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WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
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VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 24, 1889.

[No. 17.]



UBUJWE AND UGUHA
HEAD-DRESS.

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

XVII.

On the 5th of January, 1877, we resumed our journey down the Livingstone. Early on the 6th I began to explore the First Cataract of the Stanley Falls. The waves were enormous, and the slope so great that the river's face was all foam. We had to hew a path through the jungle, and drag the canoes two miles overland. But soon we heard the

roar of another cataract, sounding solemnly and terribly near. Presently we heard drums and war-horns sounding on the left bank. We had no time for consultation or even thought: the current was swift, and the hoarse roar of the Second Cataract was more sonorous than that of the first, thundering into our affrighted ears that, if we were swept over, destruction— sudden and utter— awaited us.

There was one way to resolve the problem, and that was, to meet the savages and dare their worst, and then to drag the

canoes through the dense forests on the left bank. We divided the expedition into two parties, or relays—the one to work by night, the other by day; after which I took a picked body of pioneers, with axes and guns, and cut a narrow path three miles in length; and, after seventy-eight hours' terrific exertion, succeeded in reaching the welcome river, and launching our canoes.

We camped on the night of the 19th on the right bank. I flattered myself that I was tolerably well acquainted with the arts of savages, but my astonishment was very great to find myself only a novice after all. For in the morning one of my people came to inform me, with a grave face, that we were netted!

"Netted!" I said. "What do you mean?"

"True, master. There is a tall, high net round the camp from above to below, and the net is made of cord."

"Ah! if there is a net there must be men behind, to spear the game." We fired at random into the bushes, and made a rush forward, and captured eight of the savages. They confessed that they lay in wait for man-meat.

At noon of the 23rd, we found ourselves four miles north of the equator, by observation. I dropped the lead, with twenty fathoms of line, into the river, but found no bottom.

On the 25th, the roar of the Seventh and last Cataract of the Stanley Falls burst upon our ears with a tremendous crash. The sonorous boom of the great war-drums was soon heard, mustering every fisherman from the creeks, and every hunter from the woods that clothed the banks, to the war. While I wondered at the senseless hate and ferocity which appeared to animate these primitive aborigines, we were compelled to adopt speedy measures for defence and security; for these people, if confident in numbers, do not require much time to snatch up their spears and shields and rush to the fight. Accordingly, we seized upon a position in the dense forest, and, posting the riflemen in form in our front, heaped up a high, dense wall of brushwood for our protection.

At five a.m. we discovered, to our good fortune, that the people had abandoned the villages. The entire population might be moderately estimated at six thousand.

As the river—1,300 yards wide one mile above the falls—becomes narrowed, the current quickens and rushes with resistless speed for a few hundred yards, and then falls about ten feet into a boiling and tumultuous gulf, wherein are lines of brown waves six feet high, leaping with terrific bounds, and hurling themselves against each other in dreadful fury. Here was a stupendous river flung

in full volume over a waterfall only five hundred yards across. The river at the last cataract of the Stanley Falls does not merely fall—it is precipitated downwards. Again we dragged the boats around the falls. The next day we were attacked both from front and rear, and almost the whole of the afternoon we were occupied in defending a rude camp we had hastily thrown up.

On the morning of the 28th we resumed our labours with great energy, and by ten a.m. were clear of the last of the Stanley Falls;



THE FIGHT BELOW THE CONFLUENCE OF THE ARUWIMI AND THE LIVINGSTONE RIVERS.

thus closing a series of desperate labours, which had occupied us from the 6th of January—a period of twenty-two days—during the nights and days of which we had been beset by the perverse cannibals and insensate savages who have made the islands amid the cataracts their fastnesses.

The Livingstone now deflected west-north-west, between hilly banks—

“Where highest woods impenetrable
To star, or sunlight, spread their umbrage broad
And brown as evening.”

We are once again afloat upon a magnificent stream, whose broad and gray-brown waters woo us with its mystery. The boat-boys are apt—if permitted thinking-time to brood upon our situation—to become disquieted and melancholy; to reflect on the fate of those who have already been lost; and to anticipate a like dolorous ending to their own lives. I thought even Frank was half affected by the sudden cessation of trouble; for, after the boat-boys had become hoarse from chanting, his voice was heard in a doleful and sad strain, of which the words were as follows:—

“The home land, the fair land,
Refuge for all distressed,
Where pain and sin ne'er enter in,
But all is peace and rest.

“The home-land! I long to meet
Those who have gone before;
The weeping eyes, the weary feet,
Rest on the happy shore.

“The home-land, the bright land!
My eyes are filled with tears,
Remembering all the happy band,
Passed from my sight for years.

“When will it dawn upon my soul?
When shall I meet that strand?
By night and day I watch and pray
For thee, dear, blest home land.”

I thought the voice trembled as the strain ended, and, lest I should be affected also—by no means a desirable thing—I said cheerily: “Frank, my dear fellow, you will make everybody cry with such tunes as those. Choose some heroic tune, whose notes will make us all feel afire, and drive our canoes down stream as though we were driven by steam.”

“All right, sir,” he replied, with a bright, smiling face, and sang the following:—

“Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high.

“Journeying o'er the desert,
Gladly thus we pray,
And with hearts united
Take our heavenward way.”

“Ah, Frank, I should think you would prefer the homeward way, for that is the way I pray I may be permitted to lead you.”

“How do you like this, sir?” he asked.

“My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say
Thy will be done.

“Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
Thy will be done.

“What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh!
Submissive would I still reply,
Thy will be done.”

“Frank, you are thinking too much of the poor fellows we have lately lost. It is of no use, my

son; we must drive on—drive right through to the sea. The time for regret and sorrow will come by-and-by; but just now we are in the centre of Africa; savages before you—savages behind you—savages on either side of you. Onward, I say! Onward to death, if it is to be! I will not listen to regrets now. Sing, my dear Frank, your best song.”

He responded by singing:—

“Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before!”

Again and again, as we sailed onward, we were attacked by the savages on the shore. They were hideously be-painted for war—one-half of their bodies being white, the other ochreous. Shouting their war-cries, they rushed on our stockade-fences like a herd of buffaloes several times, in one of which charges two of our men were killed.

Up to the afternoon of the 29th of January we had fought twenty-four times, and out of these struggles we had obtained sixty-five door-like shields, which upon the commencement of a fight on the river at all times had been raised by the women, children, and non-combatants, as bulwarks before the riflemen; from behind which, cool and confident, the forty-three guns were of more avail than though there were one hundred and fifty riflemen unprotected. At sunset our antagonists retired, leaving us to dress our wounds and bury our dead, and prepare for the morrow by distributing a new store of cartridges.

About ten o'clock of the 30th another conflict began in the usual way—by a determined assault on us in canoes. By charging under cover of our shields we captured one canoe and eight men. Through our captives we were able to negotiate for an unmolested passage. Though hostilities ceased, the drumming continued with unabated fury; bass and kettle-drums gave out a thunderous sound, which must have been heard to an immense distance.

We were getting weary with fighting every day. The strain to which we were exposed had been too long; the incessant, long-lasting enmity shown to us was beginning to make us feel baited, harassed, and bitter. Dared we but dash down by night! Ah, but who could tell us what lay below! Whom could we ask, when everything in the shape of man raised his spear and screamed his rage at us as soon as we were observed! So we emerged out of the forest shades of the islands with soured and embittered feelings. But we would turn our eyes resolutely away from the advancing cannibals until they came within spear-throw of us, and then, why—we must fight again.

Destiny urged us on. There were no retreats for us. Man refused us, and the forest rejected us, for it had nothing to support us.

In these wild regions our mere presence excited the most furious passions of hate and murder, just as in shallow waters a deep vessel stirs up muddy sediments.

At 2 p.m. on February 1st we see a great concourse of canoes hovering about some islets which stud the middle of the stream. The canoe-men—standing up—give a loud shout as they discern us, and blow their horns louder than ever. We pull briskly on, when, looking up stream, we see a sight that sends the blood tingling through every nerve and fibre of the body, arouses not only our most lively interest, but also our most lively apprehensions—a flotilla of gigantic canoes bearing down upon us, which, both in size and numbers, utterly eclipse anything encountered hitherto! We form in line, and keep straight down the river,

the *Lady Alice* taking position behind. Yet, after a moment's reflection, as I note the numbers of the savages, and the daring manner of the pursuit, and the apparent desire of our canoes to abandon the steady, compact line, I gave the order to drop anchor. Four of our canoes affect not to listen, until I chase them, and threaten them with my guns. This compelled them to return to the line, which is formed of eleven double canoes, anchored ten yards apart. The shields are next lifted by the non-combatants—men, women, and children—in the bows, and along the outer lines, as well as astern, and from behind these the muskets and rifles are aimed.

We have sufficient time to take a view of the mighty force bearing down on us, and to count the number of war-vessels which have been collected from the Livingstone and its great affluent. There are fifty-four of them! A monster canoe leads the way, with two rows of upstanding paddles, forty men on a side, their bodies bending and swaying in unison as with a swelling, barbarous chorus they drive her down towards us. In the bow, standing on what appears to be a platform, are ten prime young warriors, their heads gay with feathers; at the stern, eight men, with long paddles, guide the monster vessel; and, dancing up and down, from stem to stern, are ten men, who appear to be chiefs. The crashing sound of large drums, a hundred blasts from ivory horns, and a thrilling chant from some two thousand human throats, do not tend to soothe our nerves or to increase our confidence. As the foremost canoe comes rushing down, and its consorts on either side beat the water into foam, I turn to take a last look at our people, and say to them:—

“Boys, be firm as iron. Wait until you see the first spear, and then take good aim. Don't think of running away, for only your guns can save you.”

Frank is with the *Ocean*, on the right flank, and has a choice crew, and a good bulwark of black, wooden shields. Manwa Sera has the *London Town* on the left flank; the sides of the canoe bristling with guns, in the hands of tolerably steady men.

The monster canoe aims straight for my boat, as though it would run us down; but, when within fifty yards, the warriors let fly their spears. But every sound is soon lost in the ripping, crackling musketry. For five minutes we are so absorbed in firing that we take no note of anything else; but at the end of that time we are made aware that the enemy is re-forming about two hundred yards above us. We therefore lift our anchors, and pursue them up stream, along the right bank, until, rounding a point, we see their villages. We make straight for the banks, and continue the fight in the village streets with those who have landed, hunt them out into the woods, and there only sound the retreat, having returned the daring cannibals the compliment of a visit.

Evidences of cannibalism were numerous in the human skulls that grinned on many poles, and the bones that were freely scattered in the neighbourhood.

(To be continued.)

Good temper is an essential factor in success in almost any department of life. A superintendent who loses his temper in his school becomes himself at once the worst element of disorder and confusion which he is trying to reduce. And a teacher who grows cross when his class is disposed to be unruly has lost his last chance to control the turbulence.

A Swan Song.

BY META E. B. THORNE.

"WHERE is our Mabel, our beautiful darling?"
Wild ran the cry over crag and o'er lea.
Ah, they have traced her, by fairy-like foot-prints,
Down to the shore of the treacherous sea.
There, where the tide in its ebb left uncovered
Long sloping stretches of silvery sand,
Stands little Mabel, with wind-rippled tresses,
Stands she, alas! widely severed from land.

"How did she reach it?" The tide had receded
Far back of yon rock a short hour ago;
Searching for pebbles and delicate sea-shells,
The child wandered thither; no fear did she know.
High on its summit, safe, she thought, from danger,
She perched like a bird blithely liting in glee,
Heedless, until the dark waves rushing round her,
Threatened to bear her far out to the sea.

What shall she do? Ah, who now can save her?
No boat at hand, and no strong arm is near.
A few frightened women and children gaze dumbly—
Mother and friends fairly helpless with fear.
Then rushes forward Alina, her sister,
None can restrain her, no voice does she heed;
Over the white beach and into the ocean
She plunges intent on some glorious deed.

She reaches the rock, but each moment the billows
More madly breaks round it as in sweeps the tide;
Weary and breathless she looks o'er the surges
Vainly; all hope of return seems denied.
"Mabel!" she whispers, as close to her bosom
The little one nestles in confident love,
"Jesus can help us to win our way homeward,
Or he can bear us to safety above.

See how in anguish dear mother is weeping!
Can we not show her we do not despair?
What can we say?" Then a pure, childish treble
Rose like a song-bird, high, clear, on the air;
"In every high and stormy gale
My anchor holds within the veil
On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

Two voices joined ere the first strain was ended,
Rich, pure, and strong in their undaunted faith.
Calmly brave eyes looked across the mad waters,
Bringing so swiftly and surely their death.
Higher and higher the billows are rising,
Foaming and raging as eager for prey;
One last glance shoreward, and then upward gazing,
Once more sweet voices ring out o'er the bay:—
"On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

Then comes a billow, white-crested, swift rushing,
Breaks o'er the rock. Straining eyes on the shore
Eagerly watching those slight, girlish figures,
Look for them vainly—they see them no more.
Higher the tide still flows in, every billow
Sweeping on toward the crags and the lea;
Will they be dashed on the rocks, or be carried
By the return tide far out to the sea.

What is it yonder? Two white, upturned faces
Tossed by the waters now hither, now there!
Hark to the agonized cry of the mother:
"My children! My children!" Oh, voice of despair!
Surges that beat on the rough rocks so madly,
Bear them as tenderly here as ye may!
Just at the feet of the grief-stricken mother:
Two rigid forms are cast rudely that day.

Mabel, safe clasped in the arms of her sister,
Now gently cared for, half opens her eyes;
'Gainst jagged rocks roughly dashed, bruised and wounded,
Alina's brave soul has gone home to the skies,
Gone with the song on her lips but half-finished,
Gone from the dear ones with hearts anguish riven;
Strong faith is merged in the more perfect vision—
Hope finds fruition eternal in heaven.

WHAT we call trouble is only His key that draws
our heartstrings truer, and brings them up sweet
and even to the heavenly pitch. Don't mind the
strain; believe in the *note* every time. His finger
touches and sounds it. If you are glad for one
minute in the day, that is His minute; the minute
He means and works for.

The White Signal.

It is told of Charles George Gordon, that, when
in the Soudan, one half-hour each morning there
lay before his tent door a white handkerchief.
"And," says the one writing of it, "the whole
camp knew the significance of that small token,
and most religiously was it respected. No foot
dared to enter the tent so guarded. No message,
however pressing, was carried in; whatever it was
—of life or death—it had to wait until the signal
was withdrawn. Everyone knew that God and
Gordon were alone there together."

What a reproof this is to those who live from
"hand to mouth," as regards prayer! If the
morning holds a quiet hour; if the ones comprising
our little world keep away from us, and give us a
chance; if the wants do not press in too clamour-
ously; and, above all, if we can do it unobstru-
sively—in a way that tells none what we are about
—we withdraw and hold communication with the
One our faith holds to, condensing or expanding
the time as circumstances seem to warrant.

Is this not true? Is not this a fair representa-
tion of the way most of us draw our heavenly
store for the day's need? Now, not until we sys-
tematize, and not until we come out boldly and
say, "I must have this daily supply of grace, and
I will;" not until we place the day's duties back
of us resolutely at some stated hour, and say to
them, "Wait," can we hope to scale the higher
walls where the sun rests continually, and the soul
finds benediction waiting at each day's end.—*The
Moravian.*

The Throstle at Work.

YES, even while I write, it is hard at work in
that holly-tree there, not many yards from my study
window. For some days past it has been very busy
getting together materials for a nest. I saw it
carry the first few twigs and pieces of withered
grass into the tree, and now the nest must be
nearly completed. I do not intend climbing the
tree to look at it, for two reasons: first, because a
holly-tree is not an agreeable tree to climb; and
second, if the throstle saw me up the tree it would
probably forsake the nest. The nest will contain
four or five beautiful eggs; and if the coarse, cruel
boys get to know this, they will try to steal them;
and there are even coarse, cruel men who would do
the same thing. But I have resolved to defend
that nest with all the strength I possess. It is
very seldom the throstle builds so near the habitation
of man, and I will show it that its confidence in this
instance has not been misplaced. If any one wishes
to rob that nest, they will first have to settle the
matter with me. In collecting the materials for it,
bit by bit, hundreds of journeys have been performed,
and after all the trouble that has been expended in
putting the nest together, it would be a cruel thing
to pull it to pieces, for the sake of the few eggs
that are in it. While, to rob it after the eggs have
changed into soft, downy, warm little birdies,
would be an act of heartless barbarity, such as, I
hope, no reader of HOME AND SCHOOL is capable of.
If God notices the fall of a bird to the ground, he
notices its keen anguish as it flutters, shrieking
wildly, over its ruined home; and he notices also
the boy who causes all this misery.

Surely the throstle, of all birds, should remain
unmolested. Were its clear, delightful notes hushed
to silence, how much duller would this bright
season be! Amid all the beautiful sights and
sounds of joyous springtime, what object sends so
much gladness as the throstle perched on the sum-
mit of the tree in the morning light, singing with
all its strength, like the glorified spirit of Spring!

"High on a bare, conspicuous spray,
That none may doubt who chants the lay."

After the terrors of the long winter, how soothing is
the sweet bird-music which now comes pouring in
upon us from every tree and bush and hedgerow!
We have been taught to believe that all things
serve a Divine purpose, from the brightest arch-
angel before the throne down to the tiniest dew-
drop that reflects the glory of the rising sun. Dr.
Bonar's lines are well known—

"Thou usest all thy works,
The weakest things that be;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on thee.
Thou usest tree and flower,
The rivers vast and small;
The eagle great, the little bird
That sits upon the wall."

May we not regard the singing birds as the natural
angels of God, sent forth to minister to us in our
sadness, and to tell us that our Father remembers
us still! While I am writing these lines, the old,
but ever fresh, melodious notes are borne to me on
the quiet evening air, from a neighboring tree.
Thank God for the song of the throstle! May we
have grace to carry its music with us into all our
future life!

Cigarette Smoking.

THE boy who buys cigarettes is sure to injure
himself.

Now, I will take the most favourable case of all,
and the rarest. Suppose a boy has a lot of good
cigarettes, and smokes a few of them every day.
Is there any injury in that?

I can tell you—for I have had such boys for
patients. Such smoking, even in so-called modera-
tion—as if there were such a thing as moderation
in stimulants for the young!—will do three things
for him: 1. It will run his pulse up to one hundred
or more per minute. 2. It will reduce his weight
below the healthy standard. 3. It will reduce his
strength and general vitality, as well as appear in
his pale complexion and his diminished appetite.

If this is true of boys smoking under the least
injurious conditions, how much truer is it in the
more frequent case where bad and adulterated to-
bacco, and excessive smoking, combine in their
attack upon the delicate tissues of the growing lad?
The physiologist will tell you that the effect of
stimulants in general is to check the changes in
tissue. In a growing animal of any kind this
means to check the growth.

The dog fancier is said to give whiskey to the
puppy when he wishes to stunt its growth. I do
not know whether he has taught puppies to smoke,
but it would be a good way to keep them from
growing.

It is no use, of course, to point out the trials and
troubles of learning to smoke. No youngster but
is cheerfully willing to brave them, for nothing
gives him so much a sense of "manliness," as he
imagines it, as the mastery of this accomplishment.

In conclusion. Cigarette smoking is one of the
worst habits, physically, that a boy can form. It
injures the heart and the digestion, and it tends to
check the growth. It gives a lad false and silly
notions, and does not bring him into good com-
pany. I am not one of those who think that severe
measures are often necessary in the management of
children that receive a careful and affectionate
training. But if, in some cases, nothing else will
do, it is well to consider that a "switch in time
saves nine."

ALL actual heroes are essential men, and all men
are possible heroes.

Harvest Hymn.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

ONCE more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with Autumn leaves.

O favors old yet ever new!
O blessings with the sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That east it shines behind us still.

God gives us, with our ragged soil,
The power to make it Eden fair,
And richer fruit to crown our toil,
Than Summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom,
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold;
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with northern ices cold.

And by these altars wreathed with flowers,
And fields of fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the latter rain.

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

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How God Teaches the Birds.

On the island of Java grows a tree, the leaves of which are said to be a deadly poison to all venomous reptiles. The odour of the leaf is so offensive to the whole snake family, that, if they come near the plant in their travels, they immediately turn about and take an opposite direction.

A traveller on the island noticed one day a peculiar fluttering and cry of distress from a bird high above his head. Looking up, he saw a mother-bird hovering round a nest of little ones in such a frightened and perplexed manner as to cause him to stop and examine into the trouble. Going round to the other side of the tree, he found a large snake climbing slowly up the tree, in the direction of the little nest.

It was beyond his reach; and, since he could not help the little feathered songster by dealing a death-blow, he sat down to see the result of the attack. Soon the piteous cry of the bird ceased, and he thought, "Can it be possible she has left her young to their fate, and has flown away to seek her own safety?"

No; for again he heard a fluttering of wings, and, looking up, saw her fly into the tree with a large leaf from this tree of poison, and carefully spread it over her little ones. Then, alighting on a branch high above her nest, she quietly watched the approach of her enemy. His ugly, writhing body crept slowly along—nearer and still nearer—until within a foot of the nest; then, just as he opened his mouth to take in his dainty little breakfast, down he went to the ground as suddenly as though a bullet had gone through his head, and hurried off into the jungle beyond.

The little birds were unharmed; and, as the mother-bird flew down and spread her wings over them, the poison-leaf—poison only to the snake—fell at the feet of the traveller; and he felt, as never before, the force of the beautiful words: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? yet not one of them shall fall to the ground without your Father;" for who but He who made the dear little birds could have told this one the power there was in this little leaf?—*Good Words.*

Facts About Air.

BY LEIGH NORVAL.

A GROWN person uses one gallon of air every minute. If this air be pure and dry it will be mainly of two gases—nitrogen and oxygen; and there will be about four times as much of nitrogen as oxygen. A tiny quantity of carbonic acid will be in the purest air also; but in a sick-room there is apt to be too much to be wholesome, and, therefore, plenty of fresh air ought to be let in. The carbonic acid gas is necessary for the growth of plants, but much of it is poisonous to people.

If we could live without air, and all of it was to float away from our world, every shadow would make blackness. The air reflects and spreads light, and without it no object upon which the sun does not shine directly would be visible. Think of it! Instead of the pleasant shade of trees, spots of inky darkness; all through the house—in brightest day—thick darkness. We would continually stumble into shadowed places outdoors, too; where we would have to halt, for fear of getting hurt or lost in the pitchy night there, though the sun shone its best abroad.

We see, then, how well it is to have air, besides needing it for breathing. Without air, a fire could not be kindled, nor would we hear a sound. The power, the wisdom, and the mercy of God are preached perpetually by his arrangements in Nature. The need of a Saviour is deeply written in our hearts, but only in God's Word do we find in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Another fact about air is, that the part of it which reflects blue could be packed away in a portmanteau or travelling satchel. Were it packed up and carried off, no appearance of sky would be left—only a dizzy, dreadful nothingness above us. How we should miss the smiling splendour and sweet blessedness of heaven's blue dome! With



M'SHAZY HAVEN AND CAMP, AT THE MOUTH OF M'SHAZY RIVER.

its grand roofing, it makes a superb temple for God's worship of the green earth.

Unspoiled by Honours.

IT is a sad sight to see a man so puffed up by wealth or position that he forgets that his father was a cobbler, and cannot remember the faces of his old neighbours; and it is pleasant to meet those who, however honoured and exalted, retain the frankness and friendship of youth, and remember "auld lang syne."

A writer tells the following story of one of the leaders of Washington society, who did not forget an old neighbour:—

"At one of the receptions of Mrs. Senator Gwynn, an old countryman was shown into her parlour. He was a 'constituent,' and was dazed by the lights, the crowd, and the elegance about him. He stood helpless and awkward—fumbling with his hat and red bandana. Mrs. Gwynn came forward, held out both hands, and, in her fresh, clear voice, cried, after the old Kentucky style: 'Why, Daddy, how do you do, and when did you come?'

"'Lord, child,' answered Daddy, 'how'd you know me? I ain't seen you sence you were a little thing.'

"'No, Daddy,' she answered, 'the last time you saw me I was up to my elbows in soap-suds, washing my dress to go to a picnic on your farm.'

"And she made much of the old man, introducing him as 'an old friend of mine,' and making his visit one of the events of his life—a thing to be talked about with his memories of Henry Clay and the Mexican war."

Forgiveness.

AN old Christian black woman was going along the streets of New York with a basket of apples that she had for sale. A rough sailor ran against her and upset the basket, and stood back—expecting to hear her scold frightfully; but she stood down and picked up the apples, and said: "God forgive you, my son, as I do."

The sailor saw the meanness of what he had done, and felt in his pocket for his money, and insisted that she should take it all. Though she was black he called her mother, and said: "Forgive me, mother. I will never do anything so mean again."

Ah! there is a power in a forgiving spirit to overcome all hardness. There is no way of conquering men like that of bestowing upon them your pardon, whether they will accept it or not.

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THE SEVENTH CATARACT, STANLEY FALLS.

Are All the Children In?

THE darkness falls, the wind is high,
Dense black clouds fill the western sky;
The storm will soon begin;
The thunders roar, the lightnings flash,
I hear the great round rain-drops dash—
Are all the children in?

They're coming softly to my side;
Their forms within my arms I hide,
No other arms are sure;
The storm may rage with fury wild,
With trusting faith each little child
With mother feels secure.

But future days are drawing near,
They'll go from this warm shelter here,
Out in the world's wild din;
The rain will fall, the cold winds blow,
I'll sit alone, and long to know
Are all the children in?

Will they have shelter then secure,
Where hearts are waiting strong and sure,
And love is true when tried?
Or will they find a broken reed,
When strength of heart they so much need
To help them brave the tide?

God knows it all; his will is best;
I'll shield them now, and yield the rest
In his most righteous hand;
Sometimes the souls he loves are riven
By tempests wild, and thus are driven
Nearer the better land.

If he should call us home before
The children land on that blest shore,
Afar from care and sin,
I know that I shall watch and wait,
Till he, the keeper of the gate,
Lets all the children in.

—Transcript.

A Manly Confession.

IN conversation with a gentleman a few days since, we were surprised to learn that he had not lived with his wife for seventeen years. He had the honesty and manliness to confess that his wife was a pure, good woman, and that he alone was to blame for their separation.

It is the same old story, with the usual result. He began to take a toddy once in a while with his friends, and at last he frequented the saloons and neglected his wife. She bore patiently with him until forbearance ceased to be a virtue; "but," said he, "drink leads to other vices."

The next step after drinking is the society of fast women and gamblers; then all pleasures of home, wife, and children are obliterated, and the great cankers of society—drunkenness, licentiousness, and gambling—walk hand-in-hand with a fire-brand of eternal destruction to consume the last vestige of morals and usefulness of society, and the peace and prosperity of the family circle. Beyond a doubt, the greatest incubus of the human family to-day is the drink habit, which leads to all

other vices and crimes. Men do often become disgusted with the company of unvirtuous females and gambling dens, and reform and make useful citizens; but it is rare that men ever repent of drunkenness after they have reached and passed a certain stage. This fact alone is sufficient to urge every one into the ranks of Prohibition, if there is a spark of sympathy and humanity left in his soul.

The above is only a repetition of tens of thousands of cases that might be named. That poor, unfortunate man confessed his sins and shortcomings, but declared that his appetite for liquor was so strong that he could not cut loose

from his evil habits, and there seems to be no hope for him and tens of thousands of others, except by Prohibition, and the removal of his temptation.

It seems to us that, after listening to his manly confession, and hearing his pleadings for a reformation and the removal of the liquor traffic, if men should still refuse to vote the Prohibition ticket, then they would commit the almost unpardonable sin of omission.

We presume that there are many Pharisees who will say that if men have not the moral courage to give up their habits and make men of themselves without the aid of Prohibition, then they are not worth saving. That, however, was not the spirit of our blessed Saviour when he was on earth. His example was: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more." "Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend (stumble), I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend (or stumble)." That is the true Christian spirit. The question is not whether is it a sin for a Christian to take a glass of wine or beer, but is it prudent or best for him to do so, and thus set an example to a brother who is certain to fall if he partakes of any kind of liquors? In other words, if only one person out of a thousand can not partake of alcoholic liquors without becoming a drunkard, and hence be lost to society and heaven, then, does not common sense dictate that it should be put beyond the reach of every one by Prohibition?—*Selected.*

Boys on Carpets.

"JANE, what makes you have those great, stamping boys in your parlor every Sabbath night?" "Because I love them." "But I should think they would spoil your new carpet. It is light, and must show the spots that seven or eight pairs of boots make. When it is snowy they must bring in the snow, and when it is muddy, track in the dirt. Lear me, I would not have half a dozen boys in my parlor once a week for a good round sum." "I wish there were a dozen of them." "But don't you know they will wear your carpets more than half a dozen parties? Boys' boots are so heavy, and their steps so careless. I expect some of them have nails in their boots. I shouldn't enjoy the boys anyway." "Yes, that's it." "And I am sure I would be in fidgets every minute." "Perhaps you would, but I think not. I think you would, after a time, like myself, delight in having them with you. I think our weekly class prayer-meeting helps these boys. Indeed, I know it helps them. It gives me a great deal more pleasure than saving the carpet ever could. Perhaps they do wear it a little, but boys are worth more than carpets, be they three-ply, tapestry, or the best that ever were made. I've got the best interest on this parlor in-

vestment of any venture I ever had, and I've tried it ten years. Read this, and see if it is not better than money at ten per cent., or saving your parlor carpet. A young man, a tutor in the college, writes:—"Those precious Sabbath-night meetings! the dearest memories of my boyhood cling about them. I don't think I should ever have started in the right way if it had not been for them; and after I had started in the right way they helped me right along. Thank God for that and those meetings."

"Company Manners."

Do any of you hate to go into a room full of company? Do you hang about in the hall? Do you find your way into a corner, and stand as still as if you were hung up under the picture? Do you wish you had never come? Do you find your hands and feet in the way? Are you uncomfortable and shy and awkward and angry, and longing—above everything—to get out of the scrape?

Well, here is comfort for you from Dr. Edward Everett Hale. It is grand and sympathetic advice. Follow it. Follow it, if the following requires all your will and perseverance:—

"Oh, dear! I can remember perfectly the first formal evening party at which I 'had a good time.' Before that I had always hated to go to parties; and since that I have always liked to go. I am sorry to say I cannot tell at whose house it was, but I could tell you just how the pillars looked between which the sliding-doors ran, for I was standing by one of them when my eyes were opened, as the Orientals say, and I received great light.

"I had been asked to this party, as I supposed—and as I still suppose—by some people who wanted my brother and sister to come, and thought it would not be kind to ask them without asking me. I did not know five people in the room. So it was that I stood sadly by this pillar, and said to myself, 'You were a fool to come here, where nobody wants you, and where you did not want to come; and you look like a fool, standing by this pillar, with nobody to talk to.' At this moment, and as if to enlighten the cloud in which I was, the revelation flashed upon me which has ever since set me all right in such matters. Expressed in words it would be stated thus: 'You are a much greater fool if you suppose that anybody in this room knows or cares where you are standing or where you are not standing. They are attending to their affairs, and you had best attend to yours, quite indifferent as to what they think of you.'

"In this reflection I took immense comfort, and it has carried me through every form of social encounter from that day to this. I don't remember in the least what I did; whether I looked at the portfolios of pictures—which, for some reason, young people think a very poky thing to do, but which I like to do—whether I buttoned some fellow-student, who was less at ease than I; or whether I talked with some nice old lady, who had seen with her own eyes half the history of the world which is worth knowing. I only know that, after I found out that nobody else at the party was looking at me, or was caring for me, I began to enjoy it as thoroughly as I had enjoyed staying at home.

"As it is with most things, then, the rule for going into society is not to have any rule at all. Go unconsciously; or, as St. Paul puts it, 'Do not think of yourself more highly than you ought to think.' Everything but conceit can be forgiven to a young person in society. St. Paul, by the way—high-toned gentleman as he was—is a very thorough guide in such affairs, as he is in most others. If you will get the marrow out of those little scraps at the end of his letters, you will not need any handbook of etiquette."—*Well-Spring.*

Little Things.

Five little loaves of barley bread
Brought by a little lad—
By these five thousand men were fed—
The people all were glad.

And with the bread two little fishes
Were also brought along,
And thus were satisfied the wishes
Of all that hungry throng.

A farthing is a little thing—
Two tiny mites no more;
And when a widow these did bring,
She gave up all her store.

The Master's commendation then
Are words that ring to-day;
She'd far excelled the wealthy men—
Had given more than they.

The seeds of many plants are small,
In every garden found,
But mustard seed is least of all
That's cast into the ground,

And still we all can plainly see
If in the soil 'tis laid,
It grows to be a stately tree,
Where fowls oft seek a shade.

A sparrow is a little bird,
Of plumage bright and fair,
Yet who has not the saying heard,
That God for it doth care?

A little ant is very small—
How small to human eyes!
But God on man doth earnest call
To note her, "be wise."

A little word in kindness spoken
To one oppressed with grief,
Will prove, should ne'er that word be broken,
A sweet and blest relief.

Teachers' Department.

Measure of the Child.

WHEN the old prophet of Samaria was called to the house of the Shunammite woman, whose little son lay dead in the prophet's own little chamber, he fell upon the dead form of the child. He "put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands; and he stretched himself upon the child," and prayed, and the child grew warm, and lived again.

The business of a Sunday-school teacher is to bring the child to a new life. This will require the same powers Elisha employed—just those, and no less—the mouth, the eye, the hand. Strange as it may seem, the mouth of the teacher must be put to the plane of the tongue and understanding of the child. The eye must look straight into the eye of the child; and the hands must take tender, full, firm hold upon the hands of the child.

The lesson of the old prophet suggests wisely to us all. Mouth to mouth, eye to eye, hand to hand—these are the conditions of a successful adaptation. It is a lofty attainment. It is easy for one to scatter thought around within the range of the knowledge of the matured mind so that it can gather it up. He who teaches the young must be no scatterer—eye to eye is the way of success.

1. Simplicity, sincerity, truthfulness. Throw away the chaff—the young can't swallow the chaff. Pick out the bones—the young cannot digest bones. Simple, pure, unadulterated truth; the truth of God—the life of the soul. These must be brought mouth to mouth.

2. Illumination, vividness, clearness. The young love pictures, and their hearts are won by them. Their souls are elevated and transformed by the image. Dry, dull reasoning, and parading of the opinions of the teacher, are not to be thought of.

Let the truth be held up like a picture before the eye of the student.

3. Helpfulness. It is not enough to merely put words in the ear of the young, nor is it enough for the teacher to put truths eye to eye. There must be a touch of hand to hand. There must be a lifting up of the thought and heart and life of the children. The young mind must be taught to think, and gather treasures for its own keeping. One of the defects of our Sunday-school teaching is the mere sponging off of the class with the water of salvation. We want a hand to take hold of the hand of the young, and lead them to the fountain, where they can drink.—*Our Bible Teacher.*

Frankness and Harshness.

How often a bitter speech, which has caused keen pain to the hearer, has been followed by such words as these, as if in justification of the unkindness shown: "I'm a plain, blunt person, and I have to speak out just what I think. People must take me as the Lord made me."

Anything meaner than such an attempt to throw the responsibility for one's ugliness of temper off upon the Lord it would be hard to imagine. Frankness of speech is one thing, but harshness is a very different thing. The Lord never endowed any man with such a disposition, or put him in such circumstances that he was obliged to make stinging, cruel remarks. Some people have more difficulty than others in being sweet tempered and kindly-spoken, but when one fails it is his own fault.—*The Work at Home.*

Home Talent.

THERE is a tendency in some families to depreciate whatever is done by any of its members. Instead of encouraging any honest endeavour to excel, nothing but unkind criticism is offered.

Criticism is good, and generally beneficial to the criticised, if it be given in a kindly spirit. It is good—especially for young persons—to enter into compacts, to call attention to each other's mistakes in speech and conduct. But care must be taken that it does not degenerate into a habit of fault-finding. On the other hand, every well-meant correction should be gracefully and gratefully accepted, and over-sensitiveness be carefully guarded against.

In the Lowe family, no such spirit of censoriousness, as alluded to, prevailed. Mabel honestly thought that no one could play the flute like her brother Bert. Although the performance was faulty to the highest degree, she would have pitted him against the best brass band in the country. No one could do anything in that line better than her own Bert. The brother, on the other hand, judged just as liberally of his sister Mabel's performances. Why, the greatest *prima donna* in the country could not have charmed him like the voice of his sister. This appreciation of each other's talent made them satisfied with each other; and, as a consequence, they had no longing for other playmates, but they were contented and happy in each other's company.

If Mabel and Bert are spared to reach womanhood and manhood, the remembrance of their childhood days will always bring strength to them in trial, light in darkness, and change many a desolate spot into an oasis in the wilderness of life for them.—*Selected.*

THIS span of life was lent for lofty duties, not for selfishness; not to be whiled away in aimless dreams, but to improve ourselves and serve mankind.

A Regular Boy.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

He was not at all particular
To keep the perpendicular,
While walking, for he either skipped or jumped.
He stood upon his head awhile,
And, when he went to bed awhile,
He dove among the pillows, which he thumped.

He never could keep still a bit;
The lookers-on thought ill of it;
He balanced on his ear the kitchen-broom;
And did some neat trapezing,
Which was wonderfully pleasing,
On every peg in Grand-pa's harness room.

From absolute inanity,
The cat approached insanity
To see him slide the banisters, so rash;
And once on that mahogany,
While trying to toboggan, he
Upset his calculations with a crash!

And since that sad disaster
He has gone about in plaster—
Not of Paris, like a nice Italian toy;
But the kind the doctor uses,
When the bumps and cuts and bruises
Overcome a little regular live boy.

Little Straws.

"GEORGE, will you go out to the stable and bring me a few small straws in your hand?" said Mrs. Jones one evening, after they had talked about the next Sabbath's lessons a little while.

"Yes, ma'am," said George pleasantly, as he ran down the garden-walk, for he knew that mamma wanted to show them something about the lesson.

"Will these do, mamma?" said George, as he came back in about one minute.

"Yes, my dear. Can any of you tell me which way the wind is blowing this evening?"

"Why, mamma," said Lucy, "the wind is not blowing at all. There is hardly a leaf in the garden moving. It is all as quiet as a churchyard."

"Now we shall see what use we can make of George's straws. Go out into the garden, George, and throw them up into the air."

George did as he was told.

"Now," continued his mamma, "which way does the wind blow?"

"North-east!" shouted several voices at once.

"Now you see the meaning of that old sentence you hear so often:—'Little straws tell which way the wind blows.'"

"But what has this to do with our lesson, mamma?" said George.

"I do not think I said it had anything to do with it, but we will make it have something to do with it. Can you tell me again what men Gideon was told to pick out of his army in the second division?"

"It was those who raised the water to their mouths with their hands, and lapped it like a dog."

"Well, that seems a very little thing to pick men by, and yet that little thing may have told a great deal about the men. Some tell us that those who knelt down to drink had to lay aside part of their armour; but the others did not lay off any of theirs—they stood ready for battle all the time. And so a very little thing may show now what kind of people we are. I think I can tell a good deal about a boy from the way he walks. If he goes moping along—dragging his feet on the ground as if he was not able to lift them—I set him down as a lazy boy. If I peep into a girl's room and find everything upside down—topsy-turvy—shoes on the bed and dresses on the floor; towels on the writing-desk and books on the wash-stand—I set the owner of the room down for a lazy girl. So you see, my children, you should always 'watch the little things!'"

How Much Owest Thou?

BY MRS. L. E. ALLEN.

WAYBACK through the mists and the shadows,
Where cycles and cycles of time,
With centuries coming and going,
Make history grand and sublime;
Comes forth this question of questions,
From out of the book of God's Word,
Comes forth with a solemn, sad meaning,
"How much owest thou to my Lord?"

O man, with life's care and its burdens,
So heavy and wearing to bear;
O woman, whose sorrows are weaving
The silver threads into thy hair;
How much owest thou for the mercies
That mingle their sweetness with all?
How much for the faith and the courage
That saved thee from many a fall?

O thou who hast won for thy keeping
Rare treasures of silver and gold;
And wist not the unrighteous mammon
Was waiting thy life to enfold;
Came never a questioning spirit,
Was never a silent voice heard,
That said to thy soul as a warning,
"How much owest thou to my Lord?"

Thou, too, who hast treasures of knowledge,
And God-given talents to use,
Where all of life's gifts and its graces,
Are offered from which thou canst choose;
Is the dark world made brighter and better
Because of thy deeds and thy word?
If not, O seeker of knowledge!
"How much owest thou to my Lord?"

O youth, at the threshold of manhood,
With power to be and to do;
With hope like a star hanging o'er thee
And lighting thy life's path all through;
For all that thy future may promise,
Where faithfulness brings its reward;
For victory over temptation,
"How much owest thou to my Lord?"

O maiden, with face like the morning,
With voice than the robin's more sweet,
God gives thee the power of wooing
And winning sad souls to his feet.
While now the glad angels are waiting,
Some beautiful act to record,
They bend to thy soul with a whisper,
"How much owest thou to my Lord?"

How much owe we all, when far nations
In darkness are longing for day?
And close by our doors are the needy,
How can we turn coldly away?
Time, money, and talents are given,
And light shining out of God's Word,
Illumines the page where is written,
"How much owest thou to my Lord?"

A Snake Story.

BY LIZZIE T. LARKIN.

"HURRAH, Uncle Ben! Tell us a story," shouted three merry boys, as they rushed into Uncle Ben's sitting-room.

"By what authority," said their uncle, "do you rush into my room and demand a story, or my life, is it, boys? At any rate, I suppose, my life will be of little worth until I do tell you one, so here goes."

"Oh! good, good," shouted the boys. "Mother has ordered us in out of the rain, and there's really nothing to do in the house, and nobody to help us."

"Well, gather round," said Uncle Ben; and the boys obeyed—in their rush to see who could get closest, nearly upsetting quiet little Jennie, who had been sitting on a stool at her uncle's knee when they came in.

"What shall it be about?"

"A snake story—a good rousing snake story," said the boys. "You've seen so much of Western

life, you must know an abundance of good snake stories."

"And what would my little Jennie like?" said Uncle Ben; "for we mustn't forget her!"

"I'd like to hear about birds or flowers," said Jennie.

"Well, we'll put it to vote," said the good uncle. "All those in favour of snakes please say Aye."

The boys shouted "Aye" almost loud enough for town-meeting.

"Contrary minds, No." A dead silence.

"I guess I won't vote," said little Jennie. "I can have my story some other time."

"Now," said Uncle Ben, "I'm going to tell you about a strange kind of snake with more than one head."

"A double-headed snake!" said Hal. "That would be a curiosity. I saw a double-headed calf the last time I was in Boston."

"Did he eat with both heads?" said Jennie.

"He didn't eat at all—he was stuffed."

"Oh! I didn't know," said Jennie.

"Didn't know that calves and folks don't eat when they are stuffed?" said comical Tom. "Why, I found that out last Thanksgiving."

"Oh, stop!" said Jimmie; "I want to hear about the snake. Where does this double-headed snake live?"

In parts of British America, where the Indians are found; in the United States, in some African regions, in Europe, in some parts of Asia, and even on the Islands of the Sea.

"Well, I should think it was pretty common," said Hal; "and yet I never saw it nor heard of it before."

"Perhaps you know more about it than you think," said their uncle. "I'll go on now, and say that this snake has not only two heads, but a dozen or more; and one strange thing about it is, he has the power, when first seen, to keep all the heads out of sight but one—and you'd think him just as harmless as one of those little green snakes the boys used to pick up when I went to school, to frighten the girls with. And then, when one begins to look at this snake, it fascinates or charms him so that he keeps on looking; then puts out his hand and strokes the reptile, as one would stroke a kitten; and then, before he is aware almost, it gives a spring, and goes right down his throat."

"O Uncle Ben! that's a little too tough," said Jimmie. "This goes beyond what folks call 'fish stories,' if it does come from you."

"But it is true, nevertheless," replied his uncle.

"What becomes of the other heads, uncle?" said little Jennie. "If they are really fastened on to the snake they must go down, too."

"Well, you are right," was the quick reply; "they generally do, and the result is, the man has a nest of snakes in his stomach, that bite and gnaw and torment him so that he wants to be drinking all the time to still the pain and longing he feels; and the worst of it all is, the only stuff that will satisfy him poisons his blood and his brain, leads him to abuse and ill-treat his dearest friends, and ruins him—body and soul."

"Oh!" said Hal, "I begin to see, uncle. I do know something about this old double-headed, treble-headed, I-don't-know-how-many-headed snake, and I've seen some of his heads, too, I guess. Isn't his name Intemperance?"

"Who can give a better name, or, rather, a more appropriate one?" said Uncle Ben.

"Alcohol!" shouted the children.

"And what is the name of the little, innocent-looking head he shows first, which young men—and even boys and girls—think so harmless that they will let it run down their throats?"

"Ale! lager-beer! wine!" came the answer.

"Isn't there one a little more innocent-looking than either of these?"

"Cider!" said little Jennie.

"Yes, you are right," said Uncle Ben. "Strange, none of you boys thought of cider! I wonder why. And didn't I say true: once that innocent-looking little viper in the stomach, the whole vile troop follow, as a general thing?"

"I rather guess so," said Hal, rather reluctantly.

"How is it, boys? Are you going to be willing to run the risk of having a nest of vipers in your stomachs, for the sake of the taste of a little sweet cider? Oh, boys! I rather think, by something I saw the other day, that you need a little special enlightenment on this subject, and you don't realize that you are in danger through your love for cider. I don't know but I had to lose my health, and come all this distance, to show my sister's boys that their feet are standing on slippery places, and to help them get on to a better foundation."

Father Taylor.

FATHER TAYLOR, the famous Boston preacher, who found his life-work among sailors, was himself a sailor in his youth. After his conversion he was at one time taken prisoner, with his shipmates, by a British man-of-war, and as they did not enjoy the ministrations of their chaplain, they urged young Taylor to act in that capacity. His career began in this way:—

Sitting down with one of his shipmates, he asked him to read passages from the Bible. As he read, Taylor listened for a word that would suggest a sermon. He was a prisoner, and felt it; a patriot, and felt it; a Christian, and felt it. The fellow-prisoner and patriot—possibly fellow-Christian also—opened and read from the Ecclesiastes. He struck on this passage:—

"Better is a poor and a wise child, than an old and foolish king."

"Stop!" cried Taylor; "read that again."

"That will do!" he exclaims. "Give me the chapter and verse."

Chapter and verse were given, and the young man sat brooding his sermon. The hour came, and the audience. The youth began, blundering and tangled, but with the root of the matter in him; which root speedily broke forth into rich blossoms and fruit. As he rushed on the river of his speech, and described the old and foolish king, with burning words of sarcasm and illustration, they all trembled for themselves and their youthful preacher. The king their fathers had fought for eight weary years, from whom they had wrested their independence, was then—though an idiot—"old and foolish," waging war against the sons of their fathers, and holding him and his associates fast in his cruel chains. He blazed in similes, describing such a character. He fired broadside after broadside of wit and madness into the sinking craft. Seeing the peril in which his epithets were placing him, he cried out:—

"You think I mean King George. I don't; I mean the devil!"

This hit was worse than all that preceded it, and set him down at once for being as adroit as he was bold. The officers could have found no fault with such a retreat, and the prisoners exulted in its tact and point.

He was instantly voted their chaplain, and a note was sent to the commandant, asking the privilege of having their own praying and preaching done by their fellow-captive, which was granted.

Thus he began his life-work among his brothers of the sea, in the hold of a prison-vessel, himself a prisoner.

The Books I Bought With Cigar Money.

BY JOHN BANVARD.

"A NICE cigar" I never smoked,
And never wanted to;
But frequently I'm nearly choked
By friends of mine that do.

"How many," once I asked a friend,
"Cigars smoke you a day?"
And as he puffed he answered: "Ten
In smoke I puff away."

"How much," I asked, "does each one
cost?"

"Ten cents," he said, "I pay."
To me it was just so much lost,
And money thrown away.

Then I resolved that I would spend
The same precise amount
For what to me would pleasure lend,
And that of some account.

And so each week some books I bought
Instead of "light cigars,"
And these to me great pleasure brought,
Much more than smoking far.

Six times more pleasure, too, I got
Than e'er my friend received;
Six children mine enjoy my lot,
Who all my volumes read.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

B.C. 1063] LESSON IX. [Sept. 1

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

1 Sam. 17. 32-51. Memory verses, 45, 46

GOLDEN TEXT.

If God be for us, who can be against us?
Rom. 8. 31.

OUTLINE.

1. Saul and David, v. 32-39.
2. David and Goliath, v. 40-51.

TIME.—1063 B.C.

PLACE.—Some point in Southern Judah.

CONNECTING LINKS.—After the anointing of David, the Spirit of God is said to have departed from Saul, and his courtiers advised entertainment by a skillful harper to quiet him in his mental troubles. David was known for his skill in the use of the harp, and was therefore employed, and was for a time in Saul's court. At last he went back to his father at Bethlehem. War arose between the Philistines and Israelites, and three brothers of David were in the army. To them their father sent by David supplies from home. Going to the army he found them in fear because of the challenge of the giant Goliath, and moved by God's Spirit he undertook the combat. Our lesson tells the story.

EXPLANATIONS.—*A shepherd's bag*—Probably somewhat like a knapsack. *His sling*—This has been a very effective weapon of war. In early times and in classical story frequent mention is made of it. *All this assembly*—That is, the two armies.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Saul and David.*
Was this the first acquaintance of Saul and David? 1 Sam. 16. 19-23.
What was the occasion of his leaving Saul? vers. 13-15.
What was the occasion of his presence now in the army? ver. 17.
How came he to be in the presence of the king? vers. 26-31.
How did his offer appear to the king?
On what two points did David base his confidence?
Can you find an argument here that David though a youth was not small and light? What is it?
In what did David show his wisdom?
2. *David and Goliath.*
Who was Goliath?
How did they approach each other?
What ancient custom found also in classical literature is here illustrated?
What was to be the result of this combat? vers. 8, 9.
For what does David claim this combat was to be fought?

How was this same thought repeated many years later by king Asa? 2 Chron. 14. 11.

What was the method of David's warfare? what did he do to ensure the certainty of victory?

How does this sword of Goliath afterwards appear in David's history? 1 Sam. 21. 8-10.

What was the result of this battle?

- (1) On the Philistines?
- (2) On David? 1 Sam. 18. 6-9.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Here was a young man with the courage of his convictions: he believed God would help him fight this champion, and he was brave enough to act up to his belief.

Here was perfect faith. Not, I hope the Lord will deliver; not, I think he will deliver; not, I pray he will deliver; but, *He will deliver me.* Is that your honest faith in Christ?

Here was a plain, simple, honest man, not trying to be more than he was.

He could not use Saul's sword. He could use his own sling. He was not ashamed to use the weapons in which he was skilled. Are you?

He followed up the stone from his sling with a blow from his enemy's own sword.

He did not half do his work. He made it thorough. He left no chance for the giant to recover from the stun of the stone. How do you treat sin?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Read the story of the Philistines.
2. Locate geographically this people.
3. Locate on the map this battle-field.
4. Find in Roman history a parallel story?
5. Find in earlier history a record of some jealous brethren.
6. Write the most important sentence for us to remember that this lesson contains.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What event was the occasion for the story of our lesson? A war with the Philistines. 2. To what issue did the Philistines challenge Israel? To that of single combat. 3. Who offered to take up the challenge? David, the shepherd of Bethlehem. 4. What was the one purpose of his offer? To show that God ruled in Israel. 5. What thought of the Apostle Paul is like that of David? "If God be for us," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Trust in God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

41. What is meant by saying that God is holy?

That his nature is perfectly good and without the possibility of evil, and that he cannot allow sin in his creatures.

Ye shall be holy; for I am holy.—Lev. 11. 44.

B.C. 1062] LESSON X. [Sept. 8

DAVID AND JONATHAN.

1 Sam. 20. 1-13. Memory vers. 3, 4

GOLDEN TEXT.

There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Prov. 18. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. David's Danger, v. 1-3.
2. David's Device, v. 4-8.
3. Jonathan's Oath, v. 9-13.

TIME.—1062 B.C.

PLACE.—Gibeah.

CONNECTING LINKS.—After the victory Saul took David to his court. At once honor and praise were showered upon him because of his slaughter of the Philistine. But the popularity of David aroused Saul's anger, and he determined to kill him. But for Jonathan's friendship it seems that this might have been accomplished. Repeatedly, and in all ways, Saul sought his life, and at last he was compelled to go into outlawry and exile. The story of his final departure from Saul's court, and of the compact between David and Jonathan, is told in our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The new moon*—The beginning of the Jewish month when all Israel, by law, must offer a burnt-offering unto the Lord. *I should not fail*, etc.—The words of a loyal courtier who wished to do his duty and yet feared for his life. *A yearly sacrifice*—In the old age of David's father, he seems to have formed this custom of gathering his family for a great festival. *A covenant of the Lord*—That is, a covenant in the name of the Lord, made with religious ceremonies.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *David's Danger.*
From whom was David in danger?
What had caused Saul's hostility?
How had he attempted to arrest David?
1 Sam. 19. 20, 21.
What had prevented the arrest? 1 Sam. 19. 22-24.
How did David escape from this peril?
To what place did he flee?
What reason did he give to Jonathan why his father did not inform him of his purpose?
2. *David's Device.*
What reason could David have had for thinking Saul's purpose changed? ver. 2.
How did he propose to discover the real feeling of Saul?
Was this superstition, or was it a sensible proposal? Give the reason for this answer.
Was there anything miraculous about it? Give a reason for your answer.
What proof of conscious innocence is here? What confidence does he display in the love of Jonathan?
3. *Jonathan's Oath.*
How did Jonathan prove his love—(1) In word? (2) In act? (3) In pledge?
What evidence is there that Jonathan knew that David expected to be king? What evidence that Saul expected that David would aspire to the kingdom?
1 Sam. 20. 31.
What was the covenant that David and Jonathan made? vers. 16, 17.
Did David keep his covenant? 2 Sam. 9. 1, 3, 7; 21. 7.
What was the means by which Jonathan informed David of his father's wrath? vers. 19-22.
In what words did Jonathan once more repeat his oath? ver. 42.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Learn the lesson of love: It protects, or attempts it. ver. 2. It promises help. ver. 4. It pledges fidelity. ver. 9. It asks love in return. vers. 14, 15. But this is human love only.

"God so loved the world," etc, John 3. 16.

"Herein is love, not that we," etc. 1 John 4. 10.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Learn how David came to be at Naioth.
2. Locate Naioth geographically.
3. Learn what you can about the allusion in chap. 19. 20, to a "company of prophets."
4. Write out in the form of our present speech all the conversation of David and Jonathan.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did David try to learn from Jonathan? The cause of Saul's wrath. 2. What did Jonathan try to persuade David? That Saul was not angry. 3. Upon what did they two agree? To stand firmly by each other. 4. What is the great lesson that is taught by these two lives in their mutual relations? The power of human love. 5. To what still greater lesson did David's son afterward give utterance? "There is a Friend," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Covenant keeping.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

42. How is God righteous or just? His laws and government are righteous; and he will reward and punish justly.

A LITTLE child was beseeching her father to take her to visit her grandmother who lived at a distance. To get rid of her, he said, "It costs ten dollars every time we go to see grandma, Florence, and ten dollars don't grow on every bush." "Neither do grandmas grow on every bush," answered the little girl, promptly; and her logic settled it. They went.

A LIFE in any sphere that is an expression and outflow of an honest, earnest, loving heart, taking counsel only of God and itself, will be certain to be a life of beneficence in the best possible direction.

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