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HOME & SCHOOL

VOL. II.]

TORONTO, JULY 19, 1884.

[No. 15.]

A Plea.

Mother! watch the little feet
That restlessly do roam;
Keep them, mother, near to thee,
Near to thy heart and home.

Dangers lurk on every hand,
When from thy sight they stray;
Guard, oh! guard thy little band;
Cease not to watch and pray.

Keep them from the haunts of sin,
Amidst thy other cares;
Teach them not to enter in;
Shield them with a mother's prayers.

Food and shelter are not all
Little ones of thee will ask;
Careful watch, lest they should fall,
Must be thy daily task.

The Sandwich Islands.

This is an exceedingly interesting group of islands in the North Pacific, about midway between Mexico and Japan. They contain the largest volcano in the world, Mauna Ioa, 14,000 feet high; with a crater of boiling lava about eight miles in circumference, and 1,000 feet deep.

When discovered by Captain Cook the people were very degraded and cruel cannibals. But through the influence of Christian missionaries the Islands have undergone a moral transformation. The people are now decently clothed, and are exceedingly amiable in character. A few years ago, when the King wished to send some of their ancient idols as specimens to Great Britain, there was not one to be found in the island, and he had to send to a museum in Boston to procure a single specimen. Churches, banks, newspapers, every mark of civilization now characterizes these once savage islands.

Coals of Fire.

BY MRS. H. E. BLAKESLEE.

FARMER DAWSON kept missing his corn. Every few nights it was taken from his crib although the door was well secured with lock and key.

"It's that lazy Tom Slocum," he exclaimed one morning, after missing more than usual. "I've suspected him all the time, and I won't bear it any longer."

"What makes you think it's Tom?" asked his wife, pouring out the fragrant coffee.

"Because he's the only man around who hasn't any corn—nor anything else for that matter. He spent the summer at the saloons while his neighbours were at work. Now they have plenty and he has nothing—serves him just right, too."

"But his family are suffering," re-

joined his wife; "they are sick and in need of food and medicine; should we not help them?"

"No," growled the farmer; "if he finds his neighbours are going to take care of his family it will encourage him to spend the next season as he did the last. Better send him to jail and his family to the parsonage, and I'm going to do it, too. I've laid a plan to trap him this very night."

finished his breakfast and walked out of the house with the decided step of one who has made up his mind, and something is going to be done.

The farmer proceeded to examine his cribs and, after a search, found a hole large enough to admit a man's hand.

"There's the leak," he exclaimed; "I'll fix that," and he went to work setting a trap inside.

Next morning he arose earlier than

All the time he was thinking what to do. Should he try the law or the coals? The law was what the man deserved, but his wife's words kept ringing through his mind.

He emptied the corn into the feeding-troughs, then went around where the man stood—one hand in the trap.

"Hello! neighbour, what are you doing here?" he asked.

Poor Tom answered nothing, but his downcast, guilty face confessed more than words could have done.

Farmer Dawson released the imprisoned hand, and, taking Tom's sack, ordered him to hold it while he filled it with the coveted grain.

"There, Tom, take that," said the farmer, "and after this when you want corn come to me and I'll let you have it on trust or for work. I need another hand on the farm, and will give you steady work with good wages."

"Oh, sir," replied Tom, quite overcome, "I've been wanting work, but no one would hire me. My family was suffering, and I was ashamed to beg. But I'll work for this and every ear that I've taken, if you'll give me the chance."

"Very well, Tom," said the farmer, "take the corn to the mill, and make things comfortable about home to-day, and to-morrow we'll begin. But there is one thing you must agree to first."

Tom lifted an inquiring gaze.

"You must let whiskey alone," continued the farmer, "you must promise not to touch a drop."

The tears sprang into Tom's eyes, and his voice trembled as he said:

"You are the first man that's ever asked me that. There's always enough to say, 'Come, Tom take a drink,' and I've drunk until I thought there was no use in trying to be a better man. But since you care enough to ask me to stop drinking, I'm bound to make the trial; that I will, sir."

Farmer Dawson took Tom to the house and gave him his breakfast, while his wife put up a basket of food for the suffering family in the poor man's home.

Tom went to work the next day, and the next, and the next. In time he came to be an efficient hand on Dawson's place. He stopped drinking and stealing, attended church and Sunday-school with his family, and became a respectable member of society.

"How changed Tom is from what he once was!" remarked the farmer's wife one day.

"Yes," replied her husband, "'twas the coals of fire that did it."—*Royal Road.*



GATHERING ORANGES IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

"Now while Tom is reaping the bitter fruits of his folly is it not the very time to help him to a better life?" suggested the wife.

"A little course of law would be most effective," replied the farmer.

"In this case coals of fire would be better. Try the coals first, William; try the coals first."

Farmer Dawson made no reply, but

usual and went to the cribs. His trap had caught a man—Tom Slocum—the very one he had suspected!

He seemed to take no notice of the thief, but turned aside into the barn and began heaping the mangers with hay—sweet scented from the summer's harvest-field. Then he opened the crib door and took out the golden ears—the fruit of his honest toil.

To-Day.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTER.

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on,
While others have buckled their armour
And forth to the fight have gone;
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each one has a part to play,
The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-Day.

Rise! from your dreams of the future,
Of winning some hard-fought field;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your Future has deeds of glory,
Of honour (God grant it may!),
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as To-Day!

Rise! if the Past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife To-Day.

Rise! for the day is passing;
The sound that you scarcely hear,
Is the enemy marching to battle—
Arise! for the foe is near!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past!

That Young People's Meeting.

"I NEVER can, and I never will,"
Fred Bastwell had said over and over
again, when asked to lead in the
Young People's Meeting.

But one Monday night found Fred
in the leader's chair, giving out the
hymns, and apparently as cool as a cu-
cumber. But he wasn't, all the same.

Fred was only seventeen, and it was
perfectly dreadful to him to face all
those young folks, and a few older ones
intermingled with them, and presently
to have to stand up and read the
chapter and "say a few words."

When that time came everybody in
the room knew just how nervous Fred
was. Dear me! how he stumbled along
through the chapter, stopping to re-
pronounce his words and correct him-
self, and take breath in the wrong
places, till only those who knew the
chapter very well could make much out
of it!

Some of the very young folks were
inclined to titter. And even Clarice
Bell—one of the older ones, who was
sincerely sympathizing with Fred, and
feeling just how his heart beat up into
his throat, and just how his breathing
would not come right and easy—even
Clarice Bell felt a nervous desire to
smile, and but "for Christ's sake" would
probably have done so.

"But then," thought, Clarice, "if I
let myself laugh they will think I am
laughing at him; when really, down in
my heart, I am admiring his bravery,
and I know he is doing this simply
'for Christ's sake.' He is doing his
duty in Christ's strength."

So Clarice sent up a prayer to God
to help the boy, and in her heart
sprang up a chivalrous desire to help
him, and let him see she was not criti-
cising or laughing at him, but was on
his side. And then she thought, "I
must do something! I must speak or
pray or—something."

But Clarice was a coward also.
That was how she knew so well just
how Fred felt. She always had "stage
fright" when she attempted to speak,
and never could get out more than a
sentence or two, then stop. So she
began to tremble and her heart to
thump. And meantime Fred had
finished his few words and sat down.

Well, two or three others spoke after
that on the subject, "Rest," but the
meeting went slowly, and there were
waits between the speakers. And still
Clarice sat thinking, and still there was
that undercurrent of lightness in the
hearts of the young folks. Clarice's
conscience stung her hard all this time.
It said, "O you coward, why don't you
get up and help him? Help the meet-
ing along! You've been a Christian
for years, and he's only been one for a
little while, yet he is bravely doing his
duty. You're a coward! You're a
coward! Get up! Get up!"

Clarice held in her hand a branch of
cherry blossoms, and intermingling
with these thoughts there were others
of the spring and of God's world.

Still Clarice stuck to her seat and
sang when there was singing, and
thought every time there was a halt,
"Get up! Do or say something!
Help him! help the meeting along!
You can't be worse frightened than he
is! "You can't, be worse frightened
than he is."

Then from this she took another
step: "I will! I will—just as soon
as this speaker is through."

But still she stuck there; and again
and again came the thought, "You
can't be worse frightened than he is,"
till at last Clarice found herself on her
feet and bowing her head in prayer.
(She didn't believe in kneeling and
hiding her face in her hands, and
smothering her weak voice so that no
one could hear her words. So she
stood and let her voice have all the ad-
vantage it could have.) And Clarice
prayed in something like these words:

"Dear Father, we thank Thee for
the rest which comes to us when we
remember that Thy great helping hand
is ever reaching down to lift us up.
And we thank Thee for the rest which
comes into our hearts when we re-
member that Thy great heart of love is
continually bending over us. And we
thank Thee for this beautiful world
which Thou hast made for us. We thank
Thee for the springing grass and the
budding flowers, and the blue skies
overhead. We thank Thee for all the
beautiful things of life—for love and
friendships, and kind words and smiles.
But most especially we thank Thee for
Thy Son, Christ Jesus."

And then Clarice sat down, unable
to utter another word.

But Harry Lee sprang up to say,
"I am thankful to say that I am rest-
ing in Jesus." And then Howard
Brinscomb recommended Christ to
those who would find rest. And then
—why, the young folks jumped up, all
of them, as fast as they could, one
after another, for just a sentence which
expressed the hope and confidence of
each heart. The three girls on the
front seat owned their Master, and, in
short, nearly everybody in the room
had to speak. And at last Fred rose
to say that that was the happiest hour
in his life, and he hoped it would not
be the last time he would lead a meet-
ing.

But it was all because he had stood
to his guns so bravely in spite of his
trembling, and had done his duty in
Christ's strength.

It was because we, seeing his terror,
recognized that his was simple Christ-
service; and a chivalrous desire to
help him, as well as do our duty, rose
in our hearts, spurring us to action.

I think the feeling in every heart
must have been, "Well, I can do as

well as he can, anyway. I can't be
worse frightened than he is!"

In fact no one seeing him in all his
simple, terrified loyalty, standing yet
bravely by his gun of duty, could find
in his own heart a reasonable excuse
for not owning that he also was a
soldier of Christ's.

So let us all, however weak and
cowardly we may be by nature,
determine to do our duty according as
the Spirit of God directs us. For we
do not know but that our cowardice
and weakness, overcome in Christ's
strength, may be an inspiration to
others also to fight bravely, notwith-
standing the weakness of their knees.
—*Joy Vetrepoint, in illustrated Chris-
tian Weekly.*

A Bit of Pottery.

The potter stood at his daily work,
One patient foot on the ground;
The other, with never slackening speed,
Turning his swift wheel round.

Silent we stood beside him there,
Watching the restless knee,
Till my friend said low, in pitying voice,
"How tired his foot must be!"

The potter never paused in his work,
Shaping the wondrous thing;
'Twas only a common flower pot,
But perfect in fashioning.

Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
With homely truth inspired:
No, marm; it isn't the foot that kicks,
The one that stands gets tired."

—*The Continent.*

Josh Billings on Infidelity.

IMPUDENCE, ingratitude, ignorance,
and cowardice make up the creed of
infidelity.

Did you ever hear of a man's re-
nouncing Christianity on his death-bed,
and turning infidel?

Gamblers, nor free-thinkers, haven't
faith enough in their possession to teach
it to their children.

No theist, with all his boasted brave-
ry, has ever yet dared to advertize his
unbelief on his tombstone.

It is a statistical fact that the
wicked work harder to reach hell than
the righteous do to enter heaven.

I notice one thing; when a man gets
into a tight spot, he don't never send
for his friend the devil to get him out.

I had rather be an idiot than an
infidel; if I am an infidel I have made
myself one; if I am an idiot, I was
made so.

I never have met a free-thinker yet
who didn't believe a hundred times
more nonsense than he can find in the
Bible anywhere.

It is always safe to follow the religi-
ous belief that our mothers taught us
—there never was a mother yet who
taught her child to be an infidel.

A man may learn infidelity from
books, and from his associates, but he
can't learn from his mother nor the
works of God that surround him.

If an infidel could only comprehend
that he can prove more by his faith
than he can by his reason, his impu-
dence would be much less offensive.

Unbelievers are always so red-dy and
anxious to prove their unbelief, that I
have thought they might be just a little
doubtful about it themselves.

The infidel, in his impudence will
ask you to prove that the flood did
occur, when the poor idiot himself
can't even prove, to save his life, what
makes one apple sweet and one sour,
or tell why a hen's egg is white, and a
duck's egg blue.

When I hear a noisy infidel pro-
claiming his unbelief, I wonder if he
will send for sum brother infidel to
cum and so him die. I guess not. He
will be more likely to send for the or-
thodox man who engineers the little
brick church just around the corner.

A Gambling Den.

The casino of Monte Carlo is now
the most important part of the princi-
pality of Monaco; instead of being sub-
ordinate to the palace, the latter has
become but an appendage to the
modern splendour across the bay.
Monte Carlo occupies a site as beautiful
as any in the world. In front the blue
sea laves its lovely garden; on the east
the soft coast-line of Italy stretches away
in the distance; on the west is the
bold, curving rock of Monaco, with its
castle and port, and the great cliff of the
Dog's Head. Behind rises the near
mountain high above; and on its top,
outlined against the sky, stands the old
tower of Turbia in its lonely ruined
majesty, looking toward Rome.

From a spacious, richly decorated en-
trance hall the gambling rooms opened
by noiseless swinging doors. Entering,
we saw the tables surrounded by a
close circle of seated players, with a
second circle standing behind, playing
over their shoulders, and sometimes
even a third behind these. Although
so many persons were present it was
very still, the only sound being the
chink, chink, of the gold and silver
coins, and the dull mechanical voices of
the officials announcing the winning
numbers. There were tables for both
roulette and trente et quarante, the
playing beginning each day at eleven
in the morning and continuing without
intermission until eleven at night.
Everywhere was lavished the luxury
of flowers, paintings, marbles, and the
costliest decorations of all kinds; be-
yond, in a superb hall, the finest
orchestra on the continent was playing
the divine music of Beethoven; outside,
one of the loveliest gardens in the world
offered itself to those who wished to
stroll awhile. And all of this was
given freely, without restriction and
without price, upon a site and under a
sky as beautiful as earth can produce.
But one sober look at the faces of the
steady players around those tables be-
trayed under all this luxury and beauty,
the real horror of the place, for men
and women, young and old alike, had
the gamblers' strange fever in the ex-
pression of the eye, all the more intense
because, in almost every case, so gov-
erned, so stonily repressed, so deadly
cold! After a half-hour of observa-
tion we left the rooms, and I was glad
to breathe the outside air once more.
The place had so struck to my heart,
with its intensity, its richness, its
stillness, and its terror, that I had not
been able to smile at the professor's de-
meanour: he had signified his disap-
probation (while looking at everything
quite closely, however) by buttoning
his coat up to the chin and keeping his
hat on. I almost expected to see him
open his umbrella.

I REMEMBER the time when, at my
mother's feet or on my father's knee, I
learned to lip the phrases of the sacred
Scripture that have since been my daily
study and vigilant contemplation. If
there be anything in my style to be
commended, the credit is due to my
parents in instilling into my mind in
early life the sacred Scripture.—*Daniel
Webster.*

"Come and See."

WHEN Jesus went forth from the Jordan,
Anointed a priest and a king,
To lift up a world that had fallen,
It back to allegiance bring;
No gorgeous display of the purple,
No crown decked with diamonds and gold,
No sound of its trumpet and shoutings
Were there for the world to behold.

This kingdom comes not with the splendour
Attended with beauties of art,
But brings with it joy and contentment;
A kingdom set up in the heart.
No language of earth can describe it,
But subjects all people may be,
To know its full grandeur and glory,
This message to all, "Come and see."

These words were the words of the Master,
The words of the fishers of men—
They called up the blind and the lepers,
And sent them rejoicing and clean.
Transmitted from them through the ages,
Dispelling from nations the gloom,
Inspiring great deeds in the living,
And chasing despair from the tomb.

Though skeptics may still be disputing,
Refusing this message to heed;
And science so-called may be sneering,
While building a different creed;
This message still rings forth in gladness,
Proclaimed by the tried and the true,
And millions are thronging the kingdom
And finding the old story new.

In China the mists of thick darkness
Are surely beginning to flee—
The signals of day-dawn appearing
And many are coming to see.
The fair sunny isles of the ocean,
Illumined by the light from above,
Resound with the praises of Jesus,
And hatred is changing to love.

Then speed the glad tidings, ye heralds,
The banner of Jesus uphold,
Go forth in the strength of your Master,
Win trophies that cannot be told;
Win crowns for your kingdom in glory,
Win souls to the King's highway,
Win over all nations to Jesus,
Bring in the millennial day.

The Stone Chair.

ON Thanksgiving morning six young men stood in quiet conversation on the corner of Clark and Washington streets, in the great and busy city of Chicago. "I propose to walk out to Graceland, the beautiful city of the dead." Thus spoke the leader of the company, and all agreeing they journeyed forth. There are many beautiful monuments in that quiet city; and many a noted one from among the learned and the wealthy, from bank and store, from pulpit and bar, from church and state, has been borne there to rest, but the visit of these six young men at this time to this land of sacred dust is not for the purpose of seeing the great and grand monuments, or visiting the graves of the rich. They have reached the beautiful entrance of Graceland, and passing under the imposing archway through which a stream of sorrow flows day by day and hour by hour, they turn to the right, and following the principal drive for more than a block, they reach an elevation where they stop to rest and meditate. And for these young men there is no more appropriate spot on this earth to meditate than just here.

Reader, though you are not interested, yet perhaps you would like to see and know something of this spot. Then draw near, see the place, and hear the words of these young men. It is a small three-cornered lot forming an almost perfect equilateral triangle, with three oak trees, one standing near each of the angles. Near the centre of the lot is a single grave, that all through the summer months resembled a bed of the richest flowers; but to-day the flowers are gone, and two well-wrapped rose bushes are all

that remain of the summer beauties. When the foliage is full upon the trees, this grave is covered with their mellow shadow all the day. At the head of the grave is a plain, low headstone of Italian marble. On the south end of the stone are these letters, "Sec. W. F. M. S.;" on the top of the stone the letters "S. E. F.," and just beneath these, in large letters, "Dear mamma." On the front of this stone are these words, "Resting in the everlasting arms." Near the head of the grave and immediately under one of the trees, is a rustic chair, cut out of solid stone, that extends its mute invitation to every weary, sorrowing pilgrim to stop and rest.

Reader, do you ask whose dust lies here? Let these young men answer. The leader of the company says: "Here lies the dust of a holy woman who found me two years ago a stranger in the great city of Chicago—a stranger to all the people, but what was much more, a stranger to God. This lady invited me into her Bible-class, and though my garments were threadbare, she invited me to her home. She talked to me of Jesus and the better life; she pointed out to me the way up to a noble manhood, and by her leading I was constrained to give my heart to God, and this day Jesus is mine, and I am His." "And I," said a second of these young men, "well remember the day when I landed in Chicago, a perfect stranger, direct from England. On my first Sabbath in the city I was invited by a young man whose acquaintance I had made to visit this lady's Bible-class. I had no sooner entered the church than she had me by the hand, inquired of me whence I came, where I lived, and invited me to become a member of her class. Her sweet womanliness, her face of sunshine, and the music of her voice, charmed me into obedience to her wishes. I was constrained first to give my name to the class; afterward I gave my heart to God, and my name to the church. Praise God for such a friend." A third young man speaks, and says: "I came to Chicago from Toronto, Canada. I, too, was homeless and friendless. I heard of this lady and her work for young men who were strangers in the city. I went to her class, and the first Sabbath took a back seat, and strove to hide myself; but the eyes of this lady missed no young man who appeared to be alone or friendless. At the close of the lesson she came to me, and as if I were her own son, she sat down beside me and questioned me concerning my temporal and spiritual condition. I told her I had once been a Christian and a member of the church, but that I had wandered far away into sin. She looked me in the face and said, while the big tears stood in her eyes: 'Jesus is anxiously hunting and calling for His wandering sheep; let me lead you back into the fold.' Yes, and she did lead me back into the fold, and this day I am one of the Great Shepherd's flock." "I will tell you how it was with me," said a fourth. "I came from my Iowa home, and found myself in Chicago, without friends, without money, and without work. After tramping from early one morning until four o'clock in the afternoon without finding work, and without anything to eat, I called at this lady's home and asked for something to eat. She gave me a little work to do, and while I was doing the work she ordered a dinner

prepared for me. After she had found me good work with fair pay, she invited me into her class and her home, and afterward she led me to Christ and the church."

"And I," said the fifth young man, "have more reason to thank God for this lady than you all. Two years ago I was a poor drunkard. This lady found me at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms, and asked me to call at her home. She prayed with me, and entreated me for Jesus' sake, for my dear mother's sake, and for my own sake, to reform. She induced me to sign the pledge; placed her hands upon my head and offered, O! such a prayer for me. Thus and there new strength came into my life, and from that day to this, by the grace of God, I have been able to live a sober life. Boys, I tell you this dear woman was a mother to me." The sixth young man spoke and said, "Under God, all I am to-day, or hope to be in the days to come, I owe to this noble woman. No wonder they have cut the name 'Dear mamma' on the headstone, for she was a mother to us all." The leader said, "You see on the headstone, 'Resting in the everlasting arms.' This reminds us that the last hymn she sang was 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' Boys, let us sing that hymn." And they did sing it with the tears streaming down their cheeks; after which they kneeled around the silent grave, and in voiceless prayer dedicated themselves anew to God.

Reader, would you know whose dust lies here? Over the back of the rustic chair hangs a scroll; draw near and read: "Born July, 1858." "Departed April, 1883." Read on: "Her work for God and humanity is her monument." Whose dust lies here? Ah! this is the grave of Sarah Houghton Fawcett. And these young men whom she had led to Jesus came hither to offer their tribute of praise and thanksgiving to God for the memory they have of the blessed woman whose dust rests here by the chair of stone. She is not dead; "not dead but departed." She lives in the work she did and does.

"There is no death! What seems so is transition,
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death."

A Brave Girl.

IN the year 1781, while Clinton and Washington were watching each other's movements near New York, General Schuyler, having resigned his command, on account of some unjust charges against him, was staying at his house, which then stood alone outside the stockade or wall of Albany. A party of Indians attempted to capture General Schuyler.

Schuyler gathered his family in one of the upper rooms, and giving orders that the doors and windows be barred, fired a pistol from one of the top-storey windows to alarm the neighbourhood.

The guards, who had been lounging in the shade of a tree, started to their feet at the sound of the pistol; but alas, too late! for they found themselves surrounded by a crowd of dusky figures, who bound them hand and foot before they had time to resist.

And now you can imagine the little group collected in that dark room-upstairs; the sturdy General, standing resolutely by the door, with his gun in his hand, and his black slaves gathered

around him, each with some weapon; and at the other end of the room, the women huddled together, some weeping, some praying. Suddenly, a crash is heard which chills the very blood, and brings vividly to each one's mind the tales of Indian massacres so common at that day. The band had broken in at one of the windows.

At that moment, Mrs. Schuyler, springing to her feet, rushed toward the door; for she remembered that the baby, only a few months old, having been forgotten in the hurry of flight, was asleep in its cradle on the first floor. But the General, catching her in his arms, told her that her life was of more value than the child's, and that, if any one must go, he would. While, however, this generous struggle was going on, their third daughter, gliding past them, was soon at the side of the cradle.

All was as black as night in the hall, except for a small patch of light just at the foot of the stairs. This came from the dining-room, where the Indians could be seen pillaging the shelves, pulling down the china, and quarrelling with one another over their ill-gotten booty.

How to get past this spot was the question, but the girl did not hesitate. She reached the cradle unobserved, and was just darting back with her precious burden when, by ill luck, one of the savages happened to see her. Whiz! went his sharp tomahawk within a few inches of the baby's head, and, cleaving an edge of the brave girl's dress, stuck deep into the stair-rail.

Just then one of the Indians, seeing her flit by, and supposing her to be a servant, called after her: "Wench, wench, where is your master?" She, stopping for a moment, called back, "Gone to alarm the town!" and, hurrying on, was soon safe again with her father upstairs.

And now, very nearly all the plunder having been secured, the band was about to proceed to the real object of the expedition, when the General, raising one of the upper windows, called out in lusty tones, as if commanding a large body of men: "Come on, my brave fellows! Surround the house! Secure the villains who are plundering!" The cowards knew that voice, and they each and every one of them took to the woods as fast as their legs would carry them, leaving the General in possession of the field.

The old Schuyler house looks now as it looked then, except that the back wing for the slaves has been torn down, and some few alterations have been made around the place; but when you are shown the house, you can still see the dent in the stair-rail made by that Indian's hatchet more than a hundred years ago.—George Enos Throop, in *St. Nicholas* for July.

IN France there are more than half a million Protestants, with a thousand Protestant pastors, more than 1,200 Protestant schools, and 30 Protestant religious journals. In Switzerland Romanism had once all, and now has only two-fifths of the population. In Bavaria the Protestants number nearly a third of the population; in Belgium alone does Romanism show vigour.

The mind of the scholar, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armour should be somewhat bruised by rude encounters even, than hang forever rusting on the wall.—*Longfellow*.

Sweet Day of Rest.

SWEET day of rest! the very sound is healing—
 A hush amid the conflict and the strife;
 The calm of heaven is softly round us stealing—
 We hear the whispers of a holier life
 Earth's misty veil that hangs so closely round us,
 Is gently lifted this one day in seven;
 And passing cares, which in their net have bound us,
 Retire and leave us transient gleams of heaven.
 This day, on which our Saviour rose to glory,
 Has left a shining radiance on its track;
 Again we hear with joy "the old, old story;"
 Oh! childhood's faith or wings of light comes back
 Oh! wherefore, wherefore should we lose the blessing;
 When morn restores the round of earthly care?
 Happy the souls who, all in Christ possessing,
 Breathe, e'en below, the pure celestial air.
 And we, amidst the daily path of duty,
 May keep the oil still burning in our breast:
 So shall the toilsome path grow bright with beauty,
 And every day shall be a day of rest.

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

TORONTO, JULY 19, 1884.

A Faithful Teacher.

In one of our Western cities a young lady teaches a class of boys, after whose interests she looks in a most wise and faithful way. One young fellow, skeptically inclined, and disposed to cavil at religion, gave her much trouble. She wrote a friend to ask for books which she could place in his hands. He recommended "The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," the little Chautauqua text-book on "What Men Think of Christ," and one on the Bible. A recent letter reports to that counsellor the result. She says: "He has not simply read but studied them, noting and bringing to me any points that he found specially helpful to him, and also any with which he could not agree. He was quite enthusiastic about the first book, declaring it the best book he had ever seen. The reasoning is so clear and straightforward that it is a book he can appreciate. Will you now tell what is the best book on the divinity of the Bible? The boy has still many questions that have troubled him. He acknowledges that an unenlightened conscience can lead a man

astray, and that he has placed too much confidence in his own reason. All the spirit of bitterness is gone, and he attends Sunday-school because he enjoys it. Three of the boys in my class since last September have given their hearts to Christ, and now Willie is the only one left of the fifteen. He knows the boys are all praying for him, and I am sure he is affected by that. I am sure that he will come out all right in the end, but I often feel so perfectly helpless to give him the assistance he needs."

The friend to whom this letter was written recommended the boy to read "Credo," by Dr. L. T. Townsend.

How much good might be accomplished by Sunday-school teachers if they were to take this deep, earnest, personal interest in the intellectual and spiritual welfare of our young people! There are thousands of boys and girls who are troubled with skepticism—a skepticism born as much of ignorance and unchallenged infidel assertion as of disinclination to obey. If Sunday-school teachers were to take an interest in these youth, and put into their hands useful religious literature, many a cloud of doubt would be dissipated.

Evenings with Boys.

A GENTLEMAN in business on Wall Street has a class of boys in the Sunday-school which he attends. He believes that to be a useful teacher on Sundays he must have some knowledge of his boys and some influence over them between the Sundays.

He believes, moreover, that this influence need not necessarily be confined to direct and formal efforts for their spiritual good. For this, indeed, he labours as the ultimate aim in all that he does; but he knows that nothing will more easily repel a boy from spirituality than to have its claims persistently obtruded upon him.

In response to the editor's question as to how he succeeds in holding the boys during the week, the gentleman replies as follows:

"We meet every two weeks, and the gatherings have met my full expectations. One of the boys plays the violin quite creditably, and myself the violoncello, which, with my wife's accompaniment on the organ, gives us just enough to introduce matters and to get the machine well oiled. Then I read them a short sketch of some noted man who has left a good record, and in whose life the spirit of adventure is prominent, or whose life has been active and pronounced in some good cause; and thus the boys get food for thought. After this I try to draw them out by questions as to what they have read since the last meeting. Then come refreshments. The boys leave so as to reach home by half-past nine o'clock. I have a plan of reports by postal of each one's individual work week by week, with an expression as to whether they like the different articles read. Of this I make a record."

We believe that much may be done to promote a love of good reading and good society among boys for whom nobody is now taking any care. We look to Sunday-school teachers to co-operate in this.—S. S. Journal.

WHY can't somebody give us a list of things which everybody thinks and nobody says, and another list of things that everybody says and nobody thinks?—Dr. O. W. Holmes.

Among the Corn.

THE most appropriate emblem of the United States would be, not the wheat ear, nor the pine tree, nor the palm, nor the cotton ball, nor the tobacco plant, but the silk-tasselled Indian corn. It is by far the largest and most valuable crop in the Union. In the Central, and Southern, and Western States, for hundreds of miles, you will see very little else, and very beautiful it is waving in the wind in serried ranks, plumed and tasselled like an Indian Chief, often rising ten or twelve feet high. What our American friends call the "hog crop," is but Indian corn in the shape of hams and bacon. The maiden in the picture, however, is thinking not of this, but of when will the sweet corn be ready for eating or for "popping" before the kitchen fire.



AMONG THE CORN.

The Library.

EVERY Sunday-school library ought to be a great educational force working in harmony with the other departments of the Sunday-school. It should aim at the conversion and edification of the scholars. The librarian, therefore, should be one of the most competent persons in the school. He should be thoroughly in sympathy with its objects. He should be heartily sustained in all legitimate efforts to do his work effectually.

The books which children read exert untold influence over them. It is to be feared that this fact is not properly appreciated by Sunday-school Boards and Library Committees.

We are glad that the public libraries of the country are giving much attention just now to the reading of the young. Those who have the selection of libraries for our Sunday-schools ought to do likewise.—S. S. Journal.

To-day and To-morrow.

TEACH the Sunday-school scholar the lesson to-day. Get it into his understanding. Fix it in his memory. Place it where he cannot escape its reminders and reproofs—a beacon to warn, a buoy to guide. Associate the lesson with the facts of his daily life. Attach its ethical principles to the places into which every day he comes—the school, the house, the street, the shop, the play-ground.

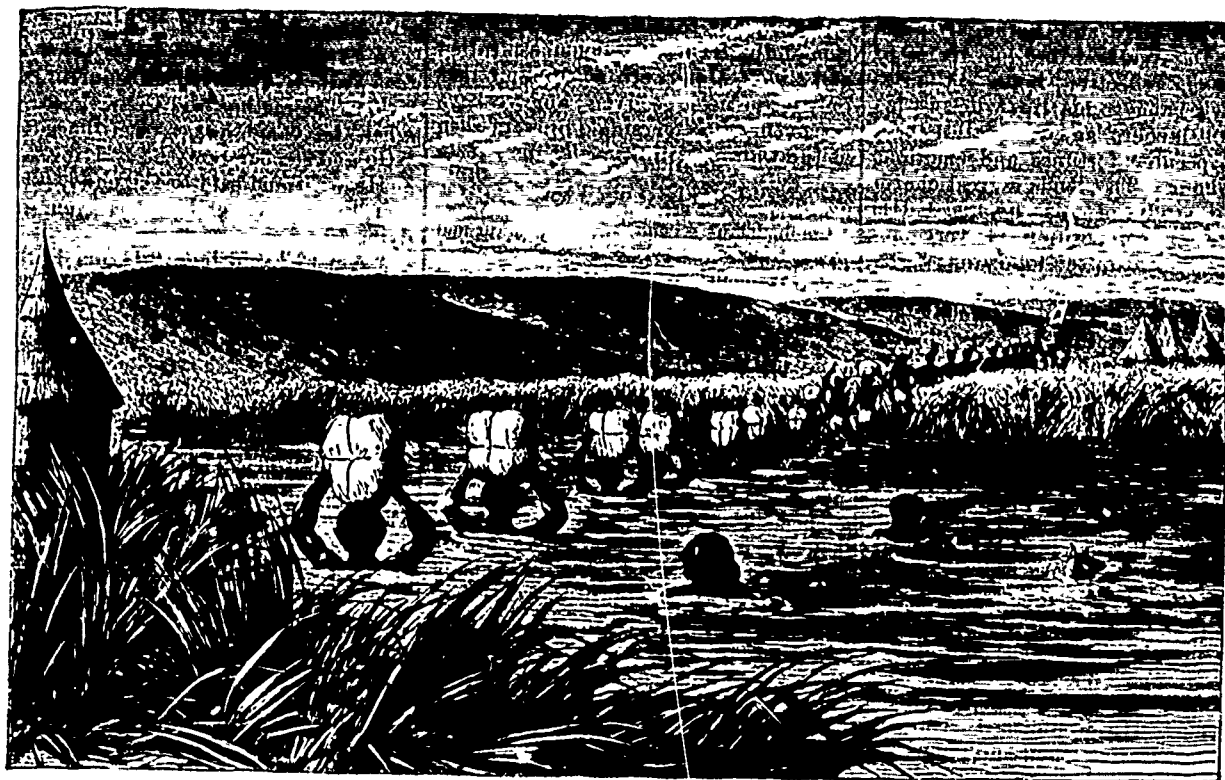
Keep in mind the necessity of a supernatural enforcement of the truth you teach. You are responsible for the teaching, not for the supply of supernatural force. You are to conform to the divine law in a faithful presentation of truth to souls for whom it is designed, and to whom, through you, it is divinely sent. When you have done that, you have done your all. Having taught with prayer, it is for you, with prayer, to wait.

But always in Sunday-school teaching keep in mind your pupils' possible life-work. Ask again and again: What will my pupils be to-morrow, and ten years from now, and thirty years? Where will they be likely to live? What will be their peculiar perils? What business will they follow? Then ask: How can I make my teaching tell most effectively on these after years?

They will remember much that you say. And though they forget your words, they will certainly remember the impression your character makes upon them. They will remember any frivolity, any want of earnestness, a winking at skepticism, and every thing of the kind. They will remember your sophisms, your attempts to evade the force of any plain teaching of the Scripture, which may happen to condemn you. In manifold ways your life and lessons will go with them up and down, at home and abroad.

It therefore behooves the Sunday-school teacher to keep in mind the possible future, the earthly conditions, and the exposures of his scholars; to teach them as minds that are yet to grow to maturity with power of judgment just and severe, and with memories very vivid, and with a sense of approval or disapproval.

You are teaching the men and women of to-morrow. Do not trust too much to the immaturity, ignorance, and defective judgment, or unenlightened conscience, of to-day.—S. S. Journal.



A CARAVAN CROSSING A RIVER IN AFRICA.

The Stranger—A Legend.

AN aged man came late to Abraham's tent, The sky was dark, and all the plain was bare. He asked for bread; his strength was well-nigh spent: His haggard look implored the tenderest care. The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes, But spake no grace, nor bowed he toward the east. Safe-sheltered here from dark and angry skies, The bounteous table seemed a royal feast, But ere his hand had touched the tempting fare, The patriarch rose, and leaning on his rod, "Stranger," he said, "dost thou not bow in prayer? Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship God?" He answered "Nay." The patriarch sadly said, "Thou hast my pity. Go! eat not my bread." Another came that wild and fearful night; The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the sky; But all the tent was filled with wondrous light, And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh. "Where is that aged man?" the Presence said, "That asked for shelter from the driving blast? Who made thee master of thy Master's bread? What right had'st thou the wanderer forth to cast?" "Forgive me, Lord," the patriarch answer made, With downcast look, with bowed and trembling knee. "Ah me! the stranger might with me have staid, But, O my God, he would not worship thee." "I've borne him long," God said, "and still I wait: Couldst thou not lodge him one night in thy gate?"

—Harper's Magazine.

A CLERGYMAN in Durham, England, some short time since, taught an old man in his parish to read, and found him an apt pupil. After his lessons were finished he was not able to call for some time, and when he did, only found the wife at home. "How's John?" said he. "O, nicely, sir." "Ah, I suppose he'll read his Bible very comfortably now?" "Bible, sir! Bless you, he was out of the Bible and into the newspapers long ago."

Travelling in Africa.

THE engraving on this page shows the common mode of travelling in Africa. When Stanley went to search for Livingstone, he was accompanied by hundreds of natives, carrying the bales of cotton, coils of wire, bags of beads, boxes of tea, coffee, tobacco, etc., which were used for barter with the natives, or for the subsistence of the travellers. These were made up into packages of about 80 lbs. each, and carried on the heads of men hundreds of miles through the wilderness. When they came to a fordable river, the natives did not have the trouble of undressing, for they wore very little clothing at any time. In this way the body of the brave Dr. Livingstone was carried hundreds of miles, from the place where he died in Central Africa to the sea coast, and then sent to England, and finally the remains of the Glasgow weaver were ensepulchred within the walls of Westminster Abbey, the grandest mausoleum of the great and good in the wide world.

A Happy Youth.

"WHEN John S. Inskip was converted at the age of sixteen," says the *California Christian Advocate*, "his father had no sympathy with his religious experience, but was an avowed infidel and chairman of a club of scoffing unbelievers. He did not at first interfere with John's religion, thinking it was a transient delusion. To keep the boy at home, and give him a chance to display his new-born zeal, Mr Inskip allowed him to use an old blacksmith shop as a meeting house. This place became a Bethel, where souls were born into the kingdom of God. The lad held his meeting with great discretion and effect. Three of his sisters and several of his neighbours were brought to God in the old shop, and finally the father's attention was called to the affair, and resulted in a peremptory order to quit holding meetings. 'Give up your praying and nonsense, or else quit my house,' said the irate father.

"Very well, father," said the lad, "I can leave home, if you say so, but the

Lord helping me, I must take care of my soul, cost what it will.'

"Mr. Inskip was greatly enraged at this answer, and told John to leave in the morning, and that he would disinherit him. In the morning John prepared to leave home, and went to the barn to pray first, and there broke out in a most fervent and affecting prayer for his father, and arising from his knees he started off, singing joyfully 'with all his soul,'

'Oh how happy are they, who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express the sweet comfort
and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.'

"Mr. Inskip's home was then in Chester Co., Penn. The boy's loud singing attracted the attention of the Quaker neighbours, who came to him and asked 'Where is thee going John?' John briefly answered, stating the facts, and then went on singing. The guilty father was at first infuriated and then overwhelmed with shame and conviction of sin. He went to the barn and kneeled where his poor boy had prayed, and cried to God for mercy. He sobbed and wept, read the Bible and what religious books he had, but found no relief.

"John had taken nothing with him except the suit he wore, and thought he would go back and get his clothes if he could. As he was cautiously drawing near the house on the third day after his expulsion, one of his sisters saw him and ran to meet him and said: John! father has been praying ever since you went away.'

"The poor broken-hearted father, when he saw the returning boy, said to his wife: 'My dear, John's all right and we are all wrong,' and then turning to John, he said: 'My son, can you get any of your people to come and pray for me?' 'O yes, father,' said the happy boy. 'Then saddle the horse, and go quick,' sobbed out the guilt-stricken man.

"John mustered all the Methodists he could find in the neighbourhood, and they had a wonderful prayer-meeting, during which the old gentleman, while attempting to read from Isaiah: 'Surely

he hath borne our griefs,' etc., was freely pardoned. Rev. J. Best, of Philadelphia Conference, made the old blacksmith shop a preaching place, and in it baptized Edward S. Inskip and 'all his house.' John began to preach in 1835, and rapidly rose to distinction, filling important appointments in Philadelphia, Cincinnati and New York."

Living Water.

BY ALICE GARY.

HE had drank from founts of pleasure,
And his thirst returned again;
He had hewn out broken cisterns,
And behold, his work was vain.

And he said, "Life is a desert,
Hot and measureless and dry;
And God will not give me water,
Though I strive and faint and —"

Then he heard a voice make answer,
"Rise and roll the stone away,
Sweet and precious springs lie hidden
In thy pathway every day."

And he said his heart was sinful,
Very sinful was his speech;
"All the cooling wells I thirst for
Are too deep for me to reach."

But the voice cried "Hope and labour;
Doubt and idleness is death;
Shape a clean and goodly vessel
With the patient hand of faith."

So he wrought and shaped the vessel,
Looked, and lo! a well was there;
And he drew up living water,
With the golden chain of Prayer.

A FOOL once found his way into a Scotch pulpit. The minister said to him, "Come down, Jamie, that is my place." "Come ye up, sir," was the reply. "They are a stiff-necked and rebellious generation, the people o' this place, and it will take us both to manage them."

NOR only for the sake of the child of to-day, but for the sake of the man of the future, should parents bring their children to the house of God. If the coming generation is to be one of church-goers, the children of the present must be church-goers. The failure on the part of Christian parents to take their children to church, by gentle but firm compulsion is necessary, is the preparation of a generation who will neglect the house of God. And for that neglect the Christian parents of to-day will be responsible.—*Bible Teacher*.

WHAT is to be done with the very small children in the Sunday-school? is a question that distresses sorely some teachers of primary classes. They are such little tots, quite too young to be taught with the other children, and their presence is a sort of disturbance. They attract attention with their baby pranks, and sometimes more seriously with a good cry. Well, surely, it is not best to send the little things away. Ere many years there will be other influences sufficiently powerful and fatal to do that. Besides, it is only a short step to the time when they will be old enough to comprehend as the other little ones do the simple lessons of the gospel. Better for a time take them into a corner by themselves, put over them a special teacher with a warm heart and a power to entertain, tell them simple Bible stories, and show them Bible pictures. Let the little ones thus be taught from the very dawning of life to love the Sunday-school, and the whole course of their future life may be determined.—*Bible Teacher*.

"He Is With Me."

DYING WORDS OF DR. W. C. PALMER.

In the valley passing over,
Death's dark shadow drawing nigh,
Yet my soul is filled with gladness;
For to me 'tis gain to die.
He is with me! He is with me!
Jesus, most beloved, most high!

He is with me! Death can't harm me,
Perfect love has cast out fear;
Sure no evil can befall me
While the mighty Saviour's near.
Jesus, ever blessed Jesus,
My unfailing Friend is here!

He is with me! Lo! His glory
Beaming out, dispels my gloom!
Death our risen Jesus conquered
When He rose from Joseph's tomb.
He is with me, glorious presence!
See, His radiance fills my room!

Earthly scenes are all receding,
Heavenly glories greet my sight,
Loved ones waiting now to greet me
Yonder, on Mount Zion's height!
He, the dearest One, is with me,
Jesus, my supreme delight.

He has led me through life's journey,
He has been my constant guide;
He has crowned my life with blessings,
Ever walking by my side.
Loving Saviour! Precious Saviour!
Still with me Thou dost abide!

Jesus! How my soul adores Him!
Jesus all my vision fills!
Heaven would not be Heaven without
Him,
How His name my spirit thrills!
With Him I am going over
To the bright celestial hills.

—Mrs. Mary D. James.

Rev. Charles Wesley and his Hymns.

THIS most voluminous writer of sacred lyrics was born at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, December 18, 1708. The genius for writing poetry is traceable to the father, who was an excellent clergyman, author of a versified scripture-history and of the hymn, "Behold the Saviour of mankind." When eight years of age Charles was placed at Westminster School, under the care of an elder brother, Samuel, who was also a poet, some of whose verses are still in the hymn-books. At the age of eighteen Charles entered Christ's College, Oxford, where he remained nine years. Laborious and assiduous as a student, he made the best use of his long-continued and unusually helpful educational privileges. But few men in the ministry, in their day and since, have been more thoroughly cultured in all departments of knowledge than the founders of Methodism, John and Charles Wesley. At the age of twenty, as the result of a long season of unusual seriousness, he formed, with two other kindred souls, the famous "Holy Club." John Wesley soon became a member, and, with his wonderful power of organization, the controlling spirit. They devoted several evenings each week in reading together the Greek Testament and the ancient classics, and Sunday evenings in the study of divinity. They soon began to visit the poor, the sick, and the prisoners, and to labour and pray with them. Here Methodism was born, and the most remarkable religious reform since the days of Luther commenced. But it does not appear that Charles Wesley employed his muse until this development within him of a desire for a more deeply religious life. His poetry bears this striking characteristic from first to last—that it is historic and autobiographic. It is his best impression of his own experience and of the spirit of that great revival. Hence his poetry

is intensely alive and thoroughly practical. Dr. Watts wrote his verses in the calm, reflective hour. Charles Wesley's came to his lips when in his itinerant labours, and were called forth by the peculiar fortunes and emotions of the hour. This lends a great charm to the study of his hymns. His manner of composition is very interestingly told in the following:

"He rode every day a little horse gray with age. When he mounted, if a subject struck him he proceeded to expand it and put it in order. He would write a hymn thus given him on a card kept for the purpose, with his pencil, in shorthand. Not unfrequently he has come to the house in the City Road, and, having left the pony in the garden, he would enter, crying out, 'Pen and ink! Pen and ink!' These being supplied, he wrote the hymn he had been composing."

Thus he strikingly illustrated the Latin maxim, which has never had exception, *Poeta nascitur, non fit*. He is also the most voluminous of all hymnists. His published volumes reach nearly five thousand; and his excellent biographer, Jackson, says he left nearly as many more in manuscript. The first hymn traceable to him was written on his return from Georgia, and is known as the famous "Hymn for Midnight," commencing,

"Doubtful, and insecure of bliss."

When at length, through the counsel of the pious Moravian, he attains by simple faith to the spiritual experience for which he has so long and anxiously sighed, in the rapture of his soul he gives us the hymn,

"Where shall my wondering soul begin?"

And a year later, as the anniversary of the glad experience, he wrote,

"Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!"

Growing in the power and joy of an experimental Christianity, he sings,

"Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of His grace."

These laconic lines have always been much admired:

"Faith, mighty faith, the promise sees;
Relies on that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And cries, 'It shall be done!'"

It is astonishing how much of axiomatic wisdom is crowded, and yet so naturally, into some of his briefest lines. Perhaps no stanza better illustrates it than this. Here, too, is a gentle rebuke to the mystic and metaphysical divines who persist in trying to explain what God has purposely left inexplicable:

"'Tis mystery all—the Immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
'Tis mercy all! Let earth adore;
Let angels' minds inquire no more."

The last poem ever written by his own hand has a peculiar charm. We find such submissive and expectant lines as

"Oh, that the joyful hour were come
Which calls thy ready servant home."

And in his last illness, at the age of eighty, but a short time before his death, his consecrated muse dictates some beautiful words to his wife, closing with this couplet:

"Oh, could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity."

His hymns furnish the best expression and utterance of religious aspiration and life. Many are so familiar that only a line need be given; and we have not even space for single lines of such as the Church will never let die:

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

"Come, let us ascend, my companion and friend."

"Hark! the herald angels sing."

"O Love divine, how sweet thou art."

And this for children:

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild."

Dr. Watts said of his "Wrestling Jacob" that it was worth all the verses he had ever written. Rev. F. M. Bird, a specialist of hymnology, closes an exhaustive and critical estimate of his poetry in comparison with that of Watts, Doddridge, Montgomery, Heber, Cowper, and Toplady, in these words: "No other names in British lyric poetry can be mentioned with that of Charles Wesley; and when it is remembered that all these counted their poems by dozens or hundreds, while he by thousands, and that his thousands were in power, in elegance, in devotional and literary value above their few, we call him, yet more confidently, great among poets, and prince of English hymnists."—*Musical Herald*.

Speak nae Ill.

OTHER people have their faults,
And so have ye as well;
But all ye chance to see or hear,
Ye have no right to tell.

If ye canna speak o' good,
Take care, and see, and feel;
Earth has all too much o' woe,
And not enough o' weal.

Be careful that ye have nae strife
Wi' meddling tongue and brain,
For ye will find enough to do
If ye but look at hame.

If ye canna speak o' good,
Oh! dinna speak at all,
For there is grief and woe enough
On this terrestrial ball.

If ye should feel like picking flaws,
Ye better go, I ween,
And read the Book that tells ye all
About the mote and beam.

Dinna lend a ready ear
To gossip or to strife,
Or, perhaps, 'twill make for ye
Nae funny thing of life.

Oh! dinna add to others' woe,
Nor mock it with your mirth,
But give ye kindly sympathy
To suffering ones of earth.—*Sel.*

THE land of promise was securely pledged to the tribes of Israel. Nevertheless they were to fight for its possession, and without this conquest they would never have gained it. So God has pledged to us with abounding promises a precious inheritance, but no man shall enter on its possession without earnest and protracted conflict. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." "I have fought a good fight," said the great apostle when about to stretch forth his hand to receive the crown.—*Bible Teacher*.

DR. RAMSEY, pastor of Central Church, Detroit, Mich., in a sermon to young people, says: "If you can make no return for the limitless kindness which has been your heritage, you can permit your parents to sleep; and thus treasure resources for another day of devotion and toil."

The Dying Boy.

A LITTLE boy, whose father belonged to a certain Presbyterian church, was sick. The mother said to her husband when he came home from business, "Go and see our boy; he is dying."

He went and said to the child, "Do you know, my child, that you are dying?"

"Am I?" said he. "Is this death? Do you really think I am dying?"

"Yes; your end is near."

"And I shall be with Jesus to-night?"

"Yes, I think you will," the father replied, with tears.

"Then, father," said the boy, "don't weep; for when I get there I shall go straight to Jesus and tell Him that you have been trying all my life to lead me to Him."

What a delightful message for a dying child to carry to glory about his earthly father!

Be Self-Reliant.

DON'T wait for helpers. Try those two old friends, your strong arms. Self's the man. If the fox wants poultry for his cubs he must carry the chickens himself. None of her friends can help the hare; she must run for herself or the greyhounds will have her. Every man must carry his own sack to the mill. You must put your shoulder to the wheel and keep it there; for there are plenty of ruts in the road. If you wait till all the ways are paved you will have light shining between your ribs. If you sit still till great men take you on their backs you will grow to your seat. Your own legs are better than stilts. Do not look to others, but trust in God.

Good Lessons.

NEVER play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation through fear that you could not withstand it. Earn your money before you spend it. Owe no man anything. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Be just before you are generous. Aim to live a Christian life. Always return good for evil. Fear God and keep His commandments.

HISSING means different things according to where you happen to be at the time. In West Africa the natives hiss when they are astonished; in the New Hebrides when they see anything beautiful. The Basutos applauded a popular orator in their assemblies by hissing at him. The Japanese, again, show their reverence by a hiss, which has probably somewhat the force of the "hush" with which we command silence.

WE are accustomed to hear that early struggle is necessary to later success, and almost grow to feel that there is not hope of a boy who is not shoeless, penniless, and homeless. And yet it is a theory founded upon exceptions and exaggerations. Early comfort and proper advantages are blessings from which come the best human achievements. Home and plenty are not misfortunes.—*United Presbyterian*.

THE worst of people are sometimes placed in the best situations, while the Lord's people seem to be in the worst. "Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things."

The Widow's Mite.

THE Master sat in the temple
Where the crowd before him passed,
Over against the treasury,
Where the offerings were cast.

The haughty priest and Pharisee,
The rich and the poor were there,
And the hearts of all, like an open book,
Before His sight lay bare.

Like an open page before Him
He read each heart aright;
No secret thought or motive
Was hidden from His sight.

He knew who gave with grudging,
And who with proud display,
And who with willing heart and hand
From out his store that day.

The widow from her scanty store
Let one poor farthing fall,
Yet, in the loving Master's sight,
Her gift was more than all.

And I somehow think the Master
Sits just as He did then,
Over against the treasury,
To weigh the gifts of men.

He knows who gives with grudging,
And who with proud display,
And he who gives with loving grace,
Just as He did that day.

The poor from out their scanty store
Still bring their offering small,
Yet their humble gifts are counted much
By Him who weighs them all.—*Scl.*

Another Penitent Thief.

THE most persuasive of the "Evidences of Christianity" is the fact that it makes good men out of bad men. What reply can the honest doubter make to this fact? There is now working in New York City a successful philanthropist, who, five years ago, was one of the most expert thieves in the country. He was made what he is by the Christian religion.

His mother was an abandoned woman and his father a thief. Born in the atmosphere of crime, he took in the art of stealing with his mother's milk.

Training and an acute mind made him a place among the most successful thieves. This so gratified his depraved ambition, that during forty-six years he devoted himself to crime. Thirty-six years he lived in prison. He was an old acquaintance to the wardens of Blackwell's Island and Sing-Sing.

"We'll keep your cell warm for you, Mike, for six weeks. You'll be back by that time," said the warden of Sing-Sing prison to him, as he left it, five years ago.

The discharged convict smiled, as he tossed back an "All right, sir!" and hastened to his old haunts in the city.

But one day the Master met him, in the person of an earnest Christian man, and through his teachings the old jail-bird found out that he was not only a bad man to his fellows, but a sinful man before God. Then he discovered that the Master had come into the world to seek and save such reckless, outlawed men as himself.

The two facts germinated in his heart until they made him a new man. He abandoned his old crimes, but his heart went out towards his old "pals." The active brain, hitherto used to plan robberies, began to devise a way in which he might save those who should be turned out of prison, homeless and friendless.

He laid hold of two controlling ideas. "I must," he said to himself, "have a home to which I can take the men I would save. A discharged convict turned loose into New York City must

steal to live. And every man I help must earn what he eats."

When this ex-convict laid out his plan for saving his "pals," he had not a cent in his pocket. But he pawned his coat, and with the proceeds hired a room in that part of the city where thieves resort. Entering this little asylum, he locked the door, knelt down, and laid the constitution and by-laws of his *society* before God.

"No discharged prisoner," ran his vow, "shall be turned from this room so long as there is space to shelter him.

"No man shall eat a second meal in this room till he has earned it."

The beginning was small and the plan simple. Yet Mike has sheltered eleven hundred discharged convicts, many of whom he has led into a new life by persuading them to become servants of his Master.

The little room has given way to a building that cost forty thousand dollars. All prisoners know "Michael Dunn's House of Industry." They also know that when discharged from prison they will find there a welcome, a home, and aid wherewith to begin a better life. But they must earn what they eat, for Mike believes that industry is the first step to honesty. Such are the legitimate effects of Christianity on heart and life.

Let Us Do Our Part.

WE cannot afford to be idle,
There is something for each one to do,
No matter how small is the portion,
Allotted to me and to you.
There's enough to keep us all busy,
There's work for the heart and the brain,
And those who love the Lord Jesus,
Of His work should never complain.

The world we believe is progressing,
Yet many are going astray,
In so many artful inventions,
Who ought to grow wiser each day;
And with the great tide sweeping onward,
Of souls so dear in God's sight,
While thousands to ruin are falling,
Let us do well our part in the fight.

There's the Gospel to preach to the heathen,
There are heathen all over our land,
Who ought to know more of the Bible,
And more of its truths understand.
There is peace to proclaim among nations,
There's the temperance cause to sustain,
And in our own circle are duties,
That none of us ought to disdain.

Oh! fearful, if when at the judgment,
We meet with some one that we love,
Who fails to pass in at the gateway
That opens to glory above.
Then let us all double our efforts,
And do what we can for our Lord,
The least of our work in His vineyard,
Will meet with a blessed reward.

—*Christian Worker.*

Restraint and its Fruits.

A LITTLE more than a century and a half ago, there might have been seen at Lincoln College, Oxford, a young divinity student of plain speech, habits and dress, but of unusually fixed principles of character. He resolved to follow the example of Caleb of old, and to obey God in "all things." That he might rightly understand the will of God, he became a diligent student of the Scriptures.

A brother and several students united with him in his purpose. Among his principles was one worthy of imitation to-day. He looked upon his physical health as a sacred trust, and resolved to do nothing which would tend to impair his usefulness by reason of disability of health in the future. He lived abstemiously; devoted the

rightful hours to sleep, preserved a quiet mind and a pure heart.

"I resolved," he said, "to have no companions by chance, but by choice, and to choose only such as would help me on my way to heaven."

His strict manner of living caused him to be ridiculed. He and his companions were taunted as "Methodists," owing to their methodical habits.

He was sometimes in doubt as to the exact rule of right living. He once consulted his mother, a woman of great strength of mind and character, in regard to the use of necessary amusements.

"Would you judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of pleasure," she answered, "take this rule:

"Whatever weakens your reason; whatever impairs the tenderness of your conscience; whatever obscures your sense of God; whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind—that thing to you is wrong, however innocent it may be in itself."

These rules he followed, and by so doing laid the foundations of physical health firm and sure.

Eighty years silvered his hair. He had faced mobs, borne persecution, journeyed from country to country, and had preached more than forty thousand sermons, and gathered into his societies more than one hundred thousand souls.

He passed from chapel to chapel, from town to town. His old friends were gone, but the vigour of his youth remained. He was preaching now to the third generation of his followers.

Upon completing his eighty-second year, he said,—

"It is now eleven years since I have felt such a thing as weariness." A year later he said, "I am a wonder to myself. I am never tired either with writing, preaching, or travelling."

In his eighty-seventh year he said, "I am an old man now. However, blessed be God, I do not slack my labours. I can preach and write still. Eighty-seven years have I sojourned on this earth, endeavouring to do good."

He died at last of the natural failure of his physical powers. His last words were, "I'll praise"—

That man was John Wesley.

Good people often suffer from ill-health, sometimes from accident and errors of judgment, and as frequently from causes not traceable to their own conduct. But good health and long life are usually the results of right living in youth, and are among the promises to such a course of life. A conscientious life is the guardian of health as well as the hope and strength of the soul.

PERHAPS the dumb animal that we strike, in our power, forgives; but its piteous eyes accuse us still.—*George Parsons Lathrop.*

THERE is such a thing as spiritual bloodshed. A changed light of suffering flows cut over the countenance of one who has been stabbed by words as distinctly, and with an effect as terrible, as that of the scarlet life-tide which gushes from a physical wound.—*George Parsons Lathrop.*

A YOUNG woman who was married three months ago was asked how she was getting along with the mysteries of housekeeping. "O, I'm learning very fast. Why, would you believe it?" she exclaimed, "I hemmed a whole towel myself in six hours yesterday."—*Boston Post.*

The Joy of Decision.

"Do you dance?" was the question we once asked of a certain young lady.

"I do not dance now," she said, "I have given it up. For a long time I danced. My conscience opposed it. My mother disapproved it. Becoming a Christian, I found that I could not conscientiously longer engage in it. I do not find fault with people who dance and play cards, but for myself I have decided."

In a later conversation on the same subject, when the decision of some other young ladies to dance no more was reported at the family circle, the same young lady remarked:—

"I am so glad to hear that. There is such pleasure in a fixed decision. I enjoy the right so much the more when I finally and positively decide in favour of it."

In wavering is utter unrest. Indecision is a thorn in the pillow. When the will does not exert itself as intellect and conscience direct, clouds gather over the soul and sorrow smites.

He is happiest who makes up his mind, put his foot firmly down, dismisses forever the possibility of going back to the old practice, and walks forward with the self-respect which always comes from the consciousness of decisive action.—*S. S. Journal.*

Varieties.

WHEN the police want a thief they go to a saloon.

OUR dead are never dead to us until we have forgotten them.—*George Eliot.*

A TENNESSEE poet writes:

A boy got left at the grammar-school,
Because, to get up a first-class race,
He tied an active transitive oyster-can
To a dog in the objective case.

WHILE a man's relations to the universe are a high and worthy object of study, it is by his relations to his wife that he is to be justified or condemned.—*Gail Hamilton.*

"BOIL down this stuff about forests," said the managing editor, handing a bundle of manuscript to a reporter. A few seconds later the editor received the following: "The way to preserve our forests—don't cut them down."

THE current "catch" is to ask your friend if Christmas and New Year's come in the same year. Not a few people will promptly answer, "No, of course they don't," and a half minute later they feel sick over their own mental weakness.

THE German missionaries in Ranchi, India, arranged for a grand demonstration in honour of Luther, in which 35,000 native Christians took part. It is a striking comment on the far-reaching influence of a single life that the children of the jungle should thus be found celebrating the birth of one who lived and died on the other side of the globe four centuries ago.

PROFESSOR G. H. B. MACLEOD, in an article in the *Glasgow Medical Journal*, says:—"I most heartily subscribe to the opinion which, I am glad to think, begins to prevail, that there is no risk whatever in withdrawing alcohol suddenly and absolutely from inebriates. I have long known and practiced this. It is, in my experience, the only hope for their recovery. Half measures always fail."

LESSON NOTES.

THREE MONTHS WITH DAVID AND THE PSALMS.

THIRD QUARTER.

KINDNESS TO JONATHAN'S SON.

B. C. 1034.] **LESSON IV.** July 27.

2 Sam 9. 1-13. Commit to mem. vs. 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thine own friend and thy father's friend, forsake not.—Prov. 27. 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Sam. 18. 1-9. Th. Ps. 41. 1-13.
T. 1 Sam. 19. 1-7. F. 1 Sam. 20. 24-42.
W. 1 Sam. 20. 1-23. Sa. 2 Sam. 1. 17-27.
Su. 2 Sam. 9. 1-13.

TIME.—Possibly about B.C. 1040.

PLACES.—(1) Jerusalem, as in last lesson. (2) *Lodebar*, east of the Jordan and north of the Jabbok, and probably near Mahanaim, the capital of Mephibosheth's uncle, Ishbosheth.

INTRODUCTION.—This incident is narrated here without any close connection with what precedes or follows. It forms a conclusion or appendix to the first section of the history of David's reign. Read carefully the story of the relation of David and Jonathan (see Daily Readings).

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Is there any—*David possibly had never heard of the birth of Jonathan's son. All the rest of Saul's numerous family had perished. *For Jonathan's sake* (1 Sam. 20. 17). 3. *Kindness of God*—Kindness resulting from God's indwelling, and showing itself great and purelike His (Luke 6. 36; Rom. 11. 29). *Lame*—He could make David no return, and he was powerless to do an injury. 5. *Fetch*—Did not invite, but brought him—6. *Thy servant*—See under *Mephibosheth*. 7. *Fear not*—From the experience of his family and from Oriental customs he had reason to fear. *Eat bread at my table*—David once feared to eat at Saul's table (1 Sam. 20. 5). 8. *David dog*—The strongest expression an Eastern man could use. A live dog was the object of contempt and dislike. 9. *All that pertained to Saul*—The family estate, inherited by David's wife, Michal (Num. 27. 8), or forfeited to the crown by Ishbosheth's rebellion (chap. 12. 8). 10. *Master's son*—I.e., grandson. 11. *Saul the king*—Read rather, "So Mephibosheth did eat at David's table." 13. *Was lame*—The fact is repeated because so much depends upon it (chap. 16. 1-4; 19. 24-30).

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Jonathan.—David's relations to Jonathan.—The fortunes of Saul's house.—Ziba.—Mephibosheth.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How did David become acquainted with Jonathan? What did Jonathan do for David? What covenant did they make? (1 Sam. 20. 14-17). What had become of Jonathan? What had become of Saul and his family? How had David felt about it? (2 Sam. 1. 14-16; 4. 9-12).

SUBJECT: FRIENDSHIP, ITS BLESSINGS AND REWARDS.

I. AN OLD FRIENDSHIP REMEMBERED (vs. 1-4).—What did David ask? Why did he ask it? Why had he not done this before? What was he told? How does this show that Saul's house must have been brought very low? Who was Ziba? What did he say? How did Jonathan's son become lame? Why should Ziba mention the lameness? For whose sake did David do all this? What did David wish to do? Was David under any obligations to do this? How had Saul treated David?

II. AN OLD FRIENDSHIP REVIVED (vs. 5-8).—What did David do? How did Mephibosheth appear before David? What does this show? What did David tell Mephibosheth? Had Mephibosheth any reason to fear? What did David promise? How did Mephibosheth receive this? Who called himself more brutish than any man? (Prov. 30. 2, 3). Was he? Who called himself "the chief of sinners?" Was he? What is meant by such expressions? When should we use them?

III. AN OLD FRIENDSHIP REWARDED (vs. 9-13).—What did David tell Ziba? How could David do this? What was Ziba to do? What shows Ziba's position and wealth? What change would this make in Ziba's condition? Who was Michal? What do we hear of him again? (1 Chron. 8. 34.) Why is Mephibosheth's lameness spoken of again? What more do we hear of Ziba? How was this kindness of David ever rewarded? What are the best rewards of friendship? How can friends be gained? How can they be kept? Who is the best friend?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Children may reap when their parents have sown.
2. He that hath a friend "hath given hostages to fortune."
3. The true friend will seek out occasion for kind offices.
4. It is good sometimes to bethink ourselves whether there be any promises or engagements that we have neglected to make good.—HENRY.
5. The kindness of God is that which is shown in God and for God's sake.—BERLEMERGER BIBLE.
6. Treat orphans as a father, and thou shalt be the Son of the Most High.
7. He that watereth shall be watered also himself.—(Prov. 11. 25.)
8. "For Jonathan's sake" illustrates the words "For Christ's sake" and "In His Name."

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

13. How had Jonathan felt toward David? ANS. He loved him as he loved his own soul?
14. What had he done? ANS. He had made a covenant with the house of David?
15. What did David do long after Jonathan's death? ANS. He inquired for any of the house of Saul, that he might show him the kindness of God for Jonathan's sake. 16. What kindness did David show? ANS. He restored Saul's estate to Jonathan's son, and gave him a seat at his own table.

B. C. 1034.] **LESSON V.** [Aug 3.

DAVID'S REPENTANCE.

Ps. 51. 1-19. Commit to mem vs. 9-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

My sin is ever before me.—Ps. 51. 3.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Repentance and confession the way to salvation.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Sam. 12. 1-23. Th. Luke 15. 1-10.
T. Psa. 51. 1-19. F. Luke 15. 11-32.
W. Psa. 32. 1-11. Sa. Matt. 4. 17; Acts 2. 37-47.
Su. John. 31. 17.

AUTHOR.—David, after he had been king 20 years.

DATE.—About 1034, six years after the last lesson.

PLACE.—2 Sam., chaps. 11 and 12. Psa. 32 was written in the same connection, soon after Psa. 51.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—David had committed the great sin of his life, adultery and murder combined. The prophet Nathan went to him and reproved him. David was humbled, and repented, and this Psalm was the public expression of his repentance. The repentance should be as public as the sin.

DAVID'S CHARACTER.—David was a good man, full of many great and good qualities, and this sin was a great blot on his character because it was so good. No heathen monarch of his time would have thought of the acts as sin. We must look at the great good in David while we abhor this sin.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Loving-kindness*—Note the three words expressing God's mercy in this verse. *Transgressions*—Note the three words expressing sin, (1) *Transgression*, going over the bound into forbidden ground; (2) *iniquity*, injustice; (3) *sin*, from a word meaning to miss the mark,—failing of duty. 4. *Against thee only have I sinned*—He had wronged man, but all wrong to man is sin against God, and that sin was so great as to overshadow the wrong to man. *That thou mightest be justified*—He confessed his sin, so that he might show that all God's punishment was just. 5. *I was shapen in iniquity*—He inherited wrong tendencies. 7.

Purge me with hyssop—I.e., by sprinkling atoning blood upon him (Lev. 14. 52; Num. 19. 19). He wanted the real purification thus symbolized. 12. *Free spirit*—Willing, ready for service. 16. *Thou desirest not sacrifice*—The sacrifice in itself is not what God desires, for it is but a means to a right state of heart which God desires. 18. *Zion, Jerusalem*—Types of the Church and kingdom of God. 19. *Thou shalt be pleased with the sacrifices*—While God does not desire sacrifices as an end or substitute for the right feelings, yet He is pleased with them as the expressions of a grateful and true heart.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—David's sin.—David's character.—David's repentance.—The 51st Psalm.—Repentance as a way to salvation.—Confession of sin.—The desire for holiness.—The fruits of repentance.—What forgiveness does for us.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long had David now been king? What was his character? What great sins did he commit? How could he be said to be "a man after God's own heart?" What parable by the prophet Nathan led him to repentance? (2 Sam. 12. 1-10.) What Psalms did David write expressing his sorrow? Why did he make his repentance so public?

SUBJECT: REPENTANCE, CONFESSION, SALVATION.

I. A PRAYER FOR MERCY (vs. 1, 2).—What was David's great desire after he had sinned? Does this show him to have been a good man at heart? What three words are here used to express God's mercy? Do we all need this mercy? Why? What three words are used to express sin? What is it to be washed from iniquity?

II. REPENTANCE AND CONFESSION (vs. 3-5).—Did David try to hide his sins? Did he blame others for them? Against whom had he sinned? How was it "against thee only?" Why did David confess? What marks of true repentance do you find in these verses? What is meant by being "shapen in iniquity?" What contrast did he see between his deeds and what was required by God?

III. A PRAYER FOR FORGIVENESS (vs. 7-9).—Meaning of "purge me with hyssop?" How would he be whiter than snow? What is expressed by "the bones which thou hast broken?" How can a sinner find joy? What is meant by God's hiding his face from sins? What does forgiveness do for us? Does it take away all the consequences of sin?

IV. A PRAYER FOR HOLINESS (vs. 10-12).—What was David's next desire after forgiveness? What is meant by the heart? by a clean heart? Why must it be created? (John 3. 3-5.) What was his prayer as to God's Spirit? What had been the effect upon Saul of the taking away of God's Spirit? What is the joy of salvation?

V. FRUITS OF REPENTANCE (vs. 13-19).—What was the first fruit that followed David's repentance? (v. 13.) How could he do more good to other sinners than he could before? What was the second fruit? (vs. 14, 15.) What was the third fruit? (vs. 16, 17.) What was the fourth fruit? (vs. 18, 19.) How do you reconcile verse 19 with verse 16?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Even good men sometimes fall into sin.
2. But they always repent and forsake with their whole heart, as Peter and David, contrasted with Judas and Saul.
3. We should judge of men not by one sin or one good act, but by their character as a whole.
4. The first need of all men is forgiveness of the past.
5. The next need is a new heart.
6. Those who repent will bear fruit in the upbuilding of God's kingdom.

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

1. What took place about the middle of David's reign? ANS. He fell into a great sin. 2. What did he do in regard to it? ANS. He repented with his whole heart. 3. What did he desire? ANS. God's mercy and forgiveness. 4. What next did he pray for? ANS. A new heart, that he might sin no more. 5. How did he show that he was sincere? (1) He confessed his sin publicly; (2) he praised God; (3) he sought to lead others to God.

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BIOGRAPHICAL.

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|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Gladstone. | 23. Napoleon. |
| 2. Beaconsfield. | 29. Stephenson. |
| 3. Nelson. | 30. Spurgeon. |
| 4. Wellington. | 31. Dickens. |
| 5. Luther. | 32. Garibaldi. |
| 6. Chatham. | 33. Cromwell. |
| 7. Chaucer. | 34. Fox. |
| 8. Humboldt. | 35. Washington. |
| 9. Carlyle. | 36. Wallace. |
| 10. Caesar. | 37. Gustavus Adolphus. |
| 11. Wesley. | 38. Calvin. |
| 12. Peter the Great. | 39. Alexander the Great. |
| 13. Burns. | 40. Confucius. |
| 14. Thos. A'Becket. | 41. Alfred the Great. |
| 15. Scott. | 42. Knox. |
| 16. Columbus. | 43. Bruce. |
| 17. Shakespeare. | 44. Socrates. |
| 18. Bunyan. | 45. Bright. |
| 19. Dante. | 46. Homer. |
| 20. Goldsmith. | 47. Hugo. |
| 21. Frederick the Great. | 48. Pitt. |
| 22. DeMontfort. | 49. Queen Victoria. |
| 23. Moliere. | 50. Joan of Arc. |
| 24. Johnson. | 51. Queen Elizabeth. |
| 25. Burke. | 52. Charlotte Bronte. |
| 26. Schiller. | |
| 27. Raleigh. | |

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