though the meal should consist of but one course, and the variety of dishes to that be small, yet bright, cheery talk is a spice that suits all dishes, pleases all tastes, and goes a long way toward making the plainest meal a delightful repast—not exciting argument, or a lecture from one of the heads of the family which would blunt the appetite and depress the spirits, but light, airy talk, interspersed with jokes and amusing anecdotes.

Dr. Franklin says that his father always managed to have some instructive conversation going on between himself and the boys at the table, engaging their attention so entirely that after the meal was over they would remember the talk and not the dinner. There is health, too, in such a course; for cheerful talk promotes digestion. In fact, without pleasant feelings, eating is little more than an injury. The person who hurriedly eats his meals, with no good word for those about him, will have a great deal to be sorry for as time goes on.

Profit Sharing Between Capital and Labour Six Essays by SEDLEY TAYLOR, M.D. Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, England. Price 15 cents, by mail. J. Fitzgerald, Publisher, 108 Chambers Street, New York.

The question of the division of the profits of industrial enterprises commands attention everywhere, as probably affording the true solution of the problems involved in the relations between Labour and Capital. The work before us, written by a very well informed student of political economy, gives a very full account of the methods of dividing the profits between employer and workman in several departments of industry—manufacture, agriculture, and commerce. This valuable book will be read with profit by every one, and its exceedingly low price places it within the reach of all. Sent post free by the publisher on receipt of price; also by Methodist Book Rooms at Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

THE fruits of Bible study are repentance, consecration, obedience, joy, brotherly kindness, happy lives, noble character, national prosperity.

BARBARA HECK.

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XVII.—CLOSING SCENES.

Few words more are needed to complete the story of our humble heroine. After the unusual excitement caused by the first marriage ever celebrated in Upper Canada, life at the Heck Settlement subsided into its usual quiet. The fair Bancho Dunham remained for two years at her old home, to gladden with her filial attentions her beloved father, who was now a chronic invalid. Elder Dunham continued to range throughout his vast circuit as energetically as before his marriage. Two years later he was appointed Presiding Elder of the "Canada District." But with the exception of a short residence in the western part of the province, his growing household found a home at the old Pemberton place.

Reginald Pemberton was soon after appointed to the Bay of Quinte Circuit. The consent of Barbara Heck was won by his eloquence to parting with her daughter, the fair Katharine.

"Go, my child," she said; "you will still be among your kinsfolk; and what is far better, you will find there spiritual kin. You go not forth, like your father and mother, to a strange people and a strange land. But the Lord has been good, and has showed us His mercy in the Old world and the New."

Upon the fertile shores of the beautiful Bay of Quinte, a little company of Palatines, an offshoot of the Heck community, had settled. Here at Hay Bay, Adolphustown, a deep inlet from the larger bay, Reginald Pemberton had the distinguished honour of causing the erection of the first Methodist Meeting-house in Upper Canada. (At the Heck Settlement, the great parlour of the Heck house—specially constructed for the purpose—had been used for worship.) The new chapel was a barn-like wooden structure, thirty-six feet by thirty, two stories high, with galleries, which still existed a few years ago in a tolerable state of preservation. Upon this Reginald wrought with his own hands. On the subscription list, which is still extant, may be deciphered the blurred and fading signatures of a younger generation of Embury's, Ruckles, and other godly Palatines, whose memory is forever associated with the introduction of Methodism to this Continent and to this Dominion. A worthy



BISHOP ASBURY.

Methodist missionary now in a distant field of the Great North-west churches as a precious relic of that first Methodist church in Canada a staff made from one of its timbers.

The little communities scattered through the far-spreading wilderness were cheered by the visits of that heroic band of missionaries who traversed the forests, and forded the streams, and slept oftentimes beneath the broad canopy of heaven. Here came the since famous Nathan Bangs, who records that when he reached the Niagara River to enter Canada, there were but two log-houses where the great city of Buffalo now stands. His written life recounts his strange adventures with enraged and drunken Indians, and still more desperate white traders, with back-slidden Christians in whom he often re-awoke conviction for sin, and with earnest souls to whom he broke with gladness the bread of life. It was a day of unconventional freedom of manners. If the preacher could obtain no lodging-place but the village tavern, he would warn the revellers whom he found there to repent, and flee from the wrath to come. When in a settler's shanty he preached the Word of Life, he was subject to the frequent interruption of some lounging at the door or window—"How know you that?" or the remonstrance from some conscience-strung soul—"What are you driving at me for?"

Here, too, came the venerable Bishop Asbury, then in age and feebleness extreme, but untiring in his zeal for the cause of God. "We crossed the St. Lawrence," writes his companion in travel, "in romantic style. We hired four Indians to paddle us over. They lashed three canoes together [they must have been wooden dug-outs] and put our horses in them—their fore feet in one, their hind feet in another. We were a long time in crossing; it was nearly three miles, and part of the way was rough, especially the rapids." As Mr. Asbury was leading his horse over a bridge of poles, its legs slipped between them, and sank into mud and water. "Away went the saddle-bags; the books and clothes were wet, and the horse was fast. We got a pole under him to pry him out. The roads through the woods, over rocks, down gullies, over stumps, and through the mud, were indescribable. They were enough to jolt a hale bishop to death, let alone a poor infirm old man near the grave. He was very lame from inflammatory rheumatism, but suffered like a martyr. The heat, too, was intolerable."

Yet the venerable bishop made light of his afflictions. "I was weak in body," he wrote, after preaching at the Heck Settlement, "but was greatly helped in speaking. Here is a decent, loving people; my soul is much united to them." After a twelve miles' ride before breakfast, he wrote, "This is one of the finest countries I have ever seen. The timber is of noble size; the crops abundant, on a most fruitful soil. Surely this is a land which God hath blessed."

Crossing from Kingston to Sackett's Harbour in an open boat they were nearly wrecked. "The wind was howling," writes his companion, "and the storm beating upon us. I fixed the canvas over the bishop like a tent to keep off the wind and rain. Then I lay down on the bottom of the boat on some stones placed there for ballast, which I covered with some hay I procured in

Kingston for the horses." They reached land "sick, sore, lame and weary, and hungry." Yet the old bishop set out in a thunder-storm to reach his appointment. Such was the heroic stuff of which the pioneer missionaries of Canada were made.

But we must return to the fortunes of the Heck family, from which we have digressed. Long before Asbury's visit to Canada, the pioneer Methodist, Paul Heck, died at his home at Augusta, in the faith of the Gospel, in his sixty-second year. His more retiring character shines with a milder radiance beside the more fervid zeal of his heroic wife. But his traditional virtues were perpetuated in the pious lives of his children and his children's children after him.

For twelve years longer his true and noble wife waited for the summons to join him in the skies—a "widow indeed," full of faith and good works. In the old homestead, and enjoying the filial love and care of her son, Samuel Heck, she passed the time of her sojourning in calmness and contentment of soul. To her children's children at her knee—a younger Katharine and Reginald Pemberton, a younger Paul and Barbara Heck, and to a younger Blanche and Darius Dunham—she read from her great German Bible the promises that had sustained her life, and never wearied of telling them the wondrous story of God's providence to her and her kinsfolk who had passed on before—how He had brought them across the sea, and kept them amid the perils of the city and the wilderness, and given them a goodly heritage in this fair and fertile land. But chiefly she loved, as she sat in her high-backed arm chair in the cheerful ingle-nook of the broad fire-place, to converse on the deep things of God with the itinerant Methodist missionaries who found beneath the hospitable roof a home in their wanderings, and to learn of the wondrous growth throughout all the frontier settlements of that system of Methodism of which she had providentially been the foundress in the two great countries which divide between them this North American Continent.

At length, like the sun calmly sinking, amid glories which seem like those of paradise, to his rest, so passed away this saint of God and true mother in Israel. She died at the residence of her son, Samuel Heck, in the year 1804, having completed the full tale of three-score years and ten. "Her death," writes Dr. Abel Stevens, in his noble eulogy upon her character; "was befitting her life; her old German Bible, the guide of her youth in Ireland, her resource during the falling away of her people in New York, her inseparable companion in all her wanderings in the wildernesses of Northern New York and Canada, was her oracle and comfort to the last. She was found sitting in her chair dead, with the well-used and endeared volume open on her lap. And thus passed away this devoted, obscure, and unpretentious woman, who so faithfully, yet unconsciously, laid the foundations of one of the grandest ecclesiastical structures of modern ages, and whose name shall shine with ever-increasing brightness as long as the sun and moon endure."

The "Old Blue Church Yard," near Prescott, takes its name from an ancient church, now demolished, which once wore a coat of blue paint. The forest trees which covered this now sacred scene were cleared away by the

hands which have long since ceased from their labour and been laid to rest in the quiet of these peaceful graves. Thither devout men, amid the tears of weeping neighbours and friends, bore the remains of Paul Heck and of Barbara his wife. Here, too, slumbers the dust of the once beautiful Catharine Switzer, who, in her early youth, gave her heart to God and her hand to Philip Embury, and for love's sweet sake braved the perils of the stormy deep and the privations of pioneer life in the New World. Here sleep also, till the resurrection trump awakes them, the bodies of several of the early Palatine Methodists and of many of their descendants, who by their patient toil, their earnest faith, their fervent zeal, have helped to make our country what it is to-day.

The following verses by James B. Kenyon are a fitting tribute to the spot.

Below the whispering pines she lies,
Safe from the busy world's loud roar;
Above her bend the North's pale skies,
The broad St. Lawrence sweeps before.

A humble woman, pure of heart,
She knew no dream of world-wide fame;
Yet in man's love she hath her part,
And countless thousands bless her name.

She sleeps the changeful years away;
Her couch its holy quiet keeps;
And many a pilgrim, day by day,
Turns thither from the world and weeps.

O plenteous tears of grateful love,
Keep green and fresh her lowly bed!
O minstrel birds that brood above,
Sing sweetly o'er the peaceful dead!

Amid the silent sleepers round
She sleeps, nor heeds time's wintry gust;
Tread softly, this is hallowed ground,
And mouldering here lies sacred dust.

Roll on, O world, your noisy way!
Go by, O years, with wrong and wreck!
But till the dawn of God's great day
Shall live the name of Barbara Heck.

As we contemplate the lowly life of this true mother in Israel, and the marvellous results of which she was providentially the initiating cause, we cannot help exclaiming, in devout wonder and thanksgiving, "What hath God wrought!" In the United States and Canada there is at this moment, as the outgrowth of the seed sown in weakness over a century ago, a great Church organization, like a vast banyan tree, overspreading the continent, beneath whose broad canopy ten millions of souls, as members or adherents, or one-fourth the entire population, enrol themselves by the name of Methodists. The solitary testimony of Philip Embury has been succeeded by that of a great army of fifteen thousand local preachers, and nearly as many ordained ministers. Over two hundred Methodist colleges and academies unite in hallowed wedlock the principles of sound learning and vital godliness. Nearly half a hundred newspapers, magazines, and other periodicals, together with a whole library of books of Methodist authorship, scatter broadcast throughout the land the religious teachings of which those lowly Palatines were the first representatives in the New World.

As we dwell with devout gratitude on these hallowed results, we should realize more than ever our obligations to those devout founders of empire and pioneers of religion, the Palatine Methodists of Canada. Reverently let us mention their names, lovingly let us cherish their memory, lightly let us tread their ashes. To them may we well apply the glowing words addressed

in patriotic verse* to the United Empire Loyalists who left their homes and estates, and fared forth into voluntary exile in the unknown wilderness of this then unexplored land—with which eloquent words we close our tale:

Dear were the homes where they were born,
Where slept their honoured dead;
And rich and wide, on every side,
Their fruitful acres spread;
But dearer to their faithful hearts,
Than home and gold and lands,
Were Britain's laws, and Britain's crown,
And Britain's flag of long renown,
And grip of British hands.

With high resolve they looked their last
On home and native land,
And sore they wept o'er those that slept
In honoured graves that must be kept
By grace of stranger's hand.
They looked their last and got them out
Into the wilderness;
The stern old wilderness,

All dark, and rude, and unsubdued.
The savage wilderness,
Where wild beasts howled, and Indians
prowled;

The lonely wilderness,
Where social joys must be forgot,
And budding childhood grow untaught.
Where hopeless hunger might assail
Should autumn's promised fruitage fail;
Where sickness, unrestrained by skill,
Might slay some dear one at its will;
Where they must lay their dead away
Without a man of God to say
The solemn words that Christian men
Have learned to love so well;—but then,
'Twas British wilderness!
Where they might sing "God save the King,"
And live protected by his laws
And loyally uphold his cause;
O, welcome wilderness!

These be thy heroes, Canada!
These men who stood when pressed,
Not in the fevered pulse of strife
When foeman thrusts at foeman's life,
But in that sterner test
When wrong on sumptuous fare is fed,
And right must toil for daily bread,
And men must choose between;
When wrong in lordly mansion lies,
And right must shelter 'neath the skies,
And men must choose between;
When wrong is cheered on every side,
And right is cursed and crucified,
And men must choose between.

"My Lads, Be Honest."

DR LIVINGSTONE, the famous explorer, was descended from the Highlanders; and he said that one of his ancestors one day called his family around him. He was dying; and he had his children around his death-bed. He said, "Now, lads, I have looked all through our history as far back as I can find it, and I have never found a dishonest man in all the line; and I wish you to understand you inherit good blood. You have no excuse for doing wrong. Be honest."

They Saved Themselves.

A SHIP at sea took fire, and it was not known until too late to put the fire out. The poor people saw nothing but to perish, either in the water or in the flames. But soon they saw another ship. They thought it would come and save them. But when it came near the captain saw there was danger of his own ship taking fire, so he sailed away, saved his own passengers, but left the others to perish.

How differently Jesus did. He saw others about to be covered with the floods of ruin. So He came and passed through the flood Himself that He might rescue us. Who should not trust and love Him with the whole heart!

* By the Rev. Leroy Hooker, in the Canadian Methodist Magazine for June, 1876.

The Ballad of Tannhauser.

BY JOHN T. NAPIER.

*Oh, sweet is the blue of the summer sky
And sweet is the whisper of the
And sweet is the earth to a soul escaped
From the treacherous joys of hell,
A cool breeze kisses his burning brow,
And plays with his tangled hair,
And again in his burdened heart there stir
The words of a holy prayer!*

To the little church by the Venus Hill
Tannhauser, weary, came;
And in the ears of the awe-struck priest
He poured his tale of shame:
How in despite of the grace of our Lord
He had sold his soul to ill. [dwelt
And for seven long years with fiends had
Within the Venus Hill.

And his eyes were hollow, his cheek was thin,
As he knelt his tale to tell,
And still in his sunken orbs there gleamed
An ember lit of hell.
But the trembling priest in silence heard,
And looked in the passionate face,
As it made confession of sin and prayed,
For the words of pardoning grace.

The tale was told, yet the words came not
To answer his eager prayer; [filled,
For the old priest's eyes with doubt were
And his face was seamed with care:—
Till in horror he spake: "Go forth, my son,
Nor wait for words of mine;
God gives no message of pardon or peace
For a guilt so great as thine."

Forth from the church Tannhauser went,
And he wandered a year and a day;
And ever his tale to God's priests he told,
And ever he went away
Without the words of absolving power,
Without a message of hope; [Rome
Till the weary wanderings brought him to
And our Holy Father, the Pope.

In the ears of the Vicar of Christ he told
The tale of his guilt and shame;
And he prayed for the words of pardon, spoke
In Christ's most holy Name.
But Urban, with horror and loathing, cried:
"As soon will this staff of mine
Bear blossoms and fruit, as God will cleanse
To whiteness a sin like thine."

So Tannhauser bitterly turned away,
Rejected of aught but ill; [again,
And he hastened, unshriven, to the fiends
Who dwell in the Venus Hill.
But three days after he went to Rome
The Pope's staff blossomed again,
And Urban learned, too late, to grant
What the pilgrim had sought in vain.

*O ye who are set the message to bear
Of our dear Lord's pardoning grace,
Who lift at His altar holy hands
For His people in every place,
Let not your harshness or doubt offend
The sinner for whom He died,
But know that the blackest sin grows white
In the blood of the Crucified!*

*How crimson soever the stain of guilt,
How shameful soever the sin,
Shut not the gate on the penitent
When he faint would enter in.
For the rock may bud, and the dry bones live,
And the midnight be the clearest day,
But our Lord's sweet mercy will never turn
A seeking soul away.*

Florence Nightingale.

WHEN the celebrated philanthropist, Florence Nightingale, was a little girl and living in Derbyshire, England, everybody was struck with her thoughtfulness for people and animals. She even made friends with the shy equines. When persons were ill she would help nurse them, saying nice things from her own meals for them.

There lived near the village an old shepherd named Roger, who had a favourite sheep-dog named Cap. This dog was the old man's only companion, and helped in looking after the flock by day and kept him company at night. Cap was a very sensible dog, and kept the sheep in such good order that he saved his master a deal of trouble.

One day Florence was riding out with a friend and saw the shepherd giving the sheep their night-feed; but

Cap was not there, and the sheep know it, for they were scampering about in all directions. Florence and her friend stopped to ask Roger why he was so sad and what had become of his dog.

"Oh!" he replied, "Cap will never be of any more use to me; I'll have to hang him, poor fellow, as soon as I go home to-night."

"Hang him!" said Florence. "O Roger! how wicked of you. What has dear old Cap done?"

"He has done nothing," replied Roger; "but he will never be of any more use to me, and I cannot afford to keep him. One of the mischievous schoolboys threw a stone at him yesterday and broke one of his legs." And the old shepherd wiped away the tears which filled his eyes. "Poor Cap!" he said, "he was as knowing as a human being."

"But are you sure his leg is broken?" asked Florence.

"Oh! yes, miss, it is broken, sure enough; he has not put his foot to the ground since."

Then Florence and her friend rode on.

"We will go and see poor Cap," said the gentleman. "I don't believe the leg is really broken. It would take a big stone and a hard blow to break the leg of a great dog like Cap."

"Oh! if you could but cure him, how glad Roger would be!" exclaimed Florence.

When they got to the cottage the poor dog lay there on the bare brick floor, his hair dishevelled and his eyes sparkling with anger at the intruders. But when the little girl called him "poor Cap" he grew pacified and began to wag his short tail; then he crept from under the table and lay down at her feet. She took hold of one of his paws patted his rough head, and talked to him whilst the gentleman examined the injured leg. It was badly swollen, and hurt him very much to have it examined; but the dog knew it was meant kindly, and, though he moaned and winced with pain, he licked the hands that were hurting him.

"It's only a bad bruise; no bones are broken," said the gentleman at length; "rest is all Cap needs; he will soon be well again."

"I am so glad!" exclaimed Florence. "But can we do nothing for him? He seems in such pain!"

"Plenty of hot water to foment the part would both ease and help to cure him."

"Well, then," said the little girl, "I will foment poor Cap's leg."

Florence lighted the fire, tore up an old flannel petticoat into strips, which she wrung out in hot water and laid on the poor dog's bruise. It was not long before he began to feel the benefit of the application, and to show his gratitude in looks and wagging his tail. On their way home they met the old shepherd coming slowly along with a piece of rope in his hands.

"O Roger!" cried Florence, "you are not to hang poor old Cap. We have found that his leg is not broken after all."

"No, he will serve you yet," said the gentleman.

"Well, I am most glad to hear it," said the old man; "and many thanks to you for going to see him."

The next morning Florence was up early to bathe Cap. On visiting the dog she found the swelling much gone

down. She bathed it again, and Cap was as grateful as before.

Two or three days later when Florence and her friend were riding together they came up to Roger and his sheep. Cap was there, too, watching the sheep. When he heard the voice of the little girl his tail wagged and his eyes sparkled.

"Do look at the dog, miss," said the shepherd, "he's so pleased to hear your voice. But for you I would have hanged the best dog I ever had in my life."

"This is quite a true story. It happened many years ago, and is now told with pleasure of that lady who, in later years, grew up to be the kind, brave woman who nursed so many soldiers through the Crimean war, and has done so many other things for the poor and suffering wherever she could. —*Temperance Advocate.*

The Pail with a "B" on It.

"Don't the sap run nicely, papa?"

"Yes; I never saw it run better, Benny."

"Could I have a tree, papa?"

"Yes, if you want it."

"And a pail to catch sap in?"

"Yes."

"And then may I boil it, and have the syrup as mine?"

"Yes."

"And then may I have the money when I sell it, and give it to our Sunday-school?"

"Certainly."

"Oh-h-h!"

Such a prospect of happiness, wealth, and benevolence was certainly worth a pretty big "Oh!" The spring sun winked and flashed among the tall, gray trunks of the sugar orchard, and seemed to be in a happy frame of mind. But its ecstasy did not begin to compare with that of the small-legged Benny capering around clapping his hands and making his mouth into a good-sized "Oh!"

"Here is your pail, Benny; and you may commence this morning."

"May I?"

"Yes. And see: to tell your pail, I will put a B, a big B, on it."

So Farmer White took a nail from his pocket, and scratched a B on the bottom of the pail.

"There! now you will know just what is yours."

"Thank you, papa, very much." And Benny commenced capering over the ground again.

All day Benny was busy carrying maple-sap from his tree to the kettle on the fire—a kettle that was to boil his sap. Toward night he saw one of his father's rails hung at a tree, and how he wished he could have it! He could put his pail there instead, and carry the sap he found to his kettle. The pails were all alike, and who would know the difference? The little fellow stood debating the question.

Can't you seem to see him, swinging his empty pail in his hand, the tall maples overhead, the sinking sun making a great splendour in the western sky?

Benny, run! Run from that temptation! Run as fast as those small legs will carry you!

No; he stood and thought it over. Suddenly he thought he heard some one whistling as they neared the sugar-orchard. He seized his father's pail, with its nice, clear sap, left his own behind, and ran off for the fire where

hung his sap-kettle. Benny, if you will only say "Oh!" now—a very mournful as well as a big one!

That night Benny could not sleep very easily. "What is the matter with my bed?" he thought. "I can't rest." At last he had a dream. He thought he was carrying sap, and carrying it in his father's pail. The pail was very full. He thought that as a punishment for his sin he must carry it a great way.

"Where are you going?" said Billy Brown, whom Benny seemed to meet.

"Don't know, Billy."

"What are you doing?"

"Carrying this pail."

"Is it heavy?"

"Fearful."

Here Benny thought he wished Billy would lift his pail, and he would run and leave it with him.

"Here, here!" a voice seemed to say. "Up to your old tricks! Want to run away again? You did enough running in the orchard. Take up that pail and carry it. Start! Don't stop."

Oh, dear! He carried it and carried it and carried it. He took it over hills, and through swamps, and across big meadows, but he could never seem to find the kettle or the fire where he could empty his pail. So tired!

He was so tired that he began to cry—and awoke.

"Why, Benny, what is the matter? I heard you sobbing, and hurried in."

It was his dear papa. It was morning, and the sunlight was coming through the windows—a big gush of gold, all at once.

"O papa, do forgive me! I am so sorry I took your sap-pail. I have had such a dream! Do forgive me!"

Then Benny confessed all his sin, and told his dream.

"I am sorry, Benny, you did it. Papa will forgive you, but you have made him feel very badly."

"You? you, papa? How did you know it?"

"I took up the pail you left last night in the place of mine, and I saw the B on the bottom of it; then I knew my little boy was a thief. How I did feel about it!"

Benny began to cry again.

"I didn't think there was a mark to tell about me. I forgot about the B."

"Yes; every sin leaves a mark behind—a big B. Don't forget it. God sees the B at once; He may make men see it, and the whole thing come out before the world."

"I am sorry, papa. I will never do it again. I won't take the latest thing again."

Benny felt his sin, and felt it keenly. I do not think he will take anything again. If he should live to be as old as Granny Bright,—white-haired and bent, and ninety years old, and all that time have nothing but an old, rusty, dented pail that held only a spoonful, he would not take the pail of another. If tempted, I am sure he will think of that big B on the bottom of his sap-pail.—*The Child's World.*

NOT long back an Irishman was summoned before a bench of county magistrates for being drunk and disorderly. "Do you know what brought you here?" asked the chairman. "Faix, your honor, two policemen," replied the prisoner. "Had not drink something to do with it?" said the J.P., frowning. "Sortinly," answered Paddy, unabashed, "they were both drunk."

November.

THE golden woods shine like a glory;
The air is as balm;
The land is as fair as a story;
The waves sing a psalm;
Like censers of incense
The pungent swift odors ascend;
And far in the distant horizon
Where sea and sky blend,
We know not where Heaven beginneth
Or where Earth may end.

Dear Heart! read the joy
And the sweetness; endeavor to see
The lesson in all its completeness
That God giveth thee;
So full of the light of the Spirit
The body should glow
When nearing its time of departure,
That we could not know
Which step crossed the threshold
Of Heaven and left us below!

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF JOHN.

A.D. 30.] LESSON VII. [Nov. 14.

PETER RESTORED.

John 21. 4-19. Comm't vs. 15-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He saith unto him, Feed my lambs.—John 21. 15.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The work of the disciples is to draw men to the Gospel, and care for them in the Gospel.

DAILY READINGS.

M. John 21. 1-19. Tu. John 21. 20-25. W. Matt. 28. 16-20. Th. Luke 24. 50-53. F. 1 Cor. 15. 1-8. Sa. Acts 1. 1-14. Su. Luke 5 1-11.

TIME.—Soon after April 16, A.D. 30.

PLACE.—The northern shore of the Sea of Galilee, near Capernaum, or Bethsaida.

INTRODUCTION.—Not long after the last lesson the eleven disciples went up into Galilee (Matt. 28. 16), as the Lord had sent word to them through the angel's message by the women (Matt. 28. 7). While waiting for the appointed time, seven of them go a-fishing in the Sea of Galilee, as they used to years before. They plied their nets all night, but caught nothing.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—4. *Knew not that it was Jesus*—(1) The light was dim, it being at daybreak; (2) they did not expect him there. 5. *Meat*—Food to go with bread, usually fish. 7. *Disciple whom Jesus loved*—John. *Naked*—Having on only his undergarment. *Cast himself into the sea*—To swim quickly to the shore. 8. *Two hundred cubits*—300 to 350 feet. 11. *Simon Peter went up*—Into the boat. 12. *Dine*—breakfast. 14. *Third time*—To the disciples in a body, when John was present. It was the seventh, including those to individuals. 15. *More than these*—Than these other disciples love me. In the first two questions, Jesus uses a word for love, meaning a thoughtful, reverential affection, involving choice, the word always used in speaking of our love to God. In all his answers, Peter uses another word, expressing a more emotional, instinctive, personal love. He knew he felt this love. In the third question, Jesus uses Peter's word. *Feed my lambs*—The children, the youth of the Church. 16. *Feed*—Rather shepherd, a different word from the others, translated feed—it means not only feed, but watch over, care for. 17. *Third time*—To remind Peter of his three denials, and the perfect forgiveness implied in trusting his sheep to his care. 19. *Signifying by what death*—Crucifixion.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The visit to Galilee.—The night of toil without Jesus.—The success in obedience to Jesus' word.—Pastors and teachers as fishers of men.—The assurance of love.—Love to Jesus, and work for him.—Pastors and teachers as shepherds.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Where were the disciples in our last lesson? Where did they go soon after? (v. 1; Matt. 28. 16.) Why did they go there? (Matt. 27. 7.) How many went to Galilee? What did some of them do while they were waiting? (vs. 2, 3.)

SUBJECT: TWO KINDS OF WORK FOR JESUS

I. FIRST KIND OF WORK, TYPIFIED BY FISHERMEN (vs. 4-14).—How many went a-fishing? How long did they toil in vain?

Who met them in the morning? Why did they not know who it was? What advice did he give them? What was their success? How did this cause them to know who he was? What similar experience had they had three years before? (Luke 5. 1-11) What did Peter do? Why? What did Jesus do when they came ashore?

II. SECOND KIND OF WORK, TYPIFIED BY SHEPHERDS (vs. 15-19).—What question did Jesus ask Peter? How many times did he ask it? Why? What was Peter's reply? What three commands did Jesus lay upon Peter? Who are meant by lambs here? By sheep? What is it to feed them? Why are lambs mentioned first? Can those who love Jesus best work for him? Will working for him increase our love? What other things must a shepherd do for his flock besides feeding them? How may you know whether you belong to Jesus' flock?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Jesus often comes to us while performing our daily duties.
2. The Christian is like a fisherman, in that (1) he is to catch men; (2) he must go to them in order to gain them; (3) he must attract rather than drive; (4) he must use instrumentalities adapted to his purpose; (5) he must be patient.
3. Labour for souls is vain without Jesus.
4. Labour for souls is successful in obedience to Jesus' word.
5. Love to Jesus is the foundation of work for men's souls.
6. The Christian is to be like a shepherd, in feeding, guiding, guarding the flock.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

10. Where did Jesus next appear to his disciples? ANS. On the shore of the Sea of Galilee. 11. What did he tell them to do? ANS. To cast the net on the right side of the ship. 12. With what result? ANS. Their net was full of large fishes. 13. Of what was this to remind them? ANS. That they were to be fishers of men, and obeying him they would have great success. 14. What question did he ask Peter? ANS. Lovest thou me? 15. What did he bid him do? ANS. Feed his lambs and his sheep.

A.D. 90.] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 21.

WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

1 John 1. 5-10; 2. 1-6. Comm't vs. 1. 7-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.—1 John 1. 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Blessed are they who walk in the light of God.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 John 1. 1-10. Tu. 1 John 2. 1-29. W. 1 John 3. 1-24. Th. 1 John 4. 1-21. F. 1 John 5. 1-21. Sa. 2 John 1. 1-13. Su. 3 John 1. 1-14.

TIME.—This Epistle was written about A.D. 90.

PLACE.—Probably at Ephesus.

RULERS.—Domitian, the last of the 12 Caesars, emperor of Rome.

AUTHOR.—St. John, the Apostle, author of the Gospel of John.

TO WHOM.—To Christians in general, not to a particular church.

INTRODUCTION.—God as light, and God as love, are the key-notes of this Epistle. The verses previous to the lessons are an introduction or prologue.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—5. *Heard of him*—From Jesus by his words and by his example. *God is light*—Light is the best symbol of God; it is immaterial, mysterious, omnipresent, glorious, undefiled, the source of life, beauty, comfort, viability, health, and power. God is to our spirits what the sun is to the world, the source of life, health, joy, truth, holiness, spiritual beauty, and glory. *No darkness*—No error, deceit, ignorance, sin, or death. 7. *Walk in the light*—The same light in which God lives. *We have fellowship one with another*—Because all alike are true, sincere, holy, pure. If we are all like God, we must be like one another. *The blood of Jesus Christ*—His sufferings and death, and the love expressed thereby. *Cleanseth us from all sin*—Washes away all our past guilt, and cleanses our hearts from the disposition to sin; by justification and sanctification. 9. *He is faithful*—To his promises. *And just*—His sense of justice is satisfied by the atonement. He does not

lose his justice in his mercy. 1. *An Advocate*—In the Greek this is the same word translated *Comforter*, when speaking of the Holy Spirit (John 14. 16, 26; 15. 26). See Lesson 9, 3d. Quar. Jesus is our defender before God's judgment bar, and pleads for our forgiveness for his own sake. And in all this he is a Comforter. 2. *Propitiation*—One who makes it possible for God to pardon us by his atonement. 5. *In him is the love of God perfected*—Our love to God is perfect when all our actions flow from it, so that they are perfectly conformed to God's word. God's word is the expression of what perfect love naturally does.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The first Epistle of John.—God is light.—Walking in the light.—The blood of Jesus.—Cleanseth us from all sin.—Jesus our advocate.—Our propitiation.—The test whether we know God.—The love of God perfected in us.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who wrote this epistle? When? Where? To whom?

SUBJECT: WALKING IN THE LIGHT OF GOD.

I. GOD IS LIGHT (v. 5).—What message did God send us? By whom? In what way? In what respects is God like light? What does light do for us? How is God like this to us? What is God said to be in chap. 4 8, 16 of this same epistle? What kind of an idea do these two words give you of God? What is meant by darkness here?

II. FOUR FRUITS OF WALKING IN THE LIGHT (vs. 6-16).—What is it to walk in the light?

FIRST FRUIT.—How does walking in the light give us fellowship with God? (v. 6.) Show how v. 6 is true. What are some of the blessings of fellowship with God?

SECOND FRUIT.—How does walking in the light cause us to have fellowship with one another? (v. 7.) What are some of the blessings of that fellowship?

THIRD FRUIT.—What is meant by "the blood of Jesus"? From what does it cleanse us? What is it to be cleansed from all sin? How does the blood of Jesus do this? Do all persons, even Christians, need this cleansing? (v. 8.)

WHAT IS THE FOURTH FRUIT? (v. 9.) What must we do to be forgiven? Does forgiveness for Jesus' sake tend to cleanse us from all unrighteousness?

III. THE SAVIOUR WHO ENABLES US TO WALK IN THE LIGHT (vs. 1, 2). What was John's object in writing to us? Should this be our aim? What two things is Jesus called in these verses? What is an advocate? What is a propitiation? For whom did Jesus make his atonement? What joy and what duty follow from this fact?

IV. THE TEST WHETHER WE ARE WALKING IN THE LIGHT (vs. 3-6).—What is it to know God? How may we know that we know him? Show why this is true. What is the test of perfect love? What is meant by "walk" in v. 6? How ought we to walk? If we do not walk so, what does it prove?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. God is Light and Love, the two most beautiful and desirable things in existence.
2. Sin is darkness, and tends to ignorance, deceit, error, sorrow, and death.
3. Christians are like one another, so far as they are like God.
4. Fellowship brings comfort, mutual help, sympathy, love, higher lives, broader knowledge, better work.
5. The great needs of men are forgiveness and cleansing.
6. The more we live in God's light, the more conscious we are of our imperfections.
7. The Gospel salvation is large enough for the whole world.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

16. What message has been sent us from heaven? ANS. God is light, and God is love. 17. What is our privilege? ANS. To walk in the light. 18. What blessings will follow? ANS. (1) Fellowship with God; (2) fellowship with one another; (3) forgiveness of sin; (4) cleansing from all unrighteousness. 19. What two things have we in Jesus Christ? ANS. An advocate, and a propitiation for our sins. 20. How may we know whether we belong to Jesus? ANS. If we keep his commandments.

WHEN God's people have learned the lessons their trials are intended to teach, He will bring them again to peace and prosperity.

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