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# WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do not be her...  
As ye would  
that they  
should  
Do unto  
You.

Vol. VI.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1888.

[No. 21.

### The Tope of Sanchi.

TOPE is the term used in India to designate the monuments constructed for the preservation of the sacred relics of Buddha. Some of these topes date back to times previous to our Saviour's birth in Bethlehem. Among those most venerated by the thousands of pilgrims who annually visit the "holy places," are the "topes" of Sanchi and Sarnath. These, like nearly all the other "topes" are built in cupola form. The carvings on the base of the Sanchi "topes" are of exquisite design and

### Some of the Uses of Coal-Tar.

THE history of coal-tar reads like a romance. What was formerly so offensive in every sense, has been made to yield something highly charming to at least three of the five senses. Since the discovery of that sickly and somewhat fugitive colour, mauve, by Perkins, thirty years ago, investigation has been carried on with indefatigable industry, till, at the present moment, the most brilliant dyes—scarlets, blues, greens, and yellows—can be extracted from the waste of our gas works.

an extract of the tar itself—benzine. Again, the light which has been shed upon coal-tar has been returned with light, for it is rich in naphtha and other illuminants. This black sea, in which chemists have so successfully fished, has recently been causing a good deal of speculation, on account of a wonderful catch, drawn by Dr. Falberg. As far back as 1879, this gentleman alighted upon a terrible monster, according to one writer, who says that it may be properly termed anhydroorthosulphaminbenzoic acid. Fortunately, Dr. Fal-



THE TOPE OF SANCHI.

workmanship—a trellised vine, intermingled with lotus leaves and flowers. In the interior of this "tope" is the cell or chamber where was deposited the box that contained the relic and the "seven precious things," of gold, silver, lapis lazuli, crystal, pearl, ruby and diamond. This relic, so jealously guarded for these many centuries and worshipped probably by millions, is neither more nor less than a supposed lock of Buddha's hair.

THERE never did and never will exist anything permanently noble and excellent in a character which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.

There never was a deceiver like coal-tar. The lady who turns up her nose, and screws her face, because she happens to get a whiff of the crude article, has possibly just been adding to her charms by using a perfume from the same source. One extract, now risen into considerable commercial importance as a scent, is largely employed in the manufacture of soaps, while its delicacy makes it also available for the higher branches of perfumery.

But this instance of the complexity of coal-tar's character has other parallels quite as singular. It is, perhaps, the last substance that a person would like to get clothes stained with; but if the stains are there, nothing will remove them better than

berg has survived, and so we have full details of this tarry specimen, which he has modestly named "saccharin." For sweetness, it has already completely ruined the long standing reputation of sugar. It caused but little attention for a time—mainly, there is reason to suppose, from the difficulty of making it in quantities, which was experienced at first, and also because there was little demand. A large factory has been set at work in Germany for the production of saccharin. Its present price is forty shillings to forty-eight shillings per pound; and, though this seems a high figure, when we remember that, in the sweetening quality, one pound equals two hundred and twenty pounds of sugar, the cost must be acknowledged to be moderate.

## A Child's Mirror.

A TRUE STORY

"WHERE'S the baby, grandma?"  
The sweet young mother calls  
From her work in the cozy kitchen,  
With its dainty white washed walls,  
And grandma leaves her knitting,  
And looks for her all around;  
But not a trace of baby dear  
Can anywhere be found!

No sound of its merry prattle,  
No gleam of its sunny hair,  
No patter of tiny footsteps,  
No sign of it anywhere!  
All through the house and garden,  
Far out into the field,  
They search each nook and corner,  
But nothing is revealed.

And the mother's face grew pallid;  
Grandma's eyes grew dim;  
The father's gone to the village;  
No use to look for him.  
And the baby lost! "Where's Rover?"  
The mother chanced to think  
Of the old well in the orchard,  
Where the cattle used to drink.

"Where's Rover? I know he'd find her!  
Rover!" In vain they call,  
Then hurry away to the orchard;  
And there by the moss-grown wall,  
Close to the well lies Rover,  
Holding to baby's dress:  
She was leaning over the well's edge  
In perfect fearlessness!

She stretched her little arms down,  
But Rover held her fast,  
And never seemed to mind the kicks  
The tiny bare feet cast  
So spitefully upon him,  
But wagged his tail instead,  
To greet the frightened searcher,  
While naughty baby said:

"Here's a little girl in the 'ater;  
She's dust as big's me.  
Mamma; I want to help her out,  
And take her home to tea.  
But Rover, he won't let me,  
And I don't love him. Go  
Away, you naughty Rover!  
O! why are you crying so?"

The mother kissed her, saying:  
"My darling, understand,  
Good Rover saved your life, my dear,—  
And see, he licks your hand!  
Kiss Rover"—Baby struck him,  
But grandma understood;  
She said: "It's hard to thank the friend  
Who thwarts us for our good."

—Baldwin's Monthly.

## A Clever Bit of Smuggling.

THE contraband trade in Swiss watches some years ago was carried on to such an extent in Paris that the chief of the French detectives determined to perform a clever piece of detective work and bring the offenders to justice. With this object in view he went in disguise to Geneva. He there applied to a celebrated dealer in watches to sell him one hundred of the finest quality. When the price was agreed upon the detective disclosed the condition—that they must be delivered in Paris; to which the watch-dealer readily assented upon an additional sum being added for the risk of transportation. The detective gave a feigned name and address, and it was settled that within a month the watches should be in the French capital.

Upon his return the chief gave notice to the French officers on the frontier of these facts, and, after exciting their vigilance by everything that was calculated to act upon their fears, their pride, or their patriotism, he watched, not without anxiety, the result of his mission. Within the time limited

a stranger called at the street and number which the detective had given, inquired for him by his feigned name, and, upon seeing him, signified his readiness to deliver the one hundred watches agreeably to contract. The agent was taken into custody, was examined, threatened and re-examined, but to no purpose; he protested he was only an agent in Paris to deliver the articles in question for a stipulated price.

The chief of the detectives, mortified and enraged, went back immediately, again in disguise, to Geneva. He sought out the watchmaker and besought him to disclose the means he had used to pass the watches over the frontier; but he was met with only a smile and an evasion. Finding that persuasion had so little effect he next resorted to threats, but with no better success; finally he determined to use that master-key which so often unlocks the bosom where secrets, not otherwise discoverable, lie hidden. He agreed to give the watchmaker ten thousand francs provided he would make a full disclosure.

The bargain agreed upon and completed by the payment of the money, the watch-dealer said to the detective, "Sir, when you came to my place of business disguised like a dealer in watches I knew you as well as you knew me; indeed, before you called upon me I had information that you were in Geneva; and I was, therefore, on my guard. When, therefore, you made me stipulate that the one hundred watches should be delivered in Paris I had no doubt but that you meant mischief, and I acted accordingly. The case was a difficult one; I perceived at once that the watches could not be passed over the lines in the ordinary way; I therefore bribed your own servant and he passed them over as a part of your own baggage, which, on account of your public situation, I foresaw would escape examination."

The chief of detectives returned to Paris wiser than he left it, for he learned that Geneva watch-dealers could use spies and bribes as well as the French police.

## Dropping from the Rigging of the Wreck.

ONE morning, over a year ago, it was discovered that a vessel was wrecked on the rocks between Deer Island, in Boston Harbour, and Winthrop Head. The winter storm had been driving over the sea, and this vessel had been thrown upon the rocks, where a hard, cruel, freezing sea was breaking it up. Men could be seen pitifully holding on to the rigging, and all around them was this fierce maelstrom of the winter storm-sea. A steam-tug tried to reach the wreck, but failed. Then the tug took out a surf-boat, and this, with a picked crew, launched upon that cold, wildly-tossing sea, to windward of the wreck. Could the men in the rigging be reached? The sea had heeled the vessel over so far, that with every lurch she would dip her masts under water, and the men would be buried also. When they came up, they would be dripping with the surf, which, in the terrible cold, froze at once upon them.

As the rescue-boat neared the wreck, the men in the rigging were seen to beat one of their number with a rope, and it was interpreted as an effort to arouse him out of the fatal stupor of freezing. But could those half-drowned, half-frozen men, be taken off? Only one mode of rescue promised any success. Those in the surf-boat shouted to those in the rigging to let go, and drop into the water. They could then be pulled out of the sea.

"Let go!" What, drop into that wrathful, frothing, freezing caldron? Yes, let go, drop!

Ah, there is one who will do it! He watches his chance, and, when the vessel's rigging hangs above the raging sea, drops! He struggles with the waves, but there are friendly hands near him, and

he is quickly pulled into the surf boat. Yes, they have all dropped— one after the other falling into that heavy, writhing sea; but there are strong arms bending down to them and rescuing them. There goes the surf boat, rising, falling, and safely carrying away its precious load, while the baffled sea, as if in wrath, plunges down upon the wreck, and would sweep it away forever.

Clinging to a wreck! What is every soul out of Christ doing but just clinging to a wreck? To stay there will be fatal. The issues of sin are death. But God is not willing to have it so, and holds out strong arms for your rescue. What is religion but a surrender to God? What is it but to fall into his arms, and let these bear you away in everlasting safety? Are you afraid to venture and drop? Do you see no arms beneath you? Only a restless, shadowy sea! They are there. Now trust God's word. You can't see Him, but you can hear his word of promise.

The Bible is sweet with the heavenly music of the divine promises to poor lost souls, out amid the breakers of sin and death. "Whosoever will, let him come!" Take God at his word. Trust, submit, drop, and underneath you will feel salvation's gracious assurance—even the everlasting arms.

## "Follow Copy."

PRINTERS have a rule that every compositor must follow the copy in printing any book or paper.

A short time since a lad in a printing office received from his master a list of Scripture questions and answers to be set up and printed. In the progress of the work the lad turned aside and asked the foreman if he should "follow copy;" that is, set up as it is written. "Certainly," said the foreman: "why not?" "Because the copy is not like the Bible, and it professes to be the language of the book." "How do you know it is not like the Bible?" "Sir, I learned some of these verses at a Sunday-school ten years ago, and I know that two of them are not like the Bible." "Well, then, do not 'follow copy,' but set them up as they are in the Bible." The lad got the Bible and made it "the copy"—his guide and pattern.

"Follow copy," children, wherever you find it according to the Bible, but do not stir a step when you find it differs. Through all your life make the Bible your one copy. Look to your words, your actions, your doctrines and your practices; see that all are according to the Bible, and you will be right. Take nothing for your rule, either in religion or in daily life, but what is like that great unerring and divinely written copy.—*Children's Messenger*.

## Father's Pet.

JOHN HODGE was a hard-working man. He never was rich, nor learned, but he was happy. He had no houses or gold to call his own, but he had a treasure that no money could buy. He called that treasure "Father's Pet." She was his little daughter, who loved him as he loved her. Every day she carried his dinner to him; every night she watched for him to come home. She sang for him, and read to him. She was gentle and obedient, and was bright and warm as sunshine in his house. One day, when some man grumbled because rich men could have some things poor men could not get, John Hodge said, "I thank God for things that are better than gold can buy; and that I can have as well as the squire."

"Why, what are they?" asked the other.

"Sunshine; and flowers blooming; and plenty of love at home; and such a gift as 'Father's Pet,'" said John Hodge.

### The Century Plant.

In my garden grows a plant  
Very stiff and very stately,  
And its curving leaves I grant  
That my eyes admire greatly.

But though I may watch and wait  
All the years that God shall send me,  
Watch it early, tend it late,  
Not a bloom that plant shall lend me.

Once within a hundred years  
Doth it burst to blossom only,  
And forgotten will be tears,  
And no more shall I be lonely.

All delight in earthly bloor  
Will be less than nothing to me,  
When those splendid flowers perfume  
All the walks and haunts that knew me.

So I find my love is more  
For the rose that blossoms yearly,  
Than for all the hidden store  
That this stately plant holds dearly.

Better is it, child, to show  
Daily love and tender sweetness,  
Than to hide in deep below  
All that gives your life completeness.

Better far to fill the air  
With a common, fragrant pleasure,  
Than to stand aloof and rare  
With an unseen glowing treasure.

Bloom to-day, and if the frost  
Shall to-morrow mar your beauty,  
Then you will not, dear, have lost  
All that lies in active duty.

Yet, if God command you, wait  
With a splendour in your growing;  
Stand with meekness in your state  
Till the bud is ripe for blowing.

### Deliverance in Temptation.

JAMES CARTER was a clerk in an eminent bank. He had been connected with it for some time. He was very faithful and skilful, and was highly esteemed by the directors of the bank. One Saturday afternoon, at a time when a large amount of business requiring much writing, had accumulated, and it was very desirable to have it attended to at the earliest moment, the manager of the bank came to James and said:

"I want you to come down to the bank to-morrow. We must get our work up. Of course we shall be generous in our pay for this extra work."

"But," said James, "it is the Sabbath to-morrow."

"I know it," answered the manager; "but it is an extraordinary time; the work must be done, and you must come to the bank."

"I never work on the sabbath," was the answer. "Of course you do not usually; but this must be an exception."

"I have been taught to honour the day, and it would go against my conscience to come to my desk to-morrow. I am really sorry to disoblige you; but I could not conscientiously break the Sabbath."

"I must insist upon my request, and if you cannot grant it, I shall be obliged to supply your place with another clerk, and dismiss you. I shall do this with reluctance, for you have been a faithful young man."

I think this man could not have believed that the youth would stand firmly by his principles. He probably thought the young man would yield, when his failing to do so would cost him his place. What a lesson James was enabled by the grace of God to teach him!

But it was an iron gate. He had a good position. It might be very difficult to find another. He offered a silent prayer, and said:

"I shall be sorry to lose my place. I do not know where I can find another; but I cannot break the Sabbath. I shall not enter upon my work to-morrow, even if I lose my position."

"Very well," was the short, unfeeling answer. "I will hand you what is your due up to to-night. We shall not require your services at this bank any longer."

James went home somewhat despondent, but still confident that he had done right; It was an uncommonly interesting Sabbath upon which he entered the next day; for to keep its hours sacred had cost him a great price. He had placed his case in the hands of his Heavenly Father, and patiently waited for the opening of his providence.

But what an impression had been made upon the mind of this manager! What a rebuke he had received! What an invaluable clerk, after all he had lost! A man so true to his God would not be unfaithful to his employers.

It was only a few days after that he attended the meeting of the directors of a large new bank, just ready to go into operation. They met to elect a cashier. They wanted a man that they could rely upon, if such an one could be found; and they were ready to pay him a high salary.

Now the manager that had just dismissed his clerk offered to name a man. "If they wished," he said, "a truly faithful and capable young man, who would place honesty above wealth, and rather lose his place than sin against God, they could not do better than to offer the position to James Carter." He then frankly told the story. He assured them that James had no idea of this recommendation. He had left the bank rather than break the Sabbath, having no other position in view. His noble step, which at first had irritated him into doing a very unmanly thing, had fully convinced him of the sterling honesty of his character. The nomination was immediately and unanimously accepted, and, to the astonishment of James, the next morning he received the offer of this high position with a large increase of salary. Thus without hands, when he stood before the iron gate of temptation, having lifted up his prayer for help from on high, it swung wide open before him.

### The Origin of the Stocking Loom.

How many of you ever give a thought to the stockings into which you thrust your feet in the morning, and out of which you are always thrusting toes, heels, and knees?

"Somebody knits them, I s'pose," you say, as you look thoughtfully at your comfortably-clothed legs. Not often, in these days, is this answer the right one, for most of the stockings now worn are the work of a very useful machine. An English paper tells us something of its invention:—

"About the year 1589, there was at Cambridge a poor scholar, William Lee, who became a fellow of his college and a master of arts; but he fell in love with a country girl of humble station, and as he had to give up his fellowship when they were married, they became very poor indeed.

"His wife, however, was industrious and clever at knitting, and she worked hard to support herself and husband, who, with all his learning, was not able to earn much, for he could work at no trade, and scholars in those days got poor pay.

"Before their marriage he had talked of inventing a machine to do her knitting for her, and in the weary days of their struggles and poverty, as he watched his wife's nimble fingers plying the knitting-needles, the idea of the machine came back.

"He was sure it could be done, and set to work to discover how. The result was, he invented the stocking-frame—a loom for weaving stockings, and

which imitates exactly the movements of the fingers in knitting.

"The invention was a success. It lifted William Lee out of his difficulties, and placed his name on the long list of English inventors, and gave a start to the making of stockings by machinery, which afterward became a very important English manufacture."

### The Reign of Christ.

THERE'S a light from the cross! There's a light from the Word!

It is flooding the earth with the joy of the Lord!  
And hearts that were aching  
In darkness and breaking,  
Are chanting his praise in blissful accord.

Bow down, Eastern mountains! The Saviour has come!  
And sing, O ye fountains, in every wide zone!  
To every dark nation  
The glad proclamation  
Is offering welcome and pardon and home.

Ay! crumble to dust in your temples of gold,  
Ye idols so ancient and stony and cold!  
The people are yearning  
For comfort, and learning  
The best, sweetest story that ever was told.

There's a light from the cross! There's a light from the Word!

And the kingdoms of earth are the realms of our Lord!  
O Saviour victorious,  
So tender, so glorious!

We praise thee, we bless thee, in reverent accord!

—W. F. M. S.

### "What Did You Say?"

IN a beautiful village a boy, about ten years old, lay very sick, drawing near to death, and very sad. He was dying, and his heart longed for a treasure worth more to him than all gold. One day I came into his room. I sat down by him, took his hand and, looking into his face, asked him what made him so sad.

"O!" said he, "I want to love God. Won't you tell me how to love God?"

I cannot describe the piteous tones in which he said these words, and the look of trouble which he gave me. I said to him, "My boy, you must trust God first, and then you will love him without trying at all.

With a surprised look he exclaimed: "What did you say?"

I repeated the exact words again, and I shall never forget how his large eyes opened on me and his cheek flushed, as he slowly said, "Well! I never knew that before. I always thought that I must love God first, before I had any right to trust him."

"No, my dear boy," I answered; "God wants us to trust him. That is what Jesus always asks us to do first of all; and he knows that as soon as we trust him we shall begin to love him. That is the way to love God—to put your trust in him first of all."

Then I spoke to him of the Lord Jesus, and how God sent him, that we might believe in him; and how, all through his life, he tried to win the trust of men; how grieved he was when men would not believe him, and how every one who believed came to love without trying to love at all.

He drank in all truth; and simply saying, "I will trust Jesus now," without an effort to put himself in Christ's hands that very hour. And so he came into the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, and lived in it calmly and sweetly to the end.

None of the loving friends who watched over him during the remaining weeks of his life doubted that the dear boy had learned to love God without trying to; and that dying he went to him whom, not having seen, he had loved.

**My Shepherd.**

"He leadeth me!"  
 And so I need not seek my own wild way,  
 Across the desert wide,  
 He knoweth where the soft green pastures lie  
 Where the still waters glide,  
 And how to reach the coolness of their rest,  
 Beneath the calm hill-side.

"He leadeth me!"  
 And though it be by rugged weary ways,  
 Where thorns spring sharp and sore,  
 No pathway can seem strange or disagree,  
 Where Jesus "goes before."  
 His gentle shepherding, my solace is,  
 And gladness, yet in store.

"He leadeth me!"  
 I shall not take one heedless step through all,  
 In wind, or heat, or cold;  
 And all day long, he sees the peaceful end,  
 Through trials manifold;  
 Up the fair hill side, like some sweet surprise,  
 Waiteth the quiet Fold.

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**Home and School.**

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1888.

**The Christian Endeavour Movement.**

ITS ATTITUDE TOWARD THE AMUSEMENT QUESTION.

THE attitude of the Society of Christian Endeavour to the so called "doubtful amusements," is a gratifying development of the movement, and the longer it is tried the more clearly it is seen that it is uncompromisingly hostile to all amusements that draw away the hearts of the young from the highest religious aims. It antagonizes these things by giving all its members so much earnest, aggressive work to do for Christ that their energies and time are fully occupied with nobler things. Grateful testimony to this effect comes from pastors in all parts of the land. It has been truly said: "If, instead of being given over to frivolity, the social life of the young can be directed into channels that lead to building up their lives in those things that ally them to Christ and Christian work, it is surely a blessed thing both for them and the Church."

**The Bible in the Heart.**

THE Bible may be in the hand or house, and not in the heart. Physiologists say that food is never really in the body until it is in the blood, and to put it in there requires the process of digestion. The living bread of Christ must pass through the head and heart into the life-blood of character before the tissues of the soul can receive spiritual life and growth. When the celebrated Grimshaw first



STREET PREACHING IN LONDON.

found Christ, he told a friend that if God had drawn up his Bible to heaven and sent him down another, it could not have been newer to him. Yet the only difference was that between the Word in the hand and the Word in the heart; but how vast the difference!

**Drink and Work.**

"I DRINK to make me work," said a young man; to which observation an old man replied thus: "That is right! You drink and it will make you work! Harken to me a moment, and I'll tell you something that will do you good. I was once a very prosperous farmer. I had a good, loving wife, and two as fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home and used to live happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkard's graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age. Had it not been for drink I might have been an independent man; but I used to drink to make me work—and it makes me work now! At seventy-two years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink! drink! and it will make you work!"

There is a powerful warning in this incidental anecdote that ought to be heeded by every boy or young man. And it is forced home as a true outcome of dabbling in strong drinks. They will beat you in the end.—*Home and School.*

**"The Good Old Days."**

YOUNG people who do not like to study under any circumstances, how would you like to be relegated to the "good old days," to learn in the good old way?

Mrs. Somerville thus describes her introduction to school-life: "A few days after my arrival, although perfectly straight and well made, I was inclosed in stiff stays, with a steel busk in front; while above my frock, bands drew my shoulders back till the shoulder-blades met. Then a steel-rod, with a semi-circle that went under the chin, was clasped to the steel-busk in my stays. In this constrained state I and most of the younger girls had to prepare our lessons. The chief thing I had to do was to learn by heart a page of Johnson's Dictionary—not only to spell the words, give their parts of speech and meaning, but, as an exercise of memory, to remember their order of succession."

This was the way in which they studied in those "good old days." Don't you think it will do you good to remember this when inclined to grumble over your lessons?

**Street Preaching in London.**

ONE of the most notable features of early Methodism was its street preaching. Wesley, Whitfield, and many others often took their stand amid the crowded fairs of Moorfields and proclaimed the Word of Life with a power that was attested by the tear-washed furrows on the dusky faces of those who thus heard it. One of the most hopeful signs of the times is that this primitive usage of Methodism is being largely employed in the crowded streets of London, and other great cities. Our picture on this page shows a common scene in Whitechapel Road, London. Every Sunday morning the street is like a fair with crowds of people buying and selling. But faithful ministers take advantage of the opportunity to preach to the multitudes the Gospel of Christ. The picture on the opposite page shows the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, one of the foremost workers in the "forward movement" of the Wesleyan Church in London, preaching in the open air. This movement has been attended with the greatest success. The September number of the *Methodist Magazine* gives a very interesting account of its progress.

**A King Admonished.**

FREDERICK THE GREAT had acquired from his French associates the disgraceful and degrading habit of profane swearing. On one occasion, when the king was profusely profane. One of his guests was the trusty General Ziethen, who was not only brave in the field, but also loyal to the King of heaven. He was deeply grieved at the unkingly behaviour of his master. Rising from his seat at the table and bowing respectfully to the king, he said, in substance:

"Your Majesty is aware that, with due deference to Your Majesty's will, I have ever rendered you such service as I was able to perform. My sword has ever been drawn in defence of Your Majesty's rights and interests without a murmur. But I cannot sit quietly by and hear the name of my Lord Christ thus irreverently bandied about at this table. I salute Your Majesty."

Amid a deathlike silence of the company the brave old veteran took his seat. The king was visibly moved by the heroic conduct of his noble officer, and, taking him afterward into his private apartment, he acknowledged his fault, begged the general's pardon and promised never thus to wound his feelings again.—*Sunday-School Classmate.*



REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

### Our Old Sunday Teacher.

I wonder if he remembers—  
That good old man in heaven—  
The class in the old red school-house  
Known as the "Noisy Seven;"

I wonder if he remembers  
How restless we used to be,  
Or thinks we forgot the lessons  
Of Christ and Gethsemane.

I wish I could tell the story  
As he used to tell it then:  
I'm sure—that, with heaven's blessing  
I could reach the hearts of men.

That voice, so touchingly tender,  
Comes down to me through the years—  
A pathos which seemed to mingle  
His own with the Saviour's tears.

I often wish I could tell him—  
Though we caused him so much pain  
By our thoughtless boyish frolic—  
His lessons were not in vain.

I'd like to tell him how Harry,  
The merriest one of all,  
From the bloody field of Shiloh  
Went home at the Master's call.

I'd like to tell him how Stephen,  
So brimming with mirth and fun,  
Now tells the heathen of China  
The tale of the Crucified One.

I'd like to tell him how Joseph  
And Philip and Jack and Jay  
Are honoured among the churches,  
The foremost men of their day.

I'd like, yes I'd like to tell him,  
What his lessons did for me,  
And how I have been trying to follow  
That Christ of Gethsemane.

Perhaps he knows it already,  
For Harry has told, may be,  
That we are all coming—coming  
Through Christ of Gethsemane.

How many beside, I know not,  
Will gather at last in heaven  
The fruit of that faithful sowing,  
But the sheaves are surely seven.

### A Story of a Hymn.

A PARTY of tourists formed part of a large company gathered on the deck of an excursion steamer that was moving slowly down the Potomac, one beautiful evening in the summer of 1881.

A gentleman, who has since gained a national reputation as an evangelist of song, had been delighting the party with the happy rendering of many familiar hymns—the last being the sweet petition so dear to every Christian, beginning: "Jesus, lover of my soul." The singer gave the first two verses with much feeling, and a peculiar emphasis upon the concluding lines, that thrilled every heart. A hush had fallen upon the listeners, that was not broken for some seconds after the musical notes had died away. Then a gentleman made his way from the outskirts of the crowd to the side of the singer, and accosted him with:

"Beg your pardon, stranger, but were you actively engaged in the late war?"

"Yes, sir," the man of song answered, courteously. "I fought under General Grant."

"Well," the first speaker continued, with something like a sigh, "I did my fighting on the other side; and think—indeed am quite sure—I was very near you one bright night, eighteen years ago this very month. It was much such a night as this. If I am not very much mistaken you were on guard duty. We of the South had sharp business on hand, and you were one of the enemy. I crept near your post of duty—my murderous weapon in my hand. The shadows hid me. As you paced back and forth you were humming the tune of the hymn you have just sung. I raised my gun and aimed at your heart. I had been selected by our commander for the work, because I was a sure shot. Then, out upon the night, rang the words:

'Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

Your prayer was answered. I couldn't fire after that. And there was no attack made upon your camp that night. You were the man whose life I was spared from taking."

The singer grasped the hand of the Southerner, and said, with much emotion:

"I remember that night very well, and distinctly the feeling of depression and loneliness with which I went forth to my duty. I knew my post was one of great danger, and I was more dejected than I remember to have been at any other time during the service. I paced my lonely beat, thinking of home and friends, and all that life holds dear. Then, the thought of God's care for all that he has created came to me with peculiar force. If he so cared for the sparrows, how much more for man, created in his own image! And I sang the prayer of my heart, and ceased to be alone. How the prayer was answered I never knew till this evening. My heavenly Father thought best to keep the secret from me for eighteen years. How much of his goodness to us we shall be ignorant of

until it is revealed by the light of eternity! 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' has been a favourite hymn; now it will be inexpressibly dear."

### A Child's Gratitude.

A PHYSICIAN tells the following very pathetic story of the gratitude of a little German girl.

I was called one day in October to the family of a German, who lived on a small place three miles from town. He was a very poor man, with a large family. One of the many children—a boy of ten years—had the diphtheria. I attended the boy, and he recovered.

He had a sister two years older, named Sadie, who seemed inexpressibly grateful to me for "saving brother Jimmy's life."

She always spoke of me as "the good doctor who saved Jimmy's life;" and I, in turn—won by her affectionate words and way—fell into the habit of speaking of her as "My good little girl." Thus we became great friends.

Not long afterward Sadie herself had diphtheria, for which she was very sorry, because it prevented her from gathering a bushel of hickory nuts to be given to me for saving Jimmy's life.

Her disease ran ominously, but at last she seemed convalescent, and one day her father called to say that Sadie was much better, and that I need not call again.

But early next morning he roused me, and said he feared Sadie was dying. I hastened to her bedside, and found that it was even so.

She knew me. Beside her in the bed, under the ragged quilt, she had a small bag of hickory nuts, gathered by her the day before, at the expense of her life.

She held out the bag. "For saving brother Jimmy," she gasped, and in a few moments my good little girl was gone.

### "Do the Right Thing."

HERE is good advice for all men to follow, at all times and under all circumstances. No matter who you are, what your lot, or where you live, you cannot afford to do that which is wrong. The only way to obtain happiness and pleasure for yourself is to "do the right thing." You may not always hit the mark; but you should, nevertheless, always aim for it, and with every trial your skill will increase. Whether you are to be praised or blamed for it by others; whether it will seemingly make you richer or poorer; or whether no other person than yourself knows of your action, still, always and in all cases, "do the right thing." Your first lessons in this rule will sometimes seem hard, but they will grow easier, until finally doing the right thing will become a habit, and to do a thing wrong will become an impossibility.—*Sch. Ed.*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.—The numbers of *The Living Age* for September 1st and 8th contain *Courage, Fortnightly*; *Mary Stuart of Scotland*, The British Museum and the people who go there, and *In a Garden of John Evelyn's, Blackwood*; *The Peak of Teneriffe, Cornhill*; *Confession of a Gardener*, and *John Campbell Shairp, Macmillan*; *Hunger and Thirst in Australia, Murray's*; *The Tercentenary of the Armada on Skiddaw Top, Spectator*; *The White Race of Palestine, Nature*; and other articles. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; *Littell & Co.*, Boston, are the publishers.

GOODNESS is not a passive quality, but the deliberate preference of right or wrong; the resistance of evil, and the manly assertion of its opposite.

## Toronto.

BY HANS GÖBBEL.

TORONTO fifty years ago  
Was not the city of to-day;  
Rebellion lifted up its head  
And dyed her streets and meadows red  
As patriots fell along the way  
Fierce hunger wandered to and fro,  
Erewhile a still more cruel foe  
Prepared our country's overthrow.

The demon Alcohol, 'twas he  
Who lay in wait to trap and kill  
The bodies and the souls of men,  
His plans insidious laid, and then  
By slow degrees he stole their will,  
Their conscience, manhood, liberty.  
Alcohol? Yes, his very name  
Reminds of wrong and crime and shame.

But lo: the writing on the wall,  
A woman's hand has traced it there;  
Christina Dixon as she stood  
Upon a rough hewn log of wood  
And said, "No whiskey I'll prepare  
If my barn's never built at all."  
Dear little woman, brave and true,  
She "buildd better than she knew."

Toronto felt the wondrous weight  
Of her courageous words and tone,  
And in a little unknown street  
Three friends with earnest purpose meet,  
And pledge, e'en though they stand alone,  
To stand for temperance and right.  
O, Ketchum, Beatty, Dixon true,  
That mother's mantle fell on you!

It was just fifty years ago,  
And yet to-day from south to north,  
From western unto eastern seas,  
We sing aloud our jubilee.  
With badge and banner marches forth  
The temperance host! The mighty foe  
Has learned to tremble, learned that we  
Are marching on to victory.

## The Little Shoes.

ONLY a tiny pair of shoes, ragged and worn, yet Bill Jones clung to them firmly, as he staggered and stumbled along the slippery streets. At last he reached his destination, a low corner shop, with a large sign, which had at each corner a glass of beer, and the words "Silver King," in gilt letters, in the middle. Yes, it was a rum-shop; yet Bill entered it with a proud air. He stumbled up to the counter, and thrust the brown package towards the rumseller, as, with an oath, he demanded a glass of grog.

"Why, Bill, what have you here? A pair of shoes, as I live! Surely you don't expect me to give you a glass for these old things, do you?"

"Why not?" growled the other; "they are worth that much, and I have no money; and I must have one more drink, so I have brought them to pay for it."

"But, Bill, I never exchange drink for such things as these," glancing down at the well-worn shoes on the counter. "Why did you bring them here? This is not a pawn-shop!"

"Can't help it. Got to have my grog. You wouldn't let me have a glass on tick, and so I brought them."

Mr. Clark, the rumseller, took up the tiny shoes, and turned them over in his large hands, and a faint sigh escaped him. Years before, he had little shoes to buy, and, somehow, the sight of these brought back to his mind the little fairy he used to love, but who left, when she died, a lonely home and saddened hearts behind. That was years ago; but Mr. Clark shrank from exchanging a drink for the little shoes that reminded him of his dead child. It was like piercing his stony heart to touch the brown bundle, but he pushed it back from him.

"Take them home, Bill; take them back to your

little child, for she must be cold without them during this bleak weather."

"What's that to you, Mr. Clark, I'd like to know?"

"Nothing, Bill. Only I had a little girl once who wore shoes about that size. No, Bill; for her sake I can't deprive your child of her shoes, and I can't and I won't give you a glass of grog for them, and the rumseller turned away.

"What has beggars, like Jennie, got to wear shoes for," swore Bill, as he picked up the bundle to try some other place.

Clark turned quickly round. "Bill," said he, "go home to your child. If she is a beggar, you made her one. If you would never touch another glass you would be better off. Again, I implore you to take those shoes back to your child. Never will I sell a glass at the price of a child's life. A thousand times no!"

Bill raised himself slowly up, half-sobered by the earnest words of the hitherto usually eager liquor seller. "Well, I'll be blowed!" he muttered, as he turned to go. "Guess, Mr. Rumseller, you have turned parson;" and, with another oath, he departed.

Somehow, Bill no longer cared for a drink just then, so he staggered on until he reached a secluded corner, and sat down. Strange thoughts filled his brain, and his face wore a new expression as he glanced down at the brown parcel in his hand. What had come over him all once? The more he tried to forget it, all the more he found himself thinking of it again. Was it true what Mr. Clark had said, about his making Jennie a beggar? And did the whiskey have anything to do with it? Bill slowly opened the bundle, and took the broken little shoes out. Somehow, his long-hardened heart gave a bound, and something stuck in his throat.

"Poor little Jennie," he whispered, "how could I take away her shoes? What a fiend I am! Little blue-eyed lamb, I'll take them back to her." And he reverently tied them up, and put them into his coat pocket. But his thoughts did not stop with that, and the tears began to fall as he thought how he had neglected her and his Lizzie. "Lizzie," he murmured, "how could he ever treat her so, and yet she was always so kind to him! How she cried when he came home, night after night, drunk and stupid! How often he had heard her and little Jennie pray for him when they thought him asleep! How could he have been such a brute? And then the shoes—" he could not forget them. "Does she love me yet?" he thought; me, a drunkard! Can she ever forgive, I wonder?

Ah! the long years of poverty and want. Was it ever possible that he was young and sober? Yes, only ten years ago—ten years of misspent life! How it all came back to him as he sat there, dirty, ragged, and cold! Ten years ago he was a young, well-to-do man; and sweet Lizzie—the belle of the village—was his sweetheart. How he loved her—with golden hair, and shy, blue eyes! Then came a picture of a neat little farm-house, and Lizzie a bride, and how proud he was of his darling and the cozy home! How happy they were, and how they built air-castles together of what they would do in the future! The future—ah, how bitter was the thought!

Then, when Jennie was born, surely never was there a happier couple nor a lovelier babe. Dear little blue-eyed Jennie, how he loved her! But that was long ago, and now—Lizzie was a sad-eyed woman, with a faded frock, and Jennie a little shadow of a child. The dear old house was gone, and a low, bare attic was the only place he dared call home.

Was it the grog? Ah! well he remembered the first glass, and Lizzie's tears and pleadings; then

the taunts and jeers of the noisy boys, when he refused to drink with them again. How they called him a "milk sop," because he said Lizzie did not wish him to drink. Yes, he saw it all now; and he again saw the rum-shop and the noisy crowd, and how—maddened by their scornful laughs—he filled up his glass, and tossed off drink after drink. That was how it started: the first social glass, then the grog shop, and now a drunkard. Yes, he was nothing but a sot!

Bill groaned, and great drops of cold sweat fell from his brow as the bitter truth burst upon him. Yes, it was the drink. Clark was right—he had made his Jennie a beggar. Was it too late? No, not quite. And Bill, thoroughly sobered now, knelt down in that secluded corner, and, by God's help, made a vow never to touch a glass of liquor again. Somehow, when he arose he felt better, his heart was lighter, and with a firm step he started for home.

Mrs. Jones was sitting beside the sick-bed of her little one, trying to cheer up the lonely child. That she had been crying, could be plainly seen by the red eyes; but now she was reading from the blessed Book, and telling Jennie the "Old, old story, of Jesus and his love."

Steps were heard, and the door was quickly opened, and Bill entered. Coming to the bed-side, where lay the sick child:

"Lizzie," he said, "Jennie, little lamb, I've come home, and it's the shoes done it all! Here they are, safe and sound."

Mrs. Jones stood still in wonderment, then something entered her heart. Was it hope?

"Bill," she cried, "what is it?"

"Lizzie," he murmured; "Lizzie, I've quit. I've taken the temperance vow, and the shoes did it. My wife, forgive the past, and trust me again."

Lizzie, with one fond look, rushed to his side, and there, gathered in his arms, with her tired head upon his breast, listened to the whole story. Need we say how happy that little family was that night, or how Jennie nestled, as of old, in her fond father's arms.

Bill joined the temperance band, and from that time was a devoted worker among his fallen friends, who, like himself, had forgotten God.

Mr. Clark often had a visit from Bill, not as a customer, but as an earnest Christian, who was trying to give him light and hope, and make him give up the saloon. The seed sown was in good ground, for soon the little corner rum-shop was closed, and the sign, "Silver King," taken down. There now stands a large brick building on that corner, and the neat sign tells that "Temperance" reigns there. A large public reading-room has been opened, and cold water is the beverage used. Mr. Clark and Bill Jones are at the head of the good work, and together they labour for God.

In a glass case on the mantel can be found two little soiled shoes, and every visitor knows the history attached to them, and the result. What a glorious cause they represent, and may God bless forever the temperance workers!—*Lula K. Mallack.*

## Save a Mother's Tears.

Two friends were once sitting together, engaged in letter-writing. One was a young man from India, and the other's family resided in that far-off land. The former was writing to his mother in India. When his letter was finished, his friend offered to enclose it in his. This he politely declined, saying, "If it be sent separately, it will reach her sooner than if sent through a friend; and perhaps it might save a tear." Would that every boy and girl were equally saving of a mother's tears.

### The Little Ones He Blessed.

BY MARGARET E. HANGLER.

I WONDER if ever the children  
Who were blessed by the Master of old  
Forgot he had made them his treasures,  
The dear little lambs of his fold,  
I wonder if angry and wilful  
They wandered afar and astray,  
The children whose feet had been guided  
So safe and so soon in the way.

One would think that the mothers at evening  
Soft smoothing the silk tangled hair,  
And low leaning down to the murmur  
Of sweet childish voices in prayer,  
Oft bade the small pleaders to listen,  
If haply again they might hear  
The words of the gentle Redeemer  
Borne swift to the reverent ear.

And my heart cannot cherish the fancy  
That ever those children went wrong  
And were lost from the peace and the shelter,  
Shut out from the feast and the song,  
To the days of gray hairs they remembered  
I think, how the hands they were riven  
Were laid on their heads when he uttered,  
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

He has said it to you, little darling,  
Who spell it in God's Word to-day;  
You too may be sorry for sinning,  
You also believe and obey.  
And 'twill grieve the dear Saviour in heaven  
If one little child shall go wrong,  
Be lost from the fold and the shelter,  
Shut out from the feast and the song.

### A Boy Hero.

THERE was a boy, whom we will name Luke Varnum. He was fifteen years old, and he was lame of his left foot. So, when every other boy in No. 5, and every man, old and young, shouldered his firelock and marched off to join General Stark, and go and fight the Hessians at Bennington, Luke was left at home. He limped out, and held the stirrup for Lieutenant Chittenden to mount, and then he had to stay at home with the babies and the women.

The men had been gone an hour and a half when three men galloped up on horseback, and Luke went down to the rails to see who they were. "Is there anybody here?" said one of them. "Yes," said Luke; "I am here." "I see that," said the first man, laughing; "what I mean is, is there anybody here who can set a shoe?" "I think I can," said Luke. "I often tend fire for Jonas. I can blow the bellows and I can hold a horse's foot. Anyway, I will start up the fire."

So Luke went into the forge, and took down the tinder-box and struck a light. He built the fire, and hunted up half-a dozen nails which Jonas had left, unintentionally, and he had even made two more, when a fourth horseman came slowly down on a walk.

"What luck," said he, "to find a forge with the fire lighted!"

"We found one," said Marvin, "with a boy who knew how to light it."

And the other speaker threw himself off the horse meanwhile; and Luke pared the hoof of the dainty creature, and measured the shoe, which was too big for her. He heated it white, and bent it closer to the proper size.

"It is a poor fit," Luke said, "but it will do."

"It will do very well," said her rider; "but she is very tender-footed, and I do not dare trust her five miles unshod."

And, for pride's sake, the first two nails Luke drove were those he had made himself; and when the shoe was fast, he said:

"Tell Jonas that I het up the forge and put on the shoe."

"We will tell him," said the colonel, laughing, and he rode on.

But one of the other horsemen carried a minute, and said, "Boy, no ten men that left you to-day have served your country as you have. It is Colonel Warner."

When I read in the big books of history how Colonel Warner led up his regiment just in time to save the day at Bennington, I am apt to think of Luke Varnum.—*E. E. Hale.*

### Musical Fishes.

THE fishes are supposed to have no voice at all; and, indeed, this is the case with most of them. But there are exceptions to every rule, and so it is with the fish. One fish utters a cry when it is seized. There is another which wails like a child when it is taken from the water. Another fish makes a sound as it swims—that is, at one season of the year; all the rest of the year it is silent. But what do you think of a fish that sings?

There is a little white fish, with blue spots on its back, which lives in America, and which can actually make a sound like music. A traveller was one day lying on the beach resting himself, when suddenly he heard a sound; it was like music in the distance. He got up and looked about him—but nothing was to be seen. A boatman was close by, and he asked him if he had heard anything.

"Yes," said the boatman, "I heard a fish singing."

The fish was called by some people the "siren;" by others, "musico," or "musician." The traveller pushed off in a boat to hear the music better. He heard a number of voices singing together. It was like a concert in the water. The sound was a little like an organ playing in the distance.

The musical fishes are said to begin to sing at sunset, and keep on singing during the night. They are not very timid, and will continue their music if people are standing by to listen.—*The Sea and its Wonders.*

### I Can't Help It.

A MINISTER was sitting in his study, very busy with the preparation of his sermon and a multitude of other affairs, when, without any notice of his approach, save the heavy sobs caused by a pinched finger, his little boy entered the room. "Look, papa, how I hurt it!" said the child, as he held up the maimed member. With a hasty glance the father saw the boy, and somewhat sharply replied, "I can't help it, sonny." The little fellow had expected some kindly word, and as he went out of the room, he said, in an undertone, "Yes, you could; you might have said 'Oh!'"

There is no doubt that even such a simple sign of sympathy would have aided very materially in bearing the pain; and it certainly would not have cost the parent much to give it to his wounded child. No one can sell the worth of a kind word, as it often lifts the loads which we all have to carry, or may make them seem lighter, because we know another is sharing them. It does not appear to be much to say "Oh!" and yet to the sufferer it comes as a relief in the midst of pain. Let us always seek to alleviate the woes of others by such deeds of love, giving a smile or the shake of the hand to cheer a fellow-traveller along life's rough road. The expense will never ruin anyone, but will enrich a great many.

I have often felt very unable to show much sympathy with certain sufferers, and all that it has amounted to has been an "Oh!" after all.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle." We may do our

best to talk comforting words, but we cannot take away the ache or bear a part of the pain. When our time comes to pass through similar trials, we shall be only too thankful for even the "Oh!" of sympathising friends.

Our Lord is "touched with a feeling of our infirmities," and so becomes a ready succourer in all times of need. There is no sympathy to be compared to that of the Saviour, for he can not only speak a word of comfort to help to bear the burden, but he can also remove it by a word. When all other friends fail in their efforts to bring solace to a wounded spirit, then a tender Jesus supplies all the comforts of his sweet love, and the broken heart is healed. May grace be given to us ever to "bear one another's burdens;" and when we cannot share the griefs of others, tell them to him who will carry all cares for them if they only cast them upon him.

### He Hears.

"Of all that I brought with me from the home of my childhood into the world," said a leading business man in the West, "the most valuable possession was the habit of kneeling to ask God's blessing, night and morning. Often it was a mere mechanical form. At times, when I was in desperate straits, my prayer was a single inarticulate groan for help. But it kept alive in me the idea that there was a Power stronger than I, than money, or business, or life itself. That idea saved me."

An African explorer, one of the first to venture into the Dark Continent, wrote: "In all the dangers through which I passed, in the long fever, and even in the criminal excesses to which I, a young man, and far from home, was a half-consenting witness, one thread kept me from sinking and utter ruin. It was the knowledge that on the other side of the globe an old gray-haired woman was praying for me. No man can go utterly to destruction as long as his mother keeps one hand on him and the other on God."

"Archimedes," says a great teacher, "only wanted a lever long enough, and a place to rest it on, to move the world. The lever is prayer. It rests upon the promise of God."

It is stated that John Wesley was first brought to the consideration of religious truth by the prayer of a poor servant for him. If this be true, that prayer was the lever which lifted not only one man's soul, but ultimately the whole Christian church into life and activity.

In one of our seaboard cities is an immense building, which is lighted by electricity. At the touch of a knob in a closet, the countless lamps and huge chandeliers flash into radiance, and all the vast audience halls glow with light. A sick child, the daughter of the janitor, usually presses the knob with her little finger, and is made happy by knowing that she has given light to thousands of people.

The poor woman in her closet, the invalid on his bed of pain—praying for God's blessing on others—put their hands in faith on that Power that controls the world. They do not see the result; they may even die without knowing the light that they may have caused to shine in dark places; but they have the sure promise that the Infinite wisdom and pity heeds their summons, and does not turn away from their pleadings.

A MINISTER who had preached in a vacant pulpit was handed five dollars as compensation, and then profusely complimented on his discourse. "Oh," said the preacher, "say nothing about that sermon; you ought to hear one of my ten-dollar discourses."



The Quiet Pilgrim.

What shall I say? He hath both spoken unto me and himself hath done it. I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul. --Isa. XXXVIII. 15.

WHEN on my soul in nakedness His swift, avertless hand did press, Then I stood still, nor cried aloud, Nor murmured low in ashes bowed; And, since my woe is utterless, To supreme quiet I am avowed; Afar from me be moan and tears - I shall go softly all my years.

Whenso my quick, light-sandaled feet Bring me where joys and pleasures meet, I mingle with their throng at will; They know me not an alien still, Since neither words nor ways unsweet Of stored bitterness I spill. Youth shuns me not, nor gladness fears - For I go softly all my years.

Whenso I come where griefs convene, And in my ear their voice is keen, They know me not, as on I glide, That with arch-sorrow I abide, They haggard are, and droop'd of mien, And round their brows have cypress tied; Such shows I leave to light grief's peers - I shall go softly all my years.

Yea, softly! heart of hearts unknown, Silence hath speech that passeth moan, More piercing-keen than breathed cries To such as heed, made sorrow-wise. But save this voice without a tone, That runs before me to the skies, And rings above thy ringing spheres, Lord, I go softly all my years!

—Scribner's Magazine.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 1451.] LESSON IV. [Oct. 28

THE FALL OF JERICO.

Josh. 6. 1-16. Memory verses, 15, 16

GOLDEN TEXT.

By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days Heb. 11. 30.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Besieged City. 2. The Lord's Host.

TIME.—1451 B.C.

PLACE.—Before the city of Jericho.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The story grows in interest. The heathen nations hear of this wonderful passage of the river, and are thrown into great fear. They rally, however, for the defence of Jericho. Joshua begins his preparations for the conquest of the land by an act of entire consecration of the whole people, and by a solemn celebration of the passover. Joshua himself receives a personal revelation as he goes in the night to inspect Jericho, and is assured of the presence and help of the Almighty. Then comes our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—Straitly shut up—Closely shut up; the gates closed and defended; also hemmed in by the army of Israel. Seven trumpets of rams' horns—Signal trumpets, or, horns for blowing a loud sound. Seven—The number so often used here and elsewhere was the Hebrew sacred number. The rearward—The gathering host, or entire rear of the army following the priests.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. The Besieged City. Where was the city of Jericho? What was it sometimes called, besides Jericho? Deut. 34. 3; 2 Chron. 28. 15. What is meant by its being "shut up"? What does the fact of a very strong wall about this city prove? What is shown by the fact given in ver. 1 concerning the army of Israel? What would naturally be the effect upon the country if Israel could capture this city? What was the effect? ver. 27. 2. The Lord's Host. Was there any doubt in Joshua's mind that he should capture the city?

What had given him his strong assurance? chap. 5. 13-15. Who was the real leader of the army? Who once had words similar to chap. 5. 15 spoken to him? see Exod. 3. 5. What was the plan for the capture of Jericho? What was the central figure in this marching host? What caused the complete success of this singular plan? Heb. 11. 30. Whose faith? What characterized every act of Joshua in all this scene?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Learn how to win in the battle before you. (1) Be obedient to orders (2) Be patient day after day though there are no results. (3) Be orderly in God's service. (4) Be early at the work. (5) Be ready to "shout," or to do the thing which the time demands, when the time arrives. Sin is entrenched in the human heart and defended by walls of many thickneses: pride, lust, envy, selfishness, appetite, hate, greed. These walls must fall.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. Learn what wonderful changes had occurred in Israel's condition since the passage of the Jordan. 2. Study the story of the spies. 3. Find the sequel to that story, and see if you can find any after traces of Rahab. Heb. 11. 31; James 2. 25; Matt. 1. 5. 4. Study out the future concerning Jericho. How could it have existed in Christ's time if it were so utterly destroyed in Joshua's time?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What promise had God given Joshua concerning Jericho? I have given it into thy hand. 2. How many parts compose the besieging army? The soldiers, the priests and the people. 3. What was the method of the warfare? To march each day around the city. 4. On the seventh day how was it varied? By seven marches and a blast of trumpets. 5. When the trumpets sounded, what did the people do? Shouted with a great shout. 6. What was the effect of the people's obedience? "By faith the walls of Jericho," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Triumphs of faith.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

4. What was the sin by which our first parents fell from their holy and happy state? Eating of the fruit of the tree of which God had forbidden them to eat. Genesis 1. 16, 17. The Lord God commanded the man saying: Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat: but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die. Genesis iii. 6.

B.C. 1451] LESSON V. [Nov. 4

DEFEAT OF AI.

Josh. 7. 1-12. Memory verse, 10-12

GOLDEN TEXT.

Incline my heart unto thy testimonies, and not to covetousness. Psa. 119. 36.

OUTLINE.

- 1. The Defeated Army. 2. The Despairing Cry

TIME.—1451 B.C.

PLACE.—Jericho. Ai.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The destruction of Jericho was complete. Only Rahab was saved. Sheep and cattle, man and woman, young and old, even furniture and garments, all were pitilessly destroyed, save the silver and gold, the vessels of brass and of iron, which were consecrated to the Lord. The curse of God was pronounced upon the city, and Joshua turned to other work for his people. Let us see how he succeeded.

EXPLANATIONS.—The accursed thing—There was to be no spoil or booty; everything was cursed. If a single soldier took a thing for booty, it was an accursed thing. View the country—A military reconnaissance. In the going down—The is, on the descent of the hills. Hearts . . . melted—Became very greatly disheartened. Rent his clothes—An expressive symbol of grief common in the Orient: it was done by tearing downward a hand's breadth of the loose outer robe. Dnt on their heads—Another symbol of humiliation.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. The defeated Army. What army was defeated?

Where and by whom was the army defeated? Why did God allow this defeat? How widely did this guilt of one man reach? Can you find any Scripture instances of parallel nature? Rom. 5. 12. How was the sin discovered? How severe was the defeat which Israel suffered? Was the whole army defeated? What would be the moral effect throughout the country of such a defeat?

2. The despairing Cry.

What was the burden of Joshua's cry? Was the Lord's answer to him a rebuke? What prophet in later days received a similar rebuke? 1 Kings 19. 9-15. Should Joshua have known that there was sin among the people that caused defeat? In what does the cry of Joshua show despair? In what respect is the prayer or lament unworthy of Joshua? What promise of the Scriptures was nevertheless exemplified in Joshua's experience? James 4. 8.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Sin always involves others besides the sinner. Have you found it so? Sin delights in exposing the sinner. Satan would have only half a victory if he could not bring disgrace upon the sinner. Covetousness takes many forms: Achan "saw," that was not wrong; "took," that was; "hid," that was cowardly. A thief is always a coward—he was a sneak thief. We do not all do like Achan. But - do we covet? The only thing that can separate us from God is sin.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. Read chap. 6 from ver. 17 through. 2. Read all of chap. 7. 3. How many things are said about Joshua in this lesson? Can you find more than six? 4. How many joined in this mourning? 5. Find a proof of God's omniscience in this lesson. 6. Read Psa. 90. 8. 7. Write ten questions which tell what you think about this lesson.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was Joshua's next military attempt? The capture of Ai. 2. What was the result? Defeat and loss of thirty-six men. 3. What was the effect upon the people? They were greatly frightened. 4. What was Joshua's first act? He gave way to grief. 5. What did God tell him was the cause? The sin of the people. 6. What ought this lesson to make each of us pray? "Incline my heart," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The consequences of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

5. Why were they commanded not to eat of this fruit? To try them whether they would obey God or not. 6. Wherein lay the evil of eating the forbidden fruit? In the spirit of disobedience to God, unto whom, as their Creator and Benefactor and Lord, they ought to have been in entire submission.

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