

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées

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

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

Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque

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

Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/  
Pages détachées

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

Showthrough/  
Transparence

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

Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue

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

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

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

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

Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

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

# MORLEY'S AND SCHOOL

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 29, 1890.

[No. 24.

## Indian School.

THIS is a picture of an Indian school in the North-West. The Methodist Church has several such. One of these is at Morley, a place named after Dr. Punshon. Here is the McDougall Orphanage, which commemorates the martyr missionary of the plains, the Rev. John McDougall, who perished from all-night exposure beneath a wintry sky while in the discharge of his duty on his vast mission field. His life, written by his son, published at our Book Room, ought to be in every Sunday-school library. The Indian boys and girls are instructed in reading, writing, the knowledge of the Scripture, mechanical work, and household duties, by kind and faithful teachers, and thus are fitted to become good citizens and true Christians.

## Who is the Criminal?

A RAGGED, shivering little boy was brought before a magistrate for stealing a loaf of bread from a grocer's window. The grocer himself was the informer. The judge was about to pass sentence on the little wretch, when a kind lawyer offered the following considerations in mitigation of his offence:

"The child," he said, "was the eldest of a miserable group; their father lies low in a drunkard's grave. This morning, when the act was committed, the mother lay drunk on the floor, and her children were crying around her for bread. The elder boy, unable to bear such misery any longer, rushed from the hovel, resolved to obey that paramount law of nature which teaches us the principle of self-preservation, even in disregard to the law of the land. He seized the penny loaf from the grocer's window, and returning to that wretched home, spread the unexpected morsel before his hungry brothers, and bade them 'eat and live.' He did not eat himself. No. Consciousness of the crime, and fear of detection, furnished a more engrossing feeling than that of hunger. The last morsel was scarcely swallowed before the officer of justice entered the door. The little thief was pointed out by the grocer, and he was conducted before the public tribunal.

"In the midst of such misery as this," said the

kind-hearted lawyer, "with the motive of this little criminal before us, there is something to soften the heart of man, though I deny not that the act is a penal offence. But the tale is by no means told. This little circle, now utterly fallen and forlorn, is the wreck of a family once prosperous, temperate, frugal, industrious, and happy. The father, strange

its back upon the miserable victim of intemperance—the church expelled him from its communion—the wife sought refuge in the same tremendous remedy for all distracting care, an oblivion of her domestic misery. Home became a hell whose only outlet was the grave.

"All this aggregate of human wretchedness," said the lawyer, "was produced by this very grocer. He has murdered the father—he has brutalized the mother—he has beggared the children—he has taken possession of the farm—and now prosecutes the child for stealing a loaf to keep his brothers from starving!

"But all this is lawful and right—that is, it is according to law. He has stood upon his license. The theft of a penny loaf by a starving boy, where his father laid down the last farthing for rum, is a penal offence!"  
—Aton.

## How Letters Are Carried in China.

IN China, on the opposite side of the globe, the mail-service is exactly opposite from that of the United States. Letters are carried more slowly than in any other country, and the government has really no postal service. The only time when there is anything like mail-carrying is once a year, when thousands of students are trying to gain the "literary degrees" in "Confucian classics" at the great college examinations. It is such a high honour to be learned enough to win these "degrees" that as soon as the names of the sixty successful members are declared hundreds of messengers and swift boats hurry in all directions to carry the news to different towns. Sometimes carrier-pigeons are used to carry the glad tidings to the anxious relatives. All the rest of the year the letters are carried by postmen, who walk as slowly as they please, carrying a paper lantern, a paper umbrella, and in warm weather a paper fan. The let-

ters are very few, and are in a little bag strapped upon the shoulders. There are no mail-trains, and only a few clumsy boats used for general mail-carrying; and if people are in a hurry, they send letters in care of the English merchants who live in China, for these have a kind of little postal service of their own.



INDIAN SCHOOL.

as it may appear, was once a professor of religion. The very first drop of that accursed tincture of destruction which conducted him through the path of corruption to the grave, was handed him by this very grocer, who now pursues the starving child of his former victim for stealing a penny loaf. The farm became encumbered—the community turned

## Lost—A Boy.

His went from the old home hearthstone,  
Only six years ago,  
A laughing, frolicking fellow,  
It would do you good to know  
Since then we have not seen him,  
And we say, with nameless pain,  
The boy that we knew and loved  
We will never see again.

One bearing the name we gave him  
Comes home to us to-day,  
But this is not the dear fellow  
We kissed and sent away.  
Tall as the man he calls his father,  
With a man's look in his face,  
Is he who takes by the hearthstone  
The lost boy's olden place.

We miss the laugh that made music  
Wherever the lost boy went;  
This man has a smile most winsome,  
His eyes have a grave intent;  
We know he is thinking and planning  
His way in the world of men,  
And we cannot help but love him,  
But we long for our boy again.

We are proud of this manly fellow  
Who comes to take his place,  
With hints of the vanished boyhood  
In his earnest, thoughtful face;  
And yet comes back the longing  
For the boy we henceforth must miss,  
Whom we sent away from the hearthstone  
For ever with a kiss.

## A Looming Shadow.

A TRUE STORY.

No doubt you will think this is fiction that I am about to write, and I suppose when I tell you about a very sad story, which happened when I was living in a very pretty island, about four thousand miles from Montreal, Canada, you may say, "Why, that won't interest us!"

But distance makes no difference. The same is taking place in Montreal in every passing hour of the day, although some of us may not see or hear of it, for this is a large city; but Brenton is a very small place, and news spreads quickly.

The characters of whom I am about to write are still living. Alas! but how!

Years ago there was a very wealthy man, who had a fine family of boys and girls. As soon as his children became old enough to be taught, he sent them to England, thinking they would receive better instruction than in their native land, although there are fine schools in the island.

One of his sons, whom we will call "Harry," was a good-looking fellow, but very vain. His father, rent and brought him home; and instead of having him taught some profession, he filled his purse, allowed him every liberty, and never checked him in his downward course. Very soon he became acquainted with bad companions, and, step by step, he was drawn into the web of gambling and drinking.

Soon the young man—who was once the pride of his home—was the skeleton of the household, but not one which could be draped out of sight by heavy curtains, or locked in a cupboard. Ah, no! He was an everlasting source of sorrow to his sisters, and a heart-rending grief to his young wife.

Early in life he married a very pretty young creature, and took her to a beautifully-furnished home; but, sad to relate! that fine residence soon became haunted by a looming shadow. Yes, within her beautiful home the shadow of a drunken husband reigned! Her poor, young heart was almost broken. Drink soon cleared the home of

all its comforts, and left her with only the bare walls. For to get drink he sold the articles, one by one. He never worked—did not know how to do so, indeed!

His father died in the meantime, and left him a rich man, but the principal of his fortune he could not touch—which was to descend at his death to his children, of whom there were three—two sons and one girl. Poor, neglected little things! who would have starved if it had not been for their kind aunts.

As you can quickly imagine, no one associated with them after the disgrace which had fallen on them through the shameless conduct of their father. He only received the interest of his money, and in a very short time every cent went in liquor.

They moved into a small house containing only two rooms. The boys, when old enough, left their home, and went out into the world. The younger one, while trying to protect his shrinking mother from his drunken father, received a blow which caused him to lose the sight of one of his eyes. They were often to be seen hovering around the little shanty, trying to speak with the mother and sister; bringing them some help, and fearing lest the father would drive them away.

Day after day this poor, unfortunate man was to be seen walking through the streets barefooted—the rags hanging on him, no hat on his head, his hair dishevelled, while his whole appearance was that of a sot.

Many were the efforts which were made to induce him to sign the pledge, or to reform in some measure, but all to no purpose—the raging demon had complete mastery over his sinking soul. Yes! it was sapping his life away; deeper and deeper was he enticed into the poisonous coils of the deadly serpent; lower and yet lower did he sink into the fathomless depths of sin and misery. He would turn a deaf ear to all who were always on the alert to give him a hand, and help him to rise from his evil surroundings. Satan had him bound fast in his chains, and only the powerful influence of our Heavenly Father, who sent his Son Jesus Christ our Saviour to save sinners, could rescue this poor, fallen soul.

Perhaps some one may read this short story who thinks it no harm to take a small glass of liquor, and who, through friendship's sake, will offer it to his or her friends,—then, my dear sister or dear brother, I would warn you, ere it be too late, beware of the fatal sip! One sip will give to them and yourself a taste for more, and may thus ruin a home and break the heart of some loving relative. It will in time take the bread from the trembling lips of starving children, poor little things, with hungry eyes and shrunken forms.

Oh, reader! Is not your heart touched, and do not the tears spring to your eyes, when you gaze on their pale, pitiful faces? Does not your heart bleed when you behold these little ones running away from their father the instant that they catch sight of him; for the terrible reason that he is not himself? Despised by his own family, who, fearing him, shrink away to the remotest corners of their miserable home!

To return to our story, I must lead you to one of the principal streets. It is evening, and we take a view of a magnificent home. Here resides Harry Lacy's sister, Mrs. Wenton, and to-night—being her eldest daughter's birth-night—it is celebrated by a grand party. The rooms are all ablaze with brilliant lights. Sweet-scented flowers adorn the several apartments.

The house is crowded; from the broad verandah sweet, melodious music floats out, and is borne away on the wind. Gay, bright forms flit to and

fro, rippling laughter resounds through the wide halls—rich voices peal forth joyous melodies; joy, comfort, wealth, and pride reign within. At the garden-gate, with wild eyes and ungaily dress, we behold the intoxicated brother, Harry. He halts, and listens to the merry sounds within. Then, with his eyes fixed on the front door—which has been thrown open to admit the cool breeze from the garden—he totters up, swaying from side to side; his long hair blown by the evening air, and his soiled and worn garments hanging in rags! Yes, years ago, this poor, degraded mortal was once the pride of this very home!

Perhaps through his beclouded mind rushed visions of the past, which were impelling him to go onward, and enter into the mirthful group, for—slowly but surely—he tottered on. Step by step he was gaining, without discovery. At last he reached the house, and, with his bare feet, walked into their midst, and in a shaky, drunken voice, he sang the two lines of that grand old song:

"Rule, Britannia! Rule the waves,  
Britons never shall be slaves!"

Ah! poor, deluded wretch! he was singing of freedom, while he was the greatest slave of all.

Sudden silence fell on the several groups. Some, seeing this unsightly object, shivered, and turned away in disgust; while many of the young men, not being aware of the relationship between him and their hostess, called out, "Away with you, drunken Harry Lacy!" while others, in jesting tones, called him a slave.

Still standing, he looked around, and was about to speak, when Mrs. Wenton's sons and their groom drew him by force away. It was hard work to struggle with him, but they got him down the street, a good way from the scene they had left, after which they returned to their guests. Numerous were the questions as to how they had succeeded which greeted the young men as they entered.

Most of the guests knew but too well that this poor, fallen man was Mrs. Wenton's brother, and seeing the annoyance and shame stamped on her pale face and trembling limbs, mustered their forces together, in trying to drive away this gloomy impression which had intruded in their midst. For awhile all seemed forgotten in the excitement and pleasure. The supper was pronounced excellent; but, alas! on that sumptuous table gleamed the sparkle of the treacherous serpent. Wines and champagne flowed freely. One by one they would sip the nauseous poison. Glass after glass was drained.

Talk now of the poor brother who had been ruined by strong drink! Who ought to have been an example to his sister to bid her drive the serpent from her doors; instead of which she smilingly raises the poison to her lips, while her sons and daughters and guests follow her example. Meanwhile her husband, Mr. Wenton, could be seen stretched on a low sofa, in a side-room, lying in a drunken slumber.

Harry Lacy, finding he was left alone, slowly staggered back until he once more approached the garden gate. Tottering on, he reached the path leading to the house, when he stumbled and fell, and not being able to rise, sunk into his drunken stupor, from which he did not awaken until next morning, when, at an early hour, the guests began to depart.

Sauntering down the garden path, they were astonished to behold their unwelcome visitor of the evening before, stretched on the gravel path at their feet. Shuddering, and crying shame on him, some of them rushed quickly by, and after being seated in their carriages were driven quickly home;

while those who knew he was Mrs. Wenton's brother, tried to remove him from the presence of the numerous guests, saying: "The only difference between the drunkards was, the others were in their beds, while he was sleeping out the same slavish slumber on their garden path!"

Alas! Yes, they were all drunkards, called so by their own guests. Presently, walking down the path, the young daughter, Maude—while leaning on the arm of a young lady companion, and promising to return her visit soon—caught sight of her outcast uncle, and heard the words which were spoken, and with a pale face and starting eyes, she wished her friend adieu, and hurried into the house, when, unconsciously, she walked into the room where her father and brothers were snoring.

The room seemed stifling with the fumes of liquor. "They are the same," she thought. "Not much difference, as I heard them say. Oh, what a home! What a disgrace!" she murmured, rushing into her room and bolting the door—shutting out the sounds and sights which wearied her brain.

Day after day poor Harry Lacy sunk lower and lower in his debauched life. At last his wife took her little girl away with her, unknown to him, and rented a room where, unmolested, she and her children lived a secluded life, fearing her husband should discover her, and thus she be tormented.

Down to the time I am writing, years have passed, and these characters are still living, with no thought of the future. The word "Eternity" does not rouse them from the lethargy under which drink has enslaved them.

Mr. Wenton and his sons indulge in the poison more and more. It takes many a glass to quench their thirst now.

Maude, the lovely young creature of whom we have had a glimpse, is now married, and to whom? Alas! one of the slaves of drink. Under his outward exterior lay the craving passion of an appetite, and he was firmly in the grasp of his enemy. Leonard Went—for that is his name—possessed a fine, handsome face, and unlimited education, but was reckless and intemperate. The young creature found out her mistake when it was too late. On their wedding-day he partook too freely of the tempting draught; and when the hour drew near for them to take their departure for their home, he was found, to their dismay, in a state of intoxication, from which he did not awaken for three days! Thus they spent their honeymoon. While the young bride, with clasped hands and her eyes red and swollen from weeping, kept repeating these words, in a mournful, despairing cry: "A drunken home and a broken heart!"

She had tried to hide the fearful truth, but the ever-busy tongues of this world rattled on, and so her disgrace was heralded far and wide.

A sad and fearful life to look forward to; yet it was at her parents' table where he was tempted, and where he raised the first glass of liquor to his stainless lips. And one glass led to more, and now behold the wreck! Health, strength, beauty, and accomplishments—all warped and enslaved by the raging demon—Drink!

Oh, parents! why not banish poison from your home? You would never think of wilfully murdering your children; and yet you are their murderers—you place the temptation within their reach—you take a social glass, and they follow your example!

We know you will say 'tis a custom old,  
We cannot at once resign;  
But think what a step or a word can do—  
Then banish the tempting wine!

Be true to yourselves, though the world may frown,  
This custom of old resign;  
Let conscience be heard, for it calls aloud,  
"Away with the tempting wine!"

ALICE WATSON.

### "I Object to It."

ALL right! As an objector you are to the Christian what the gaddy is to the horse: you just bother him a bit, but you do not kill him, or even make him turn out of his way. Did you ever think how easy it is to make objections? I know of no fact or truth, however plain or obvious, but may be objected to. So you see an objection in itself is of no value.

Take an instance: fancy yourself in the company of a few intelligent men. One of them objects to the fact that you are present, and asks you to prove that fact in plain words. Now, all that you can do is to make assertions, such as, "I know I am here," "I am here," etc. These are mere assertions, affording no proof whatsoever, and I venture to affirm that if you think for a proof in words till the day of doom you will never find it. The greatest thinkers of this age have tried it without success. But the objection has no power to change the fact. While you are conscious you are present, you have to admit that in dreams strange scenes and conversations are presented to you, and you might be asked in all soberness, "How do you know you are not dreaming now?"

In like manner logic is equally faulty. Take an instance, a very remarkable one. About the middle of last century the materialists, as now, were maintaining that the material of which the worlds are made is eternal. We are taught to believe that God made them out of nothing, for the Bible teaches the creation of matter. To the materialist a Scripture proof is no proof at all, so the Christian could not move the materialist from his position.

Bishop Berkeley and Arthur Collier, simultaneously but independently, undertook to take the ground from under the feet of the materialists by denying the existence of matter, arguing that what we think we see has no existence excepting in the mind. Collier has sixteen arguments, each without a flaw so far as logic is concerned, and yet matter exists notwithstanding the strength and consistency of his logic.

So you see logic is not always to be trusted. Then what is? I answer, the Word of God. It is far above logic, for no logic can stand against its assertions, and its assertions do not need the support of logic. No objection can change a single fact of revelation. To the scientist it says, "God is not the author of confusion;" to the Christian, "I give unto thee a sure word of promise." J. M.

### The Very Same Chap.

MR. PAXSON relates the following: "In a log school-house on the banks of the Grand Chariton, in Missouri, after I had finished a speech in favour of a Sunday-school, a plainly-dressed farmer arose and said he would like to make a few remarks. I said, 'Speak on, sir.'

"He said to the audience, pointing across the room at me,

"I've seen that chap before. I used to live in Macoupin County, Ill., and that man came there to start a school. I told my wife that when Sunday-schools came around game got scarce, and that I would not go to his school or let any of my folks go. It was not long before a railroad came along, so I sold out my farm for a good price and came to Pike County. I hadn't been there more than six months before that same chap came to start a Sunday-school. I said to my wife: 'That Sunday-school fellow is about, so I guess we'd better move to Missouri.' Land was cheaper in Missouri, so I came and bought a farm, and went back for my family. I told them Missouri was a fine state: game plenty, and better than all, no Sunday-school there.

"Day before yesterday I heard that there was to be a Sunday-school lecture at the school-house by some stranger. Says I to my wife, 'I wonder if it can be possible that it is that Illinoisan?' I came here myself on purpose to see, and, neighbours, it's the very same chap.

"Now, if what he says about Sunday-schools is true, it's a better thing than I thought. If he has learned so much in Sunday-school, I can learn a little, so I've just concluded to come to Sunday-school and to bring my seven boys."

"Putting his hand in his pocket, he pulled out a dollar, and coming to the stand where I was, he laid it down, saying: 'That'll help to buy a library. For, neighbours,' he added, 'if I should go California or Oregon, I'd expect to see that chap there in less than a year.'

"Some one in the audience spoke up: 'You are treed.'

"Yes,' he said, 'I am treed at last. Now, I'm going to see this thing through, for if there is any good in it, I am going to have it.'"

### "Cling to the Cross."

WEARIED and helpless, wasted with pain,  
Strangely tempted to turn back again,  
Footsore and trembling, downcast and worn,  
Dreading to tread the pathway forlorn,  
Mortal! fear not the world and its cross—  
Trust in the Lord and cling to his cross.

Friends all departed, hope almost gone,  
None to support but that Holy One,  
Feeling thy weakness, and dreading the fight,  
Thinking alone there is safety in flight,  
Heed not the wicked one, fallen and gross—  
Trust in the Lord and cling to his cross.

Doubting and fearing the end of the road,  
Courage! thy pathway is "narrow," not "broad,"  
Hast thou forgotten the thorn and the sword?  
Dost thou not know they lead to thy Lord?  
Think not thy footsteps shall fall on the moss,  
Trust in the Lord and cling to his cross.

Hast thou not read how Jesus thy Friend  
Calmly submitted to all till the end?  
How in his love he died on the tree  
To give us that pardon so full and so free?  
Weak one! think not of thy fear and thy loss,  
Trust in the Lord and cling to his cross.

Trust in thy Saviour, though heavier woes  
Seemingly make thy loved ones thy foes;  
Trust in thy Saviour even till Death  
Steal with his cold icy hand thy last breath;  
Then when thy heart seems all at a loss,  
Trust in the Lord and cling to his cross.

O! he will give thee a crown for thy brow,  
For sufferings past comes happiness now,  
And while in thy weakness with comforts so few  
He will give thee a peace the world never knew;  
A glory shall shine through all the dark dross,  
Trust in the Lord and cling to his cross.

### Keep a Clean Mouth, Boys.

A DISTINGUISHED author says: "I resolved when I was a child never to use a word I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honoured gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care of the parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, no one thinks of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not utter before her father and mother.

Such vulgarity is thought, by some boys, to be "smart," "the next thing to swearing," and "not so wicked;" but it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.—*The Christian*.



## A Minute.

A MINUTE, how soon it has flown !  
And yet, how important it is !  
God calls every moment his own,  
For all our existence is his ;  
And tho' we may waste them in folly and play,  
He notices each that we squander away.

'Tis easy to squander our years  
In idleness, folly, and strife,  
But, oh ! no repentance or tears  
Can bring back one moment of life !  
But time, if well spent, and improved as it goes,  
Will render life pleasant, and peaceful its close.

And when all the minutes are past  
Which God for our portion has given,  
We shall certainly welcome the last,  
If it safely conducts us to heaven.  
The value of time, then, may all of us see,  
Not knowing how near our last minute may be.

## OUR S. S. PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly .....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 90 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly .....	0 40
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies .....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 3 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 31
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Perseus Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 50

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
29 to 33 Richmond St. West and 20 to 36 Temperance St., Toronto.C. W. COATNA,  
3 Bleury Street,  
Montreal.S. F. HURSTIS,  
Wesleyan Book Room,  
Halifax, N.S.

## Home and School.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 29, 1890.

## Learning to be Helpful.

If as men and women we expect to have good and beautiful lives, we must begin in youth to be good and beautiful. Noble things in life have to be learned; they do not come naturally. There is a story of a lady who took her class into an apple-orchard one day in early summer when the apples were very small. Drawing down a branch, she scratched with a pin on one of the apples the name "Jesus." She then marked the tree and the branch so that she could easily find the apple. In the autumn, when the fruit was ripe, she again led her class to the orchard. They soon found the tree and the branch, and then the apple on which the teacher had written, and there was the name "Jesus" covering the whole apple. It had grown as the apple grew.

If, when we grow into men and women, we would have the name—that is, the likeness—of Christ on our lives, we must have it written there in youth. Life is made up of good habits, and habits form slowly. Doing good is like playing on the piano; it has to be learned, and it is the work of many a day to become expert in the art. Music-teachers advise pupils to begin as early as possible, because in youth it is easier to train the fingers to strike the keys. The younger one begins to practise the duties of Christian life, the better.

No Christian duty is more important than that of being helpful. We begin to be like Christ only when we begin to do good to others. He came "not to be ministered unto, but to minister;" and

that is what we should train ourselves to do. There are a great many ways of being helpful to others. The place to begin is at home. There each one should live for the others. Parents live for their children, and children ought in turn to live for their parents and for one another. The young people of the home may do a great many things for the happiness of the household. They may learn not to be selfish. Some young people are exacting, always claiming attention, not willing to be denied any request they make, wanting the best and the most of everything, expecting all the others to serve them, although they do not care to serve the others in turn. If they could only see how ugly such selfishness looks,

they would pray most earnestly to be saved from it. The only way to be cured of selfishness is by overcoming evil with good—that is, by training ourselves to do unselfish things. Every time we are tempted to be selfish we should check the impulse and compel ourselves to do, instead, an unselfish act. When we find we have the disposition to be exacting, demanding attention and favour, we should at once take ourselves in hand and set ourselves at showing attention and doing favours to others. A few such victories over our old ugly self will show us how much more beautiful unselfishness is than selfishness, and how much better, for it also gives more happiness. Then we should keep on in the same way, training ourselves to do kindly, helpful things.

Those who live in the country know something about breaking colts. At first the colt does not want to wear the bridle or to be ridden or driven. Sometimes he fights very stubbornly, but by and by he becomes so gentle and submissive, so easily controlled, that a child can ride or drive him anywhere. We are all at first very much like spirited colts. We are naturally selfish, wanting our own way, resenting control, desiring only to please ourselves. But we must "break" ourselves, training ourselves to be submissive, gentle, kindly. If we begin early and are firm with ourselves, we shall learn at last to do Christlike things by habit even without struggle.

That is the secret of the beautiful lives of older people whom we know. Now they think only of others, never of themselves. They never do a selfish thing; they are always helping some one; and we wonder how it is that they are so different from ourselves. Once they had selfish hearts and were just like us, but they became Christians—that is, they gave themselves to Christ, and then began to do the things Christ wanted them to do. At first it was hard, and they had many a struggle and oftentimes were defeated; but they persevered, and after a while, as they grew older, it became easier and easier for them to do unselfish things, and now they seem never to have a selfish thought.

We can learn the same lesson if we will. We must let Christ rule in our heart and must begin at once to do just what he bids us do. And he never bids us do a selfish thing, but tells us always to be unselfish and to do kindly, gentle and loving things.

As certainly as your Master's love is in you, his work will be upon you.



LESSON PICTURE.

DEC. 7.—THE WALK TO ENNAUS.—Luke xxiv. 13-27.

## New Sunday-school Books.

THE Congregational Sunday-school Publishing House issue a very superior class of library books for scholars of all ages, as our frequent notices of their books indicate. The latest to reach our desk is the "Bertin Gordon" series of ten small books in a case, for \$2.25. They are prettily bound and illustrated, and are especially suited to very young scholars.

The Wesleyan Conference Office, London, also issue an excellent series of books. Among the latest issues are the following:

*Lena and I.* By Jennie Campbell. A well-written story of English country life, of an earnestly religious character.

*Sara's Choice; or, No Vain Sacrifice.* By Annie Frances Perham. A charming story of child life, and of persecution and suffering for Christ's sake.

*Grand Gilmore.* By Reese Rockwell. A stirring story of American life, in both North and South, and a realistic picture of the ravages wrought by the drink habit.

For younger scholars we have a cheap and attractive series, containing *Down and Up, and Other Stories; Little Spangles*, a story of child life in the strange scenes of the London theatrical world; *Celestine and Sally; or, Two Dolls and Two Homes; Laurie Merton and Her Friends*, stories told by dolls; and *Ephraim Wragge's Recollections*, memories of an old Methodist preacher—very interesting.

All of the above will be furnished by the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

*Little Miss Boston.* By Mrs. Harriet A. Cheever. Pp. 301. Price, \$1.25. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society; Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a Christmas story for the little girls, and with its ornamental binding, large type, handsome full-page illustrations, and neat head and tail pieces, it makes an exceedingly attractive book. It tells of a little girl who lived in a poor district of Boston with two coarse, brutal women who had taken her at her mother's death. She finally escaped from them, hiding for a while in a church, and passing through one experience after another until her adoption into the home of a wealthy family. The charm of the story lies in the sweet childlikeness of little Tid, who, without knowing much of the world, manages to take every unusual experience which comes to her in the most philosophic way and make the most out of it. Such a book as this ought to find an appropriate place at Christmas time.



The Tower of Antonia.

A SQUARE, stone fortress or castle adjoining the northwest corner of the temple area at Jerusalem. It contained a tower at each end, and was said to be at one time the residence of Pilate.

It was destroyed, but was rebuilt by Herod the Great, and named by him for Marc Antony.

From the stairs of this castle St. Paul addressed the maddened multitude who had assaulted him and demanded his life.

How grand he must have looked, and how commanding, for we are told that he beckoned with his hand unto the people, and there was a great silence—and then followed his magnificent account of his conversion.

What a noble type of manhood he was! There was nothing cringing about him. He commanded the respect even of his enemies.

In the writings of Josephus you will find an interesting account of the destruction of Antonia. The site is now occupied by the official residence of the Turkish Pashas, and naught is left of the building where Pilate held his court, and whence Jesus was led to execution.

#### Notes from the "Methodist Monthly Greeting," Newfoundland.

A GOOD lady says, "Some men are built like pianos—grand, square, and upright." Just so. But are not some built like an ironing-board—narrow and flat, with no music in them?

"Our minister is going to win every time," says some one; "he looks after the young." Exactly.

You are on the right track, brother. Yes, talk to the people from the pulpit as you do to them in their homes. No twang nor cant there.

Some people went to church a Sunday or two after the new minister came, then hung fire. They were influenced by the same motives that impel people to visit a tent or circus that has a dwarf or giant therein. We pity their intelligence, or lack of it.

A minister's wife said, recently: "It is our business to bring people to Christ. I care for nothing that does not contribute to that definite end." Any difficulties in the work, did you ask? Yes, plenty; but her way of getting over them is thusly: "Give them out-and-out Methodism—conversion, fellowship, prayer, Bible-teaching, hearty singing, homely, loving ways—and they like it." May God multiply such women for Methodism and its ministry.

Do you know that the tunes our forefathers sung to the old hymns are infinitely better than the new-fangled things they call "classic music" and "revival tunes"? Some congregations are persecuted every Sunday with tunes most unsuitable to the encouragement of good hearty singing. Friends, try some of the old tunes and see how things go.

We were utterly surprised to learn that some of our leading Sunday-schools do not patronize our own *Sunday-school Banner*, and other helps. We took the trouble some time back to compare the publications of other houses, and we give the palm, for solid worth and cheapness, to Dr.

Withrow and his staff. See if we are not correct in our estimate of things.

#### Important to Sunday-schools.

THE General Conference referred to the Book Committee the project of a new paper for Senior Classes, Epworth Leagues, and Young People's Associations. It is anticipated that a bright, live young people's paper—one of the cheapest and best in the world—will shortly be issued. For this we bespeak the patronage of all our schools and leagues. Specimen numbers will be printed as soon as authorized by the Book Committee. This announcement is made to advise our patrons to wait this paper before ordering elsewhere.

#### "Add to Your Faith, Virtue."

BY CHARLES W. M'CROSSAN.

FAITH comes first. Faith connects us with God. "Faith in the righteousness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ," is the granite foundation of all spiritual structure. All other foundations are upon the shifting sands where the tides meet.

Then comes virtue, from *vir*, a man. Add to your faith, *manliness*. Mark, not *knowledge*, not *moderation*. If you take this advice, which is often given, Now, go easy—who ever heard of a person becoming a full-fledged Christian in one day?—young converts are liable to become too enthusiastic," etc., the result will be that you'll never be of any use here or here-after. You'll be a poor, shivelled-up, limp Christian, with no back-bone in you. Then notice, *godliness* comes near the end. Surely this must be a great mistake? No. The apostle despised those men who had no manliness in them. Be manly, be robust, be out-and-out for the right.

In the Colosseum at Rome, forty thousand spectators are gathered. In the arena stands a modest-looking young woman, a smile upon her upturned face, peace written upon her brow. She is asked to recant. Back goes her head, and a look of defiance comes over her face, as without fear she proclaims,

"For me to live is Christ, to die is gain." In waiting and wild hearts which have been starving for two weeks. The cages are opened, she is torn limb from limb, and another Christian martyr stands before the throne of God. Do you pity her? If you do, you do more than she did herself. She courted death; to die was gain. In one of the galleries, shrinking behind a post, sits a man, another professed follower of Jesus Christ. His teeth are chattering and his knees are knocking together. Do you pity him? Aye, for he needs pity. That shrinking creature never added *manliness* to his faith.

If the gauntlet were thrown down before you, would you take it up? How many times during the past week have you slighted Jesus and refused to take it up?

Winnipeg, Man.

#### Una.

BY LUCY F. TILLEY.

ONCE a post, dear, of England  
Told of maiden pure and white,  
As she journeyed amid dangers  
Guarded by a Red-Cross Knight.

Fair she was—so fair, this maiden,  
That on whom she turned her face  
'Twas like sudden burst of sunshine  
Falling on a shady place!

Through temptations fierce and subtle,  
Keeping heart both pure and strong,  
White as was the lamb beside her  
Went the maiden of the song.

Rode the knight in dented armour  
Worn on many fields hard pressed,  
While he bore, as dear remembrance,  
Red-Cross broided on his breast,

No'er was wrong he had not vanquished,  
No'er came foe who did not yield,  
Never sword could cleave his helmet,  
Never spear might pierce his shield.

Centuries have passed since Spenser,  
With his rhymings quaint and old,  
Of the Red-Cross Knight and Una  
On their troublous journey told.

Ah, you wish you might have seen them?  
Wish 'twere not so far away?  
That the Red-Cross Knight and Una  
Might be in the world to-day?

Bend your brown heads down and listen:  
Would you see that maiden now?  
Then wear heart as pure and fearless,  
Bind white truth upon your brow.

Would you see the knight in armour?  
Hold as strong and true a spear;  
Bear a shield not sword may enter:  
Wear a heart as free from fear.

#### The Age of the Iguanodon.

THE iguana is a small reptile found in the West Indies. Its teeth are very small; not so those of its ancient prototype. Many years ago a number of naturalists were walking on the shore near the Isle of Wight. In the bed of the Wealdon one of them picked up what he thought was a tusk, another thought it to be a hoof, others a horn. It was the shape of the iguana's tooth, but of a monstrous size. Odon, I think, is the Greek word for tooth, and so they named the huge mammoth iguana-odon.

Sir Charles Lyall was asked when the iguanodon lived. His answer was something like this: "Place a closely packed row of numerals extending from John O'Groat's to Land's End. Then ask any geologist if they will tell the number of years since the iguanodon lived. He will probably answer, 'It is just possible they may, I cannot tell.'" But some one has added, "Believer, do not fear, for long anterior to that there was God." J. M.

N. Wiltshire, P. E. I.

## In a Garden.

"In the place where he was crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre."—*John XIX. 41.*

BY ALEXANDER R. THOMPSON, D.D.

What place more strange could men have found  
Wherein to plant the cross, than where  
The flowers in clusters hid the ground,  
And filled with fragrance all the air?

Did ver drier shadow fall  
Atwart the crimson and the gold,  
Than when in its gaunt arms the tall  
Grim cross the dying Christ did hold?

A garden near the cross, and there  
A sepulchre! Light barred with gloom;  
Amid the glory rare and fair  
Of bloom and beauty, there a tomb!

But never yet had weary feet  
Of sorrow come, with muffled tread  
Thither, to crush the blossoms sweet,  
As they brought in their loved and dead.

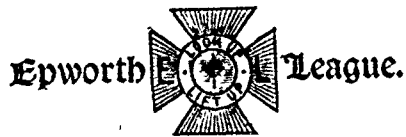
Nor would they, till they came to bring,  
With tear and moan and smothered wail,  
The body of the murdered King,  
Beneath the paschal moonlight pale.

'Twas meet that in a garden bright  
With blooms, the Champion's tomb should be,  
To sleep away the short still night,  
And wake in immortality.

And meet for him to wake 'mid flowers,  
When angels rolled the stone away,  
Where dew-drops, fallen in lavish showers,  
Like lustrous jewels paved his way.

'Tis well for weary head to sleep  
On the same pillow where he lay,  
While heaven its vigil sure doth keep,  
And ere long is the break of day.

And love may make a garden round  
The place where sleeps its own and his;  
Angels patrol the holy ground,  
And Christ the Resurrection is.  
*Brooklyn, N. Y.*



"I desire to form a League, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus."—*John Wesley.*

## Epworth Sociability.

OUR young people should be particularly cordial. Formalities should be eschewed. In the right sense they should wear their hearts upon their sleeve. Sociability is admittedly a power. Hundreds of souls have been saved by a simple handshake. It is the social church that draws the people. It has a wonderful magnetism for the young stranger, not because he wants to be noticed, but because he wants to make friends. At the old home he knew everybody. When he went to church he was called familiarly by his first name. "How do you do, George?" was what everybody asked. Here he is unknown. All faces are strange. He feels lonesome. Perhaps he has his first touch of homesickness. He goes to church on Sunday and drops into a back seat. The sermon does not interest him much, for he is thinking of home. That young man is at a critical moment in life. He cannot live by himself long; his genial, fun-loving nature demands companionship. If he does not make friends in the church, he will soon find them in the world. His associates will influence him. If they possess the stronger nature, they will do so very speedily. How important then, that this young fellow be met by some warm, sunny-faced Christian soul at the close of that first service. A member of the

League should be eagerly watching for him. He should be introduced to others. An invitation to the League services should be extended. His name and residence should be ascertained. During the week he should be called upon. And the result will be that he will be in the church within a year. Look out for that stranger within your gates.—*Epworth Herald.*

## This Country Needs

Young men of opinions.  
Young men of moral nerves.  
Young men of rugged strength.  
Young men who cannot be bought.  
Young men who will push for the top.  
Young men who believe in the church.  
Young men who despise the average dude.  
Young men who read books—and people.  
Young men who lift principle above policy.  
Young men who are tremendously practical.  
Young men who stand by the public schools.  
Young men who honour God in all business concerns.  
Young men who do not regard money as the highest prize.  
Young men who are not ashamed of any kind of honest toil.  
Young men whose vote and conscience always keep company.  
Young men who are not too good to attend the election primaries.  
Young men who are staunch, thorough-going, every-day Christians.  
Young men intelligent enough to grapple with current industrial problems.  
Young men who support all good enterprises with influence—and dollars.—*Epworth Herald.*

## Epworth League Notes.

(From the Epworth Herald.)

- Holiness is wholeness.
- A kind word always fits.
- No real Christian is dull.
- Helpfulness is cultivatable.
- Love will always find a way.
- Cultivate churchly hospitality.
- Preparation prepares for spontaneity.
- A specialist is generally a special success.
- Ask not "What is easiest?" Rather, "What is best?"
- Your hobbies. Do not ride them in the prayer-meeting.
- About the smallest part of the business is to "organize." After organization, what?
- Come up from the damp, foggy valley of doubt. The sun shines on the mountain summit.
- Have you ever noticed that people who sow "wild oats" seldom raise any other kind of crop?
- Every Leaguer is a warring knight against the arch enemy of God and home—the whiskey monster.

## He Settled the Question.

It had been the occasion of centuries of ill-feeling, and even of some wars, had this, to us, insignificant question as to which was the more ancient nation, Egypt or Phœnicia, but the honour of solving this grand problem was left to king Ptolemy Philadelphus. This he did without bloodshed, and in so peaceful a manner as to be of great credit to a king of a warlike nation. You can read the story in Herodotus, how he took two new-born babies, and placed them in the care of a trusty shepherd, who had to keep them in a tower where no sounds could be heard, not even that of his own voice—for he was strictly

enjoined not to utter a word in their presence. They were fed with milk sucked from the goat. The first word they uttered was to decide the question. For many weary months the children were tended, till at last the grand experiment was crowned with triumphant success. One baby opened its mouth: no oracle was ever listened to with greater expectancy. It said, "Bah!" Fancy how the good shepherd ran to tell his tale. Ptolemy asked what the child had said. He was told "Bah! Bah!" "Why, that is the Phœnician word for bread; this must be the original language." Thus Phœnicia was declared to be the older nation.

Need I tell you that the child merely copied the language of the goat? But this we presume did not occur to our pacific prince, for he was satisfied.

*N. Wiltshire, P. E. I.*

*J. M.*

## Skipping.

BOYS, I want to ask you how you think a conqueror would make out who went through a country he was trying to subdue, and whenever he found a fort hard to take, left it alone. Don't you think the enemy would buzz wild thiers, like bees in a hive; and when he was well into the heart of a country, don't you fancy they would swarm out and harass him terribly?

Just so, I want you to remember, will it be with you if you skip over the hard places in your lessons, and leave them unlearned. You have left an enemy in the rear that will not fail to harass you and mortify you times without number.

"There was just a little bit of my Latin I hadn't read," said a vexed student to me, "and it was just there the professor had to call upon me at examination. There were just two or three examples I had passed over, and one of these I was asked to do on the blackboard."

The student who is not thorough is never well at his ease; he never can forget the skipped problems, and the consciousness of his deficiencies makes him nervous and anxious.

Never laugh at the slow, plodding student; the time will surely come when the laugh will be returned. It takes time to be thorough, but it more than pays. Resolve when you take up a study that you will go through with it like a successful conqueror, taking every strong point.

If the inaccurate scholar's difficulties closed with his school life, it might not be so great a matter for his future career. But he has chained to himself a habit that will be like an iron ball at his heels all the rest of his life. Whatever he does, he will be lacking somewhere. He has learned to shirk what is hard, and the habit will grow with years.

## Murderous Millinery.

A LADY told me one day a painful little incident relating to wearing birds on your bonnets and hats. I will try and give her own words. She said:

"One day our pastor said (during service) that when he was in Florence a lady came to him and said, 'Do come with me and hear those birds sing, oh! such mournful notes!' There was a room full of birds in very small cages, and these birds were all blind; they had had their eyes put out. In the night the owners take them outside the city and hang the cages in trees. The trees are then all smeared with tar. These birds keep up their pitiful singing, and other birds are attracted to the cages, and they get stuck on the tar, and then they are caught, and their eyes are put out. And these birds are killed and sent to America for ladies to wear on their bonnets!

"And I looked around the congregation to see what ladies had birds on their bonnets, and I was glad there was none on mine, and I don't think I can ever wear a bird again."—*Wide Awake.*



## A True Story.

"WHERE is the baby, grandamma?"  
The sweet young mother calls  
From her work in the cosy ki ohen,  
With its dainty white washed walls.  
And grandma leaves her knitting,  
And looks for her all round;  
But not a trace of baby dear  
Can anywhere be found.

No sound of its merry prattle,  
No gleam of its sunny hair,  
No patter of tiny footsteps,  
No sign of it anywhere.  
All through house and garden,  
Far out into the field,  
They search each nook and corner,  
But nothing is revealed.

And the mother's face grew pallid;  
Grandamma's eyes grew dim;  
The father's gone to the village;  
No use to look for him.  
And the baby's lost! "Where's Rover?"  
The mother chanced to think  
Of the old well in the orchard  
Where the cattle used to drink.

"Where's Rover? I know he'd find her!  
Rover!" In vain they call.  
Then hurry away to the orchard;  
And there by the moss-grown wall,  
Close to the well lies Rover,  
Holding a baby's dress,  
Who was leaning over the well's edge  
In perfect fearlessness.

She stretched her little arms down,  
But Rover held her fast,  
And never seemed to mind the kicks  
The tiny bare feet cast  
So spitefully upon him,  
But wagged his tail instead,  
To grope the frightened searchers,  
While naughty baby said:

"Dere's a 'tittle dirl in the wator;  
She's dust as big as me;  
Mamma, I want to help her out,  
And take her homo to tea.  
But Rover, he won't let me,  
And I don't love him. Go  
Away, you naughty Rover!  
Oh! why are you crying so?"

The mother kissed her, saying:  
"My darling, understand,  
Good Rover saved your life, my dear—  
And see, he licks your hand!  
Kiss Rover!" Baby struck him.  
But grandma understood;  
She said: "It's hard to thank the friend  
Who thwarts us for our good."

## Edith in China.

BY LUCIE D. PHILLIPS.

EDITH GRANT is taking her first walk in the streets of Canton. Her mother's only sister is a missionary here; and to come some day to China—that far-away, wonderful country, of which she had heard and read so much—has been the dream of Edith's life. It would be hard to say how many questions she has already asked, and now that they are out on the streets, where strange and novel sights greet her on either side, she begins afresh.

It is a feast-day; and the houses, shops, and people wear a holiday air. There is plenty of noise; for street musicians, lantern sellers, snake-charmers, and peddlers of all kinds of wares, are out in force.

"Is Canton always like this?" asks the child, her eyes taking in all that eyes can of the gay and busy scenes.

"This is one of their festival-days," says Aunt Lena. "The Feast of the Lanterns, it is called; and to night you will see every colour and variety illuminating the doors and windows."

"How beautiful it will be! I believe I should like to live here."

"The Chinese say, to be happy on earth we must be born in Tschord, live in Canton, and die in Lianchau."

"I should not think heathen people could bear the thought of death," says Edith; "they know that their gods can do nothing for them."

"They do not seem to care for the future at all, and that is one thing that makes our work so difficult. They hold the past in sacred reverence; the present they fill with work, amusements, and ceremonies, of which there are said to be three thousand; but they meet death with apparent unconcern, and, after a handsome coffin has been provided, seem entirely satisfied."

"How strange and sad! Is that one of their temples where those men are kneeling on the steps?"

"Yes. That is one of the Buddhist 'Joss houses,' and there are at least one hundred and twenty-five others in the city. The most famous is in the western suburbs, where we are to drive to-morrow. It is called the 'Temple of the Five Hundred Gods.' On your right is one of the oldest buildings in Canton, and is a Mohammedan mosque."

"What a grand, solemn house, just before us, Aunt Lena! It looks like the biggest tombstones in the world put together."

"That is one of the temples dedicated to Confucius, and it is a pity that his followers do not in the least resemble him. He tried to make the lives of men better; but the Chinese of to-day, who worship his image, are more wicked than any other idolaters we have found here."

"This small white church is like a bit of America. It must be one of our chapels. Am I right, Aunt Lena?"

"Yes, that belongs to our mission, and you will go there next Sunday, and hear a native conduct the service."

"Oh, how these poor heathen should love you, and thank you for telling them about the Saviour!" says the child.

"We must not think too much of what they feel"—and Aunt Lena looks pale and tired as she answers: "We must only do our best to give them the Gospel. Its purity is a constant reproach to them, and rarely fails to arouse their prejudice against those who teach it. But others have toiled and waited in the midst of persecutions, and we are content to toil and wait too. Now is the seed-time—and the harvest is sure."

## A Little Talk with Boys.

WHEN I meet you everywhere, boys—on the street, in the cars, on the boat; at your homes, or at school—I see a great many things in you to admire. You are earnest, you are merry, you are full of happy life, you are quick at your lessons, you are patriotic, you are brave, and you are ready to study out all the great and curious things in this wonderful world of ours.

But very often I find one thing lacking in you. You are not quite gentlemanly enough. There are so many little actions which help to make a true gentleman, and which I do not see in you.

Sometimes when mother or sister comes into the room where you are sitting in the most comfortable chair, you do not jump up and say, "Take this seat, mother;" or, "Sit here, Annie;" but you sit still and enjoy it yourself. Sometimes you push past your mother or your sister, in the doorway from one room to another, instead of stopping aside politely for them to pass first. Perhaps you say "the governor," in speaking of your father;

and when he comes in at night you forget to say, "Good evening, sir!" Sometimes, when your mother has been shopping and passes you on the corner, carrying a parcel, you do not step up and say, "Let me carry that for you, mother," but you keep on playing with the other boys. Sometimes when mother or sister is doing something for you, you call out, "Come, hurry up!" just as if you were speaking to one of your boy companions. Sometimes when you are rushing out to play, and meet a lady friend of your mother's just coming in at the door, you do not lift your cap from your head, nor wait a moment till she passes in.

Such "little" things, do you say? Yes, to be sure; but it is these very little acts—these gentle acts—which make gentlemen. I think the word "gentleman" is a beautiful word. First, "man"—and that means everything strong and brave and noble; and then "gentle." And that means full of these little, kind, thoughtful acts of which I have been speaking.

A gentleman! Every boy may be one if he will. Whenever I see a gentlemanly boy I feel so glad and proud. I met one the other day, and I have been happier ever since.—*Anon.*

## Bits of Fun.

—People who want to know whether it is pronounced "neether" or "nyther" will find, if they investigate, that it is either.

—The Force of Imagination.—A Boston family went off on a vacation, and the neighbours saw a cat in the window and heard it mew pitifully. The Humane Society broke into the house and rescued the feline from starvation. It was a plaster-of-paris cat.

—A guilty conscience.—A doctor who had been attending a dairyman's hired girl called at the house the other day. "How's your milkmaid?" he asked of the farmer when he came to the door.

"It's none of your business how our milk is made," was the indignant response, and the door slammed most emphatically.

—"Patsy, o'ive been insulted. Mickey Doolan called me a liar," said an excited Irishman,

"An' phwat are yez goin' to do about it?"

"I don't know. Phwat would you do av ye wor me?"

"Well, Dinny, I think o'ld tell the trooth oftener."

—Miss Hood—"Three in the gold, captain! I've outshot you this time."

Captain Angus—"Yes, but what's become of my other arrow? I shot three."

Voice of tramp in bushes—"When you folks git through countin' up I wish you'd jest come in an' upin my ear from this hickory-tree; 'taint gold, but it's got feelin' in it."

—Excited fisherman to summer hotel man—"There isn't a bit of fishing around here. Every brook has a sign warning people off. What do you mean by luring anglers here with the promise of fine fishing?"

Hotel man—"I didn't say anything about fine fishing. If you read my advertisement carefully you will see that what I said was 'Fishing unapproachable.'"

—Her Modest Choice: "Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from the honey-moon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life, Are you the president or vice-president of this society?"

"I want to be neither president nor vice-president," she answered. "I will be content with a subordinate position."

"What is that?"

"reasurer."



**When Love the Law Shall Be.**

HAVE you heard of the ancient city,  
 Envied by gods above,  
 Where life is like a poem,  
 And the only law is love?  
 And how the fair Atlantis  
 Was condemned by the gods to be  
 Sunken, and hid for ever  
 Beneath the cruel sea?

Except when the years count seven,  
 The island 'neath the wave  
 May rise for one brief hour  
 Out from its ocean grave;  
 And then the startled sailor  
 Beholds, with wondering eyes,  
 A marvellous floating city,  
 Like a vision of pure bliss.

Rocked on the ocean's boom,  
 White palace, temple, and tower,  
 Thrilled the heart of the gazer,  
 With a weird, mysterious power;  
 And o'er the whispering waters  
 Steals a sweet, unearthly strain,  
 Now rising in dreamy rapture,  
 Now low, like the wail of pain.

Then follows the eager sailor  
 Where the witching music leads,  
 But over before his coming  
 The fairy isle recedes.  
 Faint and fainter the music,  
 Dimmer the city fair,  
 Until the beautiful vision  
 Fades into viewless air.

But spirit voices have called him,  
 And on the far-off shore  
 True hearts shall mourn the sailor,  
 For he comes again no more.

The story speaketh truly  
 Of the traveller o'er life's sea,  
 Who seeketh for a country  
 Where love the law shall be.  
 He leaves earth's cares behind him  
 As the sailor leaves the strand,  
 For who so sees love's vision  
 Behold! God's beckoning hand.

Ah! the wondrous, floating phantom,  
 We will reach it by and by,  
 For its glory's but reflected  
 From the changeless love on high.  
 It is sent to guide the sailor  
 Across life's ocean broad,  
 Till he finds the lost Atlantis  
 In the paradise of God.

**LESSON NOTES.**

FOURTH QUARTER.  
 STUDIES IN LUKE.

A.D. 30] LESSON X. [Dec. 7.

THE WALK TO EMMANUS.

Luke 24. 13-27. Memory verses, 25-27.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?—Luke 24. 20.

TIME.—A few days after his resurrection. A.D. 30.

PLACE.—Near Emmaus, in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The exact order in which the occurrences following Jesus' resurrection took place cannot be given. This conversation, however, occurred only a few days after the resurrection.

EXPLANATIONS.

Two of them—One was named Cleopas; the other is unknown. Emmaus—A town not yet distinctly identified. Threescore furlongs—Six and a half miles. Talked . . . reasoned . . . They went over the awful events which had so recently occurred, and conjectured what might come next. Eyes were holden—They were miraculously kept from recognizing him. And are sad—This should be another sentence. He asked what was the topic of their conversation; and when they heard his ques-

tion they stood still, looking sad. A stranger—Cleopas wondered how even a pilgrim could be in Jerusalem during the paschal feast and not know of Jesus' death. A prophet—This was as high as their faith had risen. Delivered him to be condemned—Passed him over to Pilate for capital punishment. The third day—So all our hopes are dashed. Yea, and certain women—Their hopes and fears alternate. Such women as these could not be suspected of romancing, but their story seemed simply incredible. Which said—The women said that the angels said. But him they saw not—Back again they came to the sorrowful fact that, in spite of all hopes and fancies, the Master is missing. Fools—Unintelligent ones. Slow of heart—Most fools lack in heart rather than in head. Ought not Christ—A title, not a name. The question is, Was this not to be expected of the chosen One of God? Is there so much to astonish you in the results, after all, if you only understand the requirements of the case? Beginning at Moses and all the prophets—Taking all the Scriptures as his text. Moses and the prophets was an ordinary term for the sacred writings. Expounded—What a wonderful sermon this must have been!

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- The Hidden Eyes**, vers. 13-16.  
 What journey were two disciples taking? On what day was this? What did they talk about as they went? Who joined them in their journey? Why did they not recognize Jesus?
- The Strange Story**, vers. 17-24.  
 What question did Jesus ask the disciples? Who replied to the question? What was Cleopas' expression of surprise? About whom did he tell a strange story? What was done to this mighty prophet? What hope had his disciples cherished? How long since he was crucified? What had they heard that surprised them? By whom was this story told? What had some of the disciples found out?
- The Opened Word**, vers. 25-27.  
 How did Jesus address them? What question did he ask? (Golden Text.) What did he explain to them from the Scriptures? With what part of the Scriptures did he begin? What is Peter's testimony as to the opened word? Acts 10. 43. What says John as to the burden of the Scriptures? Rev. 19. 10.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To what village were the two disciples drawing near? "Emmaus." 2. Who approached them and expounded the Scriptures? "Jesus." 3. Why did they not recognize him? "Their eyes were holden." 4. What did these two disciples say Jesus was? "A prophet, mighty in deed and word." 5. What is the Golden Text? "Ought not Christ," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christ in the Old Testament.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

11. What was the Spirit's work of inspiration? He moved and guided the writers of the Bible, so that they truly recorded the truth of God.

A.D. 30] LESSON XI. [Dec. 14

JESUS MADE KNOWN.

Luke 24. 28-43. Memory verses, 36-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And their eyes were opened, and they knew him.—Luke 24. 31.

TIME.—30 A.D., a few days after the resurrection.

PLACE.—Near Emmaus, in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—This lesson follows immediately after the preceding.

EXPLANATIONS.

The village—Emmaus. Made as though—He stimulated desire by temporarily concealing the truth. Abide with us—Stop all night. They were probably about entering an inn. Sat at meat—Rec. med. took bread—He acted as host, and presided at the table. Their eyes were opened—They had been "holden." They knew him—Knew him as never before. Not simply as their old friend and Master, but as the Messiah.

Vanished—A sudden and supernatural departure. Opened—Explained. The same hour—It was sunset about six o'clock. They had time to go to Jerusalem before night-fall. The eleven—They were called thus officially. That was their name. There were only ten persons there, for Judas was dead and Thomas was absent. Hath appeared to Simon—We have no other record of his appearance. Stood in the midst—Came as suddenly as he had gone from Emmaus. Peace be unto you—The customary salutation, but meaning infinitely more from Jesus' lips. A spirit—A ghost. In your hearts—He could read their hearts as readily as he could hear their words. Behold . . . handle—Use your senses. Here I am, I, myself. Test me, and see if I am not a living man. Any meat—Any food. Broiled fish—A staple article of diet. Honey-comb—The richness of the honey of Canaan was proverbial. Did eat—The apostles always regarded this as an infallible proof of the resurrection of Jesus.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- To Two Disciples**, vers. 29-32.  
 What invitation did the disciples give to Jesus? While at the table, what did he do? What change came to the disciples? (Golden Text.) What became of Jesus? What did they say to one another? Have your eyes been opened to see Jesus?
- To Peter**, vers. 33-35.  
 What journey did the two at once make? Whom did they find together in Jerusalem? What strange thing were these talking of? Who else tells us that the Lord appeared to Simon? 1 Cor. 15. 5. What story did the two tell?
- To Ten Disciples**, vers. 36-43.  
 What happened as the two were speaking? What did Jesus say? How were the disciples affected? What did Jesus ask them? What did he request them to do? What did he show to them? Why did they not believe? What did he ask for? What did they give him? What did Jesus do with the food?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What occurred when Jesus took bread and brake it before these two disciples? "Their eyes were opened, and they knew him." 2. What did they say? "Did not our hearts burn within us?" 3. What news did the disciples at Jerusalem give them? "The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon." 4. What immediately occurred? "Jesus appeared, and blessed them." 5. How did the disciples receive him? "They were terrified." 6. How did he prove to them that he was not a bodiless spirit? "He ate before them."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The communion of saints.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

12. What was the Spirit's work as to the person of Jesus? He brought into being the human nature of our Lord, so that he was born without sin; and gave to him as the Christ—or the Anointed—wisdom and grace without measure for his redeeming work.

PRAYER is talking with God.

A VERY timid little girl went down into the collar with her mamma. "What is it that smells so?" she asked. "I don't smell anything unusual," said her mamma; "what does it smell like?" "Well," said the little one, slowly, sniffing and snuffing, "it sounds like a rat."

No man is so good but that he can wisely turn over a new leaf at the beginning of the year, and resolve to live a better life than hitherto. Vow, and then pay the vow to the Lord, who is faithful in all things, for this is right. Forgetting the past, it is for each to press forward to better things every day.

**JUST ISSUED.**

Our new Catalogues of SUNDAY-SCHOOL LIBRARY and PRIZE BOOKS. SEND FOR A COPY.

**SUNDAY-SCHOOL CARDS.**

We will send you, Post-paid, any of the undermentioned packets for only

**15 CENTS PER PACKET.**

Each packet contains beautifully printed Scriptural texts decorated with Landscape or Flowers.

No.	152 contains	of	Cards.
" 8	"	12	"
" 9	"	12	"
" 10	"	12	"
" 1	"	12	"
" 2	"	12	"
" 3	"	12	"
" 5	"	12	"
" 6	"	12	"
" 11	"	12	"
" 12	"	12	"
" 4	"	12	Songs of Joy Cards.
" 7	"	12	Safety and Peace Cards.
" 112	"	60	Sunbeam Cards.
" 110	"	144	Floral Texts
" 109	"	144	Blessings and Promises.

**Send \$1.00**

And we will send, Post-paid, a beautiful BIBLE, containing References and Maps, and bound in French Morocco, flaps, Ruby type, size 6 1/4 x 4 1/4 inches, with your name printed in Gilt Letters on the cover.

STYLE OF TYPE.

2 Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips, and from a deceitful tongue.

**PANSY'S LATEST WORKS.**

**MODERN EXODUS.**

Cloth - 70 Cents.

**AUNT HANNAH AND MARTHA AND JOHN.**

Cloth - - - - - 70 Cents.

**MISS DEE DUNMORE BRYANT.**

Cloth - 70 Cents.

**TO SUNDAY-SCHOOLS IMPORTANT!**

**ANNIVERSARY SONGS, NO. 2.**

We have just issued a new selection of Anniversary Songs, for approaching Sunday-school festivals, etc. It consists of over a dozen new pieces not found in any of our former publications. They are very choice. The words and music together are issued at 50c. a dozen copies. The words only at \$1.00 a hundred.

**WILLIAM BRIGGS,**

29 to 33 Richmond St. West, 30 to 36 Temperance St., Toronto. C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que. S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.