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# HOME AND SCHOOL.

TORONTO, JUNE 20, 1885.

[No. 13.]

VOL. III.]

## Russian Tartars.

It was the first Napoleon who said "If you scratch a Russian you will find a Tartar beneath." The meaning of that is that beneath the superficial veneer of artificial civilization of the Russians lies deeply embedded the savage barbarism of their rude Hunnic ancestry. In the monaced conflict between the English and Russians any information about these warlike people, who form so large a part of Russia's military force, will be of special interest to the readers of HOME AND SCHOOL.

The word *Tatar* is of Chinese origin, and was first applied to those Mongolian tribes who on their swift horses descended from the highlands of Central Asia into the Chinese lowlands, robbing and plundering. When adopted by the Europeans, the word was changed into *Tartar*, with an allusion to the classical Tartarus, and it was applied to all those tribes and races which Genghis Khan had brought under his sway and led into Europe, including not only Mongolian, but also Tungusian and Turkish races. At present the name is used in a wider sense, comprising all the various tribes and races inhabiting the plateaus of Central and Northern Asia, and not belonging to the Aryan family.

One of the curious customs of the Tartars is represented in our engraving, showing a very singular marriage ceremonial.

The young maiden dressed in a bridal costume mounts a fleet horse, taking on her lap a lamb, and setting off at full gallop, is followed by her admirers, her object being to prevent any except the one she prefers from snatching the lamb from her lap, as whoever does this is entitled to become her husband.

"Why is Squire Danforth like necessity?" was the student's conundrum concerning a member of the bar, whose pleas in court were often a source of amusement for the ignorance they betrayed. "Because he knows no law," was the answer which none thought of guessing.

## England's Difficulties.

THE Soudan problem, indeed, is one of the gravest with which an English minister has ever had to deal. A war with brave and barbarous Arab tribes, who must be sought by the English forces across arid deserts and in remote African fortresses, is one from which little power or glory can be gained; yet it must be exceedingly expensive both in money and in the lives of soldiers.

But perplexing as this war is, it is far from being the only difficulty with which England has to deal. The Empire of Victoria seems fairly overwhelmed with perplexities, crowding upon it from many directions.

thick walls thirty feet high. A small force could hold Herat indefinitely against a large army. It guards all the valleys leading into western Turkestan. So important, indeed, is this fortress of Herat, that it is known as the 'gate of India.'

If the Russians, as they apparently intend to do, take possession of Herat, they would thereby offer a distinct menace and peril to the English dominion of India. They would be in a position to attack India itself when they saw a favourable occasion for so doing. A railway from the Caspian to Herat would transport troops from that sea to the fortress in forty-eight hours.

largely increased in the House of Commons.

As if these perplexities were not enough, the English authorities live in constant suspense lest further dynamite plots should wreak destruction upon life and property. Royal personages and ministers of state are guarded at every step by detectives, and no one knows when or where a fresh explosion will take place.

But England has great heads and brave hearts to labour in the service of her safety and power; and the clouds which lower, dense and heavy, over the throne of the queen may in due time lift, and leave her realm as secure as before.—*Youth's Companion*.



SEEKING TO WIN A WIFE IN TARTARY.

Perhaps the most serious of these—even more serious than the Soudan problem—is the advance of Russia towards India. Within a few weeks Russian troops have advanced on the borders of Afghanistan, until they are said to be within forty miles of Herat.

Herat is perhaps the most formidable fortress of Central Asia. It lies within the frontiers of Afghanistan, close to the line both of lower Turkestan and of Persia. It commands the great highway which leads from the Caspian Sea to the borders of India.

It is most strongly fortified by ramparts of artificial hills ninety feet high, which are themselves crowned with

It is no wonder, then, that the English are most anxiously watching the movements of the Russians, as they approach nearer and nearer to this great military stronghold, and apprehending the time when they will menace British territory from its very frontier.

Ireland is still a sore trial and trouble to England. The concessions made to her have not resulted in producing contentment and loyalty. The agitation for home rule goes on, and will become more than ever persistent in the next Parliament, when the number of Irish Nationalists, whom Mr. Parnell leads, will probably be

emy's force as well. He received from the "Celestial Emperor" the highest honour ever granted to a foreigner, the gift of "a yellow riding jacket to be worn on his person, and a peacock's feather to be carried in his cap." This made him a great mandarin, and one of the emperor's sacred body-guard.

Notwithstanding these distinguished honours, he returned to England and settled down to a quiet life at Gravesend, as commanding officer of the Royal Engineers. And it is of this quiet life that we wish to speak; for here also the hero spirit shone out brightly, though under quite different circumstances.

## A Boy's Hero.

BY M. V. M.

YEARS ago, if you had been at Gravesend, England, you might often have seen the words, "God bless the Kernel," in staring chalk letters, on the fences. They were written by poor boys, who looked up to the "kernel" as a great hero, and the boys were right. He was and is a hero, and to-day all the world knows it.

"Chinese" Gordon won name and fame in China, whither he was sent to put down the Tai-Ping rebellion. This he accomplished in the most masterly manner, winning the respect and affection not only of his own men, but of great numbers of the en-

This famous soldier, whom the English nation in vain tried to heap honours upon, came back to Gravesend not only to do his work faithfully and well as one of her Majesty's soldiers, but also to act upon his commission as one of the soldiers of the Great King. In the midst of his official duties he found time to visit the sick and the dying, to get acquainted with the inmates of the hospital and the workhouse, and to brighten their sad lives with many a little thoughtful kindness, and also to interest himself especially in the children. Boys employed on the water were looked after very carefully. Homeless, friendless boys were taken to his own home and sheltered for weeks together. He often found places for boys on board ship, and followed their fortunes with the keenest interest. A map of the world, hanging in his own room, was one day observed by a friend to have numerous pins sticking in it. Asking an explanation, he was told that the pins marked the course of the Colonel's sailor lads on their voyages, and they were moved from spot to spot as the vessels went on their way, and, more than this, that "he prayed for them as they went, day by day." No wonder the boys wrote, "God bless the Kernel!"

This great and good man formed evening classes for untaught children, giving his own evenings, after his toil of the day, to this work. His garden was portioned out to the poor people, who were allowed to raise vegetables for their own use. He himself lived principally on bread and salt meats that he might have the more to give away in charity.

The great soldier was not left long in this retirement, but after six years was sent to Egypt to put down the slave-trade and to restore the government. And he did it in a masterly way that commands the wonder and admiration of the world.

Our hero is then the world's hero, and the boys were not mistaken in their judgment.

General Gordon is a wise, fearless, tender man, a soldier brave and true, a Christian loyal and devout. His bravery grows out of his fearless faith in God. He leads his men into battle himself unarmed. He goes alone into the enemy's camp, seeking to make peace, and no man dares lay a hand upon him.

#### The Monks of St. Bernard's Treasurers:

A TRAGICAL story is told of an adventure that happened to the monks of St. Bernard, when the breed of their celebrated dogs was at its full perfection. No less than thirty robbers, to whom the supposed possessions of the monastery offered a rich booty, had by degrees introduced themselves into the retreat, arriving in parties at intervals, and were always received in the most friendly manner. As soon as the whole band was assembled, they threw off their concealment and summoned the abbot to produce the keys of the treasure. The monk was, fortunately, a man of more resolute character than is usually found in those places of seclusion, and did not lose his presence of mind. He observed to them mildly that their conduct was unworthy, and ill return for the hospitable attention they had received. The robbers, as may be supposed, were deaf to the appeal and continued their demand. "If it must be so,"

said the superior, "as we have no means for defending ourselves, I must submit: follow me, therefore, to the spot where the treasure is kept." He led the way and was tumultuously attended by the eager band. He placed his hand on a door, but before he turned the key he turned back and made another appeal. He was answered with execration, and no choice being left him he threw the door wide open. It was the den in which the dogs were kept. He raised his voice, to which a loud yell responded, then gave a rapid signal, and in an instant the powerful animals bounded forth upon their prey, tearing some, strangling others, and sending the few of the robbers who escaped their attack, flying for their lives headlong down the mountain in frantic terror.

#### After the Battle.

BY ANNIE ROTHWELL.

"The dead will be buried to-morrow on the field."—*Despatch to The Mail.*

"I shall proceed to-morrow, after burying the dead."—*Gen. Middleton's Despatch.*

Ar, lay them to rest on the prairie, on the spot where for honour they fell. The shout of the savage their requiem, the hiss of the rifle their knell.

For what quiet and sheltered church-yard would they barter that stained desert sod, Where at His trumpet-summons of duty they gave back their souls to their God.

"Private, Number 1 Company, shot through the heart. First to fall." Words immortal! Sublime

In their teaching, their power to move, and their paths to plead, for all time.

Shall we blench where they led? Shall we falter where they at such cost won their crown?

"Greater love hath no man—" we all know it; they obeyed it, and laid their lives down.

From those graves on the far blood-stained prairie, on the field where their battle was done,

They shall speak to our souls, and new fire through the veins of our patriots shall run.

Wail, orphans! Weep, sisters! Look upward, sad mothers and desolate wives. But mourn not as those without comfort the loss of those sanctified lives.

Can you mourn unconsoled for their taking, though your heads may in anguish be bowed,

With a nation's tears falling above them—their country's flag draped for their shroud?

As the blood of the martyr enfruitens his creed so the hero's sows peace, And the reaping of war's deadly harvest is the earnest his havoc shall cease.

If the seed sown in blood you must water with tears, shrink not back from the cost;

What they gave, ungrudging, for honour, you have lent to your country, not lost.

And forgive us who bear not your burden of pain but who share not your pride,

If we grudge you your glory of giving in the cause where your heroes have died.

Kingston, April 23.

MANY a child goes astray, not because there is want at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as the flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are apt to avoid it. If home is a place where faces are sour, and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere.—*Baptist Weekly.*

#### Reading Unions.

READING among the masses is the most potent factor to-day in the formation of character. As an educating influence next to the advantages of the college or university is a well selected library with a wisely formed habit of systematic reading. Dr. Lyman Abbott well says: "The home ought no more to be without a library than a dining-room without a kitchen." Ruskin says: "To be without books is an abyss of penury; don't endure it." A suitable library containing histories, biographies, travels, scientific works for young people, and devotional books cannot be found in one-tenth of the homes in our country. While Methodists have been as zealous as any other denomination in the dissemination of good literature, still there are many societies containing from twenty-five to one hundred members with so few attractive and useful books for general reading in the neighbourhood that a man could carry them all in one arm. So great is the preponderance of trashy literature in many public libraries it can hardly be questioned if they are not in many cities more of a curse than a blessing. Every man and woman in our country, with few exceptions, should read not less than from \$10 to \$20 worth of books each year, besides one or two good newspapers. There are large numbers not able financially to expend \$10 annually for literature, and a still larger number who do not sufficiently appreciate the value of reading to expend that amount for books and papers. How to secure the circulation among the people of the numerous valuable books now piled upon the shelves in our publishing houses and depositories, is one of the most important questions to be solved by parents, ministers, and teachers.

I can certify from personal knowledge that the following plan, if generally adopted, will go far in answering the question how to circulate our literature. Let each society organize a reading union wherever twenty-five persons or more will unite by the payment of \$1 each. On account of the liberal discount the Book Concern will give on books for reading unions (the money to accompany the order), \$25 will purchase about thirty volumes. Any person taking one share and paying \$1 secures the privilege of reading thirty choice books; if fifty members are secured, the reading of sixty books; if 100 members, the reading of 120 books, by only paying \$1. The best qualified member for librarian should be selected for that position. The books should be kept at the church, unless a more suitable place can be secured. A good form of constitution can be found in the appendix of our new Discipline. The following are some of the advantages of this plan:—

1. A reading union is easily organized if the minister will talk fifteen minutes in relation to the evil effects of pernicious literature and the blessings of systematic reading of good books, explain the plan, and then call for members; the requisite number will be secured in a few minutes. The pastor will find a tendency from the beginning to grow into a church-lyceum, which every church should have. 2. Through the reading union the pastor has a rare opportunity to guide the reading of his people. As a rule the pastor is put at the head of the committee to select the books, which is fitting. Wherever a pastor is found whose influence is

potent in selecting the reading of his people, there will be found a successful pastor. 3. There are few persons unable to purchase one share for \$1 which entitles to the reading of all the books in the union. Emphasizing this point wins with the average audience. 4. It furnishes a rare opportunity for benevolent persons to aid poor but worthy boys and girls by purchasing shares for them. In this way often incalculable good may be done. 5. It prepares young people to take up the readings of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle—one of the greatest educational movements of the age. 6. A reading union in a community will create a desire for higher education. It therefore becomes a feeder to the college and university. Upon the above plan thirty reading unions have been organized in the Mattoon district, Illinois Conference, during the past year, through which not less than 1,500 people have enjoyed the privilege of reading the choicest books for general reading our publishing houses contain. Recently I published a list containing the titles of 380 volumes adapted for reading unions, which I selected with great care, aided by a number of well qualified persons to make appropriate selections. To our pastor desiring to organize a union, I will send the list on application.—*Rev. Horace Reed.*

#### Peril of Postponing Salvation.

JAMES W. sat in his father's office reading an interesting paper. His father sat at a desk opposite, busily engaged in writing. "My son, I want you to go down to the post-office for me." "O father! not now. I am busy reading." His father made no reply then, but in a few moments when his mother and sister came in a carriage to the door, as James was about to step in after his father, the latter replied, "Not now, my son; you may finish your reading."

This little incident brought to my remembrance a picture which I had seen in my early childhood, which made a lasting impression on my mind. The artist represented an old man climbing on a chair, and endeavouring to reach a book from a high shelf. But before the desired object is attained the old man sinks down overcome with exertion. His history has often been written. In his youth kind friends and the voice of conscience urged him to read his Bible, but his answer was, Not now. On entering manhood it received the reply, Not now. At last old age and disease overtook him, poverty and affliction visited him and his former numerous friends deserted him. And now, when all else has failed, he remembers his long-neglected Bible, and goes to look for it to see if it will afford any comfort. He climbs to get it, and as he has a hand almost upon it he hears a voice the awful voice of death, saying, Not now.

"How often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, but ye would not!"—*Presbyterian.*

Do the heathen surpass Christians in self-sacrifice? A large Buddhist temple is now in course of erection at Kyoto, Japan. All its timbers and pillars are put in place by ropes made of human hair. The devotees of the god "their worship offer their hair on its shrine which is then cut off and twisted by the priests for the purpose assigned.

## After the Battle.

Wounded to death a British soldier lies  
On burning sands that glisten white as  
snow—  
The melting sun on Atmoor's barren waste  
Sealing his wounds and fevering his brow.

Through wearying march, with comrades  
brave and true,  
Through battle's dash to victory o'er the  
foo,  
Through perils few men can indeed con-  
ceive—  
And now to die—Death comes with foot-  
steps slow.

And as he waits, with soul resigned to fate,  
His brain delirious, flees through Reason's  
gate;  
And in a moment home again is he  
With darling wife, dear children on his knee.

Their words of love fall on his list'ning ear  
Like music from unseen choir near;  
He feels their arms caress, their kisses sweet,  
Their fond farewells, their hopes once more  
to meet.

And now he's homeward bound;  
And far away  
He spies th' embowered cottage,  
Breathes the fragrance of Cathay

From shrubs and flowers blended  
In the plot before the door;  
Hears the footsteps of his children  
As they romp on sanded floor.

Hears the gentle voice of mother  
Urging silence prompt and quick,  
As she sees a "letter" hanging  
From the burning candle wick;

Hears her tell the waiting children  
That good news she hopes to get  
From dear papa in the army,  
Who will surely come home yet.

Stretch out his arms to fold them  
To his bosom fond and true,  
Opens his lips with words of greeting,  
Words so dear to me and you.

But his parched lips fail to utter  
Words his soul doth long to speak,  
And his fevered tongue refuses  
Words to form—he is so weak.

Just one quaff of the pure water  
In that dimpling spring so near—  
Many a time he's filled his bucket  
From its depths, so cool and clear.

Ha! what power is this controls him,  
Holds him back from those he loves?  
He will break it, shake it from him;  
Beating air, like wings of doves.

Ah! a pang shoots through his body,  
Wakes him from his dream so sweet—  
Resting on supporting elbow,  
What a scene, eyes to greet.

Glist'ning rocks and glaring desert  
Shimmering in the moon's soft glow,  
Mocks him with a fount of ripples  
In a brooklet flowing slow.

And, as life's blood weakly oozes  
From his wounds so hot and sore  
While a film o'ercasts his vision  
Shutting out the field of gore.

So those stealthy moving creatures  
Stepping through yon pools of red;  
Scenting fresh blood, sniffing wildly  
O'er the wounded, dying, dead.

Reach they now our dying hero,  
Waiting for the last, last gasp;  
While they howl, like maniac laughter,  
Sounds that pierce with horrid rasp.

Anguished souls, who wait the coming,  
Through the sparkling sky of night,  
Of Death's ministering angels  
Who will bear them on to Light,

Draw the veil! Eyes shrink from gazing:  
While these Desert Vampires croon  
On the Soudan's field of battle,  
Lighted by the silvery moon.

## The War Cloud in the East.

THE past week has been one of intense excitement in England owing to the threatening news from the disputed territory on the Russian frontier of Afghanistan. It was by no means certain that the truce with Russia, mentioned here two weeks ago would effect more than a temporary deferment

of hostilities. It now appears that hostilities had already commenced when that agreement was entered into. On March 30 an engagement took place between the advanced guards of Afghans and the Russian troops on the banks of the river Kushk, near the town of Penjdel. Accounts of the battle agree as to the statement that the Afghans were driven back after desperate resistance and that their loss was very heavy considering the extent of the engagement; but they differ in regard to the manner in which the fight was brought on. Upon this point the issue of war or peace between the two great empires of England and Russia may rest. The English representative, Sir Peter Lumsden, who is in Afghanistan as a boundary commissioner, telegraphed that the Russians began the fight, but his despatch was cut short by some occurrence and a further statement is now awaited. The Russian despatches, on the other hand, declare that the Afghans provoked and necessitated an attack. The British Cabinet decided, on hearing the first account of the affair, to make a peremptory demand upon Russia for apology and redress, but subsequently it was deemed best to wait for more explicit intelligence. In the meantime there is no waiting in the matter of preparing for a conflict. Troops are being rapidly massed for departure and the Government has secured by purchase, or charter, a half dozen of the best and fastest ocean vessels for use in the transporting of the men. There seems to be no difference of opinion in the Cabinet, in Parliament or among the people as to the duty of the Government to stand fast against an invasion of Afghanistan by the Russians. By the battle of March 30 the latter gained an important strategic position; but to offset this the English rely upon having thoroughly tested the spirit of the Afghans and having found them not at all disposed to yield to Russia. The Ameer seems to be not only enthusiastic in his attachment to English interests but profoundly grateful for the English protectorate alliance. This consideration, when clearly known by the Russians, may influence them to act cautiously. It is also believed that the falling in value of Russian securities in European markets on the receipt of the war news has greatly dampened the ardour of the Russian war party.

## A Doctor's Story.

BY MRS. LUCY E. SANDFORD.

"You know nothing about intemperance," said a noted physician. "I could write volumes that would amaze you."

"Write one," I said.  
"It would be a breach of honour. A physician, like a Romish priest, may not betray the confessional." After a moment he added: "Our profession takes us into homes. And lives and hearts that seem all bright and happy are often dark and miserable from sickness of the soul."

"There must be some scenes that it would be proper for you to tell me," I urged; "please think of some."

"I was called to the wife of a distinguished gentleman. Her husband sat by her bed fanning her, and a lovely bouquet of flowers was on the stand by her side. The little girls were playing quietly in the room. It was a picture of love and devotion.

"My wife fell down-stairs," said her husband, "and I fear has hurt herself seriously."

"I examined her shoulder. It was swollen almost black, and one rib was broken.

"How do you find her?" asked her husband, anxiously.

"I will ask the questions, if you please. How did you so injure yourself?"

"I fell on the stairway."

"I hesitated. I was not in a paddy shanty, but in the house of a well-known and unstained man. I re-examined her side.

"When did she fall?" I asked.

"Last night," he said, after a second's pause and glance at her.

"My resolve was taken.

"Please show me the place on the stairs where she struck?" I said to the husband, rising and going out. He followed me.

"I was not with her when she fell," he said.

"The injury was not from a fall, and it was not done last night. Never try to deceive a doctor."

"She begged me not to tell you the truth."

"Then get another physician," I said.

"I will tell you the whole truth. Night before last I had been out to dinner."

"I saw your brilliant speech in the paper. Was it wine-inspired?"

"Partly. Most after-dinner speeches are to a degree. I came home excited by the fine dinner, wit, wisdom, and wine of the evening, and went, not to bed, but to the closet and drank heavily. My wife heard me and came down, hoping to coax me up-stairs, as she had done many times. But she was too late. My reason and manhood were gone, and I pounded her, and left her. She tried to follow me, but fell on the stairs. After a time she crawled, she says, up-stairs, and went into the nursery and slept with the little girls. I slept late, and woke with a fierce headache, and went out at once, thinking no breakfast and the out-door air would clear my brain for my morning engagements. I pledge you my honour I had forgotten I struck my wife. When I came back last night I found her suffering; but she would not permit a physician should be sent for lest it should disgrace me. I think she really tries to believe that she hurt herself, more or less, when she fell." And with an honest quiver of the chin he added, "She is an angel, and wine is a devil."

"What are wine-bibbers?"

"Own children to their father. Is my wife seriously hurt?"

"I cannot tell yet. I fear she is."

"More absolute, untiring devotion no man ever gave a wife than he gave her while she lived and suffered. When her noble, true, loving heart ceased to throb he was inconsolable. His love and devotion were the theme of every lip, and that Providence had so afflicted him was called 'strange' in a tone of semi-censure! On her tomb is cut the 'beloved wife!' He has gone to her now, in that land of no license.

"No one but myself ever knew the truth."—*Nat. Temp. Advocate.*

He that repents every day for the sins of every day, when he comes to die, will have the sin but of one day to repent of. Even reckonings make long friends.—*J. H. Evans.*

## M. illing for the Final Onset.

THE Hope star is in the ascendant and shining brightly. The period of rally and muster and skirmish is well nigh passed. In a little while we shall mass our forces for the decisive battle.

You have looked and longed for that crowning battle. You have seen the beleaguered fortress of Society hard beset by the enemy. You have sometimes doubted if over the siege would be raised and Society freed.

Listen! Place your ear close down to the solid earth. Hear ye not the sounding tramp of a million feet? Look! Away yonder rises the dust cloud on the distant horizon—wider and higher and nearer it rolls. See! as it breaks we catch here and there a glimpse of white flags, a gleam of sword and sabre, aye, they are coming, the grand army of relief, the serried ranks of the liberators.

And now they deploy into line and rank. Never yet has battle-field of earth beheld so grand a sight. See how their golden panoply gleams in the sunlight, and what a holy fire beams upon their countenances!

There to the right is the noble band of Christian ministers, each bearing the red cross sign on his breast. No old Crusaders these, headed by a half-crazed Hermit, and going forth to battle for the ruined sepulchre of a buried Christ; but Manning, Farrar, Wilberforce and Cuyler, at their head, all fighting for the living temples of a risen Lord.

There next them the dense masses of rank and file, shoulder to shoulder, moving onward in restless might, and passing from man to man the watchword of the contest, "For God and Human Good."

There upon the left the splendid detachment of scientists and medical analysts, with brain as cool and sword as keen as ever Spanish Cid could boast, when rushing full upon his Paynim foe.

There 700,000 Templars from every clime, Sons, Friends, Rechabites, Rib-boh-men, an innumerable host with flags white as driven snow, and chanting their hopeful battle songs; and lo! there in the very centre of the advancing host 300,000 children's voices ring out the happy song of deliverance, as the young crusade marches joyfully forward to swell the mighty ranks.

And here they come, God bless them! the gathering women of our land, fresh from looking at the rosy cheeks and into the bright eyes, and kissing the pure lips of their darlings; fresh from the sacred hearth of home, the cradle's lullaby, and the infant's prayer; fresh from the blessing of husband, brother, father's love; baptized with the loving spirit of Christ, and the sweet-sympathy of a redeeming mission.

And now the Grand Army, filled with noble courage, and electric with hope, pauses for a single moment upon the crested hill-top, and gathers breath for the final onset.

Listen! and soon our ears shall catch the clear tones of the welcome marching order, "Forward, Christian Soldiers!" Watch with eager eyes and bated breath as they storm the out-works, scale the walls, spike the fatal guns, and are lost amid the smoke and din of conflict. They shout for very joy and make the wide welkin ring, as, out from the coming years, borne on the breath of all the angels, sounds the swelling psalm of "Victory! Victory! Victory!" over the sorrow and the woe, the ruin and the shame of man's Intemperance.—*Prof. G. E. Foster, M.P.*

**The Heroes of the Soudan.**

ENGLAND, is thy glory fading?  
Is thy hero spirit fled?  
Did thy sons forget the story  
"Deeds of daring—Life blood shed!"

Answer noble, valiant spirit,  
Answer Gordon, real and true,  
Christian soldier, Christian hero,  
With sad hearts we think of you.

Witness weary desert marches!  
Who are these that follow on  
Eager now to meet the Arab,  
Doomed to find their hero gone?

Witness Stewart, Earle and Eyre,  
Kortzi, Gubat, Gakdul Wells!  
Witness patient, thirsting, wounded,  
Suffering soldiers!—Silence tells.

British people, these are heroes,  
Dashing forward, noble, brave,  
Burnaby at Abu Klea—  
By the Nile a lonely grave.

Why this wealth of blood and treasure,  
Why these precious lives laid down?  
England seeks to break the fetter  
Of the slave. 'Tis sacred ground.

Christian England, rise to conquer!  
Free the slave, at home, abroad;  
In their cause victorious ever,  
Pause not now, trust thou in God.

M.

Toronto, March 13th, 1885.

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TORONTO, JUNE 20, 1885.

**Our Great Exemplar.**

CHRIST is not only our Saviour, but our Example as well. He came to earth, not only to bear and atone for the sins of men, but also to show men how they should live. It is this thought which leads the apostle to say: "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

There is nobody, as far as we know, who dares or even wishes to criticize the life of Christ. Whatever men may profess to think about his teachings, or the work he claimed to do, they have but one opinion with regard to his life. That was as beautiful and perfect as it is possible for us to imagine. From its beginning to its close, there is nothing that mars it. The spirit Jesus displayed, the words he spoke and the deeds he wrought, are the noblest and best that the world has ever seen.

If, then, we would live anything like a satisfactory life, we must strive to walk in the footsteps of Jesus. We must seek to share his spirit, to speak his words, to do his deeds. The nearer we come to him, the grander and sweeter will be our stay on earth. Vain will it be for us to expect to live

a right and true life apart from Jesus. He only can speak peace to our souls, and he only can be our leader in the sure way to the better land. God help us to trust, love, and follow him.

**The Horrors of War.**

WHILE there is so much talk of war, not only in our own land but in lands beyond the sea, the speech of John Bright against the continuance of the Crimean war in February, 1855, is worth recalling. It contained the following passage: "I do not suppose that your troops are to be beaten in actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea, but I am certain that many homes in which there now exists a fond hope that the absent one may return, will be rendered desolate when the next tidings shall arrive. The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beatings of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the sideposts of our doors that he may spare and pass on. He takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly; and it is on behalf of all classes that I make this solemn appeal." Those who heard the speech said that it was listened to in a silence which was itself impressive, and the "beating of the wings" might have been audible could it have occurred. It is needless to say that Mr. Bright is as strongly opposed to war now as then. He left Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet when England made war on Egypt.—*Globe.*

**Prince Albert Victor.**

PRINCE Albert Victor Christian Edward, the eldest son and the heir of the Prince of Wales, completed his twenty-first year on the 8th of January. He is the oldest of a flourishing family of five royal children, having a brother, Prince George, now in his twentieth year, and three sisters, the youngest of whom is fifteen.

With the advent of this Prince to his majority, a new generation of royalties may be said to have come upon the stage in England. The Prince of Wales' children will now take their places in public life. The sons will probably sit in the House of Peers and wear ducal titles,—for even princes are not members of the House of Lords by right until they are formally created peers; while we may expect ere long to hear of marriages being arranged for the Prince's just-budding daughters.

The young Prince derived his names from his grandfather, Prince Albert, his grandmother, Queen Victoria, his other grandfather, King Christian of Denmark, and his father, Albert Edward. He has heretofore been known as Prince Albert Victor, but his name in the family is Edward, and the newspapers are beginning to call him Prince Edward.

It is supposed, however, that he will take his place in the peerage as the Duke of Kent. That was the title of his great-grandfather, who was Queen Victoria's father and the brother of George IV., and it is said to be the intention to revive the dignity for the benefit of the Prince. If this should be done, he will always be spoken of in the newspapers as the Duke of Kent, until the death of his grandmother or his father, or of both, makes him Prince of Wales or King.



SOUTHERN SHORE OF THE DEAD SEA.

The world has as yet heard but little of Prince Albert Victor. It is mainly because he will in due time, if he lives and if monarchy is maintained in England, ascend the throne, that his coming of age is a matter of general interest.

He is described as a comely young man, resembling his father in personal appearance and in the amiable good-nature of his character; but he has as yet given no signs of unusual ability or talents. At least, the young Prince, who may one day wear the Crown of the Conqueror, has seen a good deal of the world. After completing his university education, he was sent on a long voyage, with his brother, Prince George, almost or quite around the world, in a British naval vessel; and in the course of this trip he saw many lands and curious peoples.

The outlook before Albert Victor is fair and full of pleasant prospects. No doubt a large annual allowance will be made to him from the public purse. He will have an "establishment" befitting his rank as a probable future king. He will sit among the Peers, the highest in rank of them all, his father only excepted; and probably a brilliant marriage with some fair continental princess will be arranged for him in a year or two.

Yet the future of the young Prince is not altogether unclouded. A strong and growing democratic tendency exists in England. Already there is a clamour for the disestablishment of the State church, and another for the abolition of the House of Peers. The democratic leaders become bolder, more outspoken, more popular and powerful every day. It may be, therefore, that before Albert Victor ascends the throne, an attack may be made on the monarchy itself. It is not impossible that, some years hence, a movement to replace it by a republic may become formidable, and that it may even prevail.

Queen Victoria bids fair to reign as long as her grandfather, George III., who occupied the throne for sixty years; and it is, of course, not impossible that she may outlive the Prince of Wales. In this case, she would be succeeded by Albert Victor.

There is only one instance, however, in recent English history in which a Prince of Wales has died before the reigning king, and that was in the case of George III., who succeeded his grandfather, George II.

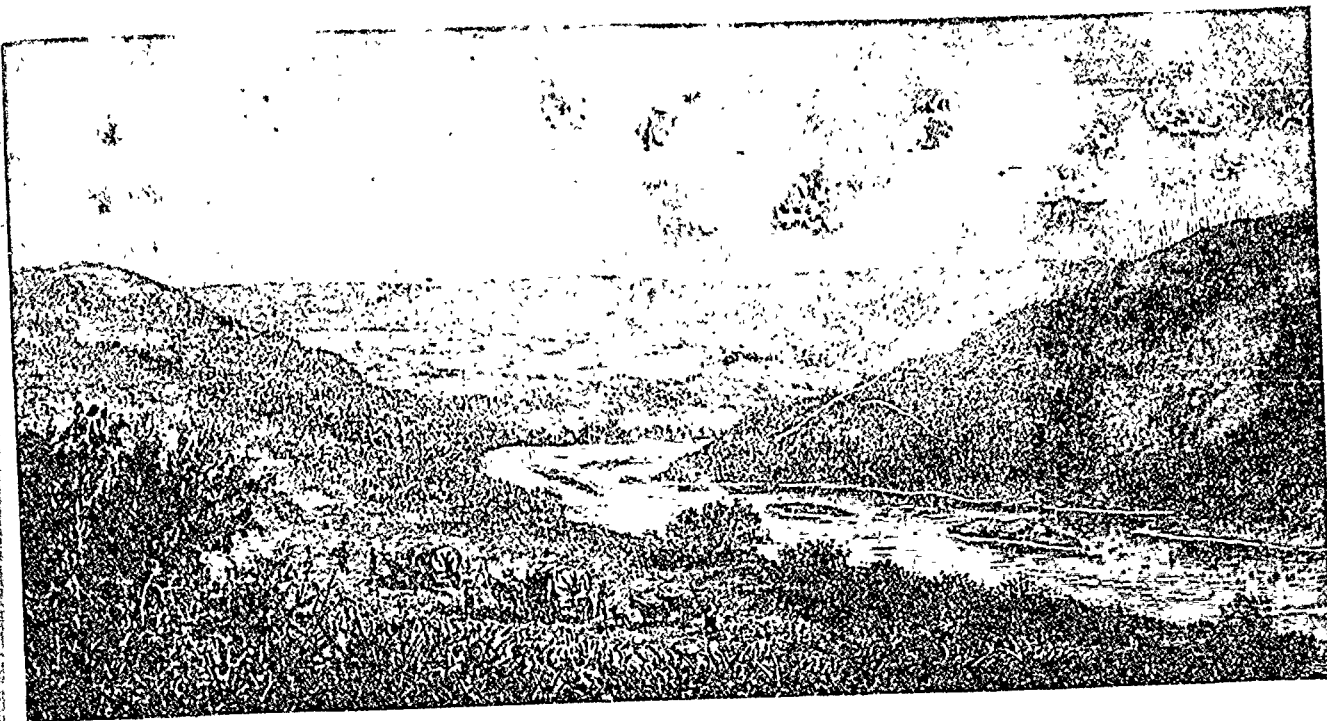
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watched with interest; not that he has developed any interesting traits in his own character as yet, but because of the high destiny to which he has been born.

**View on the Dead Sea.**

THE northern shore of the Dead Sea is a flat, desolate waste. The aspect of the southern shore is quite different. The view down the sea, looking seaward, is not wanting in a solemn grandeur and beauty. The water, clear as crystal, is of a deep blue, almost purple; its waves are crested with foam of a dazzling whiteness. Along the eastern shore the mountains of Moab stand like a mighty wall, the ridges and precipices of which slope down "in wild confusion to the shore, terminating in a series of perpendicular cliffs from twelve hundred to two thousand feet above the water." Though their outline is somewhat monotonous and unbroken, their marvellous colouring, which varies from a delicate pink to a rich crimson, invests them with a magical beauty. Seen especially in the morning or the evening light, their tints are quite unearthly. The mountains of the western side, though lower than those of the eastern, seldom rising above fifteen hundred feet, are more irregular and broken, at least as seen from the northern end, and assume forms of striking grandeur. The most characteristic feature of the southern shore is a vast ridge of fossil salt, called Jebel Usdum, which is cut into ravines and hollows by the action of winter torrents. Canon Tristram describes many of these in terms which recall the glacier caves of the Alps. The light gleaming through the roof produces an exquisite play of colour—green and blue and white of various shades. Columns of rock salt are constantly left standing, detached from the general mass. Travellers—forgetful of the fact that these isolated fragments are but of short duration, and are in the course of a few years washed away by the same agency which produced them—have often identified one or another with the pillar of salt referred to in Genesis 19: 26. Sulphur and bitumen, which are found throughout the whole region, are very abundant, and traces of ancient igneous action are more obvious here than elsewhere.

THE things of this world, like Absalom's mule, run away and leave us when we have most need of them.



THE SASKATCHEWAN RIVER.

## The Sabbath.

BY EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

FRESH glides the brook and blows the gale,  
Yet yonder sits the quiet mill;  
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,  
How motionless and still.

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,  
Thy strength the slave of want may be;  
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain—  
And God hath made thee free!

Ah! tender was the Law that gave  
This holy respite to the breast;  
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,  
And know the wheel may rest!

But where the waves the gentlest glide,  
What image charms to lift thine eyes?  
The spire reflecting on the tide  
Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler worth,  
This rest from mortal toil is given;  
Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth,  
And pass a guest to heaven.

They tell thee in their dreaming school,  
Of power from old dominion hurled;  
When rich and poor with juster rule,  
Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since time itself began,  
That fable hath but fooled the hour;  
Each age that ripens Power in man,  
But subjects man to Power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,  
One bright republic shall be known;  
Man's world awhile hath surely ceased,  
When God proclaims His own!

Six days may rank divide the poor,  
O! Dives from thy banquet hall!  
The seventh the Father opens the door,  
And holds his feast for all!

## The Saskatchewan River.

THE Saskatchewan is one of the great rivers of the world. It flows in two great branches from the Rocky Mountains eastward till they pour their united flood into the waters of Lake Winnipeg. These rivers water one of the best wheat-growing regions in the globe, the vast "fertile belt" which is destined within the experience of those now living to be the home of millions of industrious settlers. The picture gives a view from the elbow or great bend of the river, looking west. It is on the south branch of this stream that the recent battles have taken place which have given such heroic exhibitions of the valour of our volunteers in conflict with the half-breeds and Indians, entrenched as they were in almost impregnable strongholds.

## The Battle of the Giants.

IT seems as though there must be war between the two great empires of the world. The question is not who shall rule in India, but whether the Saxon and Celt, or the Slav and Tartar shall be the promoter or retarder of human progress. Wisdom as well as Christianity say there is no occasion for war and need never be. Russia is, however, not governed by reason. She is a blind force in forward motion, which cannot stop itself. A stop would be a crash. A sufficient postponement of the war, were that possible, would probably save England the task of dealing with her. England is not a brute force, but a moral force, whose world-wide ascendancy gains ground rapidly through her commerce, mechanical skill, missions and other modes of activity, all of which are promoted by peace and checked by war. The contest between England and Russia would be aptly represented by a fight between a man and a bear, the one all nerves, grievously hurt by every scratch, the other all strength, feeling nothing but a shot through the heart or brain. Yet the man conquers. The fighting value of the English soldier as compared with that of the Russian soldier is, when war does come, the leading element in the problem. Happily, even here, the moral element comes in, and decides the question. The warlike qualities of the soldiers of India are very good; but the real strength of the Indian army is in its European core, and upon the Englishmen who form this the brunt of every fight will fall. In like manner, it is not upon the Cossack or the half-Russianized Tartars, but upon the true Slavs that the Russians must depend, and if modern war is a true test of prowess the victory will go to the strongest of the two, the Slav or the Englishman. No two races of men could have a more diverse history than these. The English race has been in the fore front of the world's progress, fighting always for liberty, for knowledge, for commerce, and for the mere sake of fighting, with an individuality, and an intellectual life, that no other race has ever shown. The Slav, on the other hand, has been content to rest upon the earth that supported him until, as some writers have expressed it, you can see in the face of the Rus-

sian peasant the clay of which he is made. Whatever the Slavic race has done or whatever advances it has made have been always in masses in obedience to despotic power. It is certainly the younger race, for as a mass it is yet rude, but history has not proved that the Englishmen who swept back the wild Arabs from the square at El Teb, or dashed across the desert under Stowart, are weaker men than those who fought all day at Hastings, not knowing how the battle went, only caring to fight on. The Russian soldiers, who, with stolid faces, marched up to the crest of the slope before Plevna and fell under the fire of the Turkish repeating rifles until their dead bodies, piled up like a wall before them, were as unlike the men who stormed Lucknow as it is possible for men to be. The field of Inkerman, where the individual courage of a few scattered groups of Englishmen held out on the ridge against solid masses of Russians coming on in column after column marked the difference between the two races forever. In the army of England every man is a volunteer, who fights for the love of the game, for victory, for his country, and his own future, every good stroke he makes, telling on that as surely as if he made it for himself alone. The Russian peasant is torn by the conscription from his home and mother earth, to lead a dog's life, and all he can expect from battle is the scars of it. On the one hand is individual thought, intelligence, fiery courage; on the other, hearty but unthinking submission. It is not to be wondered at, then, that throughout the whole British Empire there should be no fears, nor even doubts, as to what the issue of the great duel will be, and that Englishmen, while they do not want the war, feel as ready for it now, and ever, as men can be.—*Witness.*

## Jacob's Sermon.

"HAD a good sermon, Jacob?" my wife asked me last night, when I came home from church.

"Complete, Rachel," says I.

Rachel was poorly, and couldn't go to meeting much, so she always wanted me to tell her about the sermon and the singing and the people.

"Good singing, Jacob?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you."

"Many people out to day?"

"I don't know."

"Why, Jacob, what's the matter? What are you thinking about?"

"The sermon."

"What was the text?"

"I don't think there was any. I didn't hear it."

"I declare, Jacob, I do believe you slept all the time."

"Indeed, I didn't. I never was so wide awake."

"What was the subject, then?"

"As near as I can remember, it was me."

"You! Jacob Gay?"

"Yes, ma'am. You think it is a poor subject. I'm sure I thought so, too."

"Who preached? Our minister?"

"No. He didn't preach—not to me, at any rate. 'Twas a woman—a young woman, too."

"Why, Mr. Gay! You don't mean it, surely? Those women's right folks haven't got into our pulpit?"

"Well, no, not exactly. The minister preached from the pulpit, but I could not listen. I was thinking about my sermon. I'll tell you about it. You knew that young woman at the postoffice, Mrs. Hyde's niece. She and I were the first ones at meeting, and we sat by the stove, warming. I have seen her a good deal in the postoffice, and at her aunt's, when I was there at work. She is pleasant-spoken, and a nice, pretty girl. We were talking about the meetings. You know there's quite a reformation going on. She was speaking of this one, and that one, who was converted. There was quite a silence, and then she said, sort of low, and in a trembling voice, and with a little pink blush on her cheek, and the tears just a-starting:

"Oh, Mr. Gay, some of us were saying at the prayer-meeting that we did so want you to be a Christian."

"Her cheeks flushed redder, and the tears fell. I knew she felt it, and it was a cross to say it. I never was so taken back in my life.

"Why, bless your soul," I said, 'my child! I have been a member of the church forty years.'

"Do excuse me, Mr. Gay," she said. 'Excuse me for hurting your feelings, but I didn't know you were a Christian. I never see you at prayer-meeting or Sabbath-school, and I never noticed you at communion. I'm sorry I've hurt your feelings.'

"Tut, tut, child," I answered, 'No harm done. I'm glad you thought about an old man. I am a member, as I said, but I haven't worked at it much, I'll allow. I don't go to prayer-meeting and Sunday-school because—well—I made the excuse to myself and other folks that Rachel was poorly, and needed me to stay with her, but I'm afraid the Lord wouldn't accept it.'

"Just then the people begun to come, and I took my seat, but the looks and words of that young woman went to my heart. I couldn't think of anything else. They preached to me all the meeting time. To think some of the young folks in Warton didn't know I was a member, and were concerned for the old man. I said to myself, by way of application, 'Jacob Gay, you've been a silent partner long enough. It is time you woke up and worked for the Lord; time to let your light shine so that the young folks can see it.'—"

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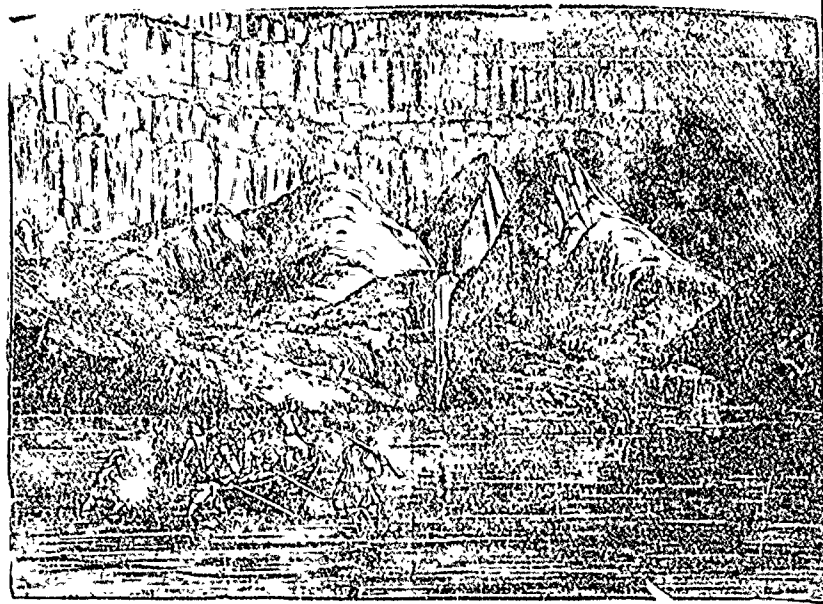
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watched with interest; not that he has developed any interesting traits in his own character as yet, but because of the high destiny to which he has been born.

**View on the Dead Sea.**

THE northern shore of the Dead Sea is a flat, desolate waste. The aspect of the southern shore is quite different. The view down the sea, looking seaward, is not wanting in a solemn grandeur and beauty. The water, clear as crystal, is of a deep blue, almost purple; its waves are crested with foam of a dazzling whiteness. Along the eastern shore the mountains of Moab stand like a mighty wall, the ridges and precipices of which slope down "in wild confusion to the shore, terminating in a series of perpendicular cliffs from twelve hundred to two thousand feet above the water." Though their outline is somewhat monotonous and unbroken, their marvellous colouring, which varies from a delicate pink to a rich crimson, invests them with a magical beauty. Seen especially in the morning or the evening light, their tints are quite unearthly. The mountains of the western side, though lower than those of the eastern, seldom rising above fifteen hundred feet, are more irregular and broken, at least as seen from the northern end, and assume forms of striking grandeur. The most characteristic feature of the southern shore is a vast ridge of fossil salt, called Jebel Usdum, which is cut into ravines and hollows by the action of winter torrents. Canon Tristram describes many of these in terms which recall the glacier caves of the Alps. The light gleaming through the roof produces an exquisite play of colour—green and blue and white of various shades. Columns of rock salt are constantly left standing, detached from the general mass. Travellers—forgetful of the fact that these isolated fragments are but of short duration, and are in the course of a few years washed away by the same agency which produced them—have often identified one or another with the pillar of salt referred to in Genesis 19: 26. Sulphur and bitumen, which are found throughout the whole region, are very abundant, and traces of ancient igneous action are more obvious here than elsewhere.

THE things of this world, like Absalom's mule, run away and leave us when we have most need of them.

## Hear ye the Battle Cry.

Hear ye the battle cry? Soldiers of Tem-  
Forward in serried ranks, armed for the  
though the foe in his fortress defy you,  
Trusting in God, ye shall yet win the day  
Fort, after fort, in the outposts have fallen,  
Both East and West beaten and forced to  
retreat,  
Trenched in his stronghold, he hopes to  
withstand you,  
Up 'up' to the ramparts, and fear not defeat.  
Expect not fair fighting, he dares not to  
meet you  
In straight-forward warfare, line facing to  
line,  
Not in intrigue and ambush, by plotting and  
scheming,  
"ways that are dark," will he work and  
design.

Not doubt not the ending, for God in his  
mercy,  
Looks down on the strife with a pitying eye.  
And thousands in faith at his footstool are  
pleading,  
And has he not promised to hear when they  
cry?  
The pale wife of the drunkard is kneel-  
ing,  
And gathers her starving babes round her in  
prayer;  
Oh! God bless the efforts to stop the foul  
traffic,  
And save my poor husband from rum's fatal  
snare."  
Oh! list to the wail of the perishing thou-  
sands!  
The demon's fire burning in heart and in  
brain,  
Helpless and hopeless, on! on to their rescue!  
Deliver the captives from drink's galling  
chain.

Then raise ye your standard, brave temper-  
ance workers,  
And plant it in front, in the thick of the  
fight,  
Till our land shall be free from rum's thral-  
dom forever,  
Our motto be, "Onward for God and the  
right."

## "What is a Christian?"

"Why do you always wear it, grand-  
ma?" "Because it was given me by  
one I loved very dearly. It is old now,  
and, as you say, 'Not much to look at,'  
but I prize this little ring more than  
almost anything I possess."

"Oh, grandma! it must have a story.  
Do tell me about it."  
"Yes, childie, I will," said the dear  
old lady, as she laid down her knitting,  
and leaned back in her big arm-chair.

"It all happened long, long ago,"  
she began, "when I was a little girl,  
like you. As you know, I was born in  
India, and my dear mother died when  
I was only a baby. My father could  
not keep me long with him in that hot  
climate, so he sent me to England to  
live with my Uncle George, at Oak-  
lands. I was rather lonely there, for I  
had no companions of my own age.  
Uncle George's first wife had died,  
leaving one daughter, Maggie, who was  
at school near London; and though his  
second wife was very kind to me, she  
was so taken up with her own three  
little ones, that she had not much time  
for any one else. You may imagine  
how glad I was when I heard my aunt  
say that Maggie was coming home at  
last. I thought that perhaps Maggie  
would be able to talk to me, and be my  
friend; and I listened eagerly while  
Auntie went on to say that she quite  
looked forward to having her, as she  
was a very good girl, and a Christian.

"I thought a great deal about Aunt-  
tie's description of Maggie, and did not  
know what she meant by calling her 'a  
Christian'; however, I had no one to  
ask then, so I decided that I would get  
Maggie herself to explain it to me.  
"The day came at last, and oh, how

glad I was when I saw Maggie! She  
looked so bright, and happy, and pretty,  
as Uncle George helped her out of the  
carriage, that then and there I made  
up my mind that I should love her.  
Though Maggie was eighteen and I  
was only twelve, we soon became fast  
friends, and used to have splendid talks  
in her little room. How well I remem-  
ber one lovely summer's evening, when  
we sat there together. Maggie was  
gazing at the distant, wooded hills; and  
as I looked at the sweet peacefulness of  
her face, the old puzzle, which I had  
well-nigh forgotten, came back to me.

"Maggie," I said suddenly, "what  
is a Christian?"

"She looked a little surprised at my  
question, and I continued:

"Before you came home, I heard  
Auntie say that you were a Christian,  
and I want you to tell me what she  
meant. In India they call all the  
white people Christians, and most of  
the natives heathen; but I did not  
think there were any heathen in Eng-  
land."

"Maggie was very grave as she  
answered:

"You have asked me a difficult  
question, Nellie, but I will answer it  
as best I can. First tell me, however,  
what is your idea of a Christian?"

"Any one who believes in Christ,  
and goes to church," I replied.

"What do you mean by 'believing  
in Christ,'" Nellie dear?" asked Maggie,  
earnestly. Then seeing that I had no  
answer ready, she went on: "It is not  
enough for us to believe that there was  
such a person on earth as the Lord  
Jesus, or even to believe that He died  
on the cross to take away the sins of  
the world; we must believe that He  
died for each of us, and we must come  
to Him, confessing our own sins, and  
asking Him to wash them all away in  
His precious blood. That is "believ-  
ing in Christ."

"Oh, Maggie, I said, 'I did not  
know it meant so much.'

"That is only part of being a Chris-  
tian, Nellie," continued Maggie, "though  
it is the principal part. "Christian"  
means "anointed," or "set apart."  
When Aaron was set apart for the  
High-Priesthood, God told Moses to  
pour oil on his head; and so we, if we  
would be real Christians, must be  
anointed by the Holy Spirit, and thus  
be set apart for service."

"I thought over for a few moments  
what Maggie had said, and then I  
startled her with another sudden ques-  
tion.

"Maggie, is Mrs. Groves a heathen?  
I heard Auntie say she never goes to  
church; and old Farmer Brown must  
be almost one, for he always sleeps  
right through the sermon."

"No, Nellie; they both call them-  
selves Christians."

"But, Maggie, they cannot be your  
sort of Christian!"

"Nellie dear, you must take care  
how you judge others; though it is only  
too true that many people call them-  
selves Christians without any real right  
to the name. The thing for each one  
of us to do is, to see that we are real  
Christians."

"Maggie, tell me," I cried eagerly,  
"am I a Christian?"

"That I cannot tell you, Nellie;  
you must answer your own question.  
Have you told the Saviour that you  
are a sinner, that you need forgiveness,  
and that you want to be one of His  
lambs?"

"No," I whispered, awed by her

solemn manner; "but, Maggie, I do  
want to be a real Christian—I do want  
to belong to Jesus."

"Then let us tell Him all about it  
now," she said; and we two girls knelt  
together, while Maggie reverently and  
lovingly, as if she were speaking to a  
tender but Almighty Friend, prayed  
that the way of salvation might be  
made plain to me.

"That conversation was the first of  
many that Maggie and I had together.  
She taught me (not only by her words,  
but by her life) the meaning of true  
religion. In the midst of all her fun  
and merriment, she never forgot whose  
she was, and whom she served. Well,  
dear, I must hasten on to the sad end  
of my story. One evening, when my  
aunt and I were expecting the return  
of Uncle George and Maggie, who had  
driven to the nearest town, one of the  
workmen ran up to the house, and told  
us that the horse had shied in the  
avenue, and upset the trap. The mas-  
ter was all right, he said, but Miss  
Maggie was badly hurt.

"They brought her at once to the  
house, white and still, but not suffer-  
ing much. She was laid gently on her  
bed, in the little room where we had  
been so happy together, and they let me  
sit beside her. We hoped for the best;  
but the doctor's grave face, as he left  
the room, told us that our hopes were  
vain—Maggie's spine was seriously in-  
jured, and she could not live many  
days.

"I shall never forget that death-bed  
—our Maggie was so happy. She had  
no fear of death; and with words of  
love and peace, she tried to cheer us in  
our great sorrow. The evening before  
she died, I was alone with her for a few  
moments, and she said to me,—

"Nellie, I want you to have my  
little ring, and to remember all we  
have talked about when you look at it.  
Oh, darling," she added, and her voice  
rang out clearly in the stillness of the  
sick room, "remember that the love of  
Christ alone can make life beautiful  
and happy, and light up the darkness  
of the valley of the shadow."

"In a few hours our darling passed  
away."

Grandma's voice faltered, and tears  
dimmed her eyes as she concluded:

"That is the story of my ring. Do  
you wonder now that I should count  
Maggie's keepsake as one of my most  
precious treasures?"—*Our Own Gazette.*

## How Tom Pimblott Found Peace.

"BLESS Him! Bless Him!" These  
were the first words we heard as we  
entered the bed-room of a small cottage  
in which lay a poor afflicted man.  
And after a short conversation and  
prayer, the last words that fell from his  
lips, as we left the room, were a sweet  
but faint echo of the first "Bless Him!  
Bless Him!" This was the man  
his neighbours knew as "Tom Pim-  
blott," and who, some weeks before,  
had passed from darkness to light. We  
introduced ourselves to him as having  
been sent by Mrs. D—to come and  
pay him a visit. But Tom looked at  
us in amazement, as though he won-  
dered who in the world Mrs. D—  
could be. "Tell him, th' ow'd woman  
sent you," whispered his wife, as she  
stood beside the bed. We did as we  
were bidden, when Tom's eyes sparkled  
at once, and putting out his feeble hand  
he gave us a hearty welcome. Tom  
was a good weaver, but a bad scholar.  
He knew all about his looms, but he  
had never been able to read a book in

his life. A want of education, unfor-  
tunately, was not the worst feature in  
Tom's history. He had been quite as  
wicked as he was ignorant. "Th' ow'd  
woman" was a simple, true-hearted  
Methodist who had taken a great  
interest in Tom's soul. Although  
never abusive, for a long time he  
resented strongly her pointed appeals,  
and sneered at religion and all who  
professed it. In consequence of her  
untiring energy in his behalf, however,  
he gradually came to feel for her the  
deepest respect. "Tom," said she, on  
one occasion, when she met him in the  
street—and this is a specimen of her  
faithful dealing—"are you at peace  
with God?" "Never do you mind,  
Tom," shouted his companions, as they  
stood by and heard what was going on,  
"Tom is all right. He wants none of  
your religion, not he." "Tom," con-  
tinued his faithful friend, "take no  
notice of these men. You make your  
peace with God, lad," and then quietly  
walked away. It pleased the Almighty  
in His mercy to lay Tom aside by a  
very severe illness. As he brought  
Manasseh to his knees by affliction,  
and shook the jailer into his senses by  
an earthquake, so He led Tom seriously  
to think about his condition, by stroke  
after stroke of paralysis. "Shall we  
send for Mr. L—," said his friends,  
when they found him anxious about his  
soul. Mr. L— was a highly respected  
clergyman in the neighbourhood, well  
known for both his evangelical preach-  
ing and evangelistic zeal. But Tom  
said, "Nay, wife, don't send for a  
clergyman, send for th' ow'd woman.  
I want her to come and pray wi' me."  
Nothing loth, away she went, fleet-  
footed as a hart, to point poor Tom to  
his Saviour, and, as she remarked  
afterwards, "Day and night did I pray  
for that poor man's soul, that God  
would save him." It was early one  
morning when Tom was thinking,  
praying, and believing, that the "Peace  
be unto you!" was spoken. Just as  
the morning was breaking in upon the  
earth, the morning of spiritual light  
broke in upon his soul. And oh! what  
joy! It seemed almost as though heaven  
had come down to Tom preparatory to  
Tom's going up to heaven. Paralyzed  
as he was, from ten o'clock in the  
morning to five in the afternoon, he  
was heard discoursing the sweetest  
music. And when "th' ow'd woman"  
called to see him, having been informed  
of this remarkable answer to her  
prayers, and result of her efforts, Tom  
looked up to heaven, and with an  
almost unearthly smile on his face ex-  
claimed, "JESUS! JESUS! JESUS!"

We are glad to see the Ontario Edu-  
cation Department following the excel-  
lent example of our American cousins  
in an "Arbour Day" for the Public  
Schools. We hope the experiment may  
prove a great success. To transform  
the plain, too often unsightly school-  
grounds into beautiful groves and  
avenues is a work well worth doing.  
The child who plants his tree or shrub,  
and watches over its growth at school,  
will not be likely to forget to make the  
surroundings of his home, when he has  
one of his own, neat and attractive.—  
*Canada School Journal.*

ADOLPHE MONOD has well said that  
consecration is not something done once  
for all, but is a maintained habit of the  
soul. A consecrated day is the frame-  
work ready prepared, in which God  
has to act in us and through us.



## Pax Vobiscum.

Not in the quiet churchyard, near those who loved them best;  
But by the wild Saskatchewan they laid them to their rest.

A simple soldier's funeral in that lonely spot was theirs,  
Made consecrate and holy by a nation's tears and prayers.

A few short prayers were uttered, straight from their comrades' hearts—  
A volley fired in honour, then the company departs.

Their requiem the music of the river's surging tide,  
Their funeral wreaths—the wild flowers that grow on every side.

Their monument—undying praise from each Canadian heart,  
That hears how for their country's sake they nobly bore their part.

A wail arises for them, and echoes through the land,  
The brave and gallant first fruits of that noble-hearted band.

So, resting in their peaceful graves beneath the prairie sod,  
Enshrined in golden memories, we yield them up to God.

Toronto, May 2. E. C. P.

## LESSON NOTES

## SECOND QUARTER.

A. D. 66.] LESSON XIII. [June 28.  
REVIEW.

Scripture Lesson.—The Golden Texts of the Quarter, and 2 Tim. 4. 1-8.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.—2 Tim. 4. 7.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 27. 1-44. Th. Phil. 2. 5-16; 4. 4-13.  
T. Acts 28. 1-31. F. 1 Tim. 1. 15-20; 2. Tim. 4. 1-8.

W. Eph. 6. 1-13. Sa. Heb. 1. 1-8; 9. 1-12.  
Su. 2 Pet. 1. 1-11.

## TIME.—A. D. 60-68

PLACE.—Caesarea, Malta, Rome, the Mediterranean Sea.

PERSONS.—Paul, Peter, Luke, Aristarchus, Julius, Timothy, Publius.

BOOKS.—Acts, Ephesians, Philippians, 1 Timothy, 2 Timothy, Hebrews, 2 Peter.

PLACE IN BIBLE HISTORY.—The last two chapters of the Acts, and several years after the Bible narrative closes.

SUGGESTIONS.—There may be a general review by the Topics, Golden Texts, Central Truths, and by the Review Exercises of the whole quarter.

The various places may be pointed out on the map, and what took place at each one, the voyage of Paul, and the places where the Epistles were written and to which they were sent.

The different books studied may be assigned to the different scholars, for special reports. And in the same way the different characters studied may be also assigned to them. Let each one make a list (1) of the great truths found in these lessons; (2) of the great duties; (3) of the things to be desired and sought for; (4) of the things to be avoided.

## QUESTIONS.

I. THE LAST YEARS OF PAUL.—LESSONS 1, 2, 3, 4, 9. From what place did Paul start on his last voyage? For what place? Under what guardianship? How long was it before he reached his destination? Describe the storm that overtook him. What good came from this storm? Paul's character as revealed in it. How long was he at Malta? What good things did he do there? When did he arrive at Rome? Who met him? Where did he live at Rome? How long was he there? Give some account of his subsequent life. Of his death. What opinions have you formed of his character? Of his greatness? Of the good he did?

II. THE CHRIST WHOM PAUL PREACHED.—(Lessons 5-12). What is taught us of his nature? (Les. 10.) Of his atonement? (Les. 11.) Of his salvation? (Les. 8.) Of him as our example? (Les. 6.) Of obedience? (Les. 5.) Of rest in him. (Les. 7.) Of devotion to him? (Les. 9.) Of progress toward him and by him? (Les. 12.)

B. C. 975.] LESSON I. [July 5.

## STUDIES IN THE KINGS.

## THIRD QUARTER.

## REVOLT OF THE TEN TRIBES.

1 Kings 12. 6-17. Commit to mem. vs. 6-8.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.—Prov. 13: 20.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

Selfishness, pride, and bad companions are the way to ruin.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 9. 1-28. Th. 1 Kings 11. 23-43.  
T. 1 Kings 10. 1-29. F. 1 Kings 12. 1-24.  
W. 1 Kings 11. 1-22. S. 2 Chron. 10. 1-19.  
Su. 2 Chron. 11. 1-23.

TIME.—B. C. 975. Just following the death of Solomon.

PLACE.—Shechem, between Mts. Ebal and Gerizim, in Ephraim.

RULERS.—Rehoboam, king of Judah; Jeroboam, king of Israel; Shishak, king of Egypt.

## PARALLEL ACCOUNT.—2 Chron. ch. 10.

THE BOOK OF KINGS.—(1) Title, from its being a history of the kings. (2) Author, unknown, but some think it was compiled by Jeremiah; others by Ezra. (3) Date, about B. C. 560. (4) Time. The history of the kings extends over 455 years, B. C. 1015-560.

REHOBAM.—The only son of Solomon mentioned in history. His mother was Naamah, an Ammonite princess. Hence Rehoboam was brought under heathen influences. His age at this time is given in 1 Kings 14: 21, as 41 years, probably a corruption for 21. He was brought up to be proud, selfish, inefficient, irreligious, wild, inexperienced in government. "Solomon had only one son and he was a fool."

JEROBOAM.—The son of Nebat, lived at Zereda, in Ephraim. His mother's name was Zeruiah. He was employed by Solomon to build the fortifications of Jerusalem, and proved so efficient that Solomon placed him over all the laborers for him from Ephraim. When Solomon sinned, a prophet of Shiloh, Ahijah, met Jeroboam and foretold him that he should be king of ten tribes. He awakened Solomon's suspicion, and had to fly for his life. He went to Egypt, where it is said that he married Anu, a sister of Tahpenes, the queen of Shishak, king of Egypt. He returned to Ephraim on the death of Solomon.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Solomon in his last years yielded to the idolatry of his heathen wives, and for punishment ten tribes were to be rent from his kingdom, in the days of his son. After reigning with great outward prosperity for 40 years, Solomon died at the age of about 60 years, B. C. 975. His son Rehoboam was his natural successor. He went to Shechem, in Ephraim, to be crowned, and to be accepted as king by the tribes of which Ephraim was the chief. The people assembled, and requested that the burdens of taxation and forced labor be lessened. He asked three days in which to consult and come to a decision. Here our lesson for today begins.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. The old men—The elders, or the experienced advisers of Solomon. 7. Be a servant—Do as the people wish; regard the rights of the people as a king ought. 8. The young men grown up with him—His young companions, wild, thoughtless, selfish, proud, despising the people. 9. Yoke—The burdens of taxation and labor. 10. My little finger, etc.—My exactions will be as much greater than Solomon's, as the whole body is larger than the little finger. 11. Scorpions—Whips whose lashes were loaded with lead and sharp points. 15. The cause was from the Lord—They did as they pleased, but God overruled it. The result was the punishment for Solomon's sin; and the people were so turned to idolatry that probably the only way to keep any pure religion, was to separate these tribes from Judah. 16. In David—In David's tribe of Judah, and David's successor.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The Book of Kings.—The condition of the kingdom at the time of Solomon's death.—Rehoboam.—Jeroboam.—The prophecy of Ahijah.—Scorpions.—The folly of Rehoboam's decision.—How this division was from the Lord.—Into what portions the kingdom was divided.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What can you tell about the Books of the Kings? What was the condition of the kingdom at the death of Solomon? What sins did he commit in his last years? (1 Kings 11. 4-8.) What was the punishment? (1 Kings 11. 9-13.) In what year did Solomon die? Who was his successor? Give some account of Rehoboam. Of Jeroboam. In what other place is the lesson of to-day recorded?

## SUBJECT: TURNING POINTS IN LIFE.

I. THE CORONATION ASSEMBLY.—Where was the assembly held? (1 Kings 12. 1.) Why there? Who was their leader? (1 Kings 12. 2, 3.) What request did the people make of the king? Had they just cause of grievance? How did Rehoboam answer them? Of what two classes of people did he seek advice?

II. WISE COUNSEL (vs. 6, 7).—To whom did Rehoboam first apply for advice? What reason is given why they were peculiarly fitted to give wise counsel? What was their advice? Was it judicious?

III. RASH COUNSEL (vs. 8-11).—To whom did Rehoboam next apply? Why were they unfitted to give wise counsel? What was their advice? Meaning of yoke? What burdens had Solomon inflicted on them? (1 Kings 5. 13-16.) Meaning of scorpions? Why was this bad advice? From what bad qualities did it spring?

IV. THE FOOLISH DECISION (vs. 12-17).—When and where did the people assemble again? Whose advice did Rehoboam follow? What was the result? How many tribes went off? Who led them? What tribes remained with Rehoboam? In what sense was this result from the Lord? For whose sin was it a punishment? (1 Kings 11. 4-13.) How may this division have been necessary for keeping a pure worship of God?

V. APPLICATIONS.—What kingdom does God offer us? (Luke 12. 31, 32; Matt. 6. 33.) Of whom do men seek advice as to what they shall do? What do the experienced advise? What do those devoted to self and pleasure often advise? Whose advice should you follow? Why? What is the result of yielding to wrong counsel? In what did Rehoboam fail in seeking advice? (Ps. 55. 16.) Who will direct us aright? (James 1. 5; Ps. 73. 24.)

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Neither wisdom nor grace runs in the blood.
2. Thank the Lord for a good mother.
3. Take counsel of the experienced, and not of those who flatter and pander to our faults.
4. Bad companions and bad advice are the ruin of many.
5. It is blessed for us that God overrules the plans of bad men.
6. Make all great decisions with prayer, with care, with wise counsel.

## REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School in concert.)

1. Who was Solomon's successor? ANS. His son Rehoboam. 2. Where did he meet the people to be acknowledged as king? ANS. At Shechem, in the tribe of Ephraim. 3. What did the people request before giving him their allegiance? ANS. That he should lighten their burdens. 4. With whom did Rehoboam consult? ANS. With the old and experienced, and with his young and rash companions. 5. What was his answer to the people? ANS. He refused their request. 6. What was the result? ANS. Ten tribes revolted from his kingdom.

A CLEVER author says there are three kinds of men in the world—"the Wills, the Won'ts, and the Can'ts" The first effect everything, the next oppose everything, and the last fail in everything. "I Will" builds our railroads and steamboats; "I Won't" doesn't believe in experiment and nonsense; while "I Can't" grows weeds for wheat, and commonly ends his days in the court of bankruptcy.

WHEN Moses wore a heavenly radiance "he wist not that his face shone." The best people are those who have the least to say about their own goodness.

OUR grand business in life is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL

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