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# WELCOME AND SCHOOL

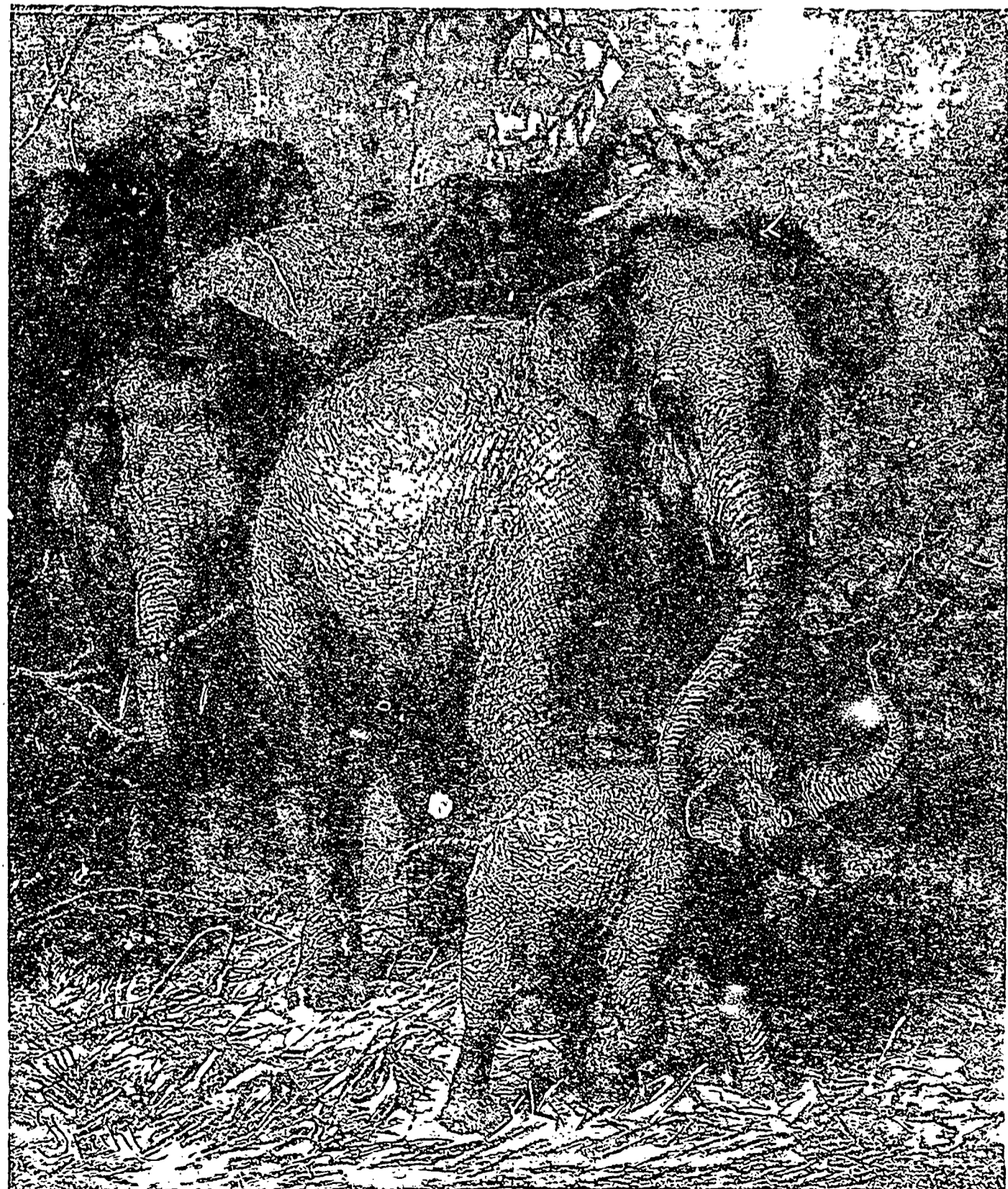
Do unto others  
As ye would  
that they  
should  
do unto  
you

ROLPH SMITH - CO. TORONTO.

Vol. V.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 12, 1887.

[No. 4.



THE ELEPHANT.—(See next page.)

## Labour.

It was no curse that said to man,  
"Labour thy lot shall be;  
And with thy sweat upon thy brow  
Thy hand shall nourish thee."  
All who obey this high behest  
Blessings in it have found;  
And health and wealth are gathered best  
By those who till the ground.

The human frame is scarcely made  
Till toil develop form;  
And health which is not won by work  
Will hardly bide the storm.  
Or hand or brain, with plow or pen,  
May do God's will below;  
But sloth will wither hand and brain,  
And quench the spirit's glow.

Say not, thou lordly son of gold,  
No need of thee to toil;  
Say not there's naught to do, except  
By serfs wed to the soil.  
Are there not widowed hearts to cheer  
That pine in cold neglect;  
And innocence to guide and guard,  
And orphans to protect?

Are there not godlike intellects,  
Now crushed in slavish fear,  
Thy hand, thy voice, thy pen could raise  
To state of angel's here?  
Are there not shackled limbs to free—  
Wild passions to reclaim—  
Wild deserts and their wilder men  
Than wildest beasts to tame.

A jarring and discordant world  
To harmonize and bind  
Together firm with iron bands,  
Till all be of one mind?  
Are there not fiends in human shape,  
That, from the throne of power,  
Watch, eye, lest widowed liberty,  
Reclaim her long lost power?

Is not the task yet to be done  
To banish crime from earth,  
By guiding and directing right,  
Man from his very birth—  
To scatter art and science wide,  
And thus prepare the way  
For that millennium to come,  
When love and truth shall sway.

Is there not haggard, starving want,  
That feeds itself with crime;  
And dread miasma in foul abodes  
That kills men ere their time:  
Are there not wrongs that every day  
The rich heaps on the poor;  
Who toil and starve that heartless men  
May swell their golden store?

Then say not, there is naught to do—  
Labour—'tis Heaven's command,  
Each in his sphere, and soon there were  
No sorrow in the land.  
Without the toil none can be great—  
Without it none is good,  
Or even blameless and forgiven  
Before his Maker stood.

## The Elephant.\*

Few studies are so interesting and instructive as those of natural history. We would like to see books of solid fact, like that mentioned in the footnote, take the place of much of the rapid fiction of our Sunday-school libraries. It is not a distinctively religious book, but it gives an admirable account of the most intelligent creature next to man that God has

\* *The Ivory King. A popular History of the Elephant and its Allies.* By CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER. Pp. 330. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price \$2.

made. This hugest of beasts has from the dawn of historic time, been an object of curious study. The author tells in a popular way about all that is known of him, of his structure, habits, intelligence, and other characteristics. The story of the famous Jumbo is retold. Poor Jumbo, resisted with all his might the effort to tear him from his English home and from his mate, Alice; and hundreds of English children wrote to Mr. Barnum imploring him not to take him away. If he had foreseen the untimely death of Jumbo, by a railway accident near St. Thomas, in Canada, and the grief—there is no other word—which his death caused throughout two continents, he would doubtless have left him at home. The book abounds in curious stories of rougher elephants, trick elephants, working elephants, and fighting elephants, all of which are as instructive as they are interesting. The book has about a score of full-page engravings.

The distinguishing feature of the elephant is his proboscis, or trunk, which is not only the elephant's nose, but also his hand; for there is a kind of finger at the end of the trunk and a thumb-like thickening under the finger with which the great animal can pick up a single straw, while, twining his trunk about a tree, he can uproot it with ease. We all know that elephants are valuable because of their tusks, but perhaps not many of us realize their value in India and Africa as beasts of burden. They are remarkably sagacious animals and very affectionate, an elephant many times proving a careful nurse for the children of its *mahout*, or driver.

Elephants have a great dislike to camels; though, if laden, they will travel with them without fighting. Nothing distresses an elephant more than to be followed by a horse, especially at a canter or any quick pace; but, of all animals, the rhinoceros is his special aversion, for he can hardly be induced to approach within sight or smell of one, even if the rhinoceros be dead.

Years ago it was thought impossible to hunt elephants with guns, but there are plenty of reliable records of daring adventures while shooting the great animals. Mr. Charles John Andersson has been particularly famous as an elephant-hunter, and I was so interested in one of his adventures that I have copied it to read to you.

On a magnificent tropical moonlight night, Mr. Andersson—alone, as usual—took up his position on a narrow neck of land between two pools of water. He was protected by a small *skärm* built of stones, and had with him two or three guns and a blanket. Presently a noise like that made by the passage of a train of artillery broke upon his ear, and an immense elephant appeared, followed by others, to the number of eighteen. "Their towering forms told me at a glance," says Mr. Andersson, "that they were all males.

It was a splendid sight to behold so many huge creatures approaching with a free, sweeping, unsuspecting and stately step. The somewhat elevated ground whence they emerged, and which gradually sloped toward the water, together with the misty night-air, gave an increased appearance of bulk and mightiness to their naturally giant structures. Crouching down as low as possible in the *skärm*, I waited with beating heart and ready rifle the approach of the leading male, who, unconscious of peril, was making straight for my hiding-place. The position of his body, however, was unfavorable for a shot, and, knowing from experience that I had little chance of obtaining more than a single good one, I waited for an opportunity to fire at his shoulder, which is preferable to any other part when shooting at night. But this chance, unfortunately, was not afforded till his enormous bulk towered above my head. The consequence was that while in the act of raising the muzzle of my rifle over the *skärm* my body caught his eye, and before I could place the piece to my shoulder he swung himself round and with trunk elevated and ears spread desperately charged me. It was now too late to think of flight, much less of taking aim. Seeing that if I remained partially erect he would inevitably seize me with his proboscis, I threw myself on my back with some violence, in which position, and without shouldering the rifle, I fired upward at random toward his chest, uttering at the same time the most piercing shouts and cries. The change of position in all human probability saved my life, for at the same instant the trunk of the enraged animal descended precisely on the spot where I had previously crouched, sweeping away the stones—many of large size—that formed the fore-part of my *skärm* like so many pebbles. In another moment his broad fore feet passed directly over my face. I now expected nothing short of being crushed to death, but imagine my relief when, instead of renewing the charge, he swerved to the left and moved off with considerable rapidity—most happily, without my having received other injuries than a few bruises from the falling stones." Yet after all this Mr. Andersson snatched up another rifle, and, taking aim, pulled the trigger, when the piece missed fire. Had this happened at first, nothing could have prevented his instant death.

It is very dangerous to get upon soft ground with an elephant. As soon as the animal feels himself sinking he seizes the first thing he can reach and puts it under his feet to keep himself up. The first thing is generally the *mahout*, or driver, and next he drags the *houklah*, on which the riders sit, to support him. The moment the *mahout* cries '*Puss-gya!*' every rider scrambles or tumbles off the elephant's back as soon as possible.

## "Home College Series"—The Ocean.

## I.

*Definition.*—Ocean, or Sea, is the name applied to that great body which surrounds the continents, and covers, to a great depth, more than three-fourths of the earth's surface.

*Divisions.*—It is divided into several distinct bodies by the formation of the land, which rises above its surface. These divisions are Atlantic, Pacific, Indian, Arctic, and Antarctic. The Polar oceans are divided from the Pacific by imaginary lines known as the Arctic and Antarctic circles. Portions of the ocean, nearly surrounded by land, are seas, gulfs, and bays. These are all united in one great system, and are maintained at nearly uniform composition, chiefly by means of strong currents, which flow continuously through them. Some of these ocean rivers are of enormous extent. What is singular and phenomenal is that these submarine streams flow in one direction, while the water on the surface moves in the opposite direction. The water travels in a vast circle like the horses in a hippodrome.

*Saltiness.*—A uniform feature of the ocean is the saltiness of the water. It holds in solution chloride of sodium (common salt), a small quantity of the sulphate of magnesium, sulphate and carbonate of lime, iodine and bromide of magnesium. These form about one-thirtieth of the water by weight. In every pint of sea-water there is an ounce of salt. If the waters of the Atlantic Ocean were to evaporate there would remain a deposit of salt sufficient to cover 7,000,000 of square miles, to the depth of one mile. A gigantic salt-box, indeed! Was the water of the sea ever pure? Certainly not. The rivers that flow into it are not pure. They are fed by springs and the rain, which washes every thing soluble, salts and minerals, into them. These are all carted down and dumped into the ocean. Vapour, moreover, is constantly rising from every part of the ocean in great masses, especially under the tropics. The salts brought into the sea sink, so that by this process of evaporation it becomes salt. There may be also great masses of salt rock on the sea bottom, like that about the Dead Sea, that is constantly dissolving. All the causes of the saltiness of the ocean are not known. It may have been created salt.

The water is of nearly uniform saltiness, although we come now and then upon places where the salt predominates. But this is due, beyond doubt, to local causes. Though inland seas are, as a rule, less salt, yet the Mediterranean holds, in solution, more salt than the ocean itself; while the Red Sea, under the intense heat and immense evaporation going on, is growing constantly saltier.

*Colour.*—Sea-water, inclosed in a bottle, is colourless. When looked at in a mass it seems a peculiar green.

when viewed from a distance it is blue—"The blue, blue sea." In the tropics and some parts of the Mediterranean, along the eastern shore, it is indigo blue. In other places it is a deep green; still others, a slate gray. The climate appears to have nothing to do with changes of colour. "Fickle as the sea" is true of its colour, as the changes on its surface. In some places the water is black; in others, white or beautifully transparent. In the *fjords*, off the coast of Norway, the water is marvellously clear and transparent. At the depth of twenty-five fathoms the smallest object can be seen on the sandy bottom. The water magnifies as the lenses of a microscope. According to one writer, the Polar oceans are a very beautiful blue. While in the Bay of Naples the rays of the sun, falling upon the water, cause it to sparkle as flakes of silver. The Black Sea derives its name from the storms and tempests that sweep over it, while the White Sea gets its name from the great masses of floating ice.

The natural colour of the sea is often modified, moreover, by the presence of animal and vegetable life. Hence it is that certain parts become, at times, milk white; while at other times and places the water is red as blood, as though the sea had ruptured an artery. This change in colour is due to masses of sea-weed, which float upon and near the surface. The Red Sea often appears like a restless, tossing sea of blood; while a few years ago the Atlantic was covered with a dark purple mantle, which extended over many square miles. In ancient times this phenomena was believed, by nervous and superstitious persons, to portend some awful calamity and visitation of the Divine anger and judgment. But science has solved the dark, portentous mystery, and quieted people's nerves by showing them to result from innocent and harmless causes. The black mud and yellow sand at the bottom of the ocean, as well as the colour of the sky overhead, has very much to do with the appearance of the water. In some regions, as in the neighbourhood of the West Indies, the water is so marvellously transparent that ships sailing over the surface appear to hang suspended in the air, and plants and animals are plainly seen on the bottom.

It is probable that the water has a colour of its own, which is either blue or green. At night, and when roughened by wind, or the passage of a vessel, or dip of oars, the ocean sparkles and flashes as though on fire. In the Southern seas, sailors tell of balls of fire, that roll over the waves, and cones of fire and glittering serpents, chasing each other and wriggling and crawling with their fiery crests and flashing tails. All this illumination and glare are caused by the presence of phosphorescent animals, that crowd by millions every drop of water and lit over the waves, lighting them up as with internal fire. Every drop of

water is alive, and seems to crawl and burn with these little flashing animalcule.

*Extent*—It is by no means easy to determine the exact extent of the ocean. The slow and sure diminution of the land, caused by the friction of the waves wearing away the shores, changes the form of the globe. It has been clearly demonstrated that the ocean covers two-thirds of the surface of the earth. Hence more than 2,000,000 of square miles are under water.

*Depth*.—The depth of the ocean is very uncertain, and has been much overestimated. The difficulties in the way of deep-sea soundings are great, and of such a nature that the result cannot be depended upon when they exceed 2,000 feet. The sounding line is continually driven aside by the strong currents of the sea, and assumes an oblique instead of a vertical direction. The ocean is too lively to be measured. The line, moreover, continues to run out after it reaches the bottom. Various contrivances, however, have been invented to overcome these difficulties, and fairly reliable measurements have been made. According to one celebrated man the depth of the ocean is nearly 10,000 feet. According to another, the depth of the Atlantic is nearly 3,000 feet, while the Pacific is 13,000. Not far from our shore a naval officer threw a vertical sounding-line 33,000 feet, thus contradicting the calculations of Laplace, who, estimating the influences exerted upon our planet by the sun and moon, declares that the mean depth of the ocean cannot exceed 25,000 feet. How are we poor ignorant mortals to know how deep the ocean is when learned doctors so disagree? However, it has been conclusively shown that the ocean does reach immense depths, which equal, if they do not surpass, the height of the loftiest mountains in India and America. The deepest water is in the Mediterranean Sea.

In some places, on the other hand, the water is extremely shallow. Immense banks and shoals traverse the ocean, while, at the mouth of many rivers, bars are formed. At the mouth of the Po the water is not more than 150 feet deep, while the Baltic Sea is nowhere more than 600 feet. The shallowness of the straits which separate England from France encourage the hope that the two countries may, ere long, be united by a submarine tunnel.

*Bottom*.—The bottom of the ocean is composed of mountains and valleys, vast elevations of table-lands, of hills and plains. Our continents are, in fact, only the dry and variegated summits of these ocean mountains and table-lands. Shoals and banks are the more elevated plateaus of the ocean. Slopes of precipitous mountains, like those of St. Helena, are everywhere found beneath the water, at the base of whose cliffs no bottom has yet been

reached. If the continents, with their mountain ranges and valleys and vast plains, their hills and gorges and defiles, were sunk down to the level of the ocean bed, and covered with water, we should have an exact representation of the present ocean bottom. The present continents were once the bottom of the sea, and were lifted out of their watery graves on the shoulders of the volcano. This the marine shells on the tops of the highest mountains conclusively proves. If the bottom of the present oceans were some morning lifted above the water by the same Titanic volcanic upheaval, we should have other continents similar to our present ones. If the surface of the globe, instead of being uneven, were smooth as an ivory ball, the sea would cover it to the depth of 650 feet.

*Distribution*.—The southern hemisphere is much more abundantly supplied with water than the northern. The great globe is divided into two parts—the sea-world and the dry land. The bulk of the land-world lies in the north-eastern section of the earth, while the ocean reigns and revels in the south-western.

*Temperature*.—The ocean consists of three immense basins. The first two are at the poles; the third, under the equator. The temperature of the water is tolerably high at the surface, but at the depth of 1,200 fathoms it sinks to forty degrees. As you move away from the equator, in either direction, the cold water comes nearer the surface. On reaching the latitude of forty-five degrees it rises within 600 fathoms. Thus the same temperature is found at one-half the depth. At this distance there appears to be a zone all around the earth where the water is the same temperature at all depths; singular fact. As you approach the poles, however, from this zone of uniform heat, the temperature rapidly sinks until the surface of the water is frozen, and magnificent icebergs float in all directions. The light falling and playing upon their minarets and ice-spires and needles, give them a wonderfully gorgeous and brilliant appearance, a frozen beauty, and a cold and stately grandeur.

*Currents*.—Immense currents march in different directions through the sea. Magnificent oceanic rivers; they bear the cold water of the poles toward the tropics to cool and invigorate them, while they bear into the frigid regions the heated water of the equator. They perform the same office for the sea that aerial currents do for the atmosphere.

These currents are due to two causes—heat and the revolution of the earth on its axis. Near the equator, as we have already seen, the water is quite hot, while, at a certain depth, it maintains its icy coolness. The cold water from the two poles, heavier than the heated water of the tropics, is continually rushing forward toward the equator, growing warmer as it approaches it. Thus the cooler water flows below, while the warmer and lighter moves

along the surface above. The latter, driven toward the poles, meets the polar stream coming in the opposite direction at the point where the water is of uniform temperature at all depths, thus forming currents above and below, running in opposite directions, and, where the land renders this impossible, side by side.

The rotary motion of the earth, moreover, differs at the equator and the poles, moving with only half the velocity at the latter, therefore the polar currents cannot move in a straight line toward the centre, but are swept aside, in a curve, from east to west. The north polar current follows the coast of North America, while the southern current moves along the shores of Chili. In the tropics, both currents are effected by the trade-winds, and thus form an equatorial current nearly 250 miles in width, encircling the whole globe in one majestic river.

These currents are a boon and benediction to navigation, wafting the mariner, on strong and steady winds and a powerful stream, on his way as far in a few days, as in months before their presence and direction were well understood.

The grand purpose of these currents seems to be to equalize the temperature of the globe. The Atlantic currents temper the heat of the South American coast, while the Gulf Stream brings mild winters to Ireland, England, and Norway, and keeps back the icebergs that else would drift down upon their shores. Hence, in the Old World, trees grow and fields are green, flowers bloom and fruits ripen, ten degrees further north than with us; and agriculture is carried on and cities flourish and delightful homes abound at a latitude which, in our country, is uninhabitable and covered with perpetual snow and ice. A large portion of the Old World depends entirely upon the beneficent Gulf Stream for its existence and prosperity.

Currents of the ocean, like currents of air, create gyrations, which, in some parts of the sea, have the appearance of whirlpools or maelstroms. Some of them run up hill; others, on a level. The ocean, as well as the air, has its system of circulation—its veins and arteries—which obey the laws of gravity. The plants and people of the sea, its flora and fauna, are all creatures of climate, and are as dependent upon temperature as those of the land. Were it not so we should find the fish of various sorts, the corals and marine insects, equally distributed and mixed and jumbled together. But they each have their habitats—places where they dwell, and are at home. Tropical fish and sea flowers are as rarely found in northern seas as Esquimaux and ice-huts in Cuba or Panama. It is the circulation of marine currents that equalize and preserve the temperature of the ocean, and secure to it all the diversity of climate we have on the continents

## Right is Right.

"Right is right, since God is God;  
And right the day shall win;  
To doubt would be disloyalty,  
To falter would be sin.  
For years may pass before that hour;  
But shall we pause or yield?  
Will temperance workers ground their arms  
And give their foes the field?"

"No! Learn to 'labour and to wait,'  
In God put all our trust;  
Haul down the death flag from the mast,  
And trail it in the dust.  
Keep every watchfire burning bright,  
Let every heart be brave,  
And onward march with steady tramp  
Our brother man to save.

"Let Prohibition be our aim,  
Put down all license laws,  
And make rum-sellers quake to view  
The progress of our cause.  
Be firm, uncompromising, true,  
United, bravely stand;  
And strike for temperance and right,  
God and our fellow-man!"

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## Home and School

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 12, 1887.

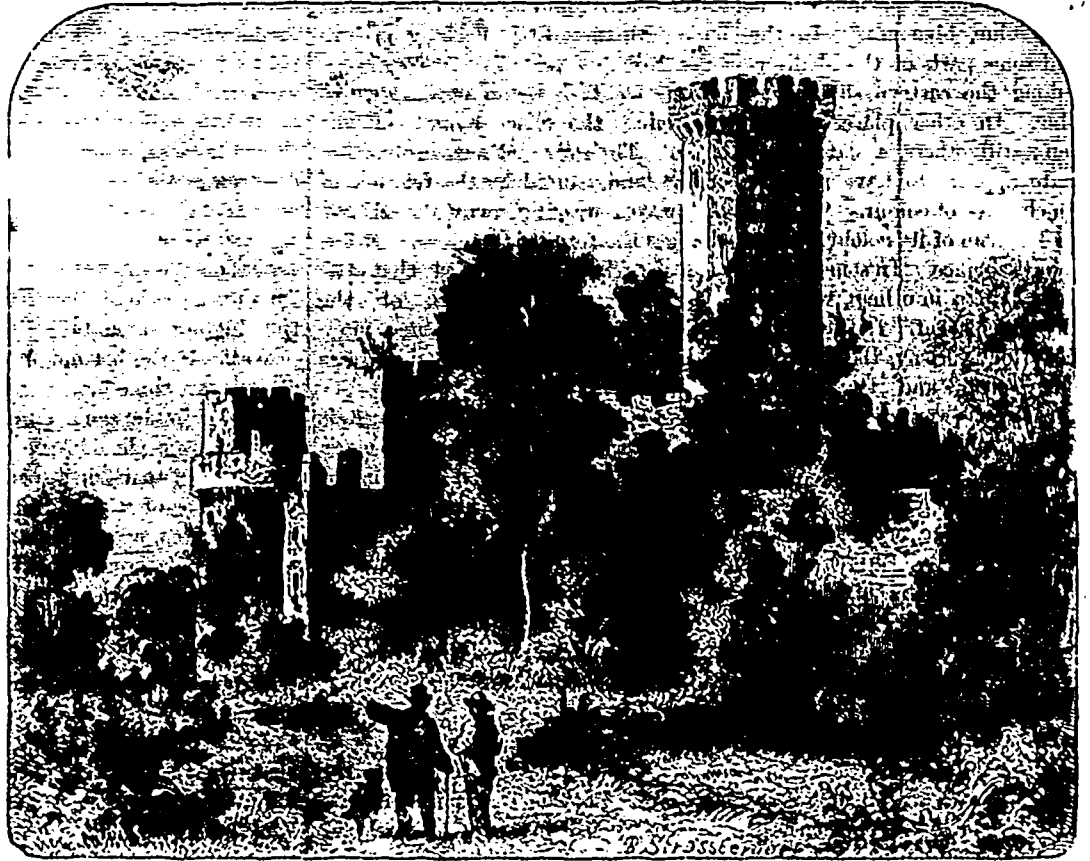
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FOR MISSIONS

FOR THE YEAR 1887.

## Christmas and New Year's in the Sunday-Schools.

THESE anniversary seasons have been seasons of great rejoicing in hundreds of Sunday-schools. And right well it is that when all else are holiday making the schools should be the gladdest and happiest places. We have personally had the pleasure of attending several of these Sunday-school festivals. One of the most interesting was that in connection with a mission school of very poor children in this city. It is superintended by a lady connected with our Publishing House Mrs. Sheffield, who has gathered about forty poor untaught children out of the street, and with the help of kind teachers is training them week after week in the knowledge and love of



WARWICK CASTLE.

## Warwick Castle.

WARWICK CASTLE, the principal residence of the Earls of Warwick, is perhaps the most perfect and magnificent feudal fortress in England still used as a residence. It is beautifully situated on the Avon river, near the ancient town of Warwick. The castle is believed to have been founded by Ethelfleda, daughter of King Alfred. The interior, remarkable for its splendour and elegance, contains valuable paintings and curious specimens of armour. Here lived Richard Neville, the most famous of the Earls of Warwick, popularly called the King-maker. He was the most prominent person in the civil war of the Roses.

## Montreal. Methodist Sunday Schools.

We have received from Mr. Jacques the indefatigable secretary of the St. James Street school, of Montreal, a statistical table of all the schools in the city. It shows most encouraging progress. The number in the schools is 3,546, an increase of 491 in the year; number of teachers 382, an increase of 52; the number taking the temperance pledge is 912; the number of conversions is 163; the missionary giving are \$4,657.01; an average of \$1.31 per scholar. This is a noble record and worthy of emulation.

"You did not pay very close attention to the sermon, I fear, this morning," "O yes I did, mamma." "Well, what did the minister say?" "He said the picnic would start at ten o'clock Thursday morning; and O ma, can I go!

God. On Christmas Eve, kind friends gave these poor children a Christmas treat—a good supper, such as perhaps they never had before, and a Christmas tree laden with gifts and books, and ablaze with lights. The Rev. Mr. Stafford, of the Metropolitan Church, and the present writer addressed the school, and great was the glee as the gifts were distributed and Christmas hymns sung. We were especially pleased with the mental alertness, the "cuteness" and promptness of the scholars, and the "vim" with which they sang and answered. Many of them earned their living by selling papers. One is a little motherless girl, nearly blind, who takes care of a brother much younger than herself. It was, we think, the gladdest Christmas they ever knew.

Compared with this humble school the splendid Christmas festival of the Metropolitan school was a brilliant affair. A beautiful responsive service was read by the school and superintendent, J. B. Boustead, Esq., with appropriate hymns led by a large orchestra of wind and stringed instruments composed of scholars in the school. The programme was elegantly printed in colours and the whole was a great success.

We were also the same day at the open service of the old Richmond Street school, of which the energetic superintendent, W. H. Pearson, Esq., has been in charge for thirty years. In that time 6,000 scholars have passed through the school. Many of them have gone home to heaven, and many are serving God in many parts of this continent, not a few of whom are ministers and missionaries of the Gospel. From it

too have sprung three or four other schools and churches.

In the evening we preached one of the Sunday-school anniversary sermons in the Wesley school, Dundas Street. Under the successful superintendence of Robert Awde, Esq., this school has grown in eleven years from twenty-five to over five hundred scholars. Mr. Awde presented to each teacher a beautiful illuminated Christmas card, bearing the following original verses:

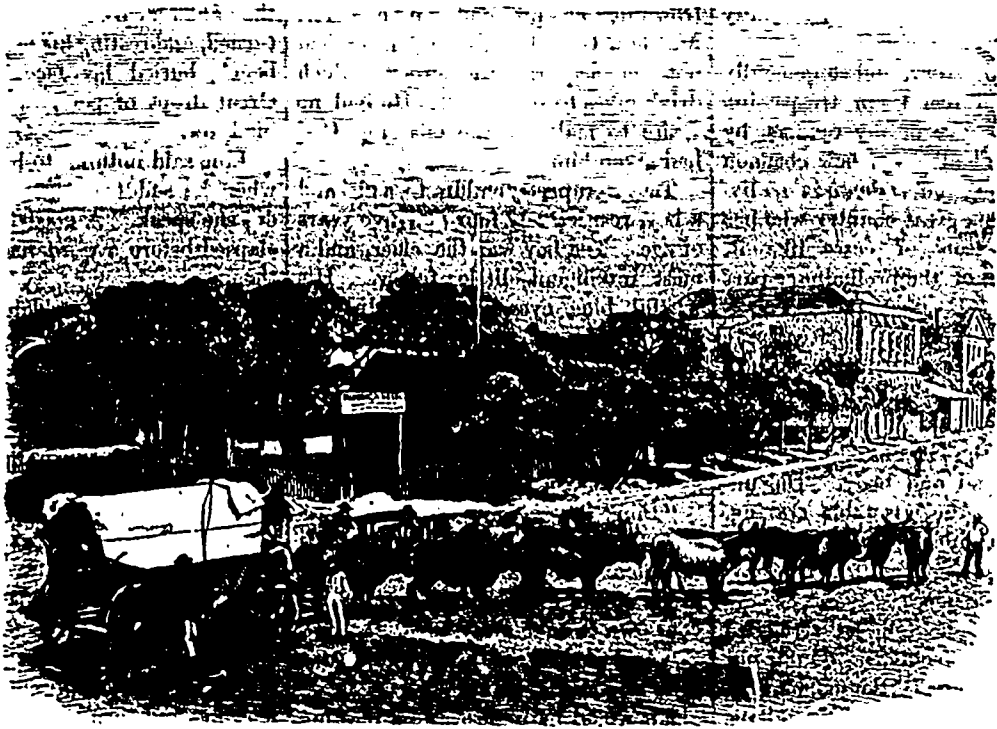
Dear teacher, thine our motto be  
For eighteen eighty-seven:  
"Myself an offering, Lord, to thee,  
To win my class for heaven."  
So shall the year be happier far  
Than all the years gone by,  
And every soul shall be a star  
To deck your crown on high.

The Queen Street school also issues a beautiful card with the following verses:

The year hath been crowned with his blessing,  
His Spirit hath ordered our way;  
Sweet favour and gladness possessing,  
Through him we send greetings to-day.

Swift the years are passing by,  
Human hopes 'thwarting:  
Will this New Year drawing nigh,  
When it bows, departing,  
Have for us, such record on  
Its flow unsullied pages,  
As shall crown us, one by one,  
Through God's eternal ages?

And this is the sort of work that is going on in every city and town and village and hamlet throughout the land. What a blessed privilege to be thus engaged! Let us not, fellow-workers, grow weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.



DURBAN, NATAL.

### The Wild Sower.

Up and down the land I go,  
Through the valley, over hill;  
Many a pleasant ground I sow,  
Never one I reap or till;  
Fan and flail I never wield,  
Leave no hayrack in the field.

Farmer goes with leathern scrip,  
Fills the harrowed earth with seed;  
In the self-same score I slip  
Germs of many a lusty weed;  
Though I scatter in his track,  
I possess nor him nor sack.

He sows wheat, and I sow tare,  
Rain and sunshine second toil;  
Tame and wild these acres share,  
Wrestling for the right of soil.  
I stand by and clap my hands,  
Cheering on my urchin bands.

Mine the cockle in the rye,  
Thorned thistle, large and fine,  
And the daisy's white-fringed eye,  
And the dodder's endless twine;  
Mine those fingers five that bind  
Every blade and stalk they find.

Mine the lilies, hot and bright,  
Setting summer meads on fire;  
Mine the silkweed's spindles white,  
Spinning autumn's soft attire.  
Golden-rod and aster then  
I bring up by bank and glen.

Whoso fleeth to the woods,  
Whoso buildeth on the plains,  
I, too, seek those solitudes,  
Leaning on my hardy trains;  
Thorn and brier, still man's lot,  
Crowd around the frontier cot.

Many serve me unaware—  
Shaggy herds that ceaseless roam,  
And the rovers of the air  
Passing to their winter home;  
More than these upon me wait—  
Wind and water bear my freight.

Thus, a sower wild, I go,  
Trafficking with every clime  
Still the fruitful germs I sow:  
That shall vex your harvest time;  
Otherwise ye toiled-stooped men,  
Eden's case were come again!

—*Journal of Education.*

### Durban, Natal.

Our illustration is a scene in Durban, Port Natal. Missions were first established in this part of South Africa in the year 1841. Successful missions had already been commenced with the Amampondos in Kafirland, on the south, and with the Bechuanas and Korannas in Basutoland, on the west, and it was not surprising that the missionaries should have felt a strong desire to extend the blessings of the Gospel to the numerous and powerful tribe called the Amazulu, inhabiting the Natal territory and the country northward.

Difficulties connected with the state of the Society's funds, and the prevalence of war in the interior, for some time retarded the commencement of the work. At this time, however, a party of English traders had settled at Port Natal, and were proceeding in their way to inaugurate a system of colonization. Almost simultaneously with this movement a powerful body of Dutch emigrants entered the upper part of the country from the westward, and laid claim to the whole land by right of conquest. The English, the Dutch, and the native populations were consequently thrown in a state of great excitement, and a serious collision appeared inevitable, when the governor of the Cape Colony sent a detachment of British troops to preserve order in the country. The military expedition marched overland through Kaffraria to Natal, and was accompanied by the Rev. J. Archbell, as a messenger of peace, and the first Christian missionary to that distant region. The missionary soon found ample employment in preaching to the English, Dutch, and native inhabitants the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, and was regarded by the people as the "friend of all, and the enemy of none," till peace and harmony were restored

to the land, when permanent mission stations were established in different places, as openings presented themselves. To meet the pressing demands for religious instruction in the new colony, reinforcements of missionaries were sent from time to time from the Cape, and were joined or succeeded by others from England.

At Durban, where the work was first begun, a commodious chapel was erected in 1858, and in it large congregations regularly assemble for Divine worship. A very interesting account of these missions may be found in Moister's *History of Wesleyan Missions*, from which the above particulars are gathered.

### Home College Series.

THE *Home College Series* will contain one hundred short papers on a wide range of subjects—biographical, historical, scientific, literary, domestic, political, and religious. Indeed, the religious tone will characterize all of them. They are written for every body—for all whose leisure is limited, but who desire to use the minutes for the enrichment of life.

These papers contain seeds from the best gardens in all the world of human knowledge, and if dropped wisely into good soil, will bring forth harvests of beauty and value.

They are for the young—especially for young people (and older people, too) who are out of the schools, who are full of "business" and "cares," who are in danger of reading nothing, or of reading a sensational literature that is worse than nothing.

One of these papers a week read over and over, thought and talked about at "odd times," will give in one year a vast fund of information, an intellectual quickening, worth even more than the mere knowledge acquired, a taste for solid reading, many

hours of simple and wholesome pleasure, and ability to talk intelligently and helpfully to one's friends.

Pastors may organize "Home College" classes, or "Lyceum Reading Unions," or "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles," and help the young people to read and think and talk and live to worthier purpose.

A young man may have his own little "college" all by himself, read this series of tracts one after the other, (there will soon be one hundred of them ready), examine himself on them by the "Thought-Outline to Help the Memory," and thus gain knowledge, and, what is better, a love of knowledge.

And what a young man may do in this respect, a young woman, and both old men and old women, may do.

[We purpose reprinting some of this series in HOME AND SCHOOL. The first one in this number is on "The Ocean."—Ed.]

### Almost, but Lost.

How important it is to sail on a ship which has the Master on board. Some years ago a minister now preaching in Liverpool, England. It became there his duty one evening to bring a message of sadness to the wife of the first mate of a steamer, the *Royal Charter*. The ship had gone round the world in safety, had reached Queenstown, where its arrival was telegraphed to Liverpool. When two or three hours out from Liverpool the ship was overwhelmed with sudden calamity, and over four hundred persons perished. Among them was the unfortunate officer. The minister, who brought the dreadful intelligence to the wife, found her sitting in her parlour, with the table spread, and all things in preparation for the anxiously-expected return of her husband. The news was appalling as an earthquake shock; and the woman, with a look of inexpressible grief on her face, with an anguish too deep for tears, could but seize the minister's hands with both of hers, and exclaim, "Oh, so near home, and yet lost!"

Have you ever thought of it, young reader, how near one may reach the harbour of heaven and yet be forever lost? Many a soul is stranded in the seas of unbelief and sin, and never gains the heavenly port. Jesus once said to a man, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God;" and yet we do not learn that the man ever entered in. Be sure that you are on a vessel that has Jesus aboard, and the safety and ultimate success of your voyage is assured.

A MOMENT'S work on clay tells more than an hour's labour on brick. So work on hearts should be done before they harden. During the first six or eight years of child-life mothers have chief sway, and this is the time to make the deepest and the most enduring impressions on the youthful mind.



soon convinced of the truth of what his father said by seeing smiles upon a face which for a long time had only worn gloomy frowns.

"Oh, I'm so glad," he said, and clapped his little hands.

A great victory had been won, but the strife was not yet over. The cravings for drink are not easily stifled. Matthew Gray felt the direful sinking which follows the sudden abandonment of alcohol, and thought he was dying.

"Jane," he said to his wife, when she brought his dinner up-stairs, "I'm dreadfully low. I think I ought to leave it off gradually."

"No, no," she said, "no more drink. Eat your dinner; it will do you more good."

"Turn the key," he said, with a resolution hitherto foreign to him. Jane did so, and he sat down to his meal.

At first he felt as if he could not touch it; but his wife pressed him to eat a little against his will. He did so. Appetite came, and he ate a good meal, though not a very hearty one.

He went out for a walk that evening with his wife and children, and when they approached a public house his face told of the struggle within; but Jane whispered in his ear, "Turn the key," and they went on. He returned home without having fallen before his old enemy.

The next morning Jane, ever watchful, was awake and up early, and having put the house to rights, so as to be ready to aid him in what she knew would be another great struggle, aroused Matthew, who awoke and wondered at first why his tongue was not so parched as usual, and why his head was not like a block of stone.

The reason for the change was soon made clear. Husband and wife knelt down and prayed together, at first aloud and then in silence. Next came breakfast, plain but wholesome, and of this Matthew was able to partake with a zest he had not known for two or three years.

"It is a new life," he said as he arose.

"Now go up to work," said Jane, "and turn the key yourself. You know where to ask for strength to do so. Our Redeemer will not fail you."

He went, and a few minutes after she softly followed, and listened outside the closed door. He was pacing to and fro, and she knew the key was not yet turned. The second struggle was going on. There was a pause, and a soft sound, as of one sinking on his knees. The anxious, loving wife sank down too, and with clasped hands asked in her heart for aid.

A movement within arrested her outpouring; a hasty footstep approached the door, and the key was turned.

The dim narrow staircase seemed full of light as she stole softly down. The fight was now over and the victory won. An answer to the prayer of herself and husband had been vouchsafed. Matthew Gray kept the door locked

until his wife came up with his mid-day meal. He was rather pale and quiet, but he was very happy.

"Jane," he said, "God has given me strength. I have turned the key, and, by God's help, I will never touch a drop of the poison again."

"May our merciful Father support you in your resolution," said Jane, to which Matthew, with deep feeling, responded, "Amen."

He was supported, and is still supported. The key was turned upon his bane, and alcohol has never been admitted since. Sober and wiser and happier, Matthew Gray lives in his new home—the same house, but a new home—with a different wife and children, but differing only in their happiness which came with the resolve of the husband and father.

Matthew turned the key and was not ashamed of it. He spoke of it among his neighbours—not in any boastful spirit, but as a humble acknowledgment of the mercy vouchsafed to him, and points to the change in his abode as a proof of the blessing of that turning.

They may call him "Turn the Key," and laugh at him, and he will on his own behalf laugh back again; but he looks sad, too, for their sake. And yet he has cause for rejoicing on the behalf of a few who have, by God's help, wisely followed his example, "turned the key" upon the fatal habit of drinking, and become not only firm total abstainers, but followers of the Lord Jesus Christ.—*Band of Hope Review.*

#### Licensed to Legally Kill.

COME, soldiers of freedom,  
Of freedom from rum,  
Enlist for a warfare  
That surely must come;  
For drink is enslaving  
The nation at will.  
By law it is licensed  
To legally kill!

The dead are around us,  
The dying we see;  
Rum's sorrow is flowing  
To you and to me.  
Its crime, woe, and ruin  
Society fill,  
Yet, still it is licensed  
To legally kill!

There never was foe such  
To virtue as this,  
Destroying both earthly  
And heavenly bliss;  
No anguish so bitter  
As that from the still,  
And yet it is licensed  
To legally kill!

Not bullets, but ballots,  
Our hands shall employ,  
That even more surely  
The foe shall destroy;  
Then rally, ye voters,  
No pausing until  
No liquor is licensed  
To legally kill!

A SMALL boy of four summers was riding on a hobby-horse with a companion. He was seated rather uncomfortably on the horse's neck. After a reflective pause he said: "I think if one of us gets off I could ride better."

#### "Too Many of We?"

A TRUE STORY.

"MAMMA, is there too many of we?"  
The little girl asked with a sigh.  
"Perhaps you wouldn't be tired, you see,  
If a few of your children should die."

She was only three years old—the one  
Who spoke in that strange, sad way,  
As she saw her mother's impatient frown  
At the children's bolsterous play.

There were half-a-dozen who round her stood,  
And the mother was sick and poor,  
Worn out with the care of the noisy brood  
And the fight with the wolf at the door.

For a smile or a kiss, no time no place;  
For the little one least of all;  
And the shadow that darkened the mother's face  
O'er the young life seemed to fall.

More thoughtful than any, she felt more care,  
And pondered in childish way  
How to lighten the burden she could not share,  
Growing heavier day by day.

Only a week, and the little Clare  
In her tiny white trundle-bed  
Lay with blue eyes closed, and the sunny hair  
Cut close from the golden head.

"Don't cry," she said—and the words were low,  
Feeling tears that she could not see—  
"You won't have to work and be tired so  
When there aint so many of we."

But the dear little daughter who went away  
From the home that for once was stilled,  
Showed the mother's heart, from that dreary day,  
What a place she had always filled.  
—*Woman's Journal.*

#### Wonders of the Sea.

THE sea occupies three-fifths of the surface of the earth. At the depth of about 3,500 feet, waves are not felt. The temperature is the same, varying only a trifle from the ice at the poles to the burning sun of the equator. A mile down the water has a pressure of over a ton to the square inch. If a box six feet deep were filled with sea water and allowed to evaporate under the sun, there would be two inches of salt left on the bottom. Taking the average depth of the ocean to be three miles, there would be a layer of pure salt 230 feet thick on the bed of the Atlantic. The water is colder at the bottom than at the surface. In the many bays on the coast of Norway the water often freezes at the bottom before it does above.

Waves are very deceptive. To look at them in a storm, one would think the water travelled. The water stays in the same place but the motion goes on. Sometimes in storms these waves are forty feet high, and travel fifty miles an hour—more than twice as fast as the swiftest steamer. The distance from valley to valley is generally fifteen times the height, hence a wave five feet high will extend over seventy-five feet of water. The force of the sea dashing on Bell Rock is said to be seventeen tons for each square yard. Evaporation is a wonderful power in drawing the water from the sea. Every year a layer of the entire sea, fourteen feet, is taken up into the clouds. The

winds bear their burden into the land, and the water comes down in rain upon the fields, to flow back at last through rivers. The depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the Atlantic were lowered 6,564 feet, the distance from shore to shore would be half as great, or 1,500 miles. If lowered a little more than three miles, say 19,680 feet, there would be a road of dry land from Newfoundland to Ireland. This is the plane on which the great Atlantic cables were laid. The Mediterranean is comparatively shallow. A drying up of 660 feet would leave three different seas, and Africa would be joined with Italy. The British Channel is more like a pond, which accounts for its choppy waves.

It has been found difficult to get correct soundings of the Atlantic. A midshipman of the navy overcame the difficulty, and shot weighing thirty pounds carries down the sinker. A hole is bored through the sinker, through which a rod of iron is passed, moving easily back and forth. In the end of the bar is a cup dug out, and the inside coated with lard. The bar is made fast to the line, and a sling holds the shot on. When the bar, which extends below the ball, touches the earth, the sling unhooks and the shot slides off. The lard in the end of the bar holds some of the sand, or whatever may be on the bottom, and a drop shuts over the cut to keep the water from washing the sand out. When the ground is reached, a shock is felt as if an electric current had passed through the line.—*Electrical Review.*

#### "Save my Master's Child."

A LITTLE heathen maid was received into a Christian family to attend to the children, and take them out, as she was well acquainted with the people and the surrounding country. She was kind and gentle with the children, and the family liked her. They extended their walk one day, farther than usual, gathering wild flowers, and, being tired, they all sat down upon the grass. One of the little ones strayed away, and, not returning immediately, the maid said she would go and look after her, and told the children not to stir from that spot till she returned. She ran off, calling the child by name as she went. At last she heard the child's voice answering. Soon they met, but her horror was great on seeing her followed by a leopard. She ran to her rescue, and stood between the two. In a moment it rushed into her mind, I will try my master's God. She threw herself on her knees in an agony, and uttered loudly, "Oh, my master's God, save my master's child!" The leopard looked at the maid and the child, then turned round and ran into the thicket, the maid and the child looking after it.

THE words and the works of Jesus show him to be the Messiah.



After the Storm.

AFTER the storm, a calm;  
After the bruise, a balm;  
For a 'he'll bring good, in the Lord's own time,  
And the sigh becomes the psalm.

After the drought, the dew;  
After the cloud, the blue;  
For the sky will smile in the sun's good time,  
And the earth grow glad and new.

Bloom is the heir of blight;  
Dawn is the child of night;  
And the rolling change of the busy world  
Bids the wrong yield back the right.

Under the fount of ill  
Many a cup doth fill,  
And the patient lip, though it drinketh oft,  
Finds only the bitter still.

Truth seemeth oft to sleep,  
Blessings so slow to reap,  
Till the hours of waiting are weary to bear,  
And the courage is hard to keep.

Nevertheless, I know,  
Out of the dark must grow,  
Sooner or later, whatever is fair,  
Since the heavens have willed it so.

George Stephenson, the Inventor.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

WE often wonder when we hear of some new invention—sewing machines, telegraphs, electric lights—and they are multiplying very fast these latter days. Did it ever occur to you that the temperance movement may have some thing to do with that? Certainly a man wants his wits about him, he wants the very best use of his brains, when he devises witty or wise inventions; and he cannot have the best use of his brains when they are steeped in alcohol. Until the temperance movement commenced almost everybody drank, and a great many, especially of the workingmen, cared more about the drink than about their work. It takes a man who loves to work to make any improvements in it or in the manner of doing it.

George Stephenson was an engineer, and loved his work. He did not care for the drink, and he soon found that it did not help him much about his work. He saw, too, that it led men into idleness. At an age when most boys go in for pure play and a holiday, whenever they can get it, George, who was then fireman for an engine in the coal mines, found himself with fellow-workman who took a holiday for drinking and dog-fighting once a fortnight. Their stopping work stopped his engine, so that he could earn no wages that day (so the idle often injure the industrious), but he took that day to take his engine to pieces and see how it was made, or to try experiments with it. The result was that he learned all about engines as they were made at that time, over eighty years ago. Engines had not then been made to draw cars nor run steamboats, though experiments had been made in both directions. George Stephenson, a poor lad, a fireman to an engine in a coal-pit, on less than five dollars a week, had little idea of all this, nor of the wonderful inventions he would yet

find out, but he loved his work and he kept himself pure from the drink, and so he did not shut up his own path to success, as many another young lad has done.

One of the uses to which engines had been put was pumping water out of coal-mines, and at Killingworth, where George removed, he found an engine that had been at work for months trying in vain to pump out the water. George said he could alter the engine and make it draw out the water, so that the men could go to the bottom of the pit. He did it, and in less than five days the water was pumped out. This he could not have done but for the studies he had made while his companions were drinking and dog-fighting, nor if he had muddled his brains with alcohol. He got \$50 for the job, and won the esteem of his employers so much that they made him engine-wright at \$500 a year.

But do not imagine for a minute that people praised him for his temperance, for that reform had not then commenced. Probably he got many a slight and sneer from his companions who preferred drinking and dog-fighting, and even his employers might have thought him "queer," if not pretentious. Mr. Dodd, the superintendent of this very colliery at Killingworth, invited him into a public house one day to take a drink. This was intended as a compliment to the young workman, and George might easily have reasoned that it would be good policy for him not to refuse. But, instead, he modestly replied: "No, sir, you must excuse me. I have made a resolution to drink no more at this time of day." We know how to do still better than that now, but at that date people had not even heard of a total abstinence pledge. Perhaps it was religious principle that kept him, for one Sunday, when Mr. Dodd went to see him on some business, he found him dressed in his best, going to the Methodist chapel.

About this time there were many experiments in the way of engines to draw carriages, but the inventors met with great difficulties. George Stephenson set himself to make an engine for this purpose, and on the 14th of July, 1811, it was completed and placed on the Killingworth Railway. It succeeded in drawing eight carriages of thirty tons weight at four miles an hour. This was a great triumph for Stephenson, and he determined to make railways popular and common, though he was yet only an engine-wright in a colliery at \$500 a year. But he succeeded grandly, working with and for others, but carrying out his own ideas mostly. His first great undertaking was a railway between London and Manchester. When a bill for it was first proposed in Parliament, with the proposition to have an engine to go twelve miles an hour, it was contemptuously thrown out with the exclamation, "As well trust yourself on the back of a Congreve rocket." But the road was completed at

last (in 1829), and the first train ran thirty-five miles an hour, drawn by Stephenson's locomotive, which he wittily named the "Rocket." After this Stephenson had all he could do in the line of building railways, both at home and abroad, and even kings sent for him to consult with him. He died in 1818.

His eldest son, Robert, to whom he gave a fine education, honoured his father greatly and worked with him in many of his enterprises, and at last became a member of Parliament.

When he died he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Plantation Philosophy.

NEBBER turn yo' back on heaben cos' yo' habn cash or lan's;  
Dar a heap of puno religion in a pair of horny har'.

Nebber try to preach a sarmint, when yo' trade is hoein' corn,  
Nor to pass for Macs'r Gabriel cos' yo' owns a dinnah horn.

When yo'm lookin' for a dinnah, doan' go hol' yo' head so high  
Dat yo' miss de roasted possum racin' arften pigeon-pie.

Allns fix up for de wintah wid pervisions 'bout de house,  
Kase a cat kin nebber trabbel fru' de hole dat serapes a mouse.

'Taint de glass an' silber dishes gibes de flavor to de roas',  
Nor de educated waitah gibes de crispness to de toas'.

Nebber leab de tater diggin' fur a chance to run a stoah,  
Kase de key dat locks de kitchen nebber fits de parlo' doah.

How to Manage the Big Boys.

I WOULD like to say to that friend who has the class of boys from fifteen to eighteen years old: Follow closely the lessons of the international course. It gives the boys Bible texts to study in common, and there is a bond of union in it that the teacher cannot afford to put aside. Let the teacher put his whole heart into the lesson, looking out each topic of the lesson prayerfully and carefully. Then think over the characteristics of the boys, giving to each just the topic that best suits him. This is not all. Put yourself in each boy's place; make his peculiar traits your own; fit the questions to him till they seem a part of his very self; then with references from the Bible, gently lead till he sees the truth as it is. Link history closely with the great spiritual truths, till the look of pleasure and genuine interest beams in the eye. If you know your scholars and enter into their lives, make their joys and sorrows your own, and you will not fail to interest them in the things you like best.

The deepest running stream that is known is the Niagara River just under the Suspension Bridge, where it is seven hundred feet deep by actual measurement.

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