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MONDAY SCHOOL

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 18, 1890.

[No. 21.]

John Wesley—His Appearance, Character, and Work.

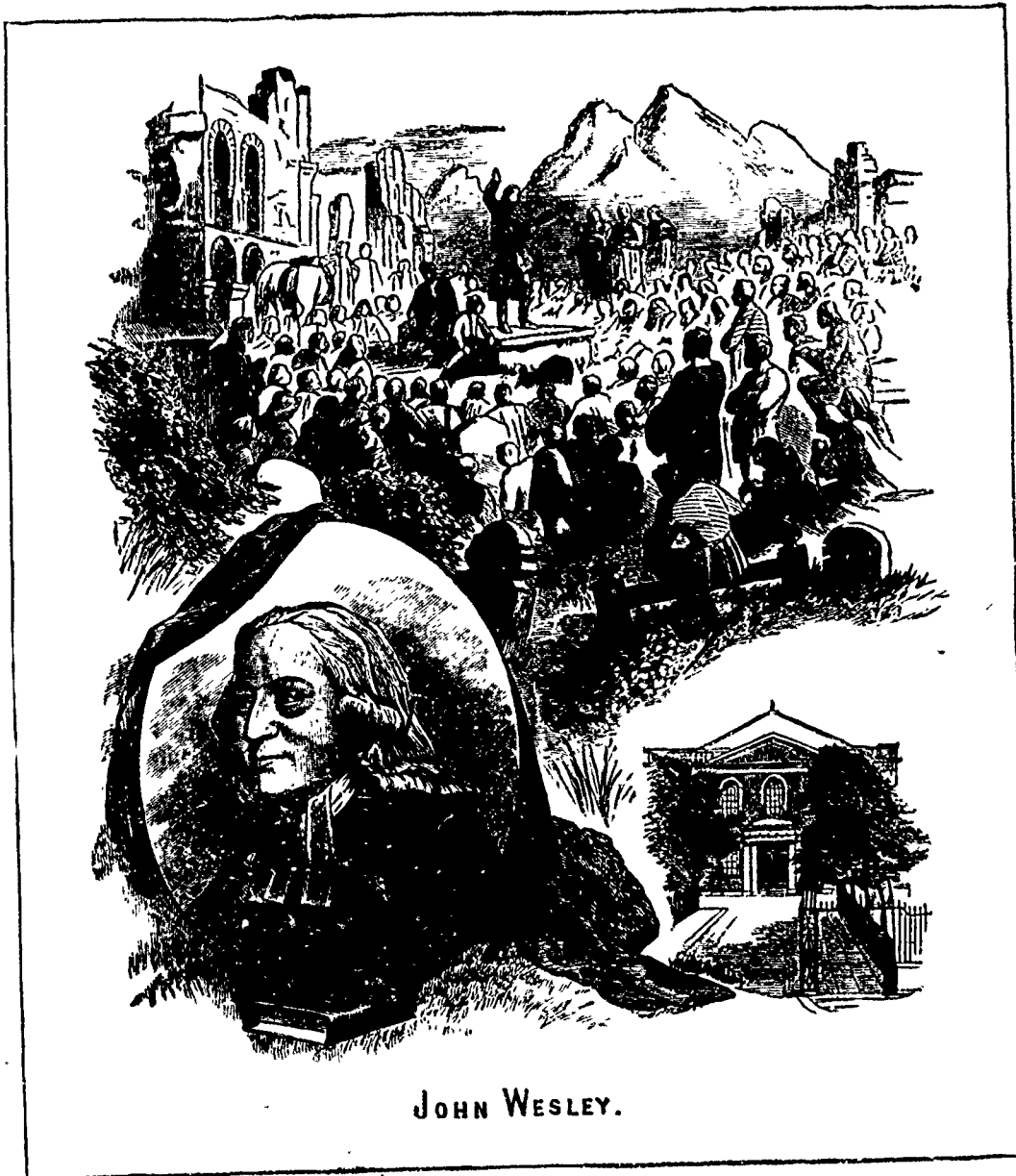
JOHN WESLEY, like all the Epworth family, was short of stature. He measured not quite five feet six inches, and weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds. He seemed not to have an atom of superfluous flesh, but was muscular and strong. His face was remarkably fine, even to old age. A clear, smooth forehead, an aquiline nose, an eye the brightest and most piercing that can be conceived, conspired to render him a venerable and most interesting figure. In youth his hair was black; in old age, when it was white as snow, it added fresh grace to his appearance, which was like that of an apostle. He wore a narrow plaited stock, and a coat with a small, upright collar. He allowed himself no knee-buckles, and no silk or velvet in any part of his dress.

Wesley was scrupulously neat in his person and habits. Henry Moore never saw a book misplaced, or a scrap of paper lying about his study in London. His punctuality and exactness enabled him to transact the enormous work which rested

on him for half a century with perfect composure. He once told a friend that he had no time to be in a hurry. "Though I am always in haste, I am never in a hurry, because I never undertake any more work than I can get through with perfect calmness of spirit."

He wrote to all who sought his counsel, and had, perhaps, a greater number of pious correspondents than any man of his century. He did everything deliberately, because he had no time to spend in going over it again. Moore says he was the slowest writer he ever saw.

Wesley on one occasion said to his brother Charles' youngest son: "Sammy, be punctual. Whenever I am to go to a place, the first thing I do is to get



JOHN WESLEY.

ready; then what time remains is all my own." His coachman was expected to be at the door exactly at the moment fixed. If anything detained his carriage, Wesley would walk on till it overtook him. Every minute, both of day and night, had its appointed work. "Joshua, when I go to bed, I go to bed to sleep, and not to talk," was his rebuke to a young preacher who once shared his room, and wished to steal some of Wesley's precious moments of repose for conversation on some difficult problems. To one who asked him how it was that he got through so much work in so short a time, he answered: "Brother, I do only one thing at a time, and I do it with all my might."

Wesley was greatly beloved in the homes where

courtesy may be blended with the most perfect piety. In his conversation we might be at a loss whether to admire most his fine classical taste, his extensive knowledge of men and things, or his overflowing goodness of heart. While the grave and serious were charmed with his wisdom, his sportive sallies of innocent mirth delighted even the young and thoughtless; and both saw, in his uninterrupted cheerfulness, the excellency of true religion. No cynical remarks on the levity of youth embittered his discourses. No applause retrospect to past times marked his present discontent. In him even old age appeared delightful, like an evening without a cloud; and it was impossible to observe him without wishing fervently:

he was entertained during his long itinerancy. He would spend an hour after dinner with his friends, pouring forth his rich store of anecdotes, to the delight of young and old. "He was always at home, and quite at liberty." He generally closed the conversation with two or three verses of some hymn strikingly appropriate to the occasion, and made everyone feel at ease by his unaffected courtesy and his varied conversation. Two years before his death, his friend, Alexander Knox, had an opportunity of spending some days in his company. He endeavoured to form an impartial judgment of the venerable evangelist. The result was, that every moment afforded fresh reasons for esteem and veneration. "So fine an old man I never saw! The happiness of his mind beamed forth in his countenance. Every look showed how fully he enjoyed 'the gay remembrance of a life well spent.' Wherever Wesley went, he diffused a portion of his own felicity. Easy and affable in his demeanour, he accommodated himself to every sort of company, and showed how happily the most finished

'May my latter end be like his.'" Wesley's relations to children and young people set his character in a peculiarly attractive light. His visits were eagerly anticipated by his young friends. He provided himself with a stock of new money, and often gave them one of these bright coins. He would take the children in his arms, and bless them, reconcile their little differences, and teach them to love one another. In his last years he greatly rejoiced at the rise of Sunday-schools all over the country, and preached sermons on their behalf in various places. The singing of the boys and girls, selected out of the Sunday-school at Belton, seemed to him a blessed anticipation of the song of angels in our Father's house. One who loved children more than Wesley it would be hard indeed to find. "I reverence the young," he said, "because they may be useful after I am dead."

Wesley and a preacher of his were once invited to luncheon with a gentleman, after service. The itinerant was a man of very plain manners—quite unconscious of the restraints belonging to good society. While talking with their host's daughter, who was remarkable for her beauty, and had been profoundly impressed by Mr. Wesley's preaching, this good man noticed that she wore a number of rings. During a pause in the meal, he took hold of the young lady's hand, and, raising it, called Wesley's attention to the sparkling gems. "What do you think of this, sir," said he, "for a Methodist's hand?" The girl turned crimson. The question was extremely awkward for Wesley, whose aversion for all display of jewellery was so well known. But the aged evangelist showed a tact which Lord Chesterfield might have envied. With a quiet, benevolent smile, he looked up, and simply said: "The hand is very beautiful." The young lady appeared at evening worship without her jewels, and became a firm and decided Christian.

In 1821, Wesley's niece sent Adam Clarke a sketch of some incidents in his life, in which she says: "His distinguished kindness to me, from the earliest period I can remember, made an indelible impression. I can retrace no word but of tenderness, no action but of condescension and generosity." She clearly shows how great a mistake it was to represent Wesley as stern and stoical. "It behoves a relative," she adds, "to render this justice to his private virtues, and attest from experience that no human being was more alive to all the tender charities of domestic life than John Wesley. His indifference to calumny, and inflexible perseverance in what he believed his duty, has been the cause of this idea."

Miss Wesley has also given a charming description of their visit to Canterbury in 1775. "He said, in the carriage; 'You are just the right age to travel with me. No one can censure you and me.' The instances of his tender care are fresh in my mind. As we journeyed, the weather was very cold. The preacher—who rode on horseback by the side of the carriage—at the first stage, brought a hassock, with some straw, to keep his feet warm. Instantly he asked: 'Where is one for my little girl?' Nor would he proceed till I was as well accommodated as himself. You knew him. Did you ever see him inattentive to the feelings of others, when those feelings did not impede his plan of usefulness? As we proceeded, he pointed out every remarkable place we passed, and condescended to delight and instruct, with the same benign spirit which distinguished him in public. I remember reading to him part of the way Beattie's 'Minstrel'—a book just published, and which, he said, as I loved poetry, would entertain me, making remarks as we went upon the other poems. He would not allow the people to call me up till six in the morn-

ing, though he himself preached at five; and always procured me the most comfortable accommodation in every place where we sojourned.

"My brother Charles had an attachment in early life to an amiable girl of low birth. This was much opposed by my mother and her family, who mentioned it with concern to my uncle. Finding from my father that this was the chief objection, he observed: 'Then there is no family, but, I hear the girl is good.' 'Nor no fortune, either,' said my mother, 'and she is a dawdle.' He made no reply, but sent my brother fifty pounds for his wedding dinner; and, I believe, sincerely regretted he was crossed in his inclination—as she married another. But he always showed peculiar sympathy to young persons in love."

Lord Macaulay's judgment, that Wesley possessed as great a genius for government as Richelieu, is repeated on every hand. In a confidential letter to his sister, Mrs. Hall, dated November 17, 1742, Wesley acknowledges with gratitude the gift he possessed for the management of his societies. "I know this is the peculiar talent which God has given me," are his words.

No great statesman ever watched the course of public opinion more carefully than Wesley watched the progress of events in Methodism. He did not think out a system and force it on his people. There is no special evidence of inventive power in Wesley's administration. He himself speaks of his want of any plan for financial matters. His rule over the united societies owed its success to the fact that he was always availing himself of the fresh light which experience gave. Methodist organization was a gradual growth. Local experiments which approved themselves in practice were introduced into all the societies. Leaders, stewards, and lay-preachers—the main instruments in spreading and conserving, the results of the evangelical revival, were all the fruit of this growth.

Wesley did not set his heart on such means, but when circumstances suggested them, he saw their vast advantages, and soon incorporated them into his system. This method Wesley pursued from the beginning of the revival to the last day of his life. It is the most marked feature of his work. One might almost say that he never looked a day before him. He sometimes laid himself open to the charge of slackness in dealing with such disturbers as George Bell, but he was never willing to move till the way was plain.

His field-preaching, his chapel-building, his calling out preachers, and his Deed of Declaration, all supply illustrations of this spirit. Methodist polity and Methodist finance were built up step by step. No man had a more candid mind than Wesley. He learned from everyone, and was learning to the last day of his life. Such a spirit in the leader gave confidence to preachers and people. Charles Wesley would have forced Methodism into his own groove, and have shattered it to pieces in the attempt. His brother was willing to leave his cause in the hands of God, and to wait for the unfolding of events which should mark his will. No cause was ever more happy in its head. No people ever loved their chief as the early Methodists loved John Wesley.

At the Conference before Wesley died there were 71,463 members in his societies in the Old World, and 48,610 in the New. America had 108 circuits—just as many as there were in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

The latest returns show that, including 30,924 on its mission-fields, there are now about 468,000 members under the care of the Wesleyan Conference in England, with 2,440 ministers and missionaries. Separate Conferences have been formed for

France, Australia, Canada, South Africa, and the West Indies.

The Methodist family throughout the world now numbers about five and a quarter million members, under the care of some thirty-three thousand ministers. If the Sunday-school scholars and attendants on public worship be added, the number would reach about twenty five millions.

If Wesley were with us to look upon the marvellous growth of his societies, and to watch the enormous activities of the Church of England and other evangelical communions at home and abroad, he would preach again from the text he chose when he laid the foundation-stone of the City Road Chapel: "What hath God wrought?"—*Life of Wesley, by John Telford, B.A.*

Pentecost.

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SENIOR, MOUR.

Down on their knees they bent,
Each one in prayer intent,
Up to the throne on high,
Went every earnest sigh;

What faith and hope! What holy resolution there!
What might Divine! It was the panoply of prayer.

The fiery unction came,
On every soul the same,
The long expected hour,
Of God's Baptismal power;
The sky is cleft, heaven's gates are all flung open wide,
The glories rush—the soul's all purifying tide.

On that auspicious morn,
Was a new era born,
Redemption's glorious crown!
The Holy Ghost sent down;
That heavenly One went forth to all the earth abroad,
In ceaseless might to win the Ages back to God.

On me that spirit send,
Once more the heavens rend,
All hearts, Oh Spirit fire,
It is Thine own desire;
Thy breath is life. Oh stir the armies sin has slain,
And they shall rise—a mighty host of saved men.

Help One Another—A Hindoo Fable.

AN elephant named Grand Tusk and an ape named Nimble were friends.

Grand Tusk observed, "Behold how big and powerful I am!"

Nimble cried in reply, "Behold how agile and entertaining I am!"

Each was eager to know which was really superior to the other, and which quality was most esteemed by the wise.

So they went to Dark Sage, an owl that lived in an old tower, to have their claims discussed and settled.

Dark Sage said, "You must do as I bid, that I may form an opinion."

"Agreed," said both.

"Then," said Dark Sage, "cross yonder river, and bring me the mangoes on the great tree beyond."

Off went Grand Tusk and Nimble, but when they came to the stream, which was flowing full, Nimble held back; but Grand Tusk held him up on his back, and swam across in a very short time. Then they came to the mango tree, but it was very lofty and thick. Grand Tusk could neither touch the fruit with his trunk nor break the tree down to gather the fruit. Up sprang Nimble, and in a trice let drop a whole basketful of rich, ripe mangoes. Grand Tusk gathered the fruit into his capacious mouth, and the two friends crossed the stream as before.

"Now," said Dark Sage, "which of you is the better? Grand Tusk crossed the stream, and Nimble gathered the fruit."

Leave the Liquor Alone.

I'm anxious to tell you a bit of my mind,
 If it won't put you out of the way;
 For I feel very certain you'll catch of you find
 There's wisdom in what I would say,
 We've maxims and morals enough and to spare,
 But I have got one of my own
 That helps me to prosper and laugh at dull care,
 Its leave the liquor alone.
 Leave the liquor alone, my lads,
 Leave the liquor alone;
 If you'd win success and escape distress,
 Leave the liquor alone.
 To avoid neglect and to win respect
 Leave the liquor alone.

The brewer can ride in a coach and pair,
 The drinker must trudge on the road;
 One gets through the world with a jaunty air,
 The other bends under a load.
 The brewer gets all the beef, my lads,
 And the drinker picks the bone;
 If you'd have your share of good things, take care,
 And leave the liquor alone.
 Leave the liquor alone, my lads,
 Leave the liquor alone;
 You'll enjoy good health, and you'll gain in wealth,
 If you leave the liquor alone.
 A man full of malt isn't worth his salt;
 Leave the liquor alone.

A drinker is ready to own at last
 He played but a losing game;
 How glad would he be to recall the past
 And earn him a nobler name!
 Don't reach old age with this vain regret
 For a time that's past and gone;
 You may win a good prize in life's lottery yet
 If you'll leave the liquor alone.
 Leave the liquor alone, my lads,
 Leave the liquor alone;
 You'll find some day it's the safest way
 To leave the liquor alone.
 Resolve like men not to touch again;
 Leave the liquor alone.

—*Youth's Banner.*

A Wonderful Phenomenon.

A RESIDENT at Niagara Falls relates that upon one occasion about forty years ago, the great Falls "ran almost dry." His account of it was published in *Golden Days*, and reads as follows:—

"The winter of 1848 had been one of the coldest on record, and such ice has never been known on Lake Erie since, I guess, as formed that season. It was of enormous thickness. It was quite late in the spring before the ice was loosened, even about the shores of the lake.

"One day—I think it was near the end of April—a very stiff north-easterly wind came up, and its force was so great that it moved the great fields of ice—then entirely separated from the shores—up the lake, piling the floes in great banks as they moved. The sight of those ice-banks is described yet by those who witnessed it as one of most awful grandeur. Toward night the wind changed suddenly to the opposite quarter, and grew into a terrible gale from that direction. The lake's surface was packed with miniature icebergs, and these were hurled back by the gale with such tremendous force that an impenetrable dam was formed in the neck of the lake from which Niagara River flows, and the great current of water which finds its way from the lake in the rushing channel of that stream, to be dashed over the gigantic precipice at the Falls, was so held in check that not more than one-quarter of its usual volume could find a passage through the immense pack of ice.

"As this pack was stubborn, it was naturally but a very short time before the Falls had drained nearly all the water out of the river. This, of course, occurred during the night, and we people who lived at Niagara village knew nothing of the phenomenon until next morning.

"I remember that I awoke very early that

morning, with a sense of something exceedingly strange oppressing me. It was sometime before I discovered that the feeling came from the fact that the noise of the cataract was almost missing. I jumped out of bed, and on leaving the house I found that scores of others had been awakened by the same circumstance, and were hurrying toward the Falls to see what the trouble was.

"We found that the great Niagara Falls was only about one-quarter of its former volume. The scene was at once desolate, strange, and awful to contemplate. The picture will never leave my mind. The whole village was out exploring caves, dark recesses, curious formations in the rocks, and other remarkable features of the cataract and rapids that no mortal eye had probably ever gazed upon before. These explorations were made safely to the very brink of the Horseshoe Rapids.

"This remarkable condition of affairs at the cataract continued all day, and showed no signs of a change when the people went to bed that night. When we arose in the morning, however, the old familiar thunder of the Falls was again shaking the earth as before, and the river and rapids were again the seething, whirling, irresistible torrent of old. The ice in the lake had shifted again, and some time in the night the long-restrained volume of water had rushed down and claimed its own."

A Living Island.

THE alligator is not in any way an attractive animal. On the contrary, it is about as repellent in looks and disposition as any living creature very well can be. And yet in one respect, at least, it is to be envied. It can go through life without ever needing a dentist, unless it be to eat him; for it never keeps its teeth long enough to give them any chance to decay or ache, or get out of order in any way. When an alligator's tooth is worn out or broken, or in need of any kind of repair, it drops out, and behold! a new one is ready to take its place. But I hardly need say that the alligator's teeth are a joy only to itself.

Another peculiarity of the alligator is its ability to sleep. Like other reptiles, it is so cold-blooded that it likes warmth and hates cold. It needs water, too; and as the dry season and the cool season come on together in Florida, there is a double reason why the Florida alligator should go into winter-quarters. It buries itself in the mud, after the manner of its kind, and settles down for a long nap.

Sometimes it happens that grass and quick-growing shrubs spring up on the back of this torpid animal. As a rule, these are shaken or washed off when—with the first warm rains—the alligator rouses itself, and makes for the water. But occasionally, for some reason, the mud clings, and with it the plant growth, so that when the half-awakened creature slides into the water, and floats stupidly off, it looks like a floating island.

In one such instance, a plover was so deceived as to build its nest in the plant-growth on the alligator's back. The living island so freighted floated slowly down the stream until it was noticed by a party of boys, who were fishing. They saw the plover rise from the little island, and suspecting a nest to be there, they gave up their fishing and rowed out to it.

They never suspected the nature of the island until they had bumped their boat rather rudely into it once or twice, and so vexed the alligator that it opened its huge mouth with a startling suddenness that brought a chorus of yells from the nest-robbers, and sent them off in a fit mood to sympathize with the plover, which was fluttering about and crying piteously at the raid upon its nest.

The poor bird was doomed to lose its nest, however, for the alligator—having at last been thoroughly roused—discovered how hungry it was, and dived down in search of food, thus washing off island, nest, and all.

The story of "Sinbad," who landed on a living island, and kindled a fire on it, has thus a foundation in fact.—*St. Nicholas.*

Fishing with a Pin.

WHEN I was a "little shaver," with a straw hat badly worn,
 (All the crown deep-crushed and dented, and the brim cross-stitched and torn,
 I used to go a-fishing, and sometimes waded partly in
 Where the stream was very shallow, to catch fishes with a pin.

I would take a pin and bend it to the much desired crook—
 For it took a full size penny if I bought a steel made hook—
 And when the worm was on it, it was happiness "run o'er,"
 Just to hold it in the water with one foot upon the shore.

I could not land a big fish—but my wishes then were small,
 And the big boys with their steel hooks sometimes caught no fish at all;
 But I often got a "nibble"—though I sometimes used to wait
 And watch in vain—then look, and see the capture of my bait.

But luck some days was better, and the shoals of small fry came,
 And when I pulled the line out it was not without its game.
 A "red-fin" or a shiner, I lifted out upon the grass,
 And felt the thrill of greatness o'er my moistened forehead pass.

True, I've fished with better weapons, and in more exalted ways,
 Since I used the feeble pin-hook in the long vanished days.
 But I never took the pleasure in the landing of a "fin"
 That I took in early childhood just in "fishing with a pin."

The Holy Name.

AN Arab, it is said, will not pass by a bit of paper because the name of God may be written upon it.

Dr. Robinson tells us that he once saw his dragoman pick up a piece of soiled paper, look it over carefully, and then fold and put it away. Dr. Robinson had seen that the paper was blank, and very naturally wondered why it should be preserved.

"Why do you keep that paper?" asked he.
 "The name of God is not upon it."
 "No," said the dragoman, "but it may be some day."

Perhaps we smile at this, but there is a lesson in it for us.

Do you see that poor drunkard! What a poor, battered, bruised sight! How far away from manhood he looks to be!

Hark! some boys are jeering at him. They run after him, calling him names, and mocking him, as boys know how to do.

Do not join them! It does not seem as though the name of God were written upon him, but it may some day.

Just such lost men have been found, clothed and in their right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus. How ashamed you would be some day in heaven to meet one whom you had mocked on earth, because of his sin!

Let us learn to hold the Holy Name in loving reverence. Wherever we find it written let us welcome it. And whenever we see a human being upon whom it may one day be written, let us treat him with respect.

Song of the Country.

Away from the roar and the rattle,
The dust and din of the town,
Where to live is to brawl and to battle,
Till the strong treads the weak man down.
Away to the bonnie green hills,
Where the sunshine sleeps on the brae,
And the heart of the greenwood thrills
To the hymn of the bird on the spray.

Away from the smoke and the smother,
The vale of the dun and the brown,
The push and the push and the pother
The wear and waste of the town I
Away where the sky shines clear,
And the light breeze wanders at will,
And the dark pine wood nods near
To the light plumed birch on the hill.

Away from the whirling and wheeling,
And steaming above and below,
Where the heart has no leisure for feeling,
And the thought has no quiet to grow.
Away where the clear brook purls,
And the hyacinth droops in the shade,
And the plume of the fern uncurls
Its grace in the depth of the glade.

Away to the cottages, so sweetly
Embowered 'neath the fringe of the wood,
Where the wife of my bosom shall meet me
With thoughts ever kindly and good.
More dear than the worth of the world
Fond mother with bairnies three,
And the plump-armed babe that has curled
Its lips sweetly pouting for me.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 18, 1890.

Instant Salvation.

SOME five years ago a messenger met me hurriedly as I was going out of church one Sunday morning, and begged me that I would go across the street to see a man who had sent for me, and who was said to be dying. I passed across the street, entered the sick chamber, drew near the bedside of the young man, who, as a commercial traveller, had been passing through the city, and was taken suddenly and seriously ill. As I took him by the hand I said: "You are very ill." "Yes," and with a pitiful look he added: "The physician says I have but a few hours to live." I said: "Are you ready?" "Oh no, no, I wish I had three weeks, and I could be ready." Said I: "My dear friend, let me show you that you only need three minutes in order to be ready, if you will do what God says." And then I opened the Scriptures and showed him the Lamb of God, and how God had laid our sins upon him; and I said: "Now the word is, 'Behold

the Lamb of God; ' look unto him even with your dying eyes—it is enough—and say: 'Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world, have mercy on me.' Cast your soul on him." I asked: "Is not that plain?" "But tell me how to do it." And so I turned to Romans 10, and read: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in thy heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved." "Now," I said, "do you receive Jesus Christ?" "I do according to the best of my ability." "Then just open your mouth and confess it." It was all done in a few brief moments. I went my way.

At six o'clock I returned, anxious to hear from the young man. As I entered the house I met the landlady. I asked: "How is he?" "He is gone; but," she added, "I wish you could have been here and seen him die. I never witnessed such a triumphant death."—*Epworth Herald.*

A Beautiful Impression.

AN old clergyman, over eighty years of age, who had spent fifty years of his life in a parish of New England, met a little boy on the street who had never seen him before. "Good morning, my little child," he said; "what is your name?"

As he spoke he laid his reverend hand upon the little fellow's head. The boy told his name, and the gentleman said: "Oh, I am so glad to see you! I hoped to meet you. I have been looking for you. I knew your dear mother, who is now in heaven."

The child ran home, and, entering the room, almost breathlessly exclaimed: "Oh, auntie, dear, I met an angel from heaven, and he knows my dear mamma up there, and stopped me on the street to tell me!"

The long, silvery hair of the aged messenger of God, and his saintly face, with those kindly words spoken, made this beautiful impression upon the mind of the motherless child.

The Ten Pharaohs.

WHEN once a family tastes the sweets of power and position, that family is bound to keep it, if possible. This fact accounts for the lines of kings who have presided over the destinies of different kingdoms. As our kingdom has had its Plantagenets, its Tudors, Stuarts, etc., so had Egypt its Pharaohs, and its Ptolemies.

Of the Pharaohs it had ten, each of whom has his monument still standing. It was the custom of the Egyptians to try to immortalize its kings in this way. When a new monarch came to the throne a monument was at once raised to his honour, and as his deeds were performed they were engraven in the stone, but only such deeds as were creditable to him, all discreditable ones were left to be forgotten. There is a telling illustration of this fact on the monument to that Pharaoh who knew not Joseph. All his good deeds are duly recorded, concluding by his war against the Lybians, from which he came home a conqueror. The account is followed by the hieroglyphics equivalent to, or standing for our words "and then." These two simple words show the incompleteness of the inscription. Suppose we



LESSON PICTURE.

Oct. 26.—JESUS IN GETHSEMANE—Luke xxii. 29-53.

fill it up. It might read nearly as follows: "He permitted the Hyksos, who for nearly four hundred years had resided in Goshen, to depart from the land, to that country whence their fathers came; but regretting his leniency hastened after them, and coming close upon them as they were miraculously crossing the Red Sea, he rushed headlong after them, when the impending waters were set free and he and all his vast host were engulfed, and lost in its mighty waters." The omission is as eloquent as any statement could be, telling as it does of the ignominy, the shame, and the confusion that came upon the whole land by his destruction.

But what about the Tombs? There are but nine? The one missing is of this Pharaoh. But you see being lost he did not need one. Do not the very stones cry out?
J. M.

Why Men Fail.

Few men come up to their highest measure of success. Some fail through timidity, or lack of nerve. They are unwilling to take the risks incident to life, and fail through fear of venturing on ordinary duties. They lack pluck. Others fail through imprudence, lack of discretion, care, or sound judgment. They overestimate the future, build air-castles, and venture beyond their depth and fail and fall.

Others, again, fail through lack of application and perseverance. They begin with good resolves, but soon get tired of that and want a change, thinking they can do much better at something else. Thus they fritter life away, and succeed at nothing. Others waste time and money, and fail for the want of economy. Many fail through ruinous habits—tobacco, whiskey, and beer spoil them for business, drive their best customers from them, and scatter their prospects of success. Some fail for want of brains, education and fitness for their calling. They lack a knowledge of human nature, and of the motives that actuate men. They have not qualified themselves for their occupation by a practical education.

WHEN God's people have learned the lessons their trials are intended to teach, he will bring them again to peace and prosperity.

WE may rely on books for knowledge, but not for wisdom; this comes from the thoughtful use of knowledge.



AN ONTARIO FARM HOMESTEAD.

In the Secret of His Presence.

In the secret of His presence
I am kept from strife of tongues;
His pavilion is around me,
And within are ceaseless songs!
Stormy winds his words fulfilling,
Beat without, but cannot harm,
For the Master's voice is stilling
Storm and tempest in a calm.
In the secret of His presence
Jesus keeps, I know not how;
In the shadow of the Highest
I am resting, hiding, now!

In the secret of His presence
All the darkness disappears;
For the sun that knows no setting
Throws a rainbow on my tears,
So the day grows ever lighter,
Broadening to the perfect noon;
So the way grows ever brighter,
Heaven is coming, dear and soon.

In the secret of his presence
Nevermore can foes alarm;
In the shadow of the Highest,
I can meet them with a psalm;
For the strong pavilion hides me—
Turns their fiery darts aside,
And I know, what'er betides me,
I shall live because He died!

In the secret of His presence
In a sweet, unbroken rest;
Pleasures, joys, in glorious fulness,
Making earth-like Eden blest:
So my peace grows deep and deeper,
Widening as it nears the sea,
For my Saviour is my Keeper,
Keeping mine, and keeping me!
In the secret of His presence
Jesus keeps, I know not how;
In the shadow of the Highest,
I am resting, hiding, now!

A Child's Heart.

THE other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand and walking with a painful effort, sat down on a curbstone on Woodland Avenue to rest. She was curious because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the oldest about nine. They all stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then

suddenly faded away, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear.

Then the eldest stepped forward and said, "Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I hed children once, but they are all dead!" whispered the woman, a sob rising in her throat.

"I am awfully sorry," said the little girl, as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but I ain't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you forever!" sobbed the old woman; and for a full moment her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child; "you may kiss us all at once; and if little Ben isn't afraid you may kiss him four times; for he is just as sweet as candy!"

Pedestrians who saw the three well-dressed children put their arms about the strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They don't know the hearts of children; and they did not hear the woman's words as she rose to go: "Oh, children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for; but you have given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Dying in the Lord.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, during her last illness, while suffering intensely from a high fever, in sweet submission said: "God's will is delicious. He makes no mistakes."

Bidding one of her physicians good-by, she asked: "Do you really think I am going?"

He answered: "Yes."

"To-day?" she inquired.

"Probably," was the reply.

Then she exclaimed: "Beautiful! Too good to be true! And, looking up with a smile, added: "Splendid! to be so near the gates of heaven!"

Later, as the time of her departure came, she nestled down into the pillows, folded her arms upon her breast, saying: "There! It is all over! Blessed rest!"

Her countenance became radiant with the glory seemingly breaking in upon her soul; and those who watched her thought she appeared as if she was conversing with the King in his beauty. She tried to sing; but, after one sweet note, her voice failed, and she was gone to be with her Lord."

Shakespeare at School.

THOUGH Shakespeare's parents were illiterate, they knew the value of a good education. The free grammar-school had been re-founded a few years before by Edward VI. And although there is no actual record of his school-days, we may take it as certain that little Will Shakespeare was sent to the free-school when about seven years old, as we know his brother Gilbert was, a little later. The old grammar-school still stands; and boys still learn their lessons in the self-same room, with the high-pitched roof and oaken beams, where little Will Shakespeare studied his "A, B, C-book," and got his earliest notions of Latin; but during part of Shakespeare's school-days the school-room was under repair, and boys and master—Walter

Roche, by name—migrated for a while to the guild-chapel, next door. This was surely in the poet's mind when, in later years, he talked of a "pedant who keeps a school 't the church." All boys learned their Latin then from two well-known books—the "Accidence" and the "Sententiæ pueriles;" and that William was no exception to the rule, we may see by translations from the latter in several of his plays, and by an account, in one of his plays, of Master Page's examination in the "Accidence."—*St. Nicholas.*

Worth Winning.

THERE was a boy who "lived out," named John. Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lived on a small farm away up among the hills. One day John picked up an old envelope from the kitchen wood-box, and saw that it was not touched by the post-master's stamp, to show that it had done its duty and henceforth was useless.

"The postmaster missed his aim then," said John, "and left the stamp as good as new. I'll use it myself."

He moistened it at the nose of the teakettle, and very carefully pulled the stamp off.

"No," said John's conscience, "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "because, you see, there is no mark to prove it worthless. The post-office will not know."

"But you know," said conscience, "and that is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter, to be sure, but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is the quality of every action that he judges by."

"But no one will know it," said John faintly.

"No one?" cried conscience. "God will know it, and that is enough; and he you know desires truth in the inward parts."

"Yes," cried all the best parts of John's character; "yes, it is cheating to use the postage-stamp the second time, and I will not do it."

John tore it in two and gave it to the winds. And so John won a victory. Wasn't it worth winning?—*Good Words.*

PEOPLE don't grow famous in a hurry, and it takes a deal of hard work even to earn your bread and butter.

The Newsboy's Cat.

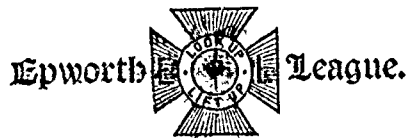
WANT any paper, Mister,
Wish you'd buy 'em of me—
Ten years old an' a family,
An' business dull, you see.
Fact, boss! There's Tom and Tibby,
An' dad, an' mam, an' mam's cat,
None on 'em caynin' money—
What do you think of that?

Couldn't dad work? Why, yes, boss,
He's workin' for gov'ment now—
They give his board for nothin'—
All along of a drunken row.
An' mam? Well, she's in the poor house
Been there a year or so;
So I'm takin' care of the others,
Doin' as well as I know.

Oughten't to live so! Why, mister,
What's a feller to do?
Some nights when I'm tired and hungry
Seems as if each on 'em knew—
They'll all three cuddle around me,
Till I get cheery an' say:
Well, p'raps I'll have sisters an' brothers,
An' money, an' clothes, too, some day.

But if I do get rich, boss,
(An' a lecture' chap one night,
Said that newsboys could be Presidents,
If only they acted right:)
So if I was President, mister,
The very first thing I'd do,
I'd buy poor Tom and Tibby
A dinner—an' mam's cat, too!

None o' your scraps an' leavin's,
But a good square meal for three:
If you think I'd skimp my friends, boss,
That shows you don't know me.
So 'ere's your papers, come, take one,
Gimme a lif if you can—
For now you've heard my story,
You see I'm a fam'ly man!



"I desire to form a League, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus."—John Wesley.

A League Library.

BY REV. F. S. PARKHURST.

WHAT possibilities present themselves as we study the different departments in the League wheel. In this age of reading the Church has no more important work than that of printing and circulating pure literature. What can the Epworth League do in this work? Not every Sunday-school has a library, and even where they do exist they do not meet the demands of our young people. An Epworth League library solves the problem. That there is a legitimate place for such may be admitted for several reasons. So much of the Oxford League idea that has come over to the Epworth League calls for it. We must not lose sight of our literary work, an important side of the many-sided, complete Christian life. Methodist young people should know the grand history of their Church; loyalty and devotion will be strengthened as they know the history of Methodism.

How shall we proceed. Let the pastor, or League president take the initiative; or, better yet, select some young person who has qualifications and is not working for the Master, and urge the work. O Epworthians! you must sing oftener the hymn, "Give me some work to do," and pray oftener the prayer, "What wilt thou have me to do?"

"There must be work for me,
Work fitted for my hand,
That holds no special power,
Yet longs to toil at thy command."

Even now while you read this, say, here is work for me to do.

Now that someone has taken the responsibility and has the work at heart, fire up the whole chapter. Show the need of a library, its value and necessity. Get the action of the League to back you and start the library at once.

Let as many members as will, contribute a book or money enough to buy one. By correspondence with Methodist authors and friends, many books will be gratuitous.

An entertainment by the department of literary work will start a library fund. Keep the books shelved at the church. Yet I know of those kept at the parsonage. Have system. A few good rules and regulations. Open the library at the close of each weekly meeting.

About books. "The Oxford League series," "Our Own Church series," "Home College library," Chautauqua text-books are excellent and cheap. Give prominence to Methodist history, biography, doctrine, etc. A few books like Zenobia, Hypatia, Ben Hur, and the like, will not be amiss. "H. H.'s" books will interest the young women in home missions. Young men will read "Manliness of Christ," "The Character of Jesus," "Oats or Wild Oats," and a like class. Here is a land to possess. We are abundantly able, let us go up and possess it.—*Epworth Herald.*

Look Up.

(From the *Epworth Herald.*)

Look up and trust fully.
Look up till vision is clear.
Look up and pray fervently.
Look up and away from self.
Look up till your zeal overflows.
Look up till your head is steady.
Look up till your heart is strong.
Look up till your soul is all afire.
Look up till motives are Christly.
Look up and receive bountifully.
Look up till pentecost comes down.

Lift Up.

LIFT up eagerly.
Lift up tenderly.
Lift up the lowest down.
Lift up with Christly pity.
Lift up; souls are sinking down.
Lift up without expecting reward.
Lift up till lifting makes you groan.
Lift up; the dying are your brothers.
Lift up till your soul is thrilled with the joy of service.
Lift up till you have set all the bells in heaven ringing over prodigals returning home.

That Brick.

Yes? It was found in the Nile mud, and so deep that learned men went clean crazy over it. It was made, they declared, long ere Karnac or Luxor were thought of; a stretch of time so far back as to make common people like us giddy. Some said 11,000 others 11,000,000 of years ago. It must be that age they declared. See for yourselves, count the layers of mud. Who can gainsay a record like that? It is infallible, thus men whose strongest wish was to make the Bible appear untruthful, dilated on the brick, the antiquity of Egypt and layers of mud. They like that other mud creature, the conger eel, were quite blind. They saw the marks on the brick, but being hieroglyphics only made the age all the greater. With other antiquities it was taken to the British museum, when Dr. Birch made out the name of Thothmes III., the Pharaoh

who know not Joseph, so all the eleven thousand like their eleven millions shrunk into something like three thousand. Again set uttile infidelity had to hide a head considerably diminished. J. M.
North Wiltshire, P.E.I.

October.

BY REV. JAMES B. KENYON.

OCTOBER lights her watch-fires on the hill,
For the days hasten, and the year declines;
The dusty grapes droop on the yellowing vines,
Plumped with the sweets these last warm hours distil.
The stream that loiters downward to the mill
Wimples amid its reeds and faintly shines.
At intervals, from out the darkling pines,
The squirrel repeats his challenge, loud and shrill.

In vain the sunlight weaves its golden snood
About the earth; an unseen pillager,
Night after night, with fingers chill and rude,
Despoiling her frail beauty, plucks at her:
While morn by morn, o'er garden, field and wood,
The hoar-frost scatters its light mincever.

Success.

"I TELL you, boys," said the schoolmaster, "it doesn't depend half so much on special talent as on energy and ambition, for success in life. You've got to work, work, work, and dig, dig, dig, right at a thing, if you are going to succeed. If you have a special talent, all the better; but the finest talent in the world will not amount to much without invincible energy and industry along the line in which your talent leads.

"There were two boys at school together. One could draw and caricature anything; the other could not. But one day one twitted the other.

"'You couldn't draw a cow so it could be told from the side of a house.'

"'I can!' said Morgan Gray.

"'Let's see!' cried Elliott Mandall. 'O! such a cow! Is it a cow? or a horse? or a dog? or a cat? or the side of a house? See, boys! See this cow! Ha! ha! Morgan Gray's cow! O, boys, this is too killing. Ho! ho! ha! ha! My kingdom for a cow!'

"He didn't mean to be cruel, but he could take a pencil and switch off a cow, or and other creature, in a minute.

"'I can, and I will—some day,' said Morgan Gray; and from that moment, though with no special genius (except for labour), he worked in that direction, until to-day he is one of our leading artists.

"He just went right into the work. He studied anatomy to get the right direction of veins and muscles—all for his work. He would sit for hours before a glass, distorting his face in various ways, and then trying to get the lines on paper, as he struggled for some particular facial expression. It was solid, hard work for him—but he succeeded.

"One other thing, boys; don't divide your energies. Decide on what you want to do, and then do that one thing. Don't dabble in half-a-dozen different lines, trying this and trying that. Where is Elliott Mandall to-day? Dilly-dallying between literature, art, and music—able to do a little in each, but not much in any one.

"Now, boys, you are going home for the holidays; many of you will not return, but will go into the world to succeed or fail, according as you work.

"Use the talent God has given you. Decide on what you want to do or become. Make your mark, then aim for it. Concentrate your energy. But, above all, work, work, work, and dig, dig, dig! Be not discouraged, but persevere, and surely success of the best kind will attend you, for you will have done the best of which you are capable. And the Lord asks no more—neither any less—of any man."

Little Bessie.

THE WAY IN WHICH SHE SHALL ASLEEP.

Hug me closer, closer mother,
Put your arms around me tight,
I am cold and tired, mother,
And I feel so strange to-night;
Something hurts me here, dear mother,
Like a stone upon my breast,
Oh! I wonder, mother, mother,
Why it is I cannot rest.

All the day while you were working,
As I lay upon my bed,
I was trying to be patient,
And to think of what you said,—
How the kind and blessed Jesus
Loves his lambs to watch and keep,
And I wish he'd come and take me,
In his arms, that I might sleep.

Just before the lamp was lighted,
Just before the children came,
When the room was very quiet,
I heard some one call my name,
All at once the window opened;
In a field where lambs and sheep,—
Some from out a brook were drinking,
Some were lying fast asleep.

But I could not see the Saviour,
Though I strained my eyes to see;
And I wondered if he saw,
If he'd speak to such as me;
In a moment I was looking
On a world so bright and fair,
Which was full of little children,
And they seemed so happy there.

They were singing, oh! how sweetly,
Sweeter songs I never heard;
They were singing sweeter, mother,
Than can sing our yellow bird,
And while I, my breath was holding,
One, so bright, upon me smiled,
And I knew it must be Jesus,
When he said, "Come here, my child."

"Come up here my little Bessie,
Come up here and live with me,
Where the children never suffer,
But are happier than you see."
Then I thought of all you'd told me
Of that bright and happy land;
I was going when you called me,
When you came and kissed my hand.

And at first I felt so sorry
You had called me, I would go;
Oh! to sleep and never suffer;—
Mother don't be crying so!
Hug me closer, closer mother,
Put your arms around me tight;
Oh, how much I love you, mother;
But I feel so strange to-night!

And the mother pressed her closer
To her overburdened breast;
On the heart so near to breaking
Lay the heart so near its rest
In the solemn hour of midnight,
In the darkness calm and deep,
Lying on her mother's bosom,
Little Bessie fell asleep!

Have You a Boy to Spare?

THE saloon must have boys, or it must shut up shop. Can't you furnish it one? It is a great factory, and unless it can get 2,000,000 boys from each generation for raw material, some of these factories must close out, and its operatives must be thrown on a cold world, and the public revenue will dwindle.

"Wanted! 2,000,000 boys!" is the notice. One family out of every five must contribute a boy to keep up the supply. Will you help? Which of your boys will it be? The minutaur of Crete had to have a trireme full of fair maidens each year; but the minutaur of America demands a city full of boys each year. Are you a father? Have you given your share to keep up the supply for this

great public business that is I'm going to pay your taxes, and finally placing public officials for you? Have you contributed a boy? If not, some other family has had to give more than its share. Are you selfish, voting to keep the saloon open to grieve up boys, and then doing nothing to keep up the supply?

Dick's Signature.

LITTLE Dick Howell was a boy who often surprised people. They called him "Lazy Dick," because he loved to get into sunny corners and think, and he was not always ready for such work as little fellows can do. But one day he said: "Pa, I want a lot of money."

"Yes, Dick, I have known other folks who felt so. Go to work, and earn it."

"How?" asked Dick, who really was in earnest, for he longed for a little express cart.

"Oh! weed the garden," said Mr. Howell, growing absent-minded, as he often became. He remembered suddenly a business letter he must write, and so when Dick said: "Will you give me a penny for every big weed?" his father said "Yes!"

Well, that night Dick amazed his father by presenting him with four hundred big weeds, and eagerly claiming four dollars. Mr. Howell never broke his word to a child. He said he not think what he was promising, because he knew there were too many weeds in his garden for such a bargain; but he paid the money down, and Dick had the prettiest cart in town.

Not long after, his father said: "Dick, you and I ought to have made a written contract about those weeds. If we had, I should not have agreed to such terms as I made. A man thinks, when he signs his name. If I had been dishonourable, too, I could have said I never agreed to pay you a penny a weed, and you could not have proved that I did. You must learn to write your name before I do any more business by contract with you. Then we can each sign our names."

And so Dick's father went on to tell him that solemn promises not to be broken were made in writing, and men who broke such promises were men whom nobody could trust.

Dick hated to read, and he could not write a letter, but, after that, he used to climb up on the wood-shed roof, with his dear little sister Nellie. She did her best to teach him, and the first word he ever wrote was "Dick," and the next was "Howell."

Such funny business contracts as Dick made that year with his father! And such a pile of nickels as he earned! First, five cents for every weed that he never forgot to shut a door, and never slammed it; ten cents for picking over a barrel of apples; and so on, up to a dollar and a half in three months. Every time he signed a written contract to what he agreed, or try his very best to do it. How proudly he used to sign "Dick," with a big, inky flourish!

When Dick was twelve years old, he was asked to sign a temperance pledge. He took it to his father, who talked it all over with him, and proposed that they sign it together—a contract that neither would break. Dick did not know then, nor until years after, that his father was taking too much wine. They signed the pledge, "Richard Howell, Senior," "Richard Howell, Junior." And then Dick's father told him to kneel by his knee, and, laying his hand upon the boy's head, he prayed God to help them both to keep the promise they had made.

"You have signed your name a great many times, my boy, but never to a paper that meant so much as this."

"Oh! I don't ever want to drink, father. It is easy to promise, and I shall never go back on my word," said Dick, gravely.

Years went by. Dick grew up, and many and many a time he was tempted to take a glass of wine or beer. He never yielded, for he had signed his name, and was on his honour. A few more years, and he had seen the course of drunkenness, and was so glad of that boyish pledge—so glad of a father who made him feel the sacredness of a promise.

Bits of Fun.

—When looking for lodgings inquire within, or go without.

—A Promising Youth—Magistrate (to Chinaman)—"What is your complaint against this young man, John?"

Chinaman (unable to collect a laundry bill)—"He too nuchee by and by."

—"You girls want the earth," said a State street father, when one of his daughters asked him for \$6 for a new jacket.

"No, papa," said the ingenuous child of twenty, "not the earth—only a new jersey."

—A Manchester firm having introduced a typewriter into their correspondence department received a letter from an indignant customer, saying, "I want you to understand that you needn't print letters sent to me. I can read writing—even yours—and I don't want to be insulted by reflections on my education."

—"Why Ella, aren't you bathing to-day?"

"No, sir. Mamma won't let me."

"Why not?"

"Why don't you know? The other day a little girl was drowned while bathing, and mamma said then that I couldn't go into the water again till I could swim."

—Farmer's wife—"I must hurry home; there's a great deal to do, for we are butchering an ox to-day."

Professor's wife—"What! You don't kill a whole ox at a time?"

"A boy assassin hanged," read Mrs. Bacon from a newspaper. "Well," she remarked, "a assassin' boy is a great trial, but I don't think he ought to be hanged for it."

—A child was recently watching a young lady in Holliston busily talking to a telephone transmitter. Suddenly the child said,

"Who are you talking to?"

The lady answered,

"I am talking to a man."

The child replied,

"Well, he must be an awful little man to live in such a small house as that."

—Here is a specimen of youthful ingenuousness in a little fellow who confessed to some wrongdoing. "Papa, I can get along well with you and the rest of the family. I love you all; but there is one of us that I am always having trouble with, and that is this fellow," pointing to himself. It is a great pity that some of the brethren who are always in trouble as church members cannot see as well what's the matter.

—"Five cents apiece for peaches!" she exclaimed as she retreated a step or two in amazement.

"Yes'm—five cents."

"But isn't that awful!"

"Yes, rather steep, ma'am. Therefore permit me to call your attention to these beautiful Bermuda onions, five times as large as a peach—no pit in the eye, to take up room—and selling for three cents each. Might say six for 15 cents, ma'am."

Temperance.

Whoso can rule his soul
In prudence still!
Who can his heart control,
His thought, his will:

Whom, temperate in all
Labours and play,
No low desires enthral
Nor lead astray;

Seeking the golden mean,
To Duty vowed,
Aye, though black depths between
Roar dark and loud;

He shall new pleasures find,
More fruitful far
Than for the undisciplined
And sensual are;

A kingdom absolute,
A wider way
Than his, whom myriads mute
And blind obey.

For in his soul one voice
Alone is heard,
Which bids his being rejoice,
One perfect word,

Stronger than heated youth,
Mightier than wrong—
Godlike voice of Truth,
A constant song.

Silence all discords loud
Within the breast!
Fly from the troubled crowd
To peace and rest.

And let the enfranchised soul
From self set free,
Find in Right's dread control
True liberty!

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.
STUDIES IN LUKE.

A.D. 30] LESSON IV. [Oct. 26

JESUS IN GETHSEMANE.

Luke 22. 39-53. Memory verses, 40-43.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.—Isaiah 53. 3.

TIME—Thursday evening.

PLACE.—An olive garden near Jerusalem—a favourite resort of the Master. Probably the homestead of a friend.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The hymn with which the Lord's Supper was ended had hardly died upon their lips before the awe-struck company went out of the city down into the valley of the Kedron, and up the low foot-slope of Olivet to old Gethsemane. Here came to the Saviour the climax of his earthly suffering, and while the words of his prayer were yet being softly echoed by the whispering leaves in the tree-tops, flaming torches and clanking armour betokened the approach of the soldiers and the Jewish rabble under the traitor's guidance.

EXPLANATIONS.

The place—A garden near Olivet, where, probably, some friend of Jesus lived. He was withdrawn—He tore himself away. About a stone's cast—A common way of measurement. Knelt down—Fell on his face. Prayed—Supplanted aloud. Remove this cup—A figurative word for experience. Strengthening him—His physical forces seem to have been exhausted. An agony—A mental and moral conflict, rather than physical pain. Great drops of blood—Such a strange and awful symptom of intense mental struggle has been known, but very seldom. Sleeping for sorrow—Their strain had exhausted them. Keen sorrow sometimes affects people almost like an intoxicant. A multitude—Soldiers, priests, and elders. To kiss him—This was probably the usual way in which the disciples saluted their Master. A thief—A brigand. Power of darkness—Authority.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Suffering*, vers. 39-42.
From what place did Jesus come out?
Where did he then go?
Who went with him?
What was the name of the "place" to which he went? (See Matt. 26. 36.)
What did he there say to his disciples?
What did Jesus then do?
What was his prayer?
How does the "Golden Text" describe Jesus?

2. *Strengthened*, vers. 43-46.
Who came to help Jesus in his suffering?
What shows that his suffering was great?
What were the disciples doing while Jesus was praying?
Why did they go to sleep?
What did Jesus say to them?

3. *Betrayed*, vers. 47-53.
Who appeared while Jesus was speaking?
Who was the leader of the crowd?
What mark of friendship did Judas offer?
What question did Jesus ask him?
What question did the disciples ask?
What act of violence did one of them do?
Who was this disciple? John 18. 10.
What act of mercy did Jesus perform?
What officials had come to arrest Jesus?
What question did he ask them?
When had they made no attempt to take him?
Why had they now come to seize him?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Jesus say in his prayer during the agony in Gethsemane? "Not my will, but thine, be done." 2. When his strength failed him because of his great agony, how did God restore it? "He sent his angel to strengthen him." 3. How did Judas reveal Jesus to the crowd that came to arrest him? "He kissed him." 4. What did Jesus say to him? "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?" 5. How does the "Golden Text" characterize our blessed Saviour? "A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The human nature of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What benefits do Christ's people receive from him at death?
Their souls immediately pass into the presence of the Lord, while their bodies rest in their graves till the resurrection.

A.D. 30] LESSON V. [Nov. 2

JESUS ACCUSED.

Luke 22. 54-71. Memory verses, 66-70.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities.—Isaiah 53. 5.

TIME.—Midnight, between Thursday and Friday of passion-week.

PLACES.—The court of the high priest's house, and the council-chamber of the Sanhedrin.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The student must keep constantly in mind that the transactions in the betrayal and crucifixion of Christ followed each other with great rapidity. This continues the story of the last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.

Took him—Seized him with roughness. His hands were bound behind his back. The high-priest—Caiaphas. Peter followed afar off—Unwisely exposing himself to the temptation which Jesus had a few hours before exhorted him to pray lest he should fall into. Kindled a fire—Nights in Palestine, at this season of the year, are frequently cold. *Midst of the hall*—The centre of the open court around which the palatial priestly residence was built. *Sat down among them*—Among the servants of the high-priest. Also—Besides John. Denied him—Admission might have cost Peter his life. The sin on which his denials were founded was his following afar off. *A Galilean*—He had a brogue, and could be as easily selected in a group of Hebrews as a Scotchman might be in a group of Englishmen. Jesus was always popular in Galilee. *Man, I know not*—This was the third denial. Lies are apt to be links of a chain.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Denied*, vers. 54-62.
Where did Jesus' captors take him?
Who followed him to the house?
Where did Peter take his place?

Who there recognized him as a disciple?
What did the maid say?
What did Peter reply?
What was soon after said to him?
To this what did he answer?
What did another one say about him?
How long was this after the second denial?
What did Peter say to this man?
What immediately occurred?
Who at once looked at Peter?
What did that look bring to Peter's mind?
What did he then do?

2. *Smitten*, vers. 63-65.
Who mocked and smote Jesus?
After blindfolding him, what did they say and do?
How did they speak about him?
For whose sake was he thus ill-treated? (Golden Text.)

3. *Condemned*, vers. 66-71.
What three classes of officials came together in the morning?
What council did they compose?
What question did they ask Jesus?
What was his answer?
What did he say of the Son of man?
What did they then ask?
What was his reply?
What did they then say?
Of what crime did they think him guilty? Matt. 27. 65.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Peter do when the other disciples forsook Jesus and fled? "He followed afar off." 2. What did he do when he was charged with being one of Jesus' followers? "He denied him." 3. What was the name of the high-priest? "Caiaphas." 4. On what charge was Jesus tried? "The charge of blasphemy." 5. What was the final means of his conviction? "His statement that he was the Son of God." 6. What is the Golden Text? "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine nature of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

5. What benefits will Christ's people receive from him at the resurrection?
Being raised up in glory, they shall be openly accepted in the day of judgment, and made perfectly blessed in the full enjoyment of God to all eternity.

"Hate Evil."

DR. ARNOLD, of Rugby, that great and good lover of boys, used to say: "Commend me to boys who love God and hate the devil."

The devil is the boys' worst enemy. He keeps a sharp look out for the boys. He knows that if he can get them he shall have the men. And so he lies in wait for them. There is nothing too mean for him to do that he may win them. And then when he gets them into trouble, he always sneaks away and leaves them! Not a bit of help or comfort does he give them.

"What did you do it for?" he whispers. "You might have known better."

Now, the boy who has found out who and what the devil is, ought to hate him. It's his duty. He can't afford not to hate this enemy of all that is good and true with his whole heart.

Hate the devil, and fight him, boys; but be sure and use the Lord's weapons!—*Sunday school Advocate.*

God's people should always let the world see that they are peaceable people; we may justly question the religion of those who are enemies to peace.



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