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WELCOME AND TO SCHOOL

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

ROBERT SMITH & CO. TORONTO.

Vol. V.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 19, 1887.

[No. 24.]

Pennies and Prayers.

Two cents a week, and a prayer,
A tiny gift may be,
But it helps to do a wonderful work
For our sisters across the sea.

Five cents a week, and a prayer,
From our abundant store—
It was never missed, for its place was filled
By a Father's gift of more.

Ten cents a week, and a prayer,
Perhaps 'twas a sacrifice;
But treasure came from the storeroom above
Outweighing by far the price.

Pennies a week, and a prayer:
'Twas the prayer, perhaps, after all,
That the work was done and a blessing
brought,
The gift was so very small.

Pennies a week, and a prayer,
Freely and heartily given:
The treasures of earth will all melt away—
This is treasure laid up in heaven.

Pennies a week, and a prayer,
A tiny gift may be,
But it helps to do such wonderful work
For our sisters across the sea.

—Church Mission News.

The Canyons of the Colorado.

THE Colorado Basin, which, on account of its general elevation, is called the Colorado Plateau, is that part of the Great West drained by the Colorado River and its tributaries. The whole area is about eight hundred miles in length, and varies from three hundred to five hundred miles in breadth, containing about three hundred thousand square miles. The Rocky Mountain Range, "the Switzerland of America," forms the eastern boundary of the plateau; the Basin Range System, the western. With the scenery along the iron trail of the Union Pacific Railroad most of us are, from photographs and pictures, more or less familiar; but the region south of this line of travel is strikingly different in topographic features, which are in many respects unique, some not being reproduced, except to a very limited extent, on any other portion of the globe. Could one be elevated to a sufficient height above the plateau, he would see beneath him a great plain, bounded on every side by mountain ranges; here and there isolated mountain masses, rising like islands from a



THE CANYONS OF THE COLORADO.

rocky sea; "defiant peaks, where eternal snows and silence and mystery brood over the secrets of nature." The most interesting element of the strange scene now claims the attention. A land of canyons! The profound chasm of the Colorado River scores with tortuous course throughout the entire length of the greatest diameter of the elevated plateau. At the bottom of this Grand Canyon, from three thousand to six thousand feet below the

elaboration and diversity with which this work has been done is only equalled by the vast scale on which the plan was laid. The extent and the complexity of the system of canyons is simply wonderful. Some portions of the plateau are cut into shreds by these gigantic chasms. Belts of country, miles in width, have been swept away, leaving only isolated mountains standing in the gap; fissures so profound, that the eye cannot penetrate their depths, are separated by walls whose thickness can almost be spanned; and slender spires shoot up a thousand feet from vaults below.

The Dude and the Indian.

It is easy to decide which of the two young men was the gentleman, in the following story from an exchange:

"On a Fort Wayne train approaching Chicago there was a short-statured, straight haired, copper-coloured Indian, going back to the reservation, after a trip to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa. He wore a nice suit of clothes, which fitted him badly, and a paper collar, without a necktie. He attended strictly to his own business, and was unmolested until a young sprig came into the smoking-car from the sleeper. 'An Indian, I guess,' said the young chap, as he lighted a cigarette. And then, approaching the son of the plains, he attracted general attention by shouting, with strange gestures, 'Ugh, heap big Injun! Omaha! Pawnee! See great father! Have drink fire-water! Warm Injun's blood!'

"The copper-coloured savage gazed at the young man a moment, with an ill-concealed expression of contempt on his face, and then he said, with good pronunciation, 'You must have been reading some dime novels, sir. I am going back to my people in Montana, after spending three years in the east, at school. I advise you to do the same thing. No, I do not drink whiskey. Where I live, gentlemen do not carry whiskey-flasks about with them in their pockets.'

"The cigarette was not smoked out, and, amid a general laugh, a much crest-fallen young man retired to the sleeping coach."

The Burial of the Dane.

Blue Gulf all around us,
Blue sky overhead—
Muster all on the quarter,
We must bury the dead!

It is but a Danish sailor,
Rugged of front and form:
A common son of the fore-castle,
Grizzled with sun and storm.

His name, and the strand he hailed from,
We know—and there's nothing more!
But perhaps his mother is waiting
On the lonely Island of Fohr.

Still, as he lay there dying,
Reason drifting a wreck,
"Tis my watch," he would mutter,
"I must go upon deck!"

Aye, on deck—by the foremast!
But watch and look-out are done;
The Union Jack had o'er him,
How quiet he lies in the sun!

Slow the ponderous engine,
Stay the hurrying shaft,
Let the roll of the ocean
Cradle our giant craft—
Gather around the grating,
Carry your messmate aft!

Stand in order and listen
To the holiest page of prayer:
Let every foot be quiet,
Every head be bare—
The soft trade-wind is lifting
A hundred locks of hair.

Our captain reads the service,
(A little spray is on his cheeks),
The grand old words of burial,
And the trust a true heart seeks—
"We therefore commit his body
To the deep"—and, as he speaks,

Launched from the weather railing,
Swift as the eye can mark,
The ghastly, shotted hammock
Plunges away from the shark,
Down a thousand fathoms—
Down into the dark!

A thousand summers and winters
The stormy Gulf shall roll
High o'er his canvas coffin—
But, silence to doubt and dole!
There's a quiet harbour somewhere
For the poor and weary soul.

Free the fettered engine,
Speed the tireless shaft!
Loose top-gallant and top-sail,
The breeze is fair shaft!
Blue sea all around us,
Blue sky bright o'erhead—
Every man to his duty!
We have buried our dead.
—Henry Howard Brownd.

Tied to the Mast.

"TELL us a story, papa," chorused half a dozen voices. "We must have a story."

"O, you've heard all my yarns already," answered Capt. Martingale, laughing. "If you want a story, this gentleman will tell you one."

"This gentleman" was a tall, broad-chested man, with a thick black beard, which was fast turning gray, who had come in just before dinner, and had been warmly welcomed by the captain. A very grim fellow he looked as he sat in the great oaken chair, with the fire-light playing fitfully on his dark, bearded, weather-beaten face; and Robert, the eldest boy (who was very fond of books of travels and adventures), whispered to his brother Dick

that "this man looked just like one of the pirates who used to haunt the Gulf of Mexico."

"Am I to tell you a story?" asked the visitor, in a deep, hoarse voice, quite as piratical as his appearance. "Well, then, listen: There was once a poor boy who had no father or mother, no friends, and no home except the wet, dirty fore-castle of a trading schooner. He had to go about barefooted in the cold and rain, with nothing on but an old ragged flannel shirt and a pair of sail-cloth trousers; and instead of landing on beautiful islands and digging up buried treasures, and having a good time all around, like the folks in story-books, he got kicked and cuffed from morning till night, and sometimes had a sound thrashing with a rope's-end into the bargain."

Bob's bold face grew very blank as he listened. He had privately a great longing for a sailor's life, and this account of it (given, too, by a man who seemed to know what he was talking about) was very different from what he had dreamed of.

"All the sailors were very rough and ugly to him," went on the speaker, "but the worst of all was the captain himself. He had been very badly treated himself when he was a boy, and so (as some men will) he took a delight in ill-treating somebody else in the same way. Many a time did he send the poor little fellow aloft when the ship was rolling and the wind blowing hard, and more than once he beat him so cruelly that the poor lad almost fainted with pain."

"Wicked wretch!" cried Bob, indignantly. "I hope he got drowned, or eaten up by the savages."

"Or taken for a slave himself, and well thrashed every day," suggested Dick.

"O no, Bob," said little Helen, who was sitting on a low stool at her father's feet; "I hope he was sorry for being so cruel, and got very good."

The strange guest stooped and lifted the little girl into his lap, and kissed her. Helen nestled close to him, and looked wonderingly up in his face; for, as he bent his head toward her, something touched her forehead in the darkness that felt very much like a tear.

"Well," resumed the speaker, after a short pause, "the schooner, heading eastward across the Indian Ocean, came at last to the Maldivo Isles, where it's always dangerous sailing. The coral islands, which lie in great rings or 'atolls' all around, like so many strings of beads, are so low and flat that even in the day-time it's not easy to avoid running aground on them; but at night you might as well try to walk in the dark through a room full of stools without tumbling over one of them.

"Of course the captain had to be always on deck looking out, and that didn't make his temper any the sweeter, as you may think. So that very even-

ing, when the cabin-boy had displeased him in some way, what does he do but tell the men to sling him up into the rigging and tie him hand and foot to the mast. But the cowards were soon paid for their cruelty. They were so busy tormenting the poor lad that none of them had noticed how the sky was darkening to windward; and all at once a squall came down upon them as suddenly as the cut of a whip. In a moment the sea all around was like a boiling pot, and crash went the ship over on her side, and both the masts went by the board (fell down into the sea, that is), carrying the boy with them. It was just as well for poor Harry that he had been tied to the mast, otherwise the sea would have swept him away like a straw. Even as it was, he was almost stifled by the bursting of the waves over his head. He was still peering into the darkness to try if he could see anything of the ship, when there came a tremendous crash and a terrible cry, and then dead silence. The vessel had been dashed upon a coral reef and stove in, and the sea, breaking over her, had swept away every man on board. But storms in those parts pass away as quickly as they come; and it was not long before the sea began to go down, the clouds rolled away, and the moon broke forth in all its glory. Then Harry, finding that the rope which tied his arms had been a good deal strained by the shock that carried away the mast, managed to free one hand and unbind the other arm and his feet. Just then a face rose from the water within a few yards of him, and Harry recognized his enemy, the cruel captain.

"There he was, the man who had abused, starved, and beaten him, dying, or just about to die, almost within the reach of safety. Though barely twice his own length divided him from the floating mast, so strong was the eddy against which the captain was battling in vain, that he had no more chance of reaching it than if it had been a mile away. A few moments more and he would have sunk, never to rise again; but the sight of that white, ghastly face, and those wild despairing eyes were too much for Harry. He flung out the rope that he held; the captain clutched it, and in another minute was safe on the mast, rescued by the boy he had been so cruel to."

"Oh! oh!" said Bob, drawing a long breath.

"I'm so glad!" piped Helen's tiny voice. "I was so afraid he would let the poor captain drown."

"About sunrise," continued the guest, "some natives who were out fishing in a small boat, caught sight of them and came to the rescue. The Maldivo islanders are much better fellows than the Malays, further east, and they took good care of them both for a month or so, till at last an outward-bound brig that had been blown out of her course touched at

the island where they were and took them off."

"And what happened to them after that?" asked all the children at once.

"The little cabin-boy," answered the story-teller, "became as smart a seaman as ever walked a deck, and got the command of a fine ship by-and-bye; and now," laying his hand upon their father's shoulder, "here he sits."

"Papa!" cried the amazed children, "were you the poor little boy?"

"But what became of the poor captain who was so cruel?" asked little Helen wistfully.

"Why, here he sits," said her father, grasping the story-teller's hand, "and he's the best friend I have in the world."—*Harper's Young People.*

Enduring Persecution for Christ's Sake.

A GIRL of fourteen years, whose name is Hatoon, who has learned to read and love her Saviour, and, with other girls of the village, has formed a praying and missionary band, has a very bad mother. This mother has given two of her daughters to Mussulman husbands, and they have, in consequence, denied their faith. She resolved to do the same with this daughter. The other morning, at his family prayers, the village pastor heard a great disturbance in the street, and, going out, found the mother and some Mussulmans trying to compel Hatoon to go with them. He rescued her; but soon officers came, and she was carried before the Prince Governor. Here she was confined for four days, with access to no Christian, but only to her mother, and with every means used to induce her to consent to be a Mussulman. The Christians of her village gathered *en masse* and demanded the girl, or that she be released. The Governor called her to his presence and permitted no one but her mother to be near. He allowed Shamasha Elieya and two others to be in the yard and in sight. He then tried to induce her to yield, but he said he would not use force. She gave the most decided testimony—would not give up Christ; would give up her mother, her property, everything, but Christ never. The Prince had to confess she was a Christian.

Then her mother tried to have her put again into her power, and she again said she would not deny her Saviour. She could not stay with her mother and fled and seized the skirts of her pastor, Shamasha Elieya. She is now with our school girls.—*Rev. J. H. Shedd, Oromiah.*

EVERY day a self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do 365 days hence, if each day shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for.

Oratory.

"How our hearts glowed and trembled as she read!"—*LOSAFELLOW.*

Oh! God-like power to mortals given,
To teach our hearts the paths of right;
To bid them now by grief be riven,
And then with joy be shining bright.
To bid us now weep tears of sorrow,
As some true hearts' life-dream is shattered;
Then smile again as grief's to-morrow
Comes brightly in, and fears are scattered.

Oh! sublime act, to hold enraptured
The sea of faces toward you turned,
Till thoughts of thine their hearts have captured—
Their souls with thine own thoughts are burned;
And themes that late were only thine,
Now run unchecked in other minds;
Thy musing o'er some thought divine,
In other hearts a lodgment finds.

Oh! ye to whom this power is given—
This wondrous power to mortals lent—
Use it to help some soul to heaven,
Let love be with thy talent blent.
Use it for purpose true and holy,
To check the wrong, advance the right;
Thy life an offering, given wholly,
To make our land more pure and bright.
—*Della Rogers.*

Help Yourself.

BY N. S. M.

THERE are few things more important than the training of the young in the Sabbath-school, and the work among the very little people is in some sense the most important of all. Supposing, then, that a teacher has been enlisted in this work, is already furnished with at least some of the gifts and graces of a Christian, and is willing to deny herself in order to do good to those under her care, there yet remains something of great importance to be added—a training which will fit her to do her work well.

What are some of the ways in which this training may be acquired? The subject has seemed to divide itself into four heads—self-help; help from association with other teachers; help from a knowledge of educational principles; and help from the contemplation of Jesus as the Model Teacher. The design of all teaching, and especially of all Sunday-school teaching, should be, not the cramming of the mind with knowledge, even of Bible truth; but the formation and up-building of character, the deepening and broadening and ennobling of all that goes to make up a full and earnest life. If this be so, then, manifestly, the teacher's first duty is to herself; because, in order thus to help others, we must ourselves be filled with a full and energetic life that will overflow, and, by a sort of resistless sympathy, energize those over whom our influence is exerted. The cry of each one of us ought to be—

"Tis life whereof our nerves are scant;
More life, and fuller—that I want."

How can we get more life? It does not come so much from school education as from the habit of helping ourselves, out of school, and after we have left school. We have all of us the

power of thought; yet how few persons are there who really do their own thinking on any subject! It is easier to take the thoughts of others, to accept as true what is told us, without taking the trouble to make it our own by real thought about it. Some one has said, "Think wrongly if you will, but do your own thinking." Yet we may think rightly, if we will. To this end should we not cultivate a habit of accurate thinking? We have a perfect standard by which to measure our thoughts; let us see to it that our thinking always tallies with the divine standard, that all thoughts of ours shall be inspired and shaped surely and unmistakably by a "thus saith the Lord."

Not only is the habit of doing our own thinking, and striving to do it accurately, a means of self-help, but so also is a constant habit of keeping our eyes and ears well open as we go through life. It is really astonishing how little some people see. There is such a thing as forming a habit by which eyes and ears shall become channels through which we shall absorb life from all the universe about us. If we go about with eyes and ears well open the perceptive faculties will be quickened; and if there is the desire and aim to use all these common things in the service of our Master, every bit of knowledge that we so pick up can be turned to account in our teaching. If Moses had not said to himself, "I will now turn aside and see what this great sight is, why the bush is not burned," he would not have heard the voice of God, nor been made the leader of his people. It was apparently only a little bush on fire; the thoughtful observation, the careful seeing why, was just the self-help that led to his finding God in the bush. Oh! for a habit of seeing God everywhere! Of course there must be and there will be, an effort to gain help from books—above all, from the Book which is the teacher's text book—the Bible. But here again self-help is a vital requisite. Reading will not make us wise; committing to memory even Bible words will not do it; finding out facts and learning the opinions of even the greatest thinkers, in the best books will not answer. It is only by feeling that we can grow. The advice will apply to us no less than to Timothy: "Give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine; meditate upon those things, give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear to all."

But does not all this lead us up to the One Being in the universe who can aid us in our efforts at self-help? A deeper personal acquaintance with God—is not this the highest way to self-help? What can mortal do in the way of self-help that can compare with the constant habit of talking with the All-wise? We can secure for ourselves by prayer, by living intercourse with the Great Teacher, such aid as shall put at our disposal all the treasures of

wisdom and knowledge that are hid in Christ Jesus our Lord. Illuminated by him who is the light of the world, taught by his Spirit, we shall be perfect and complete, "thoroughly furnished," not only as teachers, but "unto every good work."—*Westminster Teacher.*

Patience.

EVERY lily in the meadow
Waits in patience for the rain;
Every daisy in the shadow
Waits till sunshine comes again;
Every birdie in his home-nest
Waits for food, nor waits in vain.

Dearest Saviour, it is written,
"Be ye patient," in thy Word;
Make me patient as the lily,
Or the daisy, or the bird;
Give me, Lord, thy tranquil spirit,
Never by a passion stirred.
—*Selected.*

A Poor Little Thief.

SHE does not look like one? What do you think she has stolen? Money? O, worse than that. From whom do you think she has stolen? I'll tell you all about it. At Susie's father's house—her name is Susie—they have days with twenty-four hours, all divided off, each with its duties. About eight hours they have for sleeping; in fact, Susie has nearly eleven for that work. Then two for study, and three for dressing and eating; that leaves her eight hours for play! Only out of that time father has planned that every morning she shall give about fifteen minutes to God. Only fifteen minutes! Shouldn't you think she might spare them? Well, this morning, during that fifteen minutes, what do you think she did? In the first place she found in her pocket a nice long string, and while her father was reading these words: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind," Susie was wondering if she had a shuttle whether she couldn't make tatting as fast as Mary Burton could. So she tried it with a piece of cord, tying it into knot after knot, getting her fingers caught, and finally hurt a little, so that her grown-up sister had to untie them. Not a single word did she hear of all her father read from the Bible. Then they sang a hymn, sweet words about

"Amazing love! how can it be
That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?"

Something in the tune, Susie could not herself have told what, reminded her of the song the children sang at play:

"Look to the east, and look to the west,
And look to the one that you love best."

So she hummed it very softly to herself, all the while that the family were singing their hymn of thanks to Jesus for his great love. Then they knelt to pray. Susie put her little body down, too, and looked as though she was praying; but the rhymes she had been saying over had reminded her what fun they had at recess the day before,

and who she had chosen as the one she liked best; and she planned what they would play to-day, and how she would manage it, and how she wouldn't have Annie Wilcox in the play at all, because she didn't like her; and how she would tell all the other little girls not to play with Annie. And before she was half through with her planning she found that the prayer was over and the family were rising from their knees. Not a word of prayer had she heard, not a sentence had she prayed. Now if she is not a little thief, what name shall we call her? And if she has not stolen from the great God time that rightly belonged to him, how shall we explain what she has done?—*The Pansy.*

Saved by a Hand Shake.

ACCORDING to my custom, I went around shaking hands with the early comers to the little prayer-meeting, two of whom, a married couple, I had never seen before. They came again, became permanent workers—the lady joining the church by experience. More than a year had passed, when I was asked to call on particular business. After the usual salutation, she showed me an elegant dressing-gown, and told me it was for me—the work of her own hands. While I was getting over my surprise, she said, "Do you remember the first evening my husband and self entered the little chapel, and how you came around and shook hands with us? Well, that hand shake saved me from suicide, and this is a small expression of the gratitude I feel to him who saved my life." Now, my interest was thoroughly aroused, and, all ears, I listened to the story of her marriage, her husband's wild ways, her efforts to save him, or at least to restrain him, by going with him to the theatre or the race-course; how her influence grew less and his habits worse, until, in despair, she finally determined to end her misery. Just then she thought of her God, whose cause she espoused in her youth, and said to herself, "I will go there." To her surprise her husband concluded to go with her. It was in this agony of soul she took her seat near the door, when I, utterly unconscious of her distress and peril, simply performing an act of common courtesy, lifted her up to new life and usefulness.—*National Baptist.*

THE history, uses, and fashions of the wedding-ring are pleasantly described in the November number of *The Popular Science Monthly*, in an article on that subject by D. R. McApally.

Mr. G. P. Serviss' admirable articles on "Astronomy with an Opera-Glass" is continued in the November number of *The Popular Science Monthly* with a paper on "The Stars of Autumn," in which many of the most interesting constellations and other celestial objects are described.

The Years Pass On.

"WHEN I'm a woman you'll see what I'll do—
I'll be great, and good, and noble, and true;
I'll visit the sick, and relieve the poor—
No one shall ever be turned from my door;
But I'm only a little girl now."
And so the years passed on.

"When I'm a woman," a gay maiden said,
"I'll try to do right and not be afraid;
I'll be a Christian, and give up the joys
Of the world, with all its dazzling toys;
But I'm only a young girl now."
And so the years passed on:

"Ah, me!" sighed a woman gray with years,
Her heart full of cares, and doubts, and fears,
"I've been putting off the time to be good
Instead of beginning to do as I should;
And I'm an old woman now."
And so the years passed on.

Now is the time to begin to do right;
To-day, whether skies be dark or bright;
Make others happy by good deeds of love,
Looking to Jesus for help from above;
And then you'll be happy now,
And as the years pass on.

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FOR MISSIONS

FOR THE YEAR 1887.

Is the Scott Act a Failure?

READ the following facts from the latest report of the Inspector of Prisons in Ontario:—

1. Ten counties, viz., Bruce, Dufferin, Dundas, Stormont, Glengarry, Huron, Norfolk, Oxford, Renfrew, and Simcoe, have had the Scott Act in force two years. Commitments in these ten counties were as follows.—

In 1884, under license 211
In 1886, under Scott Act 81

2. The following fourteen counties, viz., Durham, Northumberland, Elgin, Kent, Lambton, Lanark, Lennox, Addington, Leeds, Grenville, Ontario, Peterborough, Victoria, and Wellington, have had the Scott Act in operation one year. The commitments for

drunkenness in those fourteen counties were as follows:—

In 1884, under license 501
In 1886, under Scott Act 200

There are fourteen counties in Ontario still under license. In those, commitments for drunkenness have increased:—

In 1884, commitments for } 2,248
drunkenness }
In 1886, commitments for } 2,314
drunkenness }
Increase 66

3. Has the Scott Act reduced other crimes? Yes. In twenty-four counties and two cities under the Scott Act, in 1886, there were 1,940 commitments for all crimes. In 1884, the inhabitants of the same twenty-four counties and two cities under license had 2,806 commitments for all crimes—a reduction of 866 under the Scott Act.

4. In the Province of Ontario there are about one million people under license, and about the same under the Scott Act. The million people under license in 1886, committed 7,923 crimes. The million people under the Scott Act committed in 1886 only 1,910 crimes—a difference in number of 5,983. These facts speak for themselves.

5. Is there more liquor made and consumed now than under license? Whiskey men say, Yes. What are the facts?

1,342,989 gallons of whiskey less were taken out of bond for consumption in 1886 than the average taken out for the five preceding years. The consumption of beer and ale, according to the Blue Book, was twenty-one per cent. less for 1886 than the average for ten preceding years.

Shall we believe facts, or the irresponsible vaporings of whiskey men? Why should we repeal a law that has DECREASED drunkenness, and, consequently, poverty and crime?

The great majority of ministers of all denominations are unanimous for the Scott Act. The mothers, daughters, and fathers are opposed to a repeal.

Christian man! father of a family, can you consistently, conscientiously, and prayerfully vote to repeal a law which, according to the facts before you and the testimony of the best men, is doing so much good? You cannot!
—J. K. Baillie.

Receiving Gifts for the Building of the Tabernacle.

(See next page.)

This is the way the people brought their offerings for the construction of God's tabernacle in the wilderness:

"And Moses spake unto all the congregation of the children of Israel, saying, This is the thing which the Lord commanded, saying,

"Take ye from among you an offering unto the Lord: whosoever is of a willing heart, let him bring it, an offering of the Lord: gold, and silver, and brass,

"And blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen, and goats' hair,

"And rams' skins dyed red, and badgers' skins, and shittim wood,

"And oil for the light, and spices for anointing oil, and for the sweet incense,

"And onyx stones, and stones to be set for the ephod, and for the breastplate,

"And every wise hearted among you shall come, and make all that the Lord hath commanded. . . .

"And all the congregation of the children of Israel departed from the presence of Moses.

"And they came, every one whose heart stirred him up, and every one whom his spirit made willing, and they brought the Lord's offerings to the work of the tabernacle of the congregation, and for all his service, and for the holy garments,

"And they came, both men and women, as many as were willing hearted, and brought bracelets, and earrings, and rings, and tablets, all jewels of gold: and every man that offered offered an offering of gold unto the Lord. . . .

"And all the women that were wise hearted did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun, both of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet, and of fine linen.

"And all the women whose heart stirred them up in wisdom spun goats' hair. . . .

"The children of Israel brought a willing offering unto the Lord, every man and woman, whose heart made them willing to bring for all manner of work, which the Lord had commanded to be made by the hand of Moses."—Exodus xxxv.

"Then wrought Bezaleel and Aholiab, and every wise hearted man, in whom the Lord put wisdom and understanding to know how to work all manner of work for the service of the sanctuary, according to all that the Lord had commanded. . . .

"And they received of Moses all the offering, which the children of Israel had brought for the work of the service of the sanctuary, to make it withal. And they brought yet unto him free offerings every morning.

"And all the wise men, that wrought all the work of the sanctuary, came every man from his work which they made:

"And they spake unto Moses, saying, The people bring much more than enough for the service of the work, which the Lord commanded to make.

"And Moses gave commandment, and they caused it to be proclaimed throughout the camp, saying, Let neither man nor woman make any more work for the offering of the sanctuary. So the people were restrained from bringing."—Exodus xxxvi.

HOLINESS is love welling up in the heart, and pouring forth crystal streams.—Rev. Jas. B. Gillman.

A Japanese Visitor.

REV. Y. HIRAIWA, the native Methodist minister from Japan, came to this country by the invitation of the missionary authorities. He will spend the autumn and winter in attending missionary meetings throughout Canada, beginning with New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. In his Eastern tour he will be accompanied by Rev. Dr. Sutherland, mission secretary. Mr. Hiraiwa was one of the first converts of the Methodist missions in Japan, and is regarded as one of the ablest native missionaries in that country.

Mr. Hiraiwa said that Christianity had made rapid strides during the past years. Ten years ago everybody was opposed to it—now everybody is inquiring about it, and there is a general belief that it is growing rapidly. This favourable change is due largely to observation of the Christians living in Japan and the reports of Japanese who have gone abroad, both tending to produce the belief that civilization advanced rapidly where Christianity prevailed. The lower classes of the people are Buddhists, and are usually very bigoted. The more intelligent people do not believe in any religion at all. Their experience of native religions led them to regard all religion as superstition until they began to inquire into the doctrines of Christianity. The result of that inquiry was that many of them embraced the new religion; in fact, it is from this class that the greater number of converts to Christianity have been made. There is now complete toleration of Christianity in Japan; the edict against Christianity has not been repealed, but has been allowed quietly to drop out of sight. A Japanese statesman gave a curious reason for not formally repealing the edict. "If we passed such a law," he said, "it would show that Christianity was previously forbidden." But the change in the law is to come, with other improvements, in 1890, when, according to the promise of the Emperor, constitutional government and a Parliament will be given in Japan. Another proof of the Emperor's liberality is found in his practice of sending forth parties of young men to England, Germany, France and America for the purpose of learning what Western civilization is. European dress is now very fashionable in Japan, and is worn by nearly all the Government officials; and European habits of eating are displacing those of Japan. About three hundred miles of railway are built and work is going on rapidly on three lines. The two Methodist mission schools at Tokio occupy a leading position. About 320 boys and 234 girls are in attendance.

HE that has feasted upon God's goodness is desirous that many more should sit down at the same table: "O, taste and see that the Lord is good;" let this be life's test.



RECEIVING GIFTS FOR THE BUILDING OF THE TABERNACLE.

The Little Maid's Sermon.

A LITTLE maid, in a pale blue hood,
In front of a large brick building stood.
As she passed along her quick eye spied
Some words on a little box inscribed;
'Twas a box that hung in the vestibule,
Outside the door of the Charity School.

"REMEMBER THE POOR!" were the words
she spelled,
Then looked at the dime her small hands
held.

For chocolate creams were fresh that day,
In the store just only across the way!
But gleams of victory shone o'er her face,
As she raised her eyes to the "money place."

But her arm was short and the box so high,
That a gentleman heard, who was passing
by,

"Please, sir, will you lift me just so much?"
(For the tiny fingers could almost touch.)
The stranger stopped, and he quickly stood
By the sweet-faced child, in the pale blue
hood.

As he lifted her, she gently said,
"Would you mind it, sir, if you turned your
head?"

For, you know, I do not want to be
Like a proud, stuck-up old Pharisee!"
He humoured the little maid, but a smile
Played o'er his face, as he stood there the
while.

"Excuse me, child; but what did you say?"
The gentleman asked, in a courteous way,
As he took in his the wee, white hand,
"I believe I didn't quite understand."
"Oh! sir, don't you know? Have you never
read?"

Said the child, amazed, "what our Saviour
said?"

"We shouldn't give like those hypocrite
men,
Who stood in the market-places then,
And gave their alms, just for folks to tell,
Because they loved to be praised so well,
But give for Christ's sake, from our little
store,
What only he sees, and nobody more.

"Good-bye, kind sir, this is my way home;
I'm sorry you'll have to walk alone."
The gentleman passed along, and thought
Of large sums given for fame it brought.
And he said, "I never again will be,
In the market-places, a Pharisee!
She preached me a sermon, true and good—
That dear little maid, in the pale blue hood!"
—Congregationalist.

A Terrible Night.

BY MRS. M. E. BRADLEY.

HOLMAN DARROW had made up his
mind to go to sea. His father, who
was a wealthy merchant, and wished
his son to succeed him in his business,
had made up his mind the other way.
Naturally there was a good deal of
unpleasantness when the subject was
discussed.

His mother wished to compromise.
"Let him try one voyage," she said,
"and that will probably be enough
for him."

But his father refused.

"Let him learn obedience," he said,
"and give up his foolish, headstrong
notions. He may as well do it first
as last."

Holman set his teeth together with
angry determination when he heard
this.

"Good night, mother," he said, and
stooped to kiss her as he left the room.

"Good night, dear," she answered
lovingly, and whispered in his ear:

"Don't vex your father any longer
about this matter. It is right for you
to obey him. Try to do what is right,
dear boy, and wait patiently. It may
all come out as you wish in the end."

But Holman had no notion of pa-
tient waiting. He was sixteen years
old, and he was tired of going to
school, and hated the thought of being
a clerk in his father's office.

"There's no use in waiting," he said
to himself. "I mean to be a sailor,
and I don't mean to spend my days
over ledgers and account-books. That's
all there is about it; and there's no
time like now."

He put on his hat and went out of
the house.

"Let him walk off his temper," his
father said, when he heard the hall-
door shut behind him.

His mother did not answer, but her
heart was heavy, and it grew more
and more so as hours passed by and
her boy did not return. Bed-time
came, then midnight, then morning—
but Holman did not come, nor did
any tidings of him, though his father
scoured the town in search of him.
Weeks passed away, and months were
added up; still there was no news of
the missing boy. Gray streaks began
to show in his mother's hair; deep
wrinkles gathered on his father's fore-
head; the house was like a grave, it
was so sad and silent. And people
began to say poor Mrs. Darrow would
not live long if her son did not come
back.

Her son, meanwhile, was learning
the lesson that to have our own wilful
way does not make people happy; far
from it. In his anger and obstinacy
he had gone to sea, a green hand,
knowing nothing of the work he would
have to do, and less of the hardships
he would have to suffer. It was not
long before he discovered that a sailor's
life—

A life on the ocean wave,
And a home on the rolling deep—

was much pleasanter to read about in
stories of adventure than to realize in
one's own person. He did not enjoy
sea-sickness, or salt pork, or the rough
treatment that he received. He was
utterly wretched; in fact, so much so
that he was almost ready to jump
overboard, and thus put an end to his
misery. But when he slipped on the
wet deck, one stormy night, and fell
overboard, he found that life was dear
to him still, unhappy as he was. The
wind was blowing a gale, and the ship
flew away from him like a bird. The
sailors threw out a rope, hoping that
he might catch it; and Holman saw
the black line against the pale moon-
light that was just struggling out after
the rain; but he was too far away to
reach it. In a minute it had vanished,
the ship had sped far away, and the
boy was tossing like a leaf on the wide
ocean, with no hope or prospect of
salvation.

Can you imagine how he felt in that

terrible hour! What unavailing re-
morse entered into his soul, what
longing thoughts of his mother and
the happy home he had forsaken, tor-
mented him; what fear and dread
appalled his spirit, as he waited for
the waves to swallow him up, and his
guilty soul to stand before its Maker!

It is not easy to describe such an
experience; but Holman Darrow tells
it, now and then, to some wilful boy
who rebels against authority, as a
warning. God was merciful to him
in his extremity, and he was rescued
by a passing steamer, after he had
given up all hope. He returned to
his parents in time to save his mother
from a broken heart, and his life since
has proved his repentance. He is
only anxious now to "obey his parents
in the Lord," and to show, by his up-
right Christian life, his gratitude for
a great deliverance.

What Christians they would Make!

How do we know but that the in-
tensity of religious enthusiasm needed
to speedily bring this world to Christ
we are to find in the Orient? Dennis
Osborne, in his book on *India and Its
Millions*, tells us of a famous Yogi,
who sits upon a stone on the banks of
the sacred Ganges, and has been sit-
ting there for more than fifty years,
without house or shelter of any kind.
Through the torrid, scorching heat,
through the freezing cold and drench-
ing rain, there he has been sitting for
half a century, until his head is white
and his eyes are sightless, and his form
is bent with age. Through the fearful
days of the Sepoy rebellion he left
not his place, but calmly braved the
cruelty of the bloodthirsty hordes
who ransacked the neighbouring city.
He is worshipped as a god now, and
he is exceedingly polite and gentle.
Dennis Osborne inquired:

"Why do you sit here?"

He answered: "To meditate on
him who is above?"

"But is he not everywhere pre-
sent?"

"True," he replied; "but we need
eyes to see him, and ears to hear his
voice."

"How are these to be obtained?"

"By shutting our eyes and ears to
the world."

"And does he communicate himself
to you?"

"Certainly he does. He speaks to
me by day and by night. While other
voices are falling on your ears, his
voice is in my ears; while other sights
fall on your vision, he reveals himself
to me."

"What is your ultimate hope and
wish?"

"I have neither hope nor wish. I
am satisfied to be absorbed in him."

"Have you no interest in this world
—no ties of affection?"

"None. The world is a delusion.
There is no reality here."

"Do you never feel afraid?"

"Afraid of what? Nothing can
harm me!"

"But do you not feel the inclemency
of the weather or the need of rest?"

"I have no feeling but in contem-
plating him who is above."

Dennis Osborne, himself a native of
India, told that old man of One who
said:

"Come unto me all ye that are
weary and heavy-laden, and I will give
you rest."

What One Young Christian Did.

METROPOLITAN is a mining town,
forty-five miles from Escanaba, Michi-
gan. The people of that place have
for seven years had almost no gospel
privileges—the nearest minister living
in Escanaba. One year ago a young
lady of that place was visiting friends
at Iron Mountain, and in the revival
that was in progress there, in the
Presbyterian church, she was brought
to Christ. The work was thorough.
She had always been very fond of
dancing, progressive euchre, and thea-
tre-going. But when she found Christ
and his love, she found something
better than these things, and her love
for them was lost. Returning home,
with her Bible and the Holy Spirit
as guides, she gave them all up, and
reasoning and entreaties from her
old associates could not induce her to
return to them. She started a Sunday-
school in the school-house. The cour-
age and grace required to do this is
best appreciated by those who know
the character of a mining town, and
the opposition she met, especially from
the Roman Catholics, whom the priest
forbade attending the Sunday-school,
or in any way encouraging it. Upon
the request of this sister, the Rev.
C. H. Tyndall and wife, of Escanaba,
recently spent nearly a week in the
place, holding gospel services and
visiting the people. Three or four
bachelors were brought
into loving service for the Master.
Twenty-four others—fifteen from the
Sunday-school—professed faith in
Christ. Two of the number are bro-
thers to the sister mentioned. Some
whole families are brought into the
kingdom of Christ. In one of these
his husband and father, now happy in
Christ, had the preparations all made
to soon open a saloon in the place.
Christian mothers and fathers now
thank God, with tears of joy, that he
led his servant to start and maintain
a Sunday-school in their careless and
Christless place. In the absence of a
church, twenty-eight persons have
covenanted together to regularly en-
gage in family and secret prayer; to
study the Bible; to attend a weekly
prayer-meeting, and take part; to love
and encourage one another, and try to
bring the others, who are almost per-
suaded, to a knowledge of Christ.
One year of service by a loving, self-
sacrificing Christian, is of more value
to the world than the whole life of a
thousand worldly-minded professors.

The Last Message.

BY SARAH K. DOLTON.

I SAID to a mother of noble birth,
"What would you tell to your darling
son,

If time were measured for you on earth,
And the sands in the hour-glass nearly
run?"

A shadow darkened the sunny face,
As she mused on the parting sure to come:
The smile, with its witching and tender
grace,
Died out, and the soft, sweet voice grew
dumb.

And then, as she thought on the thousand
things
That wrestle for speech in the dying hour,
When we long to bear, as on angel's wings,
The life of our life—the richest dower

God gives to woman—she slowly said,
"My words would be simple and plain and
few:

"Remember, my boy, when I am dead,
To keep your faith that the world is true."

"I would have him believe in his fellow-
men,

For trust is the sweetest of human needs:
And hope, like the Star of Bethlehem;
"And 'Love one another,' the best of creeds.

"I would have him honest, and brave, and
pure;

Living a life that he would not rue;
But whether in sorrow or joy, be sure
To keep his faith that the world is true."

A Story for Mothers.

THE Fullers—we do not give the
real name—were an influential family.
They were wealthy, cultured people,
and amongst the most prominent mem-
bers of the principal church in the
Western town in which they lived.
Every Sunday they filled their pew,
gave liberally to church and other
charities, and the minister was always
welcomed to their table.

Mrs. Fuller was a sincere Christian
woman. No one acquainted with her
daily life could question her sincerity.
But she was peculiarly reserved and
sensitive, with an extreme dislike of
obtruding on the reserve of other
people. Her son was her constant
companion as he grew to early man-
hood—a clever, spirited boy, keen of
apprehension, and eager for knowledge.

His mother discussed every subject,
but that of religion, freely with him.
He had been sent constantly to Sun-
day-school, and had been taught the
chief facts in Jewish history, and all
that relate to the life and mission of
Christ. But she had never asked him
to consider the relation in which he
himself stood to God, or urged him to
take Christ as the guide and model of
his life—his Friend and Master.

There had been times when she felt
almost driven to do this; but when
the lad was at her side, and they were
surrounded by the atmosphere of every-
day life, her courage had failed her,
and the subject had been deferred.
He was a handsome, perfectly healthy
young man, a noted athlete, with a life
full of plans and hopes before him;
there was plenty of time, she felt, for
such counsel and entreaties.

Last October the boy was struck

down by diphtheria. On the second
day the physician told him he had not
an hour to live. While he lay stunned
and silent, some one spoke to him of
Christ as a Saviour.

"Saviour? Why, I never thought
about him!" he cried. "He is no
Saviour of mine. Mother, why didn't
you talk to me of him?"

These were his last words. In a
few moments his senses were clouded,
and before the hour was over he was
dead.

Every mother will understand the
intolerable legacy of remorse that was
left by these words. Yet how many
mothers, although religious women in
their profession and habits of life,
never break the silence between them-
selves and their sons on this subject!
They defer it to a more convenient
season, and soon the tender boy is a
hardened man, and has left home and
passed from under their influence.

If a man's mother has not cared for
his soul, who will?—*Youth's Com-
panion.*

Punishment of Children.

SOMETIME ago, as I was coming up
the street, I met a young married
friend, holding her little boy by the
hand. The child had evidently had a
fall, for the pretty suit he wore was
covered with splashes of mud.

"Just look at Willie's new coat,"
she said, in aggrieved voice. "It is
perfectly ruined, and I have had such
trouble to get it made. Is it not too
bad?"

While I was expressing my sympa-
thy, the little fellow looked up into
my face with a woeful expression on
his own. "And mamma is going to
whip me just as soon as we get home,"
he cried.

"I certainly am," she said in the
same indignant tone. "I have told
him at least fifty times to take hold of
my hand and he never will do it, and
this is the consequence."

"It seems to me," I answered some-
what dryly, "that if you have con-
doned the sin of disobedience for forty-
nine times, it is for the sin of falling
down that the child is to be punished;
for if the accident had not happened,
I imagine that the fiftieth act of dis-
obedience would also have passed with-
out comment."

Her cheek flushed for a moment,
then her honest hazel eyes met mine
steadily. "Your reproof is a just
one," she said; "and I shall not soon
forget it."

I would like all our young mothers
to carefully consider this question of
punishment, for it is a most important
one. While grave moral faults are
often passed over carelessly, a child is
frequently very severely dealt with for
the tearing of a dress or the breaking
of an ornament, or any other fault
that involves trouble or expense, even
though the mischief may have been
unintentionally done.

Shocking as the statement may

sound, is it not true that when the
angry mother relieves her annoyance
by punishing the object of it, she is
really revenging herself upon it for
the trouble it has occasioned?

Certainly it is very provoking to
have beautiful things broken, and
work that has been the result of much
patient labour destroyed through heed-
lessness and carelessness, yet some time
ago, when I heard a child who had
torn a handsome dress, answer sagely
to another who had told her that "her
mother would whip her for tearing it,"
"No; my mother never whips for
clothes," I felt sure she was in wise as
well as loving hands.

In Our Father's House.

OUR Lord allayed the heart-trouble
of his disciples by assuring them that
in his Father's house were many man-
sions, and that the parting which
caused them sorrow was for their good;
that though he was going from them,
it was to prepare a place for them,
and that he would surely return to
receive them & himself, that they
might abide with him forever.

Our Lord speaks of heaven as home:
"Our Father's house." What a con-
trast to the gorgeous imagery employ-
ed by servants is this sublimely simple
familiarity of the child. Inspired
men are overawed by the distant vis-
ion of the Paradise of God, the Cele-
stial City, Jerusalem, with its pearly
gates and streets of gold. It is as if
a poor cottager, after visiting a royal
palace, tried to describe the unimag-
ined splendours of a place which
members of the royal family simply
knew as home. How in harmony with
the high claims of deity asserted by
and for him! The disciples were not
to be troubled on his account. Al-
though betrayed, condemned, crucified,
he was going home. "Let not your
heart be troubled." And because of
their intimate union, they were not to
be troubled for themselves.

If heaven is Christ's home, it is
ours also. He is our Elder Brother.
"He is not ashamed to call us breth-
ren." He said, "I ascend to my
Father and your Father." We are
"joint heirs with Jesus Christ." His
Father's home is ours.

Home promises rest. There the
wearied limbs or wearied brain repose
after the day's toil. So amid the mul-
tiple cares and labours of the present
life, we look forward to "the rest that
remaineth for the children of God."
There will be occupation, but no pain-
ful toil. "Blessed are the dead that
die in the Lord; they rest from their
labours."

Oh, the rapture of meeting again
and being forever at home with the
dear ones we have loved on earth, all
made perfect in the presence of the
Elder Brother, whose likeness all will
bear! Oh, the bliss of holiest, deep-
est, constant sympathy with Christ
himself, and so being in the fullest
possession of "at home" in heaven! There

by grace alone and yet by covenant
right; not strangers, nor visitors, nor
mere residents, but children at their
Father's, having "a right to the tree
of life;" penetrating every recess of
that paradise, entering every chamber
of that palace, and feeling, "It is all
mine, because it is all his!"

O believer, your hope is no idle
dream! That city does glow with
splendour. That paradise is radiant
with beauty. That home of perfect
love is preparing for you. Earthly
hopes perish, human promises fail;
but expectations of believers shall be
more than realized, for they are based
on the truth and love of him whose
silence should have sufficed. "If it
were not so I would have told you."
—*Rev. Newman Hall.*

Stage Coach.

"ALL wanting the same place makes
a great deal of trouble in this world,"
said mamma, thoughtfully. "Shall I
tell you a little story about it—some-
thing I know is true?"

"O yes, do!" chimed the children.

"It is a very sad story, but I will
tell it to you," she went on, "and the
next time that you are tempted to be
selfish, stop and think of it." Once,
long ago, there were four children
playing stage coach, just as you have
been doing now, and, just like you,
they all wanted the first place. Instead
of playing on a log, however, they were
in the spreading branches of a willow
tree.

"I want to drive," said Lucy, set-
tling herself in the driver's seat.

"No, let me drive," and Harry
climbed up beside her. "Let me sit
up there."

"But Lucy did not move.

"Let me sit there," repeated Harry,
giving her a slight push, and crowding
his way on the same branch where she
sat. "You must let me drive."

"A moment more, a sudden crash,
and they were on the ground. The
branch had broken.

"Harry was on his feet instantly,
trying to raise his sister, but there was
a sharp cry of pain, then she lay very
still. Mother and father came run-
ning out of the house and gently lifted
the little fainting form, from which
the arm hung limp and broken. There
was sorrow and crying, but it was all
too late; nothing could turn aside the
weeks of suffering and pain that must
be borne before the little girl could
take her place again among the other
children. I think they all learned a
great lesson of loving unselfishness in
those weary days, each trying who
could bring the most brightness and
happiness into the dreary hours. I
was that little girl, and I learned to
appreciate little kindnesses as I had
never done before. It was then that
I learned something else, too—some-
thing I want you all to remember," and
mamma looked long at the little group.
"It is, 'Even Jesus pleased not him-
self.'"—*Exchange.*

"So He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

SLEEP a little: let your eyes
Close to this world's noisome glare;
Why should you look to and to
God is everywhere.

Sleep a little: let your hands
Rest from such incessant toil;
Your ten fingers are not all-
tool holds sea and soil.

Sleep a little: let your head
Cease from beating problems so;
Some sheaves furnish only straw
God says "Come," and "Go!"

Sleep a little: let your heart
Vex no more for other love;
To you in your hungering wait
God stoops from above.

Sleep a little: let your feet
Stop and rest; the world will run
In its path and to its task--
God will see that done.

Sleep in hope: the night is dark;
Curtains dark are good for sleep;
Till the sunshine floods the slaves
God your soul will keep.

Sleep in peace: all fear less here
Stretched at ease. Let burdens fall
On the floor like clothes cast down
God can manage all

—Sunday at Home.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

A. D. 28] LESSON IX. [Nov. 27.

JESUS AND THE SABBATH.

Matt. 12. 1-14. Memory verses, 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath-days.—Matt. 12. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. Keeping God's Day.
2. Doing God's Work.

TIME.—28 A. D.

PLACE.—Journeying, and in Galilee.

RULES.—Same as in Lesson I.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Once more we go backward in time while we follow on another. We must go back to the pool of Bethesda, and start from Jerusalem as Jesus wends his way once more to Galilee, if we would hear him speak these words of wondrous meaning. We even must enter the synagogue with him on another and later Sabbath, where the withered hand is made whole. These two stories are the story of the lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Through the corn*—Through the fields where grain ripening was growing; their journey was toward Galilee, the allowed Sabbath-day's journey doubtless. *Pluck the ears of corn*—A privilege allowed by Moses' law. See Deut. 23. 25. *That which is not lawful*—Meaning that it was unlawful to do it upon the Sabbath. *What David did*—See the story in 1 Sam. 21. 1-6. *The house of God*—Not the temple, for the temple was not yet built, but into the old tabernacle at Nob. *The show-bread*—This was the consecrated bread placed out before the Lord in the tabernacle, as a sign of consecration renewed every week, and the old given to the priests only, who were themselves consecrated. *The priests profane the Sabbath*—They were compelled to do work in the temple on the Sabbath in order that Israel might worship. *His hand withered*—Probably with flesh and sinews shrunk and shrivelled, making it not only useless but unsightly. *Might accuse him*—That is, to the local synagogue where he was worshipping.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Keeping God's Day.
What was the great command about the Sabbath?
What things were permitted to be done on the Sabbath by Moses' law?

Had the Jews always been as particular as at this time about keeping the Sabbath?
What principle did Jesus lay down to govern Sabbath observance?

Why did Jesus allude to this act of David?
What is the argument which ends in ver. 6?

How did Jesus, as recorded by Mark, say the same thing in still plainer words?

What is the charge made against the Pharisees in ver. 7?

Does the interpretation of Jesus make our modern Sabbath-breaking allowable?

2. Doing God's Work.

What is it to do God's work?

What was the purpose of the Pharisees in thus watching him concerning the Sabbath?

What is the value of the Sabbath?

Is religion of mere negation acceptable to God?

What is meant by "I will have mercy, and not sacrifice?"

What was the work for which Jesus had come?

How did the withered hand afford him opportunity to do his work?

What are the works of God in our day?

How far can one go in doing work on the Sabbath in order to carry on God's work?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

One may work on the Sabbath to relieve human want, or to aid a suffering creature who is helpless, or to heal a man who is sick.

"Blessed are the merciful."

One should never make a case of necessity in order to gratify a selfish want.

Railroad travel, for simple convenience, can hardly be necessary.

Whatever leads away from Christ is Sabbath-breaking.

Jesus did not give needless offence by healing the man with the withered hand. He did no work. He only spoke.

We ought to be careful not to give offence, even where we do not think there is sin for ourselves.

Buying a Sunday newspaper on Sunday is neither a work of love, mercy, or necessity.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Go back to the events which occurred about the same time with these events, and get the whole story fresh before you.
2. Study out the historical allusion to David.
3. Find all the instances of Sabbath observance which the Scripture mentions.
4. Find out how men could go through fields of corn on a journey and not be trespassing.
5. Find the ways in which the priests had to break the Sabbath.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Sabbath.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

9. How do you describe that exaltation?
It was victory over death; his rising again on the third day; his ascending into heaven and receiving power to send down the gift of the Holy Spirit; his sitting at the right hand of God the Father, and his appointment to judge the world at the last day.

A. D. 27] LESSON X. [Dec. 4.

PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

Matt. 13. 1-9. Memory verses, 3-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The seed is the word of God.—Luke 8. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Seed.
2. The Word.

TIME.—27 A. D.

PLACE.—Near Capernaum.

RULES.—Same as in Lesson I.

CONNECTING LINKS.—This parable was spoken just before the time when Jesus gave command to cross the lake, and there came up the terrible storm which by a word he stilled. In order of time, therefore, it belongs between the first and second lessons of this quarter.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Out of the house*—Out of his own house in Capernaum. *By the sea-side*—The sea of Galilee; one of his favorite resorts for teaching. *Into a ship*—A fishing vessel, and pushed a little from the shore, where he could be heard. *In parables*—Illustrative truths. *By the way-side*—The ordinary roads or paths in the East lead often along the edge of the fields, which are

uninclosed; seed would thus easily fall on the hard path. *Stony places*—Not gravelly soil, but rock slightly covered with soil. *Among thorns*—Ground from which the thorns, or brambles, or wild brier, had not been rooted out; such growth can be found about the edges of many fields nowadays; the ground is so covered that grain could not grow. *Hundredfold, etc.*—A hundred times as much.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Seed.*
Where was this parable of the sower spoken?
What, perhaps, furnished the thought to the Saviour's mind?
What was the advantage of this way of teaching?
Was the sower responsible for the places where his seed fell?
What is the seed which Christ had in mind?
Do these laws by which Nature works apply in the spiritual world?
For what is the sower responsible?
Was this parable understood by the hearers?
What injunction made with the parable is equally needed by us?
2. *The Word.*
How is the seed of which Christ spoke sowed?
What takes the place of the soil in the application of this parable?
Who are way-side hearers?
Who are rocky-soil hearers?
Who are thorn-covered hearers?
Is there any fault in any of these cases either with the sower or the seed?
Why are there not more frequent harvests in the Church?
What will be the indications in human life that the word is fruitful? Gal. 5. 22.
How may we have God's word grow in our heart?
What does Christ's interpretation show of his knowledge of the human heart?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Multitudes heard; few received.
There must be seed, and it must be sown, to have even good ground bring forth fruit.
Every hearer of the word is included in these classes. It is a very practical thing for each man to know where he stands.
The air is full of fowls catching away seed. Christ's word is, "Watch!"
Pity that church where the sparrows flock to wait while the seed shall fall, that they may feed.
Ears are for hearing. Some ears carry what they hear to the brain; some carry it to the heart.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Commit this whole parable to memory.
2. Write twenty questions upon it.
3. After three days write the answers without reference to the book.
4. Write what you think the hearers thought this parable meant.
5. Write what you yourself think it means.
6. Write briefly, not in Bible language, what Jesus said it meant.
7. Explain the customs to which the parable alludes.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Fruit-bearing.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

10. How was our Lord exalted in his resurrection?
Because his rising from the dead proved that he was the Son of God; that he had conquered death, and had atoned for sin.
Matthew xxviii. 18. All authority hath been given unto me in heaven and on earth.

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"Tending swine."
"How much do you get?"
"One florin a week."
"I am also a shepherd," continued the bishop, "but I have a much better salary."
"That may all be, but then I suppose you have more swine under your care," innocently replied the boy.

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