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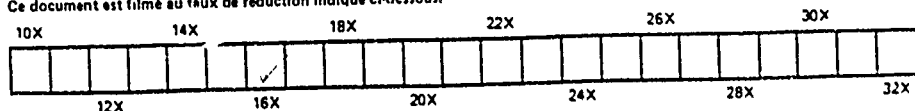
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# WOMEN AND SCHOOL

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

ROLPH SMITH - CO., TORONTO.

Vol. VI.]

TORONTO, JULY 28, 1888

[No. 15.]

## Capt. Ead's Ship Railway.

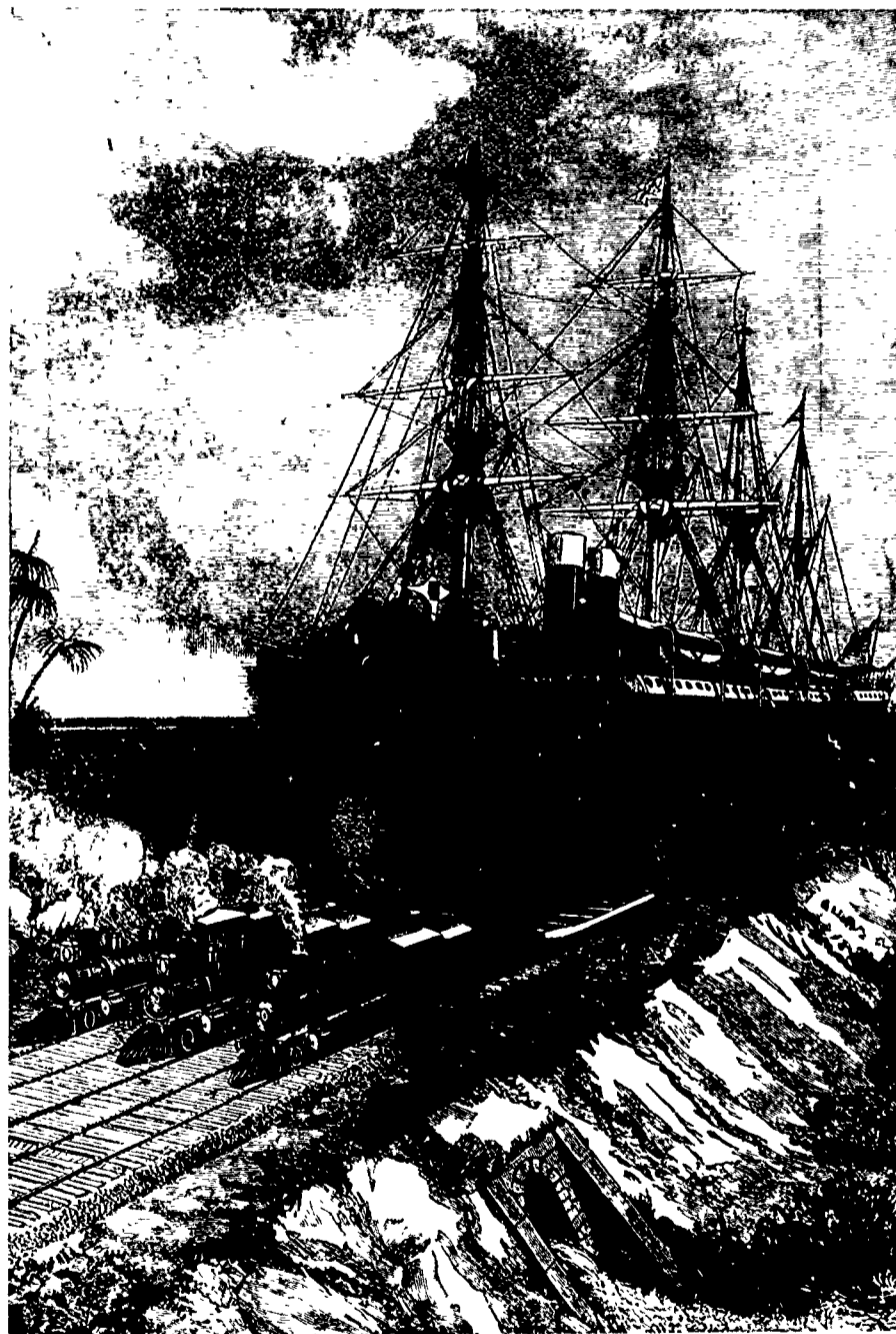
We present here an illustration of Captain Ead's proposed ship railway across the Isthmus of Panama, which, if completed, would be one of the most gigantic achievements of modern time. It is proposed to build a railway of such proportions and strength that the largest vessels plying the oceans can be safely carried across the Isthmus of Panama—a distance of about 134 miles. By looking at the map of the western hemisphere, our young readers will readily see that thousands of miles of travel will be avoided by being carried across the isthmus, instead of sailing around the extreme southern end of South America.

Such a project may be practicable, but it will require an immense amount of labour, not only to construct but to operate such a railway. The car upon which the ship is transported is an immense affair. A large proportion of the machinery for elevating the vessel to the level of the track must, of course, be under water. It consists of a pontoon, or floating dock, upon which the immense car is placed, and all submerged. The vessel is floated over the car, the latter raised by hydraulic pressure; the bearings, which you see under the ship, properly adjusted, the fine, ponderous locomotives slowly begin to move; and the huge vessel which, an hour ago, was tossed about by the waves, is seen journeying on its way across the isthmus.

When the other side is reached, the operation of placing the vessel on the car is reversed, and the ship is soon floating on the briny deep.

It would, indeed, be a novel scene to witness a ship, with its cargo and passengers, moving along through the country at the rate of four or five miles an hour. Some of our readers may live to see this realized.

While the ship railway is as yet built only on paper, there is in process of construction the Panama Ship



CAPTAIN EAD'S SHIP RAILWAY.

Canal. This stupendous work has been going on for several years, during which time the most improved machinery has been constructed, thousands have died from exposure to the unhealthy climate of that region, and millions of dollars have been expended. The progress of the work is slow, owing to the many difficulties

that have been met—one of which is, that the earth is washed back into the canal by the heavy rains, almost as fast as it can be removed. At the rate it is progressing, several years' constant labour will be necessary to complete it.

FAITH without works is dead.

## A Girl's Reading.

LISTEN, girls, to what a writer in a recent number of the *Atlantic* says about you. Is it untrue? Is it unjust? Is it too severe? For some of you, perhaps, yes; but of many, many girls, it is to be feared that the charge is only too true:—

“If we pursue a modern school-girl along the track of her self-chosen reading, we shall be astonished that so much printed matter can yield so little mental-nourishment. She has begun, no doubt, with childish stories—bright and well written probably, but following each other in such quick succession, that none of them have left any distinct impression on her mind. Books that children read but once, are of scant service to them. Those that have really helped to warm our imaginations and to train our faculties, are the few old friends we know so well that they have become a portion of our thinking selves. At ten or twelve the little girl aspires to something partly grown up—to those nondescript tales which, trembling ever on the brink of sentiment, seem afraid to risk the plunge, and, with her appetite whetted by a course of this unsatisfying diet, she is soon ripe for a little more excitement and a great deal more love, so graduates into Rhoda Broughton and the ‘Duchess,’ at which point her intellectual career is closed. She has no idea even of what she has missed in the world of books. She has probably never read a single masterpiece of our language; she has never been moved by a noble poem, or stirred to the quick by a well-told page of history; she has never opened the pores of her mind for the reception of a vigorous thought or the solution of a mental problem; yet she may be found daily in the circulating library, and is seldom seen on the street without a book or two under her arm.”

ONE cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.

### Master Sparrow.

Dear morning Master Sparrow  
 To my parents I am  
 Where no man can see  
 For I have my own little  
 In return, he often gives me  
 Little sermons, and  
 And if you could only hear  
 Words in secret, they might be

Master Sparrow is not handsome  
 With a curly head  
 And from some he never travels,  
 Nor can build a pretty nest;  
 He is not a skillful songster,  
 And has fewer friends than in foes,  
 But his life is free from sadness,  
 And a care he never knows.

And yet Master Sparrow daily  
 Has his every meal to seek,  
 For he cannot on the Monday  
 Get enough to last the week;  
 And sometimes in depth of winter,  
 When the snow is on the ground,  
 E'en the needed little morsel  
 Is with difficulty found.

Master Sparrow's wants are always  
 By his Maker's hand supplied;  
 And the lark, and thrush, and goldfinch,  
 Are provided for beside;  
 Oh, if God so kindly feeds them,  
 Keeps them kindly in his view,  
 Will you not believe, dear reader,  
 That he surely cares for you?

Look at Master Sparrow's garments,  
 Sober coloured, but how trim!  
 Mark his coat, so smooth and glossy,  
 Such a perfect fit for him!  
 Twice a year he gets a new one,  
 Without any bill to pay;  
 Will not he who robs the sparrow  
 Clothe his children, day by day?

Smile not at the birdie's lessons,  
 Nor be with the teacher vexed;  
 For God made the humble sparrow,  
 And Christ chose it for his text.  
 Be contented, then, and trustful,  
 Look to Heaven in time of need;  
 Are you not of much more value  
 Than the sparrows God doth feed?

### A Story of the Kindness of Madam Malibran.

In a humble room in one of the poorest streets of London, Pierre, a faithful French boy, sat humming at the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still at times he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew that nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother, as a good, sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own, one he had composed, both air and words, for the child was a genius. He went to the window, and looking out saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madam Malibran would sing that night in public. "Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he smoothed his yellow curls, and, taking from a tiny box some old, stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

"Who did you say was waiting for me?" said the madam to her servant.

"I am already worn out with company." "It's only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls," she said; if he can just see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment." "Oh, well, let him come!" said the beautiful singer, with a smile. "I can never refuse children." Little Pierre went in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child, he walked to the lady and bowing, said, "I come to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought, perhaps, that if you would sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, may be some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother." The beautiful woman arose from her seat. Very tall and stately she was. She took the little roll from his hand and lightly hummed the air. "Did you compose it?" she asked; "you, a child! And the words? would you like to come to my concert?" she asked. "Oh, yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness, "but I could not leave my mother." "I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening, and here is a crown with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets. Come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me." Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune. When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert-hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so great a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, bewildered his eyes and brain. At last she came, and the child sat with his glance riveted on her face. Could he believe that the grand lady would really sing his little song?

Breathless, he waited; the band—the whole band—struck up a plaintive little melody. He knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And oh, how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful. Many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song—oh, so touching! Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened by a visit from Madam Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman, said, "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered, this morning, by the best publisher in London, one thousand five hundred dollars for his little song; and after he has realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre here is to share the profits. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven." The noble-hearted

singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of him who was his mother's friend, he was tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside and uttered a simple prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction. The memory of that prayer made the singer more tender-hearted, and she who was the idol of England's nobility went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, he who stood beside her bed and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was little Pierre of former days, now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.—*Youth's Golden Cyle.*

### Ingenious Marauding Elephants.

A SMALL body of Sepoys—stationed at an outpost at Fort de Galle, in Ceylon, to protect a granary containing a large quantity of rice—was suddenly removed, in order to quiet some unruly villagers, a few miles distant, who had set the authorities at defiance. Two of the party happened to be on the spot at the moment. No sooner had the Sepoys withdrawn, than a herd of wild elephants—which had been long noticed in the neighbourhood, made their appearance in front of the granary. They had been preceded by a scout, which returned to the herd, and having no doubt satisfied them—in a language which to them needed no interpreter—that the coast was clear, they advanced at a brisk pace toward the building. When they arrived within a few yards of it, quite in martial order, they made a sudden stand, and began deliberately to reconnoitre the object of their attack. Nothing could be more wary and methodical than their proceedings. The walls of the granary were of solid brickwork, very thick, and the only opening into the building was in the terraced roof, to which the ascent was by a ladder.

On the approach of the elephants, the two astonished spectators clambered up into a lofty banyan tree, in order to escape mischief, and there watched their proceedings. The two spectators were so completely screened by the foliage of the tree to which they had resorted for safety, that they could not be perceived by the elephants, though they could see very well—through the little vistas formed by the separated branches—what was going on below. Had there been a door to the granary, all difficulty of obtaining an entrance would have instantly vanished; but four thick brick walls were obstacles which seemed at once to defy both the strength and sagacity of these dumb robbers.

Nothing daunted by the magnitude of the difficulty which they had to surmount, they successively began their operations at the angles of the building. A large male elephant, with tusks of immense proportions, labored

for some time to make an impression, but after a while his strength was expended, and he retired. The next in size and strength then advanced, and put forth his exertions, with no better success. A third then came forward, and applying those tremendous levers with which his jaws were armed, and which he wielded with such prodigious might, he at length succeeded in dislodging a brick. An opening once made, other elephants advanced, when an entrance was soon obtained sufficiently large to admit the determined marauders.

As the whole herd could not be accommodated at once, they divided into small bodies of three or four. One of these entered, and when they had taken their fill they retired, and their places were immediately supplied by the next in waiting, until the whole herd—upwards of twenty—had made a full meal.

By this time a shrill sound was heard from one of the elephants, which was readily understood, when those in the building immediately rushed out, and joined their companions. One of the first division, after retiring from the granary, had acted as sentinel while the rest were enjoying the fruits of their sagacity and perseverance. He had so stationed himself as to be enabled to observe the advance of an enemy from any quarter; and upon perceiving the troops as they returned from the village, he sounded the signal of retreat, when the whole herd, flourishing their trunks, moved rapidly into the jungle.

The soldiers, on their return, found that the animals had devoured the greater part of the rice. A ball from a field-piece was discharged at them in their retreat; but they only wagged their tails, as if in mockery, and soon disappeared in the recesses of their native forests.

### Mr. "Ten Minutes."

A TOUCHING story is told of the late Prince Napoleon. He had joined the English army, and was one day at the head of a squad riding horseback outside of the camp. It was a dangerous situation. One of the company said: "We had better return. If we don't hasten, we may fall into the hands of the enemy." "Oh!" said the prince; "let us stay here ten minutes, and drink our coffee." Before the ten minutes had passed, a company of Zulus came upon them, and in the skirmish the prince lost his life.

His mother, when informed of the facts, in her anguish said: "That was his great mistake from his babyhood. He never wanted to go to bed at night in time, nor to arise in the morning. He was ever pleading for ten minutes more. When too sleepy to speak, he would lift up his two little hands and spread out his ten fingers, indicating that he wanted ten minutes. On this account I sometimes called him 'Mr. Ten Minutes.'"—*Illust. Christ. Weekly.*

## A Mother's Love.

BY LILLIE F. BARR.

SOME DAY.

When others braid your thick brown hair,  
And drape your form in silk and lace,  
When others call you "dear" and "fair,"  
And hold your hands and kiss your face—  
You'll not forget that far above  
All other is a mother's love.

SOME DAY,

'Mong strangers in far distant lands,  
In your new home beyond the sea,  
When at your lips are baby hands,  
And children playing at your knee—  
Oh, then, as at your side they grow,  
How I have loved you, you will know.

SOME DAY,

When you must feel love's heavy loss,  
You will remember other years,  
When I, too, bent beneath the cross,  
And mix my memory with your tears,  
In such dark hours be not afraid;  
Within their shadow I have prayed.

SOME DAY,

Your daughter's voice, or smile, or eyes,  
My face will suddenly recall;  
Then you will pause in sweet surprise,  
And your soul unto mine will call  
In that dear forgotten prayer,  
Which we at evening used to share.

SOME DAY,

A flower, a song, a word, may be  
A link between us, strong and sweet;  
Ah, then, dear child, remember me!  
And let your heart to "mother" beat.  
My love is with you everywhere—  
You cannot get beyond my prayer.

SOME DAY,

At longest, it cannot be long,  
I shall with glad impatience wait,  
Amid the glory and the song,  
For you before the golden gate,  
After earth's parting and earth's pain,  
Never to part! Never again!

## Captain John Smith.

BY JENNY L. ENO.

THE adventures of this remarkable man, were we to believe his own accounts of them, would quite overshadow those of Robinson Crusoe, and rival those of Sinbad the Sailor. This particular John Smith was born in Lincolnshire, England, in the year 1579, and early evinced a desire for travel and adventure. His parents died while he was quite young, and he is said to have left home soon after, in the cowardly character of a runaway. At the age of fifteen he was travelling on the continent as a page. Soon tiring of this, he ran away and enlisted under the Protestant Banner in France. Wherever there was anything wonderful to see he wandered, and Egypt now attracted him. On one of his voyages he was thrown overboard for some misdemeanour, but saved himself by swimming to a rocky island, and there remaining till taken off by a passing vessel.

We next find him fighting the Turks, in Hungary. Here he was wounded, taken prisoner, sold as a slave, and carried off hundreds of miles into a dreary country. His propensity for running away soon helped him out of this scrape. Improving an opportunity, he arose against his master; then, mounting a horse, he fled through trackless forests to Russia,

and, after some further adventures, made his way back to England just in time to join Captain Newport's party, which was setting out for the New World.

Smith was now in his element. The council to direct the affairs of the colony—of which council he was a member—charged him with sedition, and treated him unjustly; but what cared he while a vast, unexplored country lay before him, its people ready to be astonished at his exploits.

The Indians captured and carried him around to their villages as a curiosity; at last bringing him to the chief, Powhattan. A solemn council was held, and Smith was condemned to death. All have heard the story of how Powhattan's daughter, the gentle Indian girl, Pocahontas, rushed forward, as the fatal blow was about to be struck, and besought the savages to spare him. Some of the details of this story are thought to have originated in Captain Smith's inventive mind; but the Indians certainly released and let him go back to Jamestown. He found the colonists suffering—especially for food—and on the point of leaving the country in despair. He persuaded them to remain, and, by sharp bargaining, secured a supply of corn from the natives. In 1608, Captain Smith explored Chesapeake Bay in an open boat, and made a map of it and the surrounding region.

In spite of many hardships and difficulties, John Smith managed the colony well, and for once in his life did not run away. He was injured by an explosion of gunpowder, and obliged to return to England. He made other voyages to America, and is said to have given New England the name it now bears.

He died in London, in 1631, and was buried in one of its churches.

## The Petition of the Left Hand.

THE following is stated in *Hall's Journal of Health* to be a translation of an article, written in French, by Benjamin Franklin, and published in a French almanac in 1787:—

I take the liberty of addressing myself to all the friends of youth, and to beseech them to have compassion upon my misfortune, and to help me to conquer the prejudice of which I am the innocent victim.

I am one of the twin sisters of our family. The two eyes in the head do not resemble each other more completely than I and my own sister do.

My sister and I could perfectly agree together if it was not for the partiality of our parents, who favour her to my great humiliation.

From my infancy I was taught to look upon my sister as if she were of a higher rank than I. My parents allowed me to grow up without any instruction, while they did not spare any cost on the education of my sister. She had professors of writing, draw-

ing, music, and other useful and ornamental performances; but if I happen to touch a pencil, a pen, or a needle, I was severely reprimanded, and more than once I was even beaten for being clumsy.

It is true that my sister likes my company, and does not despise my co-operation occasionally; but always claims superiority, and only calls upon me when she needs my assistance.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, I do not believe that my complaints are dictated by vanity. Oh, no! they have a more serious basis.

My sister and I are charged by our parents with the work of procuring the necessities of life. Now, if some sickness should befall my sister, and make her unable to work—and I tell you in confidence, my sister is subject to cramps, rheumatism, gout, and many other ailments—what will become of our family? Alas! we shall perish in misery; for I shall not be able even to draw up a supplication for obtaining charity. Even for this present petition I have been obliged to use a stranger's hand.

Oh, how my parents will yet regret having established such an unjust distinction between two sisters who resemble each other so nearly!

Will you be so kind, ladies and gentlemen, as to make my parents realize how unjust it is to be so partial in their treatment of their children, and how necessary it is for them to bestow their care and affection upon their offspring in equal measure?

I am, ladies and gentlemen, with the greatest respect, your most humble servant,  
THE LEFT HAND.

## How to Read.

TO READ much is one thing; to read wisely is another—and a far better thing. *St. Nicholas* gives some advice on the subject, which will be of invaluable service to those who follow it:—

"After reading a book or an article, or an item of information from any reliable source, before turning your attention to other things, give two or three minutes of quiet thought to the subject which has just been presented to your mind; see how much you can remember concerning it; and if there were any new ideas, instructive facts, or points of especial interest that impressed you as you read, force yourself to recall them. It may be a little troublesome at first, until your mind gets under control and learns to obey your will, but the very effort to think it all out will engrave the facts deeply upon the memory—so deeply that they will not be effaced by the rushing in of a new and different set of ideas; whereas, if the matter be given no further consideration at all, the impressions you have received will fade away so entirely that within a few weeks you will be totally unable to remember more than a dim outline of them.

"Form the good habit, then, of always reviewing what has just been read. It exercises and disciplines the mental faculties, strengthens the memory, and teaches concentration of thought. You will soon learn in this way to think and reason intelligently, to separate and classify different kinds of information; and in time the mind, instead of being a lumber-room, in which the various contents are thrown together in careless confusion and disorder, will become a storehouse where each special class or item of knowledge, neatly labelled, has its own particular place, and is ready for use the instant there is need of it."

## Take Off Your Hat.

THE Hon. Philip Honye, of Chicago, relates the following:—

"I was going along the other evening, when a savage dog flew out at me, evidently ready to rend me in pieces. Now, what do you suppose I did? Whipped out my pistol? Not a bit of it. I simply lifted my hat. Don't laugh. The dog stopped, looked at me, growled, and finally crouched back to the doorstep, and began wagging his tail. I have done the same thing over and over again, with the same result.

"Dogs, in my opinion, think—in a crude way. They see a man such as I walking along, say, with a hat on his head, and so forth. To him I present a complete picture, just as a dog with flapping ears, swishing tail, and four legs, presents one equally complete. Now mark! The four-footed picture cannot, so to speak, disintegrate. No dog ever saw another dog take off its tail, or throw away one of its hind legs. This human apparition suddenly begins to take himself to pieces. He lifts off his hat. The dog doesn't know what is coming next, perhaps. He begins to think. He is overawed. He meets with a power which is beyond his comprehension, and he succumbs.

"Mind you, this is only my theory; but I have tried it several times, and I always found it to succeed."

The question of African liquor traffic is attracting great attention in England. The appalling statement is made, that where one missionary had been sent to Africa to evangelize the heathen tribes, 70,000 barrels of rum had been sent for the purposes of barter. It is said that the Niger Trading Company has adopted the policy of the prohibition of intoxicating liquors in trading with the African tribes. This policy has been adopted for financial reasons. It has been found that rum so demoralizes the natives as to ruin trade. This company is also bringing a strong pressure to bear on the Congo Free State, and on the German and Belgian Governments to adopt the same policy.  
—Mission Notes.

Little Things.

We call him strong who stands unmoved—  
Calm as some tempest-beaten rock—  
When some great trouble hurls its shock;  
We say of him, his strength is proved:  
But when the spent storm folds its wings,  
How bears he then life's little things?

About his brow we twine our wreath  
Who seeks the battle's thickest smoke,  
Braves flashing gun and sabre-stroke,  
And scoffs at danger, laughs at death;  
We praise him till the whole land rings:  
But is he brave in little things?

We call him great who does some deed  
That echo bears from shore to shore—  
Does that, and then does nothing more;  
Yet would his work earn richer meed,  
When wrought before the King of kings,  
Were he but great in little things.

—Treasure Trove.

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Home and School

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

TORONTO, JULY 23, 1888.

Standing Before God.

AND now Saint John declares that when he passed behind the veil he saw the dead, small and great, stand before God. Do you not see what that means? Out of all the lower presences with which they have made themselves contented; out of all the chambers where all the little easy judges sit, with their compromising codes of conduct, with their ideas worked over and worked down to suit the conditions of this earthly life; out of all these partial and imperfect judgment chambers, when men die they are all carried up into the presence of the perfect righteousness, and are judged by that. All previous judgments go for nothing, unless they find their confirmation there. Men who have been the pets and favourites of society, and of the populace, and of their own self-esteem, the change that death has made to them is that they have been compelled to face another standard, and to feel its unfamiliar awfulness.

Just think of it. A man who, all his life on earth since he was a child, has never once asked himself about

any action, about any plan of his, "Is this right?" Suddenly, when he is dead, behold he finds himself in a new world where that is the only question about everything. His old questions as to whether a thing was comfortable, or was popular, or was profitable, are all gone. The very atmosphere of this new world kills them. And upon the amazed soul, from every side, there pours this new, strange, searching question, "Is it right?" That is what it is for that dead man to "stand before God."

But then there is another soul which before it passed through death, while it was in this world, had always been struggling after higher presences. Refusing to ask whether acts were popular and profitable, refusing even to care much whether they were comfortable or beautiful, it had insisted upon asking whether each act was right. It always struggled to keep its moral vision clear. It had climbed to heights of self-sacrifice that it might get above the miasma of low standards which lay upon the earth. In every darkness about what was right, it had been true to the best light it could see. It grew into a greater and greater incapacity to live in any other presence, as it had struggled longer and longer for this highest company. Think what it must be for that soul when, for it too, death sweeps every other chamber back, and lifts the nature into the pure light of the unclouded righteousness. Now, for it, too, the question, "Is it right?" rings from the doings of a busy life; and because we know this so well, our hearts often ache for the boys and girls we see doing the things they will wish so earnestly by-and-by to undo. You know something of the desire to undo, and of the sorrow that you cannot. And now where is the bright side? Right here. Let us try to do a thing the first time so that we will never wish to undo it. We can ask our heavenly Father. Anything we do under his guidance we shall never wish to undo.—*Young Reaper.*

"Handsome is that Handsome Does."

A FAMOUS lady who once reigned in Paris society was so very homely that her mother said one day, "My poor child, you are too ugly for any one ever to fall in love with you." From this time Madame de Circourt began to be very kind to the pauper children of the village, the servants of the household, and even the birds that hopped about the garden walks. She was always distressed if she happened to be unable to render a service. This good-will toward everybody made her the idol of the city. Though her complexion was sallow, and her gray eyes were small and sunken, yet she held in devotion to her the greatest men of her time. Her unselfish interest in others made her, it is said, perfectly irresistible. Her life furnishes us a valuable lesson.



IN THE TREETOPS.

In the Treetops.

BY LEIGH NORTH.

"WHAT a jolly place to live! What part of the world is it in?"

Far away in the islands of the Eastern Archipelago grow the tall coconut, the fern-tree, the sago-palm, and many others unknown to us save in the enclosure of a greenhouse. Few travellers, except those who go to study the animal, plant, and insect life which is native there, reach these tropical regions.

Instead of the white faces that we see around us, the people have skins of a yellowish brown, with short, curling hair. They wear shells as amulets, or charms, with sometimes a silver button in the ear, and are but scantily clothed. All their dwellings and ways of living are different from those to which we are accustomed. Some of the houses are built on tall stakes, leaving the air free to circulate beneath them, and sometimes the pigs are domiciled below. The chief object, however, is to raise the house beyond the reach of any venomous beast or reptile. Others are only raised from the ground by a sort of low platform. Bamboo and wicker-work are the principal materials in their construction. One household will occupy several huts clustered beneath the tall, spreading trees, and the whole will be surrounded by high palings made of planks and logs of trees bound together by growing bamboo and thorny shrubs, and enclosing a large space—the opening in the fence closed by a wooden slab. The interior of the dwellings is not

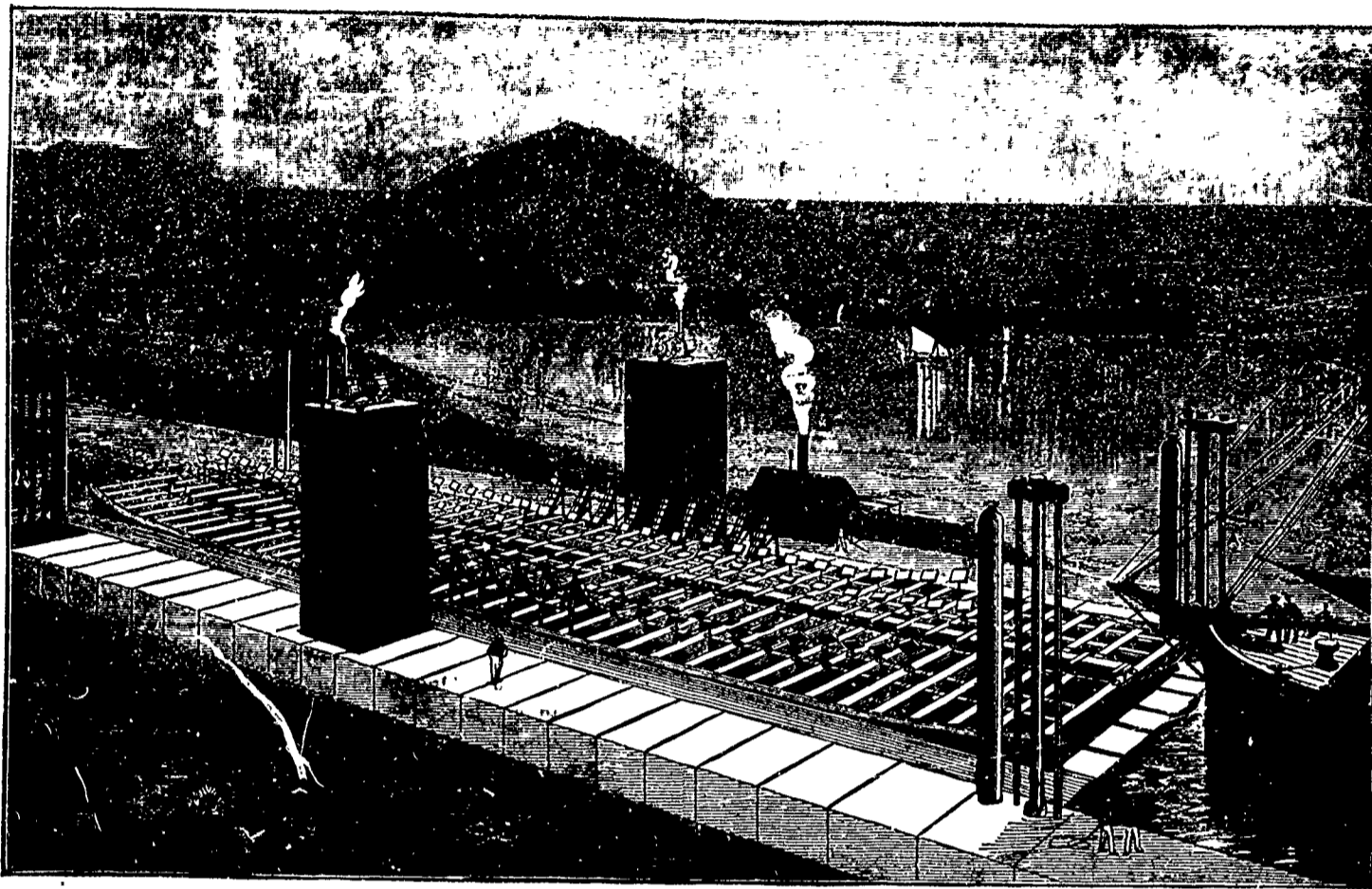
separated into rooms, but has divisions like our stalls for horses, which can be shut off by curtains.

In such little houses as that in the picture, the people could retire to their nightly slumbers, and, drawing up their ladder, remain safe above miasma and beyond reach of any kind of attack; or they could be used as the abode of the strange gods which the natives worship. But they serve chiefly as granaries or storehouses for whatever treasures the people may possess; and there is often no ladder to reach them but the tall trunk of the tree.

Pleasant as such aerial dwellings may appear, however, few of us would exchange for them the comforts of our Western homes, and none of us but should be thankful for the blessings we enjoy in our civilized and Christian land.

A Touching Incident.

A GENTLEMAN, who went up the Hudson on the *St. John*, tells this story: "I had noticed," said he, "a serious-looking man, who looked as if he might have been a clerk or book-keeper. The man seemed to be caring for a crying baby, and was doing everything he could to still its sobs. As the child became restless in the berth, the gentleman took it in his arms, and carried it to and fro in the cabin. The sobs of the child irritated a rich man, who was trying to read, until he blurted out, loud enough for the father to hear, 'What does he want to disturb the whole cabin with that squalling baby for?'"



PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE DOCK AND CAR.—(SEE FIRST PAGE.)

### How to Be a Hero.

BY EMILY JANE MOORE.

"I SHOULD like to be a hero,"  
Said a little lad one day,  
As he gazed upon the picture  
Of a soldier, tall and gray.

"You can be a hero, darling,"  
Was his grandma's soft reply,  
"If at play you're fair and honest,  
And you scorn to tell a lie.

"If you stifle angry feelings,  
Sinful thoughts crush firmly down,  
Ever praying, always trying—  
Yours shall be a hero's crown.

"For remember this, my darling,  
Hero hearts of men grown old  
Beat at first in breasts of children  
Who were tender, true, and bold."

### Four Steps to Jesus.

FLORENCE felt that she must be a Christian. Her heart was heavy with the knowledge that it was sinful. For many days she had been carrying this burden alone. She did not think she could speak to anybody about it. She had been away in her bed-room alone, and prayed many times, and still all was hard and heavy in her little heart. "Oh, if I knew how to believe," she would say to herself. "And Mr. Marlette says it is easy. If I could only ask him?" Mr. Marlette was her dear, silver-haired pastor. At length a thought struck her: "If I cannot talk with him, I can write him a little note."

When Mr. Marlette found an envelope directed to him, which some one had quietly laid on the large Bible in his study, he was surprised to find a

note from his little friend Florence. When he read it he was very glad, too. "The dear child! what can I say to her?" he thought. Then he closed the door and asked as if he were a little child going to a father, to be guided in answering that note. And I think he was. He began it with Florence's own question, and this is what he wrote:

"How shall I come to Jesus?" "The desire to come now, is the first step.

"Feeling my sinfulness and danger, and need of his help, is the second step.

"Feeling that he is both able and willing to help and save me is the third.

"And then asking him to do for me what I cannot possibly do for myself is the fourth.

"Four steps to Jesus. That's all. Perhaps I should say there is but one, and that very short. Out of the heart gushes the prayer, 'God be merciful to me a sinner;' and on the wings of the prayer the soul flies to the Saviour, in a moment saying:

'Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
'Tis all that I can do.'

This seems to be short, simple, and the only way to the Saviour. May my dear Florence find it so!"

Florence read the note carefully.

"I think it is the third step I need," she said. "I have the first step and second and fourth, and will believe he is able, yes, and willing to save me." So taking the third step, and then trying the fourth, it was not very long before Florence felt in her heart she had

found the answer to her own earnest question, "How shall I come to Jesus?" And she said, with a glowing face, to her pastor:

"It is an easy way."—*Children's Friend.*

### "His Love to Me."

To an invalid friend, who was a trembling, doubting believer, a clergyman once said, "When I leave you, I shall go to my own residence, if the Lord will; and when there, the first thing that I expect to do is to call for a baby that is in the house. I expect to place her on my knee, and look down into her sweet eyes, and listen to her charming prattle; and, tired as I am, her presence will rest me, for I love the child with unutterable tenderness.

"But the fact is, she does not love me; or, to say the most for her, she loves me very little. If my heart were breaking under the burden of a crushing sorrow, it would not disturb her sleep. If my body were racked with excruciating pain, it would not interrupt her play with her toys. If I were dead, she would be amused in watching my pale face and closed eyes. If my friends came to remove the corpse to the place of burial, she would probably clap her hands in glee, and in two or three days totally forget her papa. Besides this, she has never brought me in a penny, but has been a constant expense on my hands ever since she was born. Yet, although I am not rich in this world's possessions, there is not money enough in this

world to buy my baby. How is it? Does she love me, or do I love her? Do I withhold my love until I know she loves me? Am I waiting for her to do something worthy of my love before extending it to her?"

"Oh, I see it," said the sick man, while the tears ran down his cheeks, "I see it clearly; it is not my love to God, but God's love to me, I ought to be thinking about; and I do love him now as I never loved him before."

From that time his peace was like a river.

### A Lord in the Family.

A POMPUS, silly schoolboy was one day boasting how many rich and noble relations he had; and having exhausted his topics, he turned with an important air and asked one of his schoolfellows—

"Are there any 'lords' in your family?"

"Yes," said the little fellow, "there is one at least; for I have often heard mother say that the Lord Jesus Christ is our elder Brother."

The boy was right; and as he grew up it was his privilege to know more of this elder Brother, and to tell the perishing multitudes the tidings of his grace. Blessed are they who have one Lord in the family and who know him as their elder Brother and their everlasting Friend.

MONEY and fame are the two things that men work hardest for, and after death one is worth to them about as much as the other.

## The Land of the Maple.

BY W. WYF SMITH.

HAIL to the merry maple,  
And the hills where the maple grows;  
The hills that hold no tyrants,  
And the hills that fear no foes,  
Where the green grain grows and the sun  
foretells  
The harvest soon to be:—  
I would not give that Maple Land  
For all the lands I see.

Hail to the merry maple  
And the feast and the fireside chair!  
Where hearts were warm as embers,  
And the stranger welcomed there;  
Where the white-winged waft of the feathery  
snow  
Made all seem bright within;  
O I would not give that maple fire  
For all cold Wealth could win.

Hail to the merry maple  
And the flag where the maple flies,  
And still unstained and glorious  
May it bless Canadian eyes!  
And the march men make, with that flag  
above,  
Be such as heroes show;—  
O, I would not give that maple flag  
For all the flags I know!

## A BOY'S FRIENDSHIP.

A Story of Boy Life in England.

## CHAPTER V.

A FOOLISH SON IS THE HEAVINESS OF HIS MOTHER.



**TROUBLE** tries everybody. It is like the strong wave which carries a man out of his depth, and makes him clutch at anything to keep himself up. But if he has a good life-belt on there is little cause for fear—he will not sink, because he is held up.

Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ as the "able to save" to the uttermost was Frank's comfort now, and that of his mother too, for he had told her all about his trouble. With that loving sympathy which is natural to a mother, she had kissed the boy, and cheered him up. Mrs. Darrell had known too much of the deep waters of trial not to know where to go for strength and guidance at a time like the present.

Kneeling together in their little parlour that night, Frank and his mother carried their care to the un-failing Saviour, who ever proves a Rock of Ages, sure and steadfast, to all who shelter in him.

As the boy laid his head on his pillow, all the irritation against the false George Christie, which had for a time vexed his mind, had passed like a shadow, and the sunny sense of freely forgiving for Christ's sake closed his eyes in happy and peaceful slumber.

The light of the morning summoned him to fresh trials of faith.

Captain Starkie sat in his library in no enviable mood. He was not a harsh man naturally, but his temper had been greatly tried. One of his favourite hounds had been poisoned by some unknown enemy, and was

found lying in the shrubbery at the back of the hall by one of the stablemen that very morning. His letters by post, too, were not very cheering; some of his friends from London had written to say they could not visit him as arranged; and a short business-like note informed him that a ship, of which he was part owner, had gone to the bottom. "Altogether a pretty state of things," he said to himself, with his eyes on the carpet; "everything seems to be going wrong, enough to vex a saint—and I am afraid that name would hardly fit me just now."

He got up and walked to and fro about the room, pulling his heavy moustache, and pushing his iron-grey locks from his forehead. His eyes unluckily fell upon Frank's fishing-rod lying in the corner.

"Ah! by the way that reminds me. I'll put a stop to this trespassing and fish poaching, or my name's not Tom Starkie. The young rascals!"

A knock came to the door.

"Come in!" shouted the Captain.

"If you please, sir, there's young Master Darrell waiting to see you, sir."

"Send him up, boy, send him up!"

And the boy in buttons seemed amazingly glad to close the door again, and make his way down the staircase three steps at a time. Arriving at last on the mat, this young gentleman volunteered a piece of advice to the visitor.

"The governor's a bit rough this morning, Master Frank. If I was you I'd make your business as short as you can, and keep a clear path towards the door if anything happens."

"I'm afraid, Jimmy, my visit will be a disagreeable one for us both."

"Then I pity you, that's all. But I tell you what, I'll leave the course clear for you if you want to get out in a hurry, and you needn't be afraid of coming down the staircase two or three at a time, especially as that mat's wonderfully soft at the bottom."

Frank smiled, and thanked the lad; and then, with the colour fast flying from his face, and a prayer in his heart, he passed into the presence of Captain Starkie.

"Come in, and shut that door after you, boy. I don't want everybody to hear what we say."

"I understand, sir, you wish to see me."

"I should think so. 'Pon my word, when I think what a good character you have always had in the village, and how different you are to the boys about you, I can't for the life of me make out why you should be so foolish."

"I have done nothing, sir, that I should be ashamed of."

"Well, that depends on what you think right and wrong. For my part, boy, I say trespassing on other people's property is rascally, and fishing in the preserved streams without permission is simply thievish."

"So do I, sir; but I am not guilty of doing either, I can assure you."

"Nonsense, boy. Why, here's your rod, with your name cut fair and clean on it."

Frank took up the treasured rod, and, as he spoke, began to rub off the mud which clung to it.

"I do not deny that this is my rod, Captain Starkie; but how it got into the Church Meadows I know no more than you do."

The Captain paused to look Frank straight in the face, but those blue eyes never flinched. The conscience void of offence is always sure to steady a boy or man under suspicion.

"Frank Darrell, I have never had occasion to suspect you before, and I ask you, solemnly, do you or do you not know anything about this business?"

"On my honour, as God sees me and hears my word, Captain, I know nothing at all beyond what Grimston has told me."

"That will do. One word more and you can go, boy. As I acquit you of all blame, I shall expect you to do all you can to help me to catch that young scoundrel Christie, who, if I mistake not, meant to make you suffer for his mean conduct."

With these words the Captain let Frank out, and he, stepping down the stairs with a light and thankful heart, nearly fell over the sympathetic Jimmy, who was waiting his return.

When he once more got into the fields he gave glory to God, and out of the fulness of his heart, sang the praises of his Lord:—

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green: he leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.

"My soul he doth restore again;  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
Even for his own name's sake.

"Yea, though I walk through death's dark  
vale,  
Yet will I fear no ill:  
For thou art with me; and thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.

"My table thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.

"Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me:  
And in God's house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be."

Days passed, and there were no signs of the missing culprit. It soon became weeks, and still no sign, and things did not look very bright in the Squire's house.

It seemed at first such a trivial thing for his son George to run away for, especially as the Captain, in an after-thought of kindness, had promised that the thrashing given by the gamekeeper should be deemed a sufficient punishment. But, unhappily, as time went on, evidence of other misdoings caused the brow of the Squire to darken, and finally he vowed

that the lad should never cross his threshold again.

It was the old story: the stealing of the rod and his poaching in the Church Meadows was not his first offence. For some time he had deceived his father in many ways, and now the cheque-book showed that money had recently been abstracted from the bank by the forgery of his name, and with this, no doubt, George had made his escape.

"The young villain! This is all the return I am to get for the money I've spent on his education, and all I have done for him!"

"Nay, don't be too hard on the boy, John; he may come back yet, and beg your forgiveness."

It was George's mother speaking, with tears in her eyes, to the indignant man.

"Then I shall show him the door, and tell him to pay his debts before he comes to me."

"Oh, don't be so unmerciful! Is he not our son—our flesh and blood?"

"Yes! And that makes me so wild about it. Here I've kept my head up all these years, and borne a name that any man would be glad to have. Now it is to be dragged in the dirt by this young scapegrace."

The poor woman saw it was useless to argue the matter; her husband was one of those self-righteous people who think a great deal more of their reputation and their feelings than what God must think of the evil-doer.

"Well, well, John, we have all of us something to be sorry for and much to be forgiven; and for my part I shall try, with my boy above all others, to ask God to forgive my trespasses, as I forgive the poor lad that has trespassed against me."

Against this position there was, of course, nothing to be said. The Squire would have liked, in his heart of hearts, to have patted her cheek, and said he was sorry for what he had said, and would follow her good example; but his pride would not let him, and, taking up his hat, he walked from the room without saying a word.

And George's mother, very heavy-hearted and anxious, watched her husband striding down the highway, and hoped in her heart that if ever her boy did come back it would be to meet her first, for she felt sure that he would only be driven away again if his father met him in such a spirit.

In her prayers George was never forgotten. Many a time when no one saw but God, she knelt in her bedroom, and begged, with falling tears, that guidance might be given to the erring steps of her child.

"Should she ever see him again," rang in her heart like a muffled bell as she went about her daily duties, and the empty-handed days passed without any news, or the sound of his footfall on the gravel path, for which she waited in vain.

(To be continued.)

## Another Fellow's Blacksmith\*.

Under a spreading chestnut tree  
The village smithy stands;  
The smith is a lazy man is he,  
And idle are his hands;  
His hand is rough, uncombed and long,  
His face is brown as tan—  
The least exertion makes him sweat,  
He drinks when'er he can;  
And he cannot look you in the face  
For he pays not any man.

Week in and week out, from morn to night,  
He'll to the ale-house go;  
You can hear him coming home quite  
"tight,"

With staggering step and slow,  
With the crier who carries the village bell,  
When the evening sun is low,  
And children coming home from school  
Look in at the open door;  
They love to see him roll about,  
They laugh to hear him roar,  
And catch the stuttering words that fly  
Like chaff from the threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to no church,  
To sit among "the boys;"  
He hears no parson pray or preach,  
He loves no choir girl's voice,  
Sitting in the public house—  
A tankard cold as ice  
In summer, and in winter hot—  
Is his sole paradise.  
He with the landlord has a row,  
And tells him that he lies;  
Then, with a hard rough hand, he gets  
A punch between the eyes.

Drinking, quarrelling, sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes;  
Each morning sees debauch begin,  
'Tis night before its close;  
One thing attempted, one thing done—  
He's got a redder nose.

—Echo.

## A Heroine of the North.

BY M. V. M.

NEAR the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, in Sweden, lived, some twenty years ago, a simple peasant couple known as Hans and Kirsten Mathson. Maria Magdalena was their loving and obedient daughter, and for her a life of toil began right early. As soon as she was old enough she led her father's reindeer to the hills in the spring to find pasture, remaining with them until the autumn, and then spent the long winter in spinning, and other simple household duties of the Lapp peasantry.

At that time most of the Lapps, living far from the great towns, knew little or nothing of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Hans and Kirsten Mathson, however, were Christians, and had a copy of the Bible in their humble home.

Maria was early taught to read and love the blessed Book; and her young heart went out in tender love not only to the Saviour of sinners, but to the sinners whom he died to redeem. During the summer days, when she sat among the silent hills, deep, sweet thoughts stirred the heart of the simple peasant girl. She knew little about the great world, but she did know that here—in her little corner—there were great darkness and pressing need. How she longed to have

the Gospel made known to her own dear people! And how impossible it seemed that such a thing could be brought about! But it must be! God planted the thought deep down in the girl's heart, and she pondered and prayed over it by day and by night.

At length, one day—like a swift flash of light—came the startling words spoken in the silence of the loving heart: "Go to the King of Sweden. Tell him the story of your people's need, and he will surely help."

Maria was terrified at the thought. Clearly that was impossible! But as the weeks and months went by, the message came again and again, until at last the brave girl accepted it as the very voice of the Lord, and set her face to do his bidding.

These were some of the lions in the way: Maria was only a poor, uneducated Lapp girl. She did not know the Swedish language. That must be learned. She must leave her parents, who could ill afford to lose her help. She must travel on foot six hundred miles, over an unknown road. She had little or no money with which to undertake the journey.

But God called her! That was enough. For three years she toiled, with such helps as she could obtain, in learning the Swedish language. Then she won the consent of her parents, fastened on her Lapland skates, and began her toilsome and lonely journey.

Think of it, girls! As young, timid, home-loving, as you are, this maiden—at the call of God—in the middle of a northern winter, crossed the icy plains of Lapland, seeking shelter by night among the peasants, a distance of six hundred miles, through a strange country! Was she not a true heroine?

At Gefle she found a public conveyance bound for Stockholm; and here, as soon as her errand became known, she was warmly welcomed. Kind Christian hearts were stirred by her story, and a large sum of money was subscribed to establish schools among the Lapps.

At length the peasant girl was permitted to see the king. So successfully did she plead the cause of her poor people—relying only upon God for wisdom—that the king became greatly interested, and promised his protection and support to the mission.

And now Maria was ready to return to her home. Nothing could induce her to remain longer, though the greatest kindness and attention were shown her. She had obeyed God! He had made her work successful, and now her duty lay in the direction of home.

It was not long before Maria had the delight of seeing schools in active operation among her people, and Swedish colporteurs carrying the message of life throughout the thinly populated regions. Maria was of great help in setting these schools going, and then, when all was in working

order, the simple, God-fearing maiden took up her home duties once more, and went out to the hills with her reindeer as before!

Once again, some years later, Maria made the long journey to Stockholm, to beg for the protection of her people from the unjust encroachments of colonists. The people knew whom they could trust with their interests, and the peasant girl was again their successful advocate at court.

As before, she met a cordial welcome at Stockholm, but nothing could keep her in the capital after her mission was accomplished. Maria knew that to truly serve and please God, is to be faithful to the work he gives, be it great or small.

Brave, tender, faithful heart! Loving much, and, therefore, daring much. Truly, the lowest place becomes the highest, where love and obedience walk hand in hand with duty!

## The Drunkard's Wife.

IN Ohio, I was passing from one town to another, and on going to the station I saw a vacant seat in the cars. They were very much crowded.

"May I sit by you?" I said to a gentleman.

"Yes, Mr. Gough, you may. I am very glad to have you for a fellow traveller."

"Thank you for your courtesy."

"I heard you speak last night. I'm a pretty hard drinker. I look like it, don't I?"

"Somewhat."

"I am worth some property; but I might be worth thousands where I am only worth ten to day. I'm a pretty rough character, but I have always considered myself a man of my word. When I left after your lecture, I went home and said to my wife: 'I will never drink another drop of liquor as long as I live.' I thought she would be tickled at it, but she burst out crying, and dropped on her knees. I didn't like it. I'm not that sort. I have not been on my knees since I was eight years old; and as for the inside of a church, I hardly know what it is. I didn't like it; and I said, 'What in thunder are you on your knees for?' I went to bed sulky; got up this morning, and I wanted whiskey. I had never promised any one before that I would not drink; but I had done so now, and I'm a man of my word."

"I'm going to see about a piece of property I bought when drunk. I'm going right among the drink and into temptation; but I would rather be carried home dead to-night than carried home drunk. I want whiskey now, but I don't mean to have it. I tried to take my breakfast this morning. I couldn't get it down. The more I strove to eat, the more I loathed the food. I wanted whiskey—I felt as if I must have whiskey; and I knew where I was going."

Then the tears came, and the lip quivered as he said:

"Well, Mr. Gough, you may think it very queer of me, but I have been on my knees this morning for over an hour."

"Have you?"

"Yes."

"Then," I said, "keep there, and you will go home sober. No man ever drank a glass of liquor in this world while he was honestly praying God to keep him from it."

There is safety *there*, but all the rest is risk.—*J. B. Gough.*

## Macaulay's Tribute to His Mother.

"CHILDREN, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes—the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain.

"In after-life you may have friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in the struggle with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep—never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me, as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother."

## Our Neighbours at the Bottom.

AT a meeting of the Chinese Union in Philadelphia the following incident was related: A distinguished clergyman once asked a gentleman to contribute some money for foreign missions, and received the reply,

"I don't believe in foreign missions; I won't give anything except to home missions. I want to give to benefit my neighbours."

"Well," coolly responded the doctor, "whom do you regard as your neighbours?"

"Why, those around me."

"Do you mean those whose land joins yours?"

"Yes."

"Well," said Dr. Skinner, "how much land do you own?"

"About five hundred acres," was the reply.

"How far down do you own it?" inquired Dr. Skinner.

"Why, I never thought of it before, but I suppose I own halfway through."

"Exactly," said the doctor, "I suppose you do; and I want this money for the Chinese—the men whose land joins yours on the bottom."

\*See Longfellow's poem.



## What the Owl Said.

Whooot! whooot! toot! toot! whooot!  
O! I blink and I wink and I think,  
And I think and I wink and I blink,  
I sit in a tree and study to be  
Deep versed in birds' wise philosophy.  
Toot! toot! whooot! whooot! toot!

I gaze at the moon with great big eyes,  
And the more I gaze the more I grow wise.  
I blink and I ponder the whole night through,  
Yet never a word will I tell to you  
But whooot! whooot! toot! toot! whooot!

I know the history of every bird,  
And the name of many you never heard;  
I know why the turkeys of Job were poor,  
Though Job himself was as rich as a Moor;  
I know why bats sleep with heads hanging  
down,

And other strange things with equal renown;  
But I cannot tell you all if I try,  
So I will simply continue to cry,  
Whooot! whooot! toot! toot! whooot!

## LESSON NOTES.

B.C. 1490] LESSON VI. [Aug. 5

## THE BURNT-OFFERING.

Lev. 1. 1-9. Memory verses, 4, 5.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. Isa. 53. 6.

## OUTLINE.

1. Man's Offering.
2. God's Atonement.

TIME AND PLACE.—Same as in the previous lesson.

CONNECTING LINKS.—After the erection of the tabernacle and its dedication, Moses, still under God's direction, kept the people at Sinai while he rehearsed to them the laws by which their formal acts of worship were to be regulated. These were recorded in the book of Leviticus, and the present lesson, with the two which follow it, is concerned with them.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Tabernacle of the congregation*—Rather, "tent of meeting." *Burnt sacrifice*—So called because the whole was burned, and no part eaten by the priests or the offerer. *Without blemish*—Without any defect of any kind, not even the smallest. Among the Egyptians the animal was examined by the priest, and his certificate was affixed in wax to the horns of the beast, and no other could be substituted. *Put his hand upon the head*—This was to show that he was identified with the animal. *Accepted . . . to make atonement*. The act was symbolical, and was a picture of the way God would bring a man into harmony with himself through an entire consecration of life.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Man's Offering*.  
Where do we find the first trace of history of the idea of making an offering to God?  
How widely spread among the oldest nations is this idea of sacrifice?  
What does it hint concerning the original revelation?  
Why should animal offerings be more acceptable than the fruits of the ground?  
What was the one condition made as to the manner of the offering here mentioned? ver. 3.  
What kind of an offering was it to be?  
1. As to its perfection? 2. As to its value?  
What two great purposes was it to serve?  
1. In respect to God? 2. In respect to himself?
2. *God's Atonement*.  
What is meant by the word atonement?  
Why is this called God's atonement?  
How was the symbolic act to be performed by which the offering took the offerers' place as sinful?  
What was signified by the utter burning of the offering?  
What was the whole ceremony designed to teach? Heb. 9. 11-14.  
How did the whole burnt-offering represent Christ? Heb. 9. 28.

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

The Israelite offered sacrifices of the herd and of the flock. What do we offer?  
The Israelite offered voluntarily. And we?

The Israelite laid his sins on the doomed animal. And we?

The sin of the Israelite was typically consumed by fire. And ours?

We live in a better day.  
Christ has been sacrificed for us. We must accept.

God gave him freely for us. We must believe.

"The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Do we realize it?

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit."

## HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Learn what you can from Bible dictionaries or from history of the ideas concerning sacrifice among the nations.
2. Read this particular lesson over and over till you can tell all there is in it without reference to the book.
3. Write two questions upon ver. 3 and two upon ver. 4 and two upon ver. 9.
4. Read the ninth chapter of Hebrews carefully to get the New Testament idea of what this all meant.
5. Try to place yourself, in imagination, in the place of the Israelite, and examine your own heart to see if you could or would do what he had to do, and did. Then come to the present reality. Have you met your duty as well as he met his?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How did God teach the people to confess and put away their sins? By whole burnt-offerings. 2. What was the spirit in which the offering must be brought? It was to be offered voluntarily. 3. What kind of an offering was it to be? An offering without blemish. 4. What would be the effect of such an offering truly made? It would be accepted as an atonement. 5. How is it that we can say that Jesus has taken the place of the burnt-offering for us? Because, "The Lord hath laid on him," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Consecration.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

6. Is then the soul of man created to live for ever? It is immortal, and will not die as the body dies.

Ecclesiastes xii. 7. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

## THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1490] LESSON VII. [Aug. 12

## THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

Lev. 16. 1-16. Memory verse, 16

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Without shedding of blood is no remission. Heb. 9. 22.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Sin-offering.
2. The Sin-bearer.
3. The Sprinkled Blood.

TIME.—Same year as the previous lesson, but later.

PLACE.—Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS.—After the giving of the law for this burnt-offering Moses had gone on giving various laws connected with their worship, and with their manner of life, as they had been revealed to him by God. At the close of this series of instructions he publicly consecrated Aaron and his sons, and clothed them in robes and insignia of the priestly office. A week passed by. Then Aaron and his sons began their first offerings. And now an awful lesson was taught to the people. Two of Aaron's sons dared to light the incense in their censers with fire not taken from the consecrated altar, and God in punishment for their impiety flashed forth upon them in fire and blasted them. They were buried without mourning for them by their brethren, but all Israel joined in a wailing over the anger of the Lord. And now we come to our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Holy place within a veil*—Often called the holy of holies. *Appear in the cloud*—This was the mysterious symbol of God's presence which accompanied them for forty years. *Holy place*—(ver. 3) Here it means the sanctuary, or sacred inclosure and not the holy of holies. *Linen mitre*—Or peculiar cap to be worn for this occasion. *Cast lots*—Two lots only were placed in the box, one inscribed "for the Lord," the other, "for the scape-goat." The high-priest put both of his hands at once into the box, and took one lot in the right hand and one lot in the left, and placed them upon the heads of the goats, thus deciding which was for the Lord and which the scape-goat.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Sin-offering*.  
What was the sin-offering? see Lev. chapters 1 and 5.  
For whom was the sin offering that is here mentioned to be made?  
What restriction was placed upon Aaron in his approaches to the presence of God?  
What principle is plainly established by the requirements made of Aaron?  
Does consecration to the highest religious office nowadays exempt one from sin?  
Can the Romanists find here any ground for the doctrine of papal infallibility?  
Who is the only one who has never been required to make a sin-offering for himself?  
2. *The Sin-bearer*.  
What is meant by a sin-bearer?  
How were the sins of the people to be typically borne?  
Describe the method of selecting the scape-goat.  
What ceremony was to attend the bearing away of the people's sins by the goat? vers. 21, 22.  
When only could this be done? ver. 23.  
How did Christ illustrate in his life and death the ceremony of the law? read Heb. 10.

3. *The Sprinkled Blood*.  
What ceremonies followed the choice of the scape-goat?  
How was Aaron to protect himself from danger in entering the most holy place?  
What was all this designed to teach regarding God?  
Where was the blood of sprinkling first to be used?  
For whom was this offered in token of penitence for sin?  
What difference was there between the sprinkling first made and the second?  
Of what was the sprinkled blood a sign?  
What is the great law concerning remission of sins? Heb. 9. 22.

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

See God's wonderful care for his people. See how careful God would have us be as we approach him.  
Aaron could only come once each year. We can come any day.  
Aaron could only come after a long careful ceremony. We can come just as we are. We have no sin-offering to make. God asks only obedience.  
Our sin-bearer is always at hand. We do not have to cast lots for him.

## HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. These lessons are hard. But every senior student ought to master them. Read chapters 1-7 carefully to see the different offerings.
2. Compare them one with the other. See which sacrifices were all burned; which were partly burned; which were partly eaten; which were partly burned without the camp.
3. If you will master this subject now, it will greatly aid in after understanding of the Bible.

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How was Aaron to approach God? With an offering for himself. 2. When was he to make an offering for the people? Only when he was himself pure. 3. What symbol did God provide to show how he would take away sin from his people? A goat called the scape-goat. 4. What was necessary before this scape-goat was led away? That an atonement be made. 5. What is the comment of the New Testament upon this? "Without shedding blood," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Separation from sin.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

7. What is the other part of man?  
His body, which is flesh and blood, and will die.  
Mathew x. 28. Be not afraid of them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.

God, like his body, the light, is all about us, and prefers to shine in upon us sideways; we could not endure the power of his vertical glory; no mortal man can see God and live; and he who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, cannot love his God whom he hath not seen.

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