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WOMEN AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
That they
Should
Do unto
You.

ROLPH SMITH - CO. TORONTO.

Vol. VI.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

[No. 23.]

Henry M. Stanley.

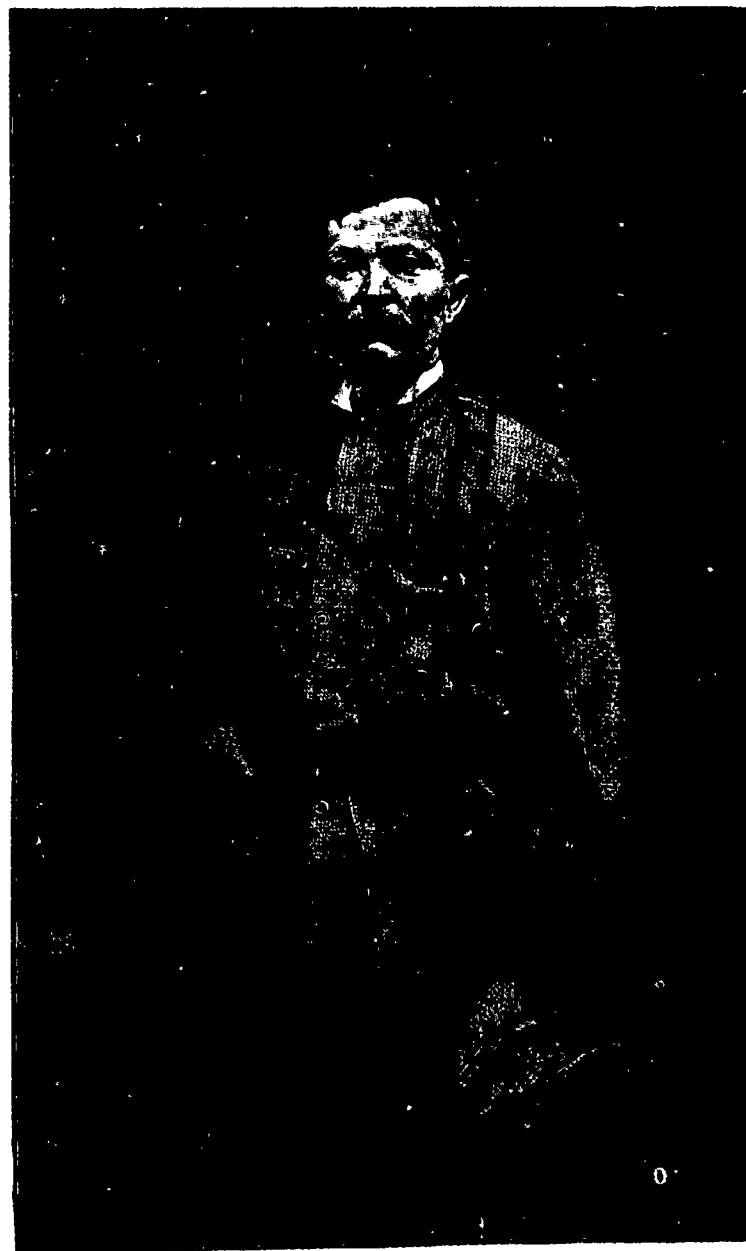
THE fate of Stanley is, at the time we write, attracting much attention. We therefore give his portrait, and a sketch of his remarkable career.

Here is an admirable likeness of the intrepid explorer, Henry M. Stanley. He is a hero after the boys' own hearts. He has travelled over the greater part of the earth's surface; he has fought with elephants, tigers, box-constrictors, lions, and the wild tribes of Africa. He has opened up a country to civilization, and done many things that will leave his name a shining one in history. No fairy brought this about. Stanley was a poor boy, and by sheer perseverance and a willingness to work, he made a place for himself. He kept his eyes and ears open, and used his brains. We give an outline of his wonderfully interesting life-story.

About forty-four years ago, a little boy of three years of age was sent to the poor house at St. Asaph, in Scotland. His name was John Rowlands. He was born near Denbigh, Wales, in 1840. For ten years he was cared for in that home, and while there he received a good education. Afterward he taught one year at Mold, Flintshire, and then he took passage for New Orleans, Louisiana, as a cabin-boy. After his arrival in America, he found employment with a merchant named Stanley, who adopted him, and gave him his name.

At the outbreak of the civil war in the United States, young Stanley enlisted in the Confederate army. He was taken prisoner, and afterward served in the United States navy. After the close of the war, he travelled in Turkey, Asia Minor, and Europe. He visited the poor-house at St. Asaph, and addressed the children, telling them that whatever success had attended his labours, he owed to the careful education he received there.

After returning to the United States, he was sent as the correspondent of the *New York Herald* with the British expedition to Abyssinia. On the 17th of October, 1869, he was told by the publisher of the *Herald* to go to Africa, and find Dr. Livingstone, the great explorer and missionary, who had not been heard from for nearly two years. He at-



HENRY M. STANLEY.

tended the opening of the Suez Canal; visited Constantinople, Palestine, and other places on the way to Bombay, India, whence he sailed for Africa, October 12, 1870. On January 6, 1871, he arrived at Zanzibar, an island on the east coast of Africa. He started for the interior with one hundred and ninety-two followers, on March 21; and on November 10 he found Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji, on Lake Tanganyika. He remained with him a few months, and assisted him in explorations. In 1872 he returned to England. In November of that year he

published a book entitled, "How I Found Livingstone."

In 1874, Mr. Stanley was one of the pall-bearers of Dr. Livingstone, who died in Africa, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. In the summer or autumn of that same year, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, and the *Daily Telegraph*, of London, sent Mr. Stanley back to Africa to complete, as far as possible, the work of Livingstone, "and to investigate and report on the haunts of the slave-traders." His labours, exposures, discoveries, and travels, are recorded in two volumes, written by Mr. Stanley, and entitled *Through the Dark Continent*.

Our boys and girls who are fond of reading about travels and adventures, would certainly be interested in following the author across Africa from the eastern shore, through the dark, unexplored interior, and down the great Congo River to the western coast.

Through the persuasion of English merchants, and especially the King of Belgium, Stanley went to Africa, in charge of an expedition, the third time. The result was the formation of the free and independent State of the Congo. To accomplish this, he made several hundred treaties with territories in that country. A full, interesting description of this great work is given in his latest book, *The Congo, and the Founding of its Free State*.

The journeys and labours of Mr. Stanley have not merely been in the line of discovery. He took with him the gospel of Jesus Christ, and proclaimed it for the first time to some of Africa's benighted people. The good he has done in a direct manner, the preparation he has made for mer-

cantile advancement, and the doors he has opened for the gospel, place his name among those who should receive the highest honours the world has to bestow.

Mr. Stanley recently gave this account of his conversion to Christ: "I have spent seventeen years in Africa, and I never met a man who would kill me if I folded my hands. What has been wanted, and what I have been endeavouring to ask for the poor Africans, has been the good offices of Christians, ever since Livingstone taught me, during

these four months that I was with him. In 1871, I went to him as prejudiced as the biggest atheist in London. To a reporter and correspondent, such as I, who had only to deal with wars, mass-meetings, and political gatherings, sentimental matters were entirely out of my province. But there came for me a long time for reflection. I was out there, away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and asked myself, 'How on earth does he stop here? Is he cracked, or what? What is it that inspires him?' For months after we met I simply found myself listening to him, wondering at the old man carrying out all that was said in the Bible, 'Leave all things, and follow me.' But, little by little, his sympathy for others became contagious—my sympathy was aroused. Seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it. How sad that the good old man should have died so soon! How joyful he would have been if he could have seen what has happened here?"

As is well known, Mr. Stanley is now (November, 1887) in Africa, leading the expedition projected by the British Government to seek for Dr. Emin Bey, who has been governor of the equatorial provinces under appointment of General Gordon. He has not been heard from since July, 1878, when the expedition for his relief was organized. All Christian hearts will follow the heroic Stanley with their prayers, and hope that success may crown his last noble undertaking.—*S. S. Visitor.*

The Axe and the Wedge.

A BOY sat in a corner of a deserted school-room, apparently poring over a book. Through the open window came cheery shouts of laughter from the play-ground. Presently the master walked into the room—a kind man, loved by all the boys, but also wise and firm.

"Still studying, Will?" he said, as he passed by.

The boy started, and looked away quickly, but not before Mr. Owen had noted the mist of tears that effectually blotted out the printed page. Laying his hand gently on the boy's head, he said:

"Run out a while, my boy, you will feel better after. You are tired now."

"Oh! it is not that, Mr. Owen; but I am afraid I must give it all up. What Harry says is perfectly true. I have no talent; it is merely by constant grinding that I manage to keep up with him, and yet he never appears to study."

"Notwithstanding your want of 'talent,' as Harry calls it, he may possibly find himself in the back-ground one of these days. I think, Will, that perseverance is worth much more than so-called talent without it. It is simply the old story of the blunt wedge and sharp axe. I must tell it you:

"A wedge and an axe lay side by side in a box of tools. 'Of what use are you, I should like to know?' said the axe sharply, to the wedge. 'A blunt thing like you! Why you could not cut even the smallest branch. The master likes to use me. Just look at my edge. Did you ever see anything so keen and bright? I come down with a crash, and everything is scattered right and left. Ah! I am sharp!' 'I am a poor, dull thing, I know,' said the wedge, humbly. Just then the master opened the box, and ended the conversation. As he took out the axe, it gave a last triumphant gleam at the modest wedge. It was a large block of wood on which the axe came down, and, in spite of its boasting, it made little impression. Much to its disgust, it was thrown aside, and the master took up the despised wedge, inserted it in the slit, brought a few hard blows to bear upon it,

and—crash!—the block was in two. 'Ah, ah!' said the master, 'a blunt wedge will sometimes do what a sharp axe will not.'

"That is the story, Will. Call the blunt wedge perseverance, and go on using it, even though the sharp axe should say a few cutting words."

Will persevered, and time sped along. Harry, with all his "talent" and his laziness, was "plucked." Will passed with honours.

The Union Jack.

It's only a small bit of bunting,
It's only an old coloured rag;
Yet thousands have died for its honour,
And shed their best blood for the flag.

It's charged with the cross of St. Andrew,
Which of old Scotland's heroes has led;
It carries the cross of St. Patrick,
For which Ireland's bravest have bled.

Joined with these on our own English ensign,
St. George's red cross on white field;
'Round which from King Richard to Wolsey
Britons conquer or die, but ne'er yield.

It flutters triumphant o'er ocean,
As free as the wind and the wave;
And bondsman from shackles unloosened
'Neath its shadows no longer a slave.

It floats over Cyprus and Malta,
Over Canada, the Indies, Hong Kong;
And Britons where'er the flag's flying,
Claim the rights which to Britons belong.

We hoist it to show our devotion
To our Queen, our country and laws;
It's the outward and visible emblem
Of advancement and liberty's cause.

You may say it's an old bit of bunting,
You may call it an old coloured rag;
But freedom has made it majestic,
And time has ennobled the flag.

A Sad Story.

A CHINESE mother gave the following sad account of her own history:—

"My family was very poor, and I have always worked very hard. When I was young, I was married to a man I did not know. As is the custom, my husband and I prayed to the gods for a son. My first child came, but, alas! it was a girl. O how I loved it! It was a beautiful child—so large and bright-looking, that my heart was full of love for it. But my husband was very angry because it was not a boy, and said he would not have it. He went out and brought in a tub of water, placed it close to my bed, and then he came to take my little girl away from me to drown her. O how I besought him not to kill her! I held her tight fast in my arms, reasoning with him, and telling him if he would let her live we could sell her for a wife; but he would not heed me, and was very angry. He took her from me, and put her head down into the water. I heard the gurgling sound in her throat. I shut my eyes and stopped my ears—but heard the dreadful sound. He pushed her head down once, twice, thrice—then all was still, and I had no little girl. O how heavy was my grief! I then made larger offerings to the gods, that the next time they might give me a son.

"A second child came, and it was a girl. Again my husband was angry, and again the same thing happened—the drowning of my child.

"My third child came, and this time it was a boy. O how glad I was! How happy I was that I had a child that I might keep! My husband and his friends rejoiced much, and presented thank-offerings to the gods. But when my little boy was so high (measuring with her hand) he died, and I had no child. O sing, sing, wiong—my grief is great."—*Welcome Words.*

Vic's Country Visit.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

INTO a big hospital ward, where there were rows on rows of white beds, filled with sick or hurt children, came the busy, hurried doctor. "And how's this little crocus?" he asked playfully, when he reached the last cot of the row next the windows. The little girl—evidently a pet with both doctor and nurse—smiled a weak little smile but said nothing. The doctor stepped out of her hearing, and spoke to the nurse.

"I don't know what's the matter, I'm sure," answered the nurse; "she has every attention, but she don't eat nor sleep worth talking about."

"I know what's the matter," said the doctor briefly; "she wants a change, and I'll try and see about it."

The next place on the doctor's list was three miles out in the country—a lovely summer residence of some rich patients of Dr. Kemble's. His quick-stepping bays made short work of the three miles, but the day was hot, and he grumbled a little to himself as he went along. "Like as not there's nothing the matter out there. I'm only one of their luxuries."

There was only one child in this big house—a quiet, pale little girl, who was being gradually petted to death. "Please, doctor," cried the anxious, fussy mother, "do something for Anita. She won't eat, she won't play; she cries if I say 'sea-shore' to her; and I can't tell what's the matter."

The doctor's mind travelled back quickly to his little "crocus" in the hospital ward. "Come here, Anita," he said, with a sudden bold plan in his head. And taking the little girl on his knee, he told her of the other child, who would be glad to have her country home.

"Oh, doctor! bring her out to me," cried Anita. And this was what the doctor expected her to say.

The lady-mother was not very well pleased; but Anita had never been refused anything in her life. "What's my little girl's name?" she asked, with a liveliness she had not shown for some time.

"Her name is a good deal bigger than she is," laughed the doctor: "Victoria Merriweather."

"Ah, well, I shall call her Vic," replied the delighted child. "But do bring her out for a whole day, Dr. Kemble. I must get ready for her." And away ran Anita to prepare for her company.

The big, cool play-room was put in order—or what Anita thought was order; the swing lowered, because Victoria's legs were supposed to be short; a little bed was put up in mamma's dressing-room, which Anita insisted upon sheeting herself; and, finally, being pretty tired with all these labours, Anita curled herself up in a big library-chair, to pick out such picture-books as she thought would please the little stranger.

When papa came home to dinner he noticed with pleasure the light in his little girl's eye, and the colour on her cheek; but he was still more delighted when she leaned over and whispered to him at table, "Papa, please peep under your dish-cover, and tell me what's there. I'm so very, very hungry."

Victoria came, and was shy and homesick at first; but at the end of two weeks Dr. Kemble said that if all his patients got well as fast as these two he would starve.

But I think that was the best prescription he ever gave. And where do you suppose it came from? Not out of his doctor-books, but out of the Book of books, which says:

"Charge them that are rich in this world . . . that they do good; that they be rich in good works; ready to distribute, willing to communicate."

A Hindu Woman's Story.

THE HINDU GIRL.

My father looks on his boys with pride,
And takes them oft with him to ride;
But with a different glance, I see—
As I'm "only a girl"—he looks on me.

And wondrous tales my brothers tell
Of temples in which the great gods dwell,
Of spreading trees with branches fair,
Of beauteous birds that cleave the air.

Oh, why may I never wander free,
And all these sights and wonders see?
Oh, why must a girl be kept at home
And never abroad for pleasure roam?

THE HINDU WIFE.

My husband's mother is harsh to me,
And yet I must obedient be;
Whatever she may do or say,
My part is simply to obey.

I wonder where my soul will go
When I am dead? I fain would know.
'Tis said that English women read;
Oh, that must be a joy indeed!

I've often heard my servants tell
That white men love their wives so well,—
That they eat with them, and 'tis no disgrace
To be seen with them in a public place.

THE HINDU MOTHER.

My heart is filled with a rapturous joy;
My babe is a boy! My babe is a boy!
I rejoice to think that he'll never be
A thing despised and scorned like me.

THE BABE IS DEAD.

My pride, my beauteous boy, is dead!
Where, oh where, hath his spirit fled?
In what humble form of a beast doth dwell
The soul of the babe I loved so well?

Oh, all is dark! The gods love to destroy,
Else why in their wrath have they taken my boy?
Oh, must I from him to eternity part?
Then nothing can solace this desolate heart.

THE MISSIONARY HAS CALLED.

I've had a call from a lady fair
With mild blue eyes and golden hair,
And she tells of a wondrous God above—
A forgiving God, a God of love.

And she tells of his Son of wondrous birth,
Who came and dwelt on this sinful earth,
And died at last our souls to save,
And rose triumphant from the grave.

So wicked I am it cannot be
That the holy One could e'er love me.
I would believe, but oh, I find
'Tis all so dark in my sinful mind!

I've seen again that lady kind,
And she has prayed that I may find
Her God a God of love to me,
And that her Saviour my Saviour may be.

The blessed truth I now receive;
In Christ, my Saviour, I believe.
He listened to a woman's prayer:
A woman may salvation share.

The Boys.

BY THE REV. ROBERT H. WILLIAMS.

How anxiously we look upon the growing boy!
What promises, what possibilities, are found in
boyhood! What habits and characters are forming
in the boys around us! Let us group together a
few facts, which will show how character is formed
and the work of life dimly sketched, even in boy-
hood.

Genius, which has been defined as an aptitude
for a particular study or course of life, has had
much to do with the after experiences.

Galton has given some statistics of genius which
are quite interesting. Of 286 English judges,
133 had kinsmen of great eminence. These may
be grouped into ninety-five families. Of these

there are thirty-eight cases of two eminent men in
one family, forty cases of three, and five cases of
four and five, and six cases of six eminent men in
one family.

Daniel Webster was so quick in learning that
his mother predicted that he would become dis-
tinguished. He could learn more in five minutes
than some of his companions could learn in five
hours.

It is said that Nathaniel Bowditch, at the age of
fifteen, made an almanac for the year 1790, con-
taining all the usual matter.

Mozart, the celebrated musician, when only three
years old, left his playthings to listen to his sister's
music lessons. At five years of age he attempted
to write music, and soon after became a favourite
among musicians.

When Pascal was only nine years of age, he
crept into the room where his father's scientific
friends were assembled, to hear their conversation.
At eleven he drew figures to demonstrate mathe-
matical propositions, and at sixteen produced a
famous paper on conic sections.

At eleven, Sir Thomas Lawrence took portraits.
As soon as he could write, Halleck, the poet,
began to rhyme.

Bulwer, the great novelist, began authorship at
the age of six; and at fifteen he wrote a volume
entitled, "Ismael: An Oriental Tale."

When Benjamin West was at the zenith of his
fame, he related to a friend, that among the first
of his boyish efforts were six heads in chalk,
which, coming under the eye of the father of
General Wayne, were purchased by him at a dollar
a piece. "West was surprised and delighted at
their bringing so large a price, and this awakened
in him a desire to devote himself to art as a regular
pursuit during life."

Richard Whateley, the great logician and rhetori-
cian, was a poor, sickly child. Contrary to boyish
experience, he never felt hungry till he was twelve
years of age. He was a very shy youth, and used
to say afterwards, if there were no life but the
present, the kindest thing one could do for an in-
tensely shy youth would be to shoot him through
the head. But so thoughtful was this shy boy,
that he used to say of many theories of govern-
ment and civilization, "I went through them when
I was twelve; I thought that out when I was
thirteen."

Matthew Henry, the commentator, at the age of
nine was able to make Latin verses and read in the
Greek Testament.

Isaac Watts began the study of the learned
languages at four, and composed devotional verses
at eight. He had scarcely passed boyhood when
his verses were sung by the congregation from
printed slips, which were furnished every week.

But few have known until quite recently that
Charles Dickens had lived in his own life in most
of the scenes which he depicts, and which have
afforded exquisite pleasure to so many. At the
age of ten he was sent out to earn his living.
He was a poor little drudge at that early age.
Said he, "No words can express the secret agony
of my soul as I sunk into this companionship, com-
pared these every-day associates with those of my
happier childhood, and felt my earlier hopes of
growing to be a learned and distinguished man
crushed in my breast. The deep remembrance of
the sense I had of being utterly neglected and
hopeless; of the shame I felt in my position; of
the misery it was to my young heart to believe
that, day by day, what I had learned and thought
and delighted in, and raised my fancy and emula-
tion up by, was passing from me, never to be
brought back any more, cannot be written. My
whole nature was so penetrated by the grief and

humiliation and considerations, that even now,
famous and cared and happy, I often forget in
my dreams that I have a dear wife and children—
even that I am a man—and wander desolately
back to that time of my life."

Benjamin Franklin struggled up out of the
most unpromising circumstances. He rose superior
to every difficulty, and commenced a life of useful-
ness when a boy, making ballads, and circulating
them in the streets of Boston.

Ruskin speaks of the instinctive awe, mixed
with delight, which he had, even when a child, in
the contemplation of nature. He says, "There
was a certain indefinable thrill, which made me
shiver from head to foot."

These examples are sufficient to show the power,
genius has to form the character, and to indicate
the work of life.

They illustrate the words of Watts:

"I must be measured by my soul,
The mind's the standard of the man."

And also the words of Dryden:

"What the child admires
The youth endeavours and the man acquires."

Listen, Boys.

Boys do not try to learn to use tobacco. Stop
a minute and let us consider the matter. Why
should you wish to learn? Oh, because Harry uses
it, that is your reason. Well, does it do Harry any
good? You don't know as it does. Very well
then, let us consider the reasons against its use.
In the first place it is injurious to the health; it is
also expensive, and, moreover, filthy. Now how do
the ayes and nays balance? Don't for a moment
imagine that it is a "smart" thing to do. Any
fool can learn to use it, but it sometimes takes a
smart boy to have manliness to refuse to do as his
silly mates are doing. By this I do not wish to be
understood as saying only fools use tobacco, but I
do say there is nothing smart or manly in learning
to use it. Nothing smart, but that other thing
that people designate as "smarty."

I have nothing severe to say to those who have
become confirmed in the habit of using the weed,
for habit is as remorseless as a pair of handcuffs,
but I have no patience with the beginner who will
nauseate himself and suffer the torture of accus-
toming himself to the use of it, when he would be
a thousand times better without it. We hear
every day of cases of heart disease aggravated by
the use of tobacco; of that horror, smoker's cancer,
and now comes a report from London of blind-
ness from the same cause. Here is what a London
paper says on the subject:

"Tobacco blindness is becoming a common afflic-
tion. At the present there are several persons
under treatment for it at one London hospital. It
first takes the form of colour blindness, the sufferers
who have smoked themselves into this condition be-
ing quite unable to distinguish the colour of a piece
of red cloth held up before them. Sometimes the
victim loses his sight altogether. Although smok-
ing is to a large extent the cause of the malady,
heavy drinking is also partly responsible."

A LITTLE boy sprained his wrist, and his mother
bathed it with whiskey. "Mamma," asked the boy
innocently, "did papa ever sprain his throat!"
His father, who was in the room, hurried out. Can
you guess the reason why?

He who goes through life without making some-
one better and leaving an influence for good some-
where has made a fearful mistake. He has spoiled
God's plan regarding himself; he has robbed the
world of good that the Lord meant it should have.

The Temperance Army.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

CHEERS for the Temperance Army;
Behold, the brave hearts come
Beneath a white, martial banner,
But not to martial drum.
They come from Western prairies,
And Southland fair as May,
And pine-clad Northern hillsides,
And Eastern homes to-day.
Cheers for the Temperance Army,
The brave, brave Temperance Army,
The onward-marching Army,
Whose ranks will win the day.

They come to break the fetters
That bind a demon's slaves;
They come to keep their brothers
From filling drunkards' graves
O brave and loyal Army!
Your cause is grand and right;
God speed you on to triumph
Beneath your flag of white!
Cheers for the Temperance Army,
The brave, brave Temperance Army,
The onward-marching Army,
Who fight for truth and right!

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 17, 1888.

To Every Man His Work.

REMEMBER, he gives a special mission to one, and to another special work, and each is serving him. One he sends out to active service abroad, another to evangelize at home, another he sends into his study to prepare works for the Church. Think of the man who compiled the Concordance of the Bible. Many thought, I suppose, that he spent too much time in writing; and yet how useful a work he was engaged in for the whole Church! A man may not be working on our line, but he is all right if he is following Christ, who gives every man his work. Now, do not let us be "turning about" to see what this man and that man is to do, and to find fault with them; but let us look to the Lord to receive our orders from him, and from him only—"Follow thou Me." Then, let us remember, he addresses the words to each of us. He addresses you, he addresses me. And after all, each one of us will be called before God personally and individually. And some day you will hear—perhaps sooner than you think—the words whispered into your ear, "The Master is come, and calleth for thee."

Not the Church, not the nation, will appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, but you will.



DEDICATING THE FIRST-BORN.

You will have to die; you will have to be judged as to your work by yourself. If you wait for others to do this duty before you do yours, you will be waiting for ever. Fancy an army, when the commander would say, "Forward, march," and every one of the soldiers was looking to the right and to the left to see if the others marched before he did so himself.

Dedicating the First-Born.

MANY of you know what a happy time it is at home when a new baby comes; the tiny brother or sister is gladly welcomed, and finds a warm place in every heart; but, of course, if you are the eldest, you cannot tell how very happy your father and mother were to take you from God's hands, as his first blessing of a little child. God himself knew that many and many a home would thus be made happy, and so he told Moses he wanted to be remembered in this joy, and therefore the first-born should be brought to the temple, and presented to him with offerings of thanksgiving.

You can see in this picture how bright and happy every face is, as the family procession follows the young mother with the first-born baby in her arms. St. Luke tells us how the neighbours and cousins rejoiced with the mother of St. John the Baptist at his birth, so I suppose all these you see are the outside family, who have come to share in the rejoicing. The father leads "a kid of the goats; just behind is "a lamb without blemish, of the first year;" and a third person bears on her head some turtle-doves. These were the offerings God had commanded Moses to have brought.

The mother of our Lord followed all the Jewish customs with her Holy Child. She named him the eighth day; she presented him to God with the customary offerings that the very poorest brought—the doves alone.

Confessing Christ.

FLORA B. HYDE.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul."

ABOUT two years ago, Annie R. and Mamie N. gave themselves to God. They were the only pupils of the public school in B. who had come out on the Lord's side. At the time of their conversion, Mamie was kept from school a few weeks on account of the sickness of her mother; but Annie had been attending school regularly. She called for her friend Mamie the morning she was permitted to start for school again. On their way to school, Mamie asked:

"How did the girls act, and what did they say to you, when they found you were a Christian?"

"Why," answered Annie, "they have not said anything, for I have not mentioned it to them. But they seem to treat me cool."

In surprise Mamie asked, "O Annie! have you not said a word to them? Did you not tell any of them that you had found Jesus, and how happy his love made you?"

"No," answered Annie; "I felt ashamed to say anything. I did not know what to say; and, any way, I feared they would laugh at me."

For a few moments Mamie was silent, and then began softly to sing—

"Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more reverse his name."

The tears were in Annie's eyes as Mamie ceased singing, and yet she felt she had not courage to talk to her friends about Jesus.

As soon as they entered the school, Mamie gathered the girls around her, and told them of her new-found love; and, with tears, entreated her dear companions to "taste and see how good the Lord was"—how precious his love!

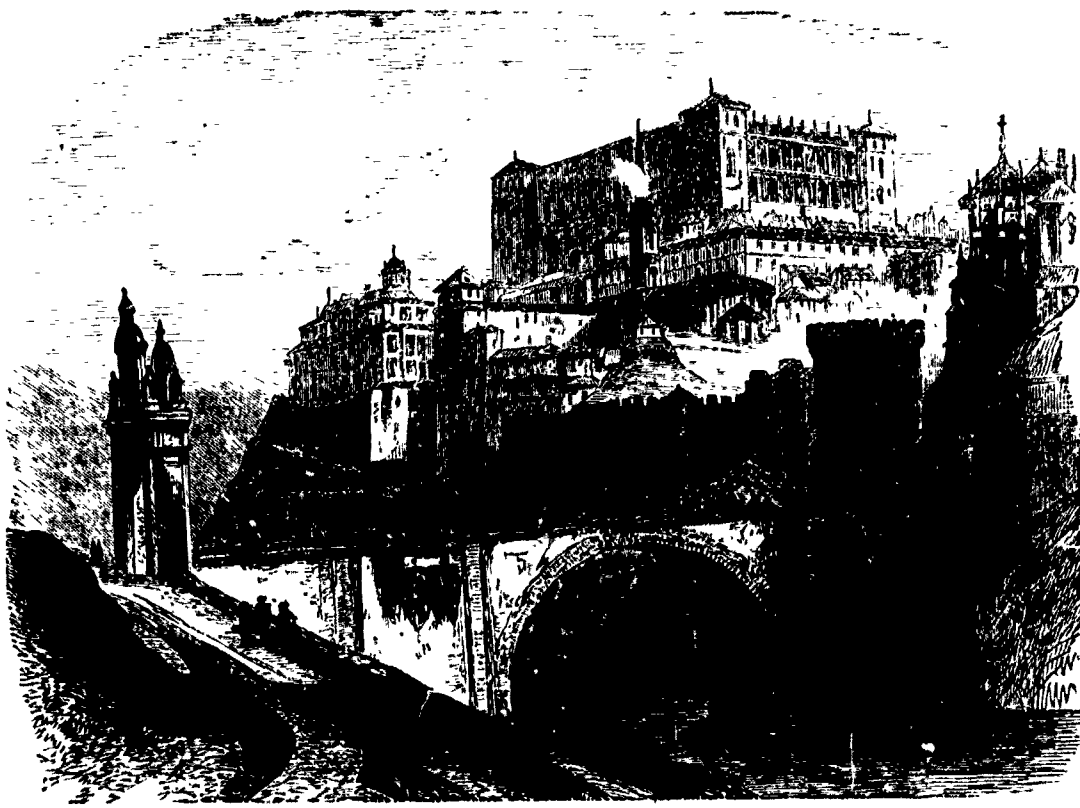
And now, dear young readers, the sequel is this: To-day Mamie remains a faithful, earnest Christian, with many dear ones around her whom she has led to the Saviour; while Annie is away back in the world, with no hope of heaven.

Now, my young friends, I have a request to make of those of you who have found Jesus. I ask you to tell others of the blessing God has bestowed upon you; to tell all you can of the glad tidings of salvation, and never be ashamed to say you have found Christ, and he is your Saviour—precious to your heart.

How often professing Christians meet together and talk upon every other subject but the best and sweetest—their souls' salvation! If our hearts are filled with the love of Jesus, we could not help telling others of our joy and happiness in Jesus, and ask them to come and share it with us, by also giving their hearts to the Saviour.

O may the Lord bless all the young disciples of Christ who read this, and make them light-bearing Christians!

"We asked a gentleman the other night, whom we had noticed at several of the meetings, and who seemed to be much interested," says an exchange, "if he was not ready to come out on the Lord's side. 'No,' he said; 'I thank you very much for asking me, but I haven't reached the sticking-point yet.' 'Ah, my friend,' we replied, 'that is just the point you have reached.' Have you reached the sticking-point?"



THE CITY OF TOLEDO, SPAIN.

A Regular Boy.

He was not at all particular
To keep the perpendicular
While walking, for he either skipped or jumped.
He stood upon his head awhile,
And, when he went to bed awhile,
He dove among the pillows, which he thumped.

He never could keep still a bit;
The lookers-on thought ill of it;
He balanced on his ear the kitchen-broom;
And did some neat trapezing,
Which was wonderfully pleasing,
On every peg in grandpa's harness-room.

From absolute inanity,
The cat approached insanity
To see him slide the banister, so rash;
But once on that mahogany,
While trying to toboggan, he
Upset his calculations with a crash!

And since that sad disaster
He has gone about in plaster—
Not of Paris, like a nice Italian toy;
But the kind the doctor uses,
When the bumps and cuts and bruises
Overcome a little regular live boy!

—St. Nicholas.

The City of Toledo, Spain.

TOLEDO, the capital of a province of the same name, is one of the oldest and most famous cities of Spain. It is built on an immense granite rock, 2,400 feet above the level of the sea, and inclosed on three sides by the river Tagus, toward which the rock presents steep and abrupt sides, while on the fourth side, where the ground slopes gently, it is defended by two walls, both profusely adorned with towers and gates.

Its most remarkable edifice is the famous cathedral, one of the most magnificent church buildings in the world, a good likeness of which is seen in our picture. This building was founded in the year 587, and completed in 1492. It is 404 feet long and 204 feet wide.

Several times it has been ransacked and plundered, but the stained glass that still remains has not its equal in the world. The choir is a perfect wonder of high art in sculpture, and there are two metal pulpits, the workmanship of which is as fine as that of the richest plate.

Toledo contains besides this twenty-six other churches, thirty-seven monasteries, and a splendid, though never completed, royal palace; but its general aspect is gloomy and almost desolate. An air of decay has spread over it, and the city that once contained 200,000 people has now but 20,000.

Christ Welcoming Sinners.

WE are told that in stormy weather it is not unusual for small birds to be blown out from land on to the sea. They are often seen by voyagers, out of their reckoning and far from the coast, hovering far up over the mast, on weary wings, as if they wanted to alight and rest themselves, but fearing to do so. A traveller tells us that on one occasion a little lark, which followed the ship for a considerable distance, was at last compelled, through sheer weariness, to alight. He was so worn out as to be easily caught. The warm hand was so agreeable to him that he sat down on it, and buried his little cold feet in his feathers, and looked about with his bright eye not in the least afraid, and as if feeling assured that he had been cast among good, kind people, whom he had no occasion to be backward in trusting. A touching picture of the soul, who is aroused by the Spirit of God, and blown out of its reckoning by the winds of conviction; and the warm reception which the little bird received at the hands of the passengers, conveys but a faint idea of that welcome which will always greet the worn-out, sin-sick souls who will commit themselves into the hands of the only Saviour.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Toronto College of Music.

THE Toronto College of Music opened at Toronto on the 17th of September, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Torrington, the veteran conductor of the Philharmonic Society, and organist of the Metropolitan Church. Mr. Torrington's efforts in the cause of high-class music are well known throughout the country, and he brings a ripe experience to bear on this new school. He has surrounded himself with the best teachers of the city, and all departments of the art will be taught in a thorough and practical manner. Mr. Torrington has built a handsome college building, containing numerous class-rooms, and a spacious music-hall, in which is

placed a handsome organ. A distinctive feature of the college is the fact that all its students are entitled to free admission to the concerts and recitals by its professors and advanced students, and to the lectures on harmony, vocal physiology, and hygiene; musical form, taste and expression; musical history, acoustics and all scientific subjects pertaining to music.—*Globe.*

Taught by a Flower.

I ONCE knew a gentleman who was turned from infidelity by a flower. He was walking in the woods, and reading the writings of Plato. He came to where the great writer uses the phrase, "God geometrizes." He thought to himself, "If I could only see plan and order in God's works, I could be a believer." Just then he saw a little Texas star at his feet. He picked it up, and then thoughtlessly began to count its petals. He found there were five. He counted the stamens—there were five of them. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower—there were five of them. He then set about multiplying these three fives, to see how many chances there were of a flower being brought into existence without the aid of mind, and having it in these three fives. The chances against it were one hundred and twenty-five to one. He thought that very strange. He examined another, and found it the same. He multiplied one hundred and twenty-five by itself, to see how many chances there were against there being two flowers, each having these exact relations of numbers. He found the chances against it were thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five to one. But all around him were multitudes of these little flowers, and they had been blooming there for years. He thought this showed the order of intelligence, and the mind that ordained it was God. And so he shut up his book, picked up the little flower, kissed it, and exclaimed, "Bloom on, little flowers—sing on, little birds! You have a God, and I have a God. The God that made these little flowers made me, and I will love and serve him."

Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.

Edited by J. George Hodgins, M.A., LL.D.
Toronto: William Briggs. Price 25 cents.

This is one of the cheapest, as well as one of the most attractive, books we ever saw—250 large octavo pages with 112 illustrations for 25 cents. It shows what the Humane Society seeks to prevent, viz., all kinds of cruelty to animals; and what it seeks to promote, viz., the care of the waifs and strays of our cities, lessons of kindness to animals and birds, the humane education of children and the like. The book ought to have a very large circulation and do a great deal of good. Many of the engravings are very attractive, and the text, with its anecdotes, incidents and poetry, will prove very interesting reading. Nothing is more indicative of a low state of civilization than cruelty to children, to dependents and to dumb animals. At the Centennial Exhibition at Cincinnati is a department of the Ohio Humane Society, showing a number of cruel weapons and instruments used in the abuse of children by drunken parents, and in the cruel punishment of horses, mules, etc. It is a great satisfaction to know that the strong arm of the law is interposed for the protection of those unable to protect themselves. To a Canadian, it was especially gratifying to find a fine portrait of our good Queen, for fifty-three years a member of the Royal Humane Society, with the following noble sentiment from her hand, "No civilization is complete that does not include the dumb and defenceless of God's creation within the spirit of Christianity."

The Hem of the Garment.

BY CARL SPENCER.

He walks in the earth and the heaven,
The Lord in his moment light;
His robe is crimson of even,
It is gold in the morning light,
And it trails on the dusky mountains
With a silver fringe at night.

High over the people thronging
Is the light of his pure, calm face;
Can the uttermost of our longing
Come fronting that awful place?
But to touch the beautiful garment
Is a comfort and a grace.

The tender sweep of the grasses
Is smoothing away the smart;
And the light, soft wind that passes
Is a balm to the very heart.
Only the hem of his garment—
But I kiss it for my part.

The seamless blue and the border,
Where the earth and the heavens meet
And the colours in mystic order
In the 'broideries round his feet:
It is but the hem of his garment,
But virtue is there complete!

He turns and I am not hidden,
And he smiles, and blesses low;
Did the gift come all unbidden?
Oh, to think that he would know,
Through even the hem of his garment,
It was Faith that touched him so!

Wicked Bill's Pledge.

BY MRS. GEORGE ARCHBALD.

ALL the children in town were afraid of "Wicked Bill." The more timid ran down side streets or into the nearest yards when they saw him coming, and though the bolder jeered him from afar, they also took to their heels if he turned to look toward them, as sometimes happened. He was an old man when I first saw him, who slept in jail as often as at home, and had served at least two sentences in State prison. He had "never been any body." Uncle Levi Green said "he came of a hard nation." His father had been a thief, and his mother of no account. All his brothers were like him except that their careers had been shorter, because they lacked his years, and his only sister was well known at the police station.

A weak constitution would have succumbed in middle life, with "Wicked Bill" to abuse it. But when he was an old man his natural force seemed not much abated. His big and bony frame, sinewy arms, and strong hands make him a terror when he was quarrelsome from a strong drink.

Had he died no one would have regretted him. Yet he lived, spite of utter defiance of all laws of health and life.

Aunt Betty Green declared "if there had been any good in him he'd a' died long ago." Aunt Betty and Uncle Levi had suffered in garden and hen-roost from the depredations of the "hard nation" and had been clear out of patience for many years.

When Francis Murphy made his first tour for temperance work through our part of the country, Newton greeted him night after night with great audiences, hundreds of whom signed the pledge. Those who had once signed it enthusiastically signed it again, as an example; temperate folks who never needed a pledge with which to fight temptation, signed it with an expression of sympathy; men who boasted that they could "drink or leave it alone" signed it, to show they meant henceforth to do the latter; and many men on the brink, but not over, for whom the women dear to them had offered many prayers when none could see, went forward with white faces, and wrote their names with trem-

bling hands; while, at the last struggle for liberty, poor wretches whose staggering gait was familiar to the citizens joined the ardent band.

On the night of the last meeting there was scarcely standing room. The lower seats of the large opera house were all taken, and gallery was packed. When the meeting was about half through, a door opened with a slow, disturbing creak, and in walked "Wicked Bill." There was a titter of merriment among those nearest the door; so little pity do we have at sight of the image of God marred by sin.

But it soon grew quiet again. For even the unthinking were subdued by the eloquence of truth from the lips of a great and earnest speaker.

That was a thrilling plea! I shall never forget it. Many men wept! As for the women—women are easily foolish—they had wept long before men thought of tears. At last, after a fervent appeal to his listeners to come and be saved, the speaker sat down. Pledges were then offered and signers began to press forward. "Wicked Bill" stood with his tall form against the wall and his hands clinched tightly. His lips were compressed and his eyes glittered under his iron-gray eye-brows. Some thoughtless fellow noticed him and said, intending to be acute, "Come, Bill, better step up and sign!"

Bill turned slowly toward the scorner:

"I reckon I better," he said deliberately. And then all the spectators were electrified at sight of his shaggy, white head moving down the aisle, among those bound for the front. Opinions were various as to the propriety of allowing it. One declared it was sacrilegious for a man who had served the devil for nearly seventy years to expect decent people to countenance him now. Many thought he would change his mind and turn back. One man "guessed he was crazy drunk."

But there sat a woman near the aisle who had faith in God's love for miserable sinners. When she saw Bill stopped near the front by those ahead who waited their turn, she rose, and, laying her hand on his arm, said earnestly to those near him:

"In the name of the dear Lord, let this man pass."

Bill trembled a little. "Thankee, mum," he said humbly, "I'm a gittin' there."

At this plenty of hands began to push him ahead, and when he mounted to the platform a hearty cheer greeted him. Some one quickly handed him a pen. He looked at it awkwardly. He could swing an axe or a sledge with the best, but that little pen—

"Ain't they no other way of doin' it?" he asked huskily.

A young man standing near said kindly:

"Can't you write, Bill?"

"Well, you see," said Bill, with a hesitating manner, "I ain't made no letters in so long, it seems as if I do kinder forgit how some of 'em go."

"Let me write it for you," offered the young man, "and you make your mark. Lots of men do that."

"I s'pose it'd do," said Bill, "but wouldn't it be more bindin'er if I done it myself?"

"I think so," put in another bystander; "try it Don't be afraid. Bill King isn't a long name."

Bill mustered up courage, dipped the pen in the ink, and stooping over the little card, wrote a clumsy "W."

The young man looking over his shoulder said:

"What's 'W.' for, Bill?"

Bill laboured on as he answered, "It's for William if I haint forgot how to spell it."

Presently he straightened up with a sigh of relief, holding the card carefully between a great thumb and finger, eyeing it critically and with some pride. Then a lady tied a blue ribbon in the ragged button-hole, for which there was no other use since the button that matched it was gone, and scores of

friends crowded up to shake hands with him. All spoke encouraging words though few believed he would hold out a week. And thus Bill was crowned in the temperance army.

By and by the hall was emptied and he went through the dark to his wretched home to begin a new life. A doubtful beginning for an old man whose birth, life, appetites, and old cronies were all against him! A poor outlook! Yet God and his promise made Bill stronger morally than all his enemies. From the night of his pledge until the night of his death he never drank a drop. Men who thought themselves better than he outlived the good impulses of that hour when they, too, had made a solemn vow. Christians forgot in the hurry of business and individual interests the struggling soul who had so much to fight. Weak and foolish minds sought such diversion as was fitted to them by calling out to him, "Have a drink, Bill?" To these he would reply with a reproachful, pathetic smile, "I don't drink now, boys;" and laying his hand against his blue ribbon he would go meekly by. Everybody wondered about him for months. But by and by some new wonder took his place, and he passed out of the sight and memory of the majority.

Only God and Bill knew the battle his life became. Having given over sweeping out bar rooms and doing chores around the saloons, he often found it hard work to earn his bread. Such old hands for years unaccustomed to regular work, could do but little. But he did what he could find to do, and with the help some kind hearts rendered him, now and then, he lived and walked uprightly. He never complained. The whole man seemed miraculously changed. And every Sunday, clean shaven and clean shirtd, with his hair combed as much as it would submit to, he was found in his place at the "Gospel meetings" held by some mission workers of the city. Here he was a devout listener to proclaiming, exhortation and testimony. It is recorded that once he said "Amen" at the end of a particularly fervent prayer offered by a good brother.

One morning a conspicuous call was made in a city paper for Bill's relief. He had been very sick, of pneumonia, and was destitute. The paragrapher spoke warmly in his behalf, calling attention to his latter blameless days, and responses were immediate and full. Bill had plenty of nice company, too. People often only need reminding. But it was plain that he would soon be beyond wanting donations of cheer, for his days were nearly ended. He knew his condition. Once he would have met death with wicked defiance; now he met it like a Christian.

"I aint sorry," he said. "I've tried to be decent as long's 'twas convenient for the Lord to spare me. But if he's ready to let me off from fightin's soon as this, why, I aint sorry. He knows I done's well's I could, considerin'."

His gratitude was touching.

"I thank 'm all," said he. "A good many nice folks haint seemed to despise me a mite since I got more respectable. I've took notice, and I thank 'em all."

Also he felt great satisfaction at thought of leaving a good name.

"They can't put it in the papers I died o' drinkin', can they? I kep' my promise. I haint touched a bit for seven years. You put that in the papers, will you? And when you see any of 'the boys' you just tell 'em I said, quit drinkin'."

So Bill died. And they wrote him brave obituaries; and they buried him where grave-room is set apart for the poor. He was rough of exterior and unlearned. He had no calling toward culture, his life was of the lowliest.

But among those who have kept the faith, and won the "Well done" of the Father, I am persuaded that his soul has found an exceeding great reward.

The Baptism of Clovis.

BY THE REV. J. H. CHANT.

FIVE hundred years have nearly passed away,
Since that glad morn, when o'er fair Beth'om's plain,
A light, resplendent as the glow of day,
Shone down from heaven, and holy angels deign
To sing the sweetest song e'er heard by mortal ear,
Which fills sad hearts with joy and drives away their fear.

Clovis, of the brave Franks the king and sheen,
Heard from Aurelian of a maid to wed,
Matchless in feature, and of graceful mien,
"Zenobia of the Alps," Aurelian said,
"The daughter of a noble old Burgundian king,
Clotilda is her name, fair maids her virtues sing.

"She dwells among the Alps, in forest glade,
And by the shore of its most famous lake;
But fairer than that land is this fair maid,
And brighter than its peak at morn's awake,
A Christian girl is she whose heart God has renewed,
And her fine comely mind with grace and truth imbued."

Then Clovis, by Aurelian, sent a ring
To this fair damsel whom he hoped to wed;
She took the ring, and soon king's daughters sing
The marriage hymn, as he to altar led
This lovely Christian maid, they plight their nuptial vows
And the old priest invoked a blessing on their brows.

Then on her head a coronet was placed,
And she sat down by Clovis on his throne;
And never was a throne so highly graced,
Nor ever monarch felt less sad and lone;
He finds in her a bride, and counsellor as well,
And happy are the men who in her palace dwell.

In tones of eloquence, and words of power,
The wondrous story of the cross she told;
Christ's lowly birth, pure life, and of the hour
When he, to bring us to his heavenly fold,
Bore on the cross our sins, and opened mercy's door,
Then from the dead arose to reign forevermore.

Soon on Tolbiac's bloody field the king
Led on his troops against a mighty foe;
A foe too strong, for soon, though no weakling,
Clovis retreats, his men returned no blow,
But fled as timid sheep before a beast of prey;
The conquering Alemanni will surely win the day.

"Oh king, cry on Clotilda's God for aid!"
Shouted Aurelian, as the monarch fled;
Then on his helmet Clovis his hand laid,
And lifting it, these words the monarch said:
"My gods have failed to help, O Christ, Clotilda's God,
Grant me thy mighty aid, and I will kiss thy rod!"

On the French pennons triumph perches now;
The foe is routed by Clotilda's God!
And Clovis asks to have upon his brow
The symbol of her faith, for 'neath the rod
Of the eternal King he bows his regal will,
And waits, with heart devout, Christ's purpose to fulfil.

On Rheims now dawns a cloudless Christmas morn,
And flags of silk and satin grace each tower;
This is the day Clotilda's Christ was born,
And to his cause a great triumphal hour,
For see on carpet stretched from church to palace door,
A grand procession march, of two score priests or more.

Remigius had led the way, and then,
Assisted by his priests, on monarch's brow
And on the brows of full six thousand men
As they before the holy altar bow,
The water from the font he sprinkled down like rain,
Thankful that his blest Lord so many hearts should gain.

The Two Sacks.

THERE is an ancient legend that tells of an old man who was in the habit of travelling from place to place, with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him.

In the one behind he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, where they were quite hid from view—and he soon forgot all about them.

In the one hanging around his neck, under his chin, he popped all the sins which the people he knew committed; and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at, as he walked along, day by day.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man wearing, just like himself, a sack in front and one behind. He went up to him, and began feeling his sack. "What have you got here, my friend?" he asked, giving the sack in front a good poke.

"Stop, don't do that!" cried the other; "you'll spoil my good things."

"What things?" asked number one.

"Why, my good deeds," answered number two. "I keep them all in front of me, where I can always see them, and take them out and air them. See! here is the half-crown I put on the plate last Sunday, and the shawl I gave to the beggar girl, and the mittens I gave to the crippled boy, and the penny I gave to the organ grinder, and here is even the benevolent smile I bestowed on the crossing-sweeper at my door, and—"

"And what's in the sack behind you?" asked the first traveller, who thought his companion's good deeds would never come to an end.

"Tut, tut," said number two, "there is nothing I care to look at in there! That sack holds what I call my little mistakes."

"It seems to me that your sack of mistakes is fuller than the other," said number one.

Number two frowned. He had never thought that, though he had put what he called his "mistakes" out of his sight, every one else could see them still. An angry reply was on his lips, when, happily, a third—also carrying two sacks, as they were—overtook them.

The first two men at once pounced on the stranger.

"What cargo do you carry in your sacks?" cried one.

"Let's see your goods," said the other.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger, "for I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one hanging in front of him, "is full of the good deeds of others."

"Your sack looks nearly touching the ground. It must be a pretty heavy weight to carry," observed number one.

"There you are mistaken," replied the stranger; "the weight is only such as sails are to a ship, or wings are to an eagle. It helps me onward."

"Well, your sack behind can be of little good to you," said number two, "for it appears to be empty," and I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"I did it on purpose," said the stranger; "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through and is lost. So, you see, I have no weight to drag me down backward."

Ellis Norton's Integrity.

BY BELLE CHISHOLM.

"HERE, Ellis, is a ticket good for seventy-five miles," said Mr. Baird, as he set his valise down in the depot at Chillicothe, one stormy day last winter. "I paid two dollars and twenty-five cents, honest money, for it; and that careless conductor never turned his head in my direction, as he hurried through the train. You travel over this line every time you go to your grandmother's—make use of it on your first trip. It is as good as when I first bought it."

Ellis Norton held the bit of card-board between his thumb and fingers while Mr. Baird spoke; and then, deliberately tearing it in two, he walked to the fire, and held the pieces over the flame until they were consumed.

"There!" he said, "all temptation is now removed. With that in my pocket and money scarce in my purse, I might have ventured to use it."

"As I told you, it is bought with honest money, and it was no fault of mine that it was left in my

possession. The company would not have been any wiser if you had used it."

"Nor much the poorer, either; but, you see, I would be the loser, Mr. Baird. I would not lose my own self-respect and peace of conscience for twenty times the amount," Ellis replied, earnestly.

"It is an unfortunate thing to have a tender conscience in connection with so much pride and poverty," Mr. Baird muttered, as he watched the boy shoulder his load and start up street.

Yet a few weeks later, when one of his clerks proved dishonest, Ellis Norton was surprised to receive the offer of the situation.

"A boy who scorns to cheat a railway company will make an employee who can be trusted," the merchant said to himself; but to his neighbours he explained that he wished to assist a poor boy who was nobly striving to support an old mother and an invalid sister.

Look Out for Fire.

A MICHIGAN school-teacher recently took a piece of burning charcoal from his stove one evening and dropped it into a tub of snow in his kitchen, so as to have it ready for an experiment the next day in his chemistry class. During the night he awoke, and thought he smelled smoke. Upon making an examination, he found that the coal had melted its way through six inches of snow, through the bottom of the tub, through an oil-cloth carpet and the floor, and was lying on the bottom of the cellar.

We knew of a pipe which had been used for smoking—a very objectionable chemical experiment—left at night, with a bit of fire remaining in it, in a tobacco-box, on a mantel-shelf. The box was set on fire, and burned a square hole through the shelf, and the ashes were found in the morning on the stove hearth beneath.

We saw the burning of an old plantation-house, at the foot of Look-out Mountain, the fire being caused by a pail of ashes, left by a negro in the kitchen, burning through the floor and igniting shavings in the cellar.

The lesson of the three experiments is the same: Look out where you put your hot charcoal, your tobacco-pipe, and your ashes. The second article might safely be thrown into a snow drift before being lighted—and left there.—*Exchange.*

Mosses.

DID you ever examine mosses closely, to see how beautiful they are? Is there anybody sick near you, who would love to have a little saucer filled with the exquisite green things, fresh from wood or roadside, beside the bed? Here is what a great and good man has said of them:

"Mosses—meek creatures, the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed softness its tintless rocks, creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honour the scarred disgrace of ruin, laying quiet finger on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words that I know of will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough.

"How is one to tell of the rounded bosses of furred and beaming green, the starred divisions of rubied bloom, fine filmed, as if the rock spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass, the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber—lustrous, arborescent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for simplest, sweetest offices of grace? They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love-token, but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the wearied child its pillow."

What She Lacked.

MISS PUSSY sat on the lowest bough
Of a waving hickory-tree,
Whispering softly, "I'll have you now,
You gay little robin, you'll see!
The old hen watches her chicks thirteen,
And has such a fearful way
Of flying at one, that I haven't seen
A bit of fresh meat to-day."

But Master Robin twitters away,
As she stealthily creeps along,
Joining in as the thrush and jay
Chirrup a morning song,
Glancing sidewise once and again
Out of his saucy eye,
As if to say, "You will catch me, then?
Well, madam, suppose you try!"

"I have four legs," said Pussy Cat,
"And you, sir, have only two;
I have sharp claws, depend on that,
And they'll get the better of you;
I'm stronger too than a dozen birds—
Look now!" and she quickly springs;
But the robin laughed as he soared away,
"Ha! ha! but you have no wings!"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

B.C. 1427] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 25

THE COVENANT RENEWED

Josh. 24. 19-28. Memory verses, 26-28

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey. Josh. 24. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. The Choice.
2. The Record.

TIME.—1427 B.C.

PLACE.—Shechem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The two and half tribes withdraw to their possessions over the river. In fear that in later days there may come separation in spirit between them and their western brethren, they built an altar of witness to the oneness of God and the unity of his people. The rumor heard in the west of an altar, other than the one at Shiloh, caused an invasion by Phinehas and the princes to avenge the impiety. The explanation of their purpose in building was received, and no blood was shed. The years passed away. Joshua was an old man. Conscious of approaching death, he gathered the tribes at Shechem and spoke words of counsel, and made once more a solemn covenant. Our lesson tells the story.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Ye cannot serve*—That is, if you follow the leading of your natural heart. *He will not forgive*—If you remain impenitent and incorrigible. *Serve strange gods*—Or worship idols; perhaps alluding to the images which they appear to have had at all times in their history among them. *Joshua wrote these words*—That is, the history of this whole occurrence. *A great stone*—A monument, or stone pillar, as a witness or memorial. A custom always practised among all nations. *The sanctuary of the Lord*—Some think the tabernacle had been brought to Shechem for this occasion; others think it means any holy place, made so by the circumstances of the time.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Choice.*
What expression of the people caused Joshua to speak as in ver. 19? see ver. 16-18.
Is it true that men cannot serve God because he is holy?
What is there in the very nature of idolatry that is debasing?
Is there any suggestion in these verses that God is close at hand, watching his people?
What other Scripture teachings substantiate this thought? Prov. 15. 3; Zech. 4. 10.
What was the second response of the people to Joshua?
How many times were the warning and the promise repeated?
Why was Joshua so anxious to make this choice impressive?
2. *The Record.*
What further means did he take to make the choice binding and memorable?

Whose example was he following in what he now did? Exod. 21
Where was it that all this occurred?
What traces of the beginnings of our Bible can be found here?
What does ver. 27 mean? It says the stone heard; is that true?
What had he once before told them was the value of the pillar of stone? Josh. 4. 21-24.
What was the one sin that Joshua seemed to dread for his people?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Learn this for the deliberate, wilful sinner there is no forgiveness.
Learn this for the broken-hearted, contrite sinner there is plenteous mercy.
Notice the value of a pledge, ver. 27. It was to be a help to keep them from denying God.
God had done great things for them. He has done greater things for us.
They had a fragment of a Bible. We have the whole.
They promised freely to obey at hearing one word from Joshua. You have had preaching and teaching all your life, and have never promised. Will you not promise now?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Compare the covenant of Joshua with the covenant of Moses, and with the acts of Samuel in 1 Sam. chap. 7.
2. As a preparation for study read the whole 24th chap. of Joshua.
3. Find all the allusions to "strange gods" in connection with the early history of Israel and their ancestors. Deut. 32. 17; Josh. 24. 14; Gen. 35. 2; Psa. 106. 37
4. Write a brief story of Joshua's life.
5. Give fifteen minutes each day of the week to the study of this lesson.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was Joshua's last service with his people? Making a covenant with God. 2. What did he promise for himself and his house? "We will serve the Lord" 3. What did the people promise? "The Lord our God will we," etc. 4. How did Joshua help them to remember the scene? He wrote the words in a book. 5. What was his last recorded official act? Erecting a stone of witness. 6. What was the purpose of it? That they might not deny God.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The covenant.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

9. What is this sinfulness commonly called.
Original sin; being that from which actual transgressions proceed.
10. What is the misery of the state into which man fell?
All mankind, being born in sin, and following the desires of their own hearts, are liable to the miseries of this life, to bodily death, and to the pains of hell hereafter.
Ephesians ii. 3; Galatians iii. 10; Romans vi. 23.

B.C. 1425] LESSON IX. [Dec. 2

ISRAEL UNDER JUDGES.

Judg. 2. 11-23. Memory verses, 11, 12

GOLDEN TEXT.

Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God. Heb. 3. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. Forsaking God.
2. Forsaken by God.

TIME.—1425 B.C.

PLACE.—No special place is designated in this lesson, which is simply descriptive of their social, political, and religious condition.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Joshua had died, and the new nation, with no appointed leader, but under the direct government of God, had begun its life. A few incidents of the times are given in chapter 1 of this book, and in the verses which precede the lesson. The lesson itself is its own best commentary.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Did evil in the sight of the Lord*—This is the regular phrase for lapsing into idolatry. *Provoked the Lord to a-ger*—Not such anger as men feel in passion, but righteous indignation against sin. *The hands of spoilers*—Marauding bands of robbers who robbed their fields of crops at harvest, and carried the people away for slaves. *He sold them*—God allowed them to be sold as described. *Raised up judges*—By a judge we always understand the presiding officer in a court of law. But here the term means a leader who assumed all the functions of

direction and government in emergencies, and yet without pomp, equipage, or emolument of office. They were inspired for the purpose. *It repented the Lord*—Or, the Lord repented. Looked at from the human side God seems to change, but it is man that changes, and God's uniform way of treating the righteous follows the change.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Forsaking God.*
What great national calamity had come upon Israel since the scenes of the last lesson? Judg. 24. 29.
What was the cause of the wickedness described in this lesson? ver. 10.
How could the statement of the verse be true?
What were the sins against which they had been repeatedly warned?
What is shown by the history as to the value of promises and memorial monuments.
What was the character of the worship of Baal and Ashtaroth?
What made it easy to fall into these sins? Are there other ways of "forsaking God" than these here mentioned?
How do men nowadays forsake God?
2. *Forsaken by God.*
What had God said by Moses and by Joshua would happen if Israel did evil? Du. 4. 25, 26; Josh. 24. 20.
How did God show them he had forsaken them?
What were the names of the hostile peoples round about to whom they were delivered? chap. 3. 1, 3.
Was there any relief found for them?
Give the names of the judges whom God raised up. Chaps. 3. 9, 15, 31; 4. 4; 6. 11, 12; 9. 22; 10. 1, 3; 11. 6; 12. 8, 11, 13; 16. 30, 31.
What was the general history of the people for three hundred years? Judg. 21. 25.
Do men to-day suffer the penalty of their misdeeds?
What was the great lesson that God was teaching the world by these punishments?
What was the warning which the apostles in their teaching constantly gave. Heb. 3. 12.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Forgetfulness is a great cause of sin. Israel forgot their own history. Forgetting God they forsook him. As they forgot, so we do many times. As they forsook him, so we do. We forget him when we disobey our parents, when we give up church-going, when we love the follies of the world, when we break the Sabbath, when we desire to be rich more than to be right, when we are at all dishonest.
God will surely forsake us as he did them unless we repent.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. These verses are an epitome of the history of these people for three hundred years. The next three lessons are only incidents of the years. Each teacher and scholar should read the whole book of Judges carefully.
2. Study and carefully learn all that you can find about the worship of Baal and Astart. Any Bible dictionary will help you.
3. See from the Bible how many times the people began to worship Baal. Search Num. 22. 41; Judg. 8. 33; 1 Kings 16. 32; 18. 26; 2 Kings 17. 16; 19. 18; 21. 3; Jer. 2. 8; 7. 9; 12. 16; 19. 5; 23. 13; Hos. 2. 8, etc.
4. Write a practical lesson about God's long suffering and forbearance.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. After Joshua's death how did the people of Israel act? They forgot God and did evil. 2. How did they do evil? They worshipped heathen gods. 3. What was the result of their evil? They were bitterly punished by the Lord. 4. How did God even then show his mercy and love for them? He raised up deliverers for them. 5. What warning did the apostle give the church many centuries afterward? "Take heed, brethren," etc.
DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The punishment of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

11. But are all mankind, being born in sin, born without hope?
No; for a Saviour was provided from the beginning, and all that come into the world receive his grace and his spirit.
Genesis iii. 15. And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

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