

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la  
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear  
within the text. Whenever possible, these have  
been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées  
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,  
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont  
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
  - Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
  - Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
  - Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
  - Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
  - Showthrough/  
Transparence
  - Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
  - Continuous pagination/  
 pagination continue
  - Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
  - Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
  - Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
											✓

# HOME & SCHOOL

Vol. II.]

TORONTO, AUGUST 30, 1884.

[No. 18.]

### Homeland.

AGAIN I walk through the valley  
And the old familiar lane,  
And I see on the verge of the woodland  
The homstead I love again.

Another year has departed,  
Since last I its threshold crossed—  
Another year, yet we gather  
With none from our circle lost.

There are voices glad in the wildwood,  
And the sound of the mill is heard,  
Blent with the whisper and music  
Of leaf and river and bird.

For my soul, like a bird that wanders  
Afar from its native shore,  
Is filled with the songs of the homeland,  
And shall be for evermore.

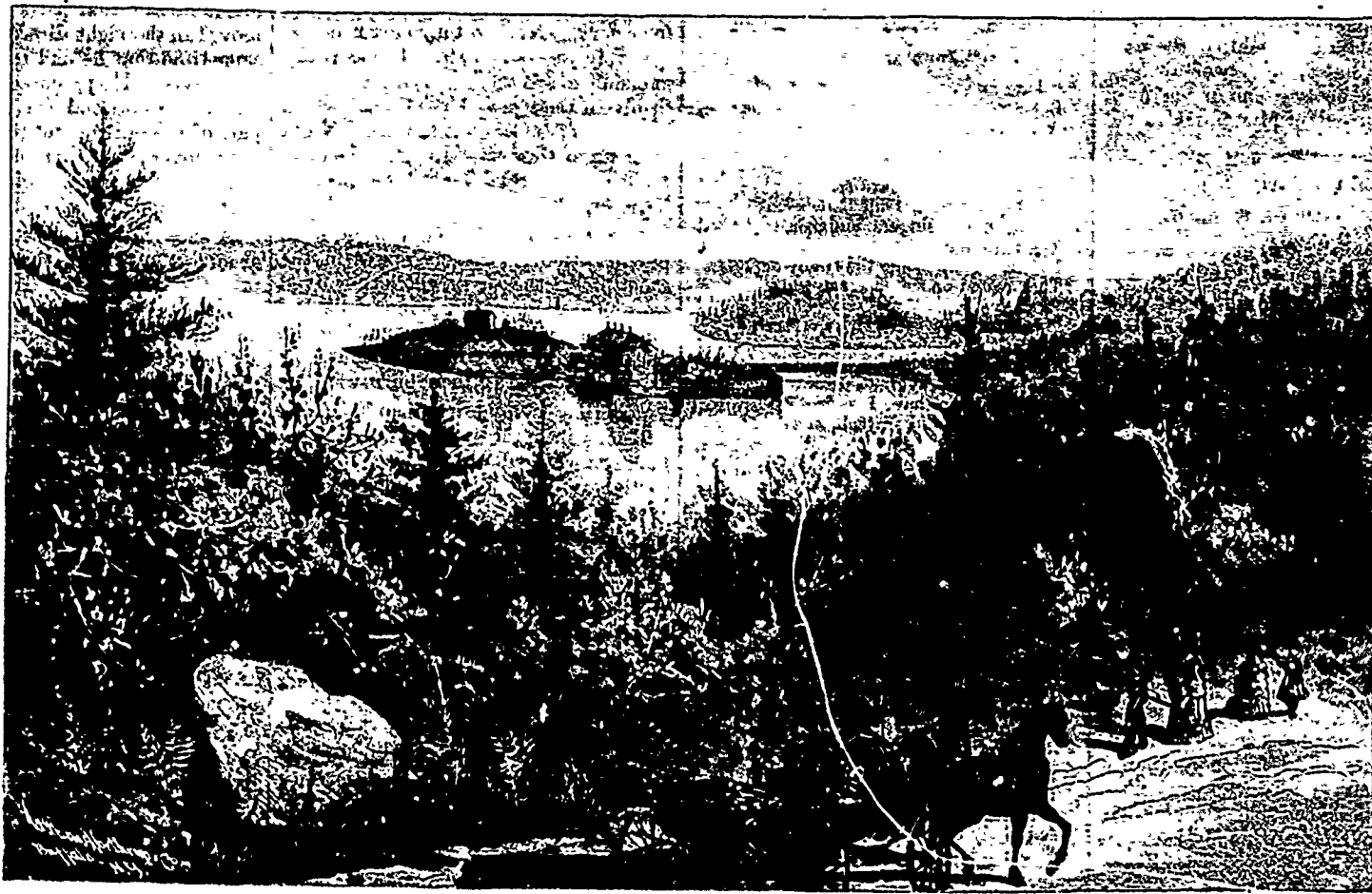
### Halifax and its Surroundings.

HALIFAX is the most British city on the continent. Long associations with the army and navy have accomplished this. The Halifaxians are, for once and for all, the faithful and liege subjects of Her Majesty, her heirs and

the guest—it matters not what his nationality may be.

The strong attractions for visitors are so numerous that a city guide book is necessary to explain them in their proper order. The drives can be varied according to the taste and the time of sojourn. To skirt the city one may drive down the Point Pleasant road and up the North-west Arm. This gives a fine view of the harbour and its objects of interest. The Arm is a

in the surf, he should go to where the sea rolls in with a magnificent sweep, at Cow Bay. This beautiful place is ten miles from Halifax, on the Dartmouth side. The drive to it is through a pretty piece of country. All around Halifax are bays, coves, islands, and lakes, any one of which is worthy of a visit, so that the tourist may see as much or as little as he pleases. Excursions to McNab's Island, at the mouth of the harbour, are also in



MELVILLE ISLAND—NORTH-WEST ARM—HALIFAX.

There is joy in this peaceful valley,  
Which happiness e'er broods o'er,  
I rejoice that I walk its pathways  
With my kindred dear once more.

There is one who sits by the doorstep  
As the daylight's beauty dies:  
I know her hair has grown whiter,  
That dimness has veiled her eyes;

But her hand is as warm as ever,  
And her motherly smile is sweet,  
As I sat by her side in the twilight  
Where the loved and the loving meet.

I'm now far from that pleasant valley,  
Yet in memory I daily stray  
Through its woodland and by its river,  
And each old, familiar way.

successors, and the fashions and tastes of the people are largely governed by the land beyond the sea. So the people have all that is admirable in English business circles and polite society. That is to say, they preserve their mercantile good names by integrity, and their homes are the scenes of good old-fashioned English hospitality. A stranger who was the *entrée* into the best society will be sure to carry away the most kindly recollections of his visit. In no place will more studious efforts be

made to minister to the enjoyment of beautiful place, and around it are many elegant private residences, the homes of men of wealth and taste. The cut on this page shows the beautiful scenery of Melville Island and the North-west Arm. This is one of the most pleasant parts of Halifax. The view of the ocean had from the hills is of an enchanting nature. Another drive is around Bedford Basin, coming home by the way of Dartmouth, which Dr. Punshon considered one of the most charming drives in the world, with which opinion the present Editor quite agrees. If one has a fancy for bathing

order during the fine, warm days of summer.

In the city itself there is a great deal to be seen. It is expected that strangers will visit the New Province Buildings, with its fine museum, open to the public; the churches, asylums, and all kinds of public institutions, which bear glowing tribute to the piety, charity and philanthropy of the people. The Public Garden, belonging to the city, will be found a most pleasant retreat, with its trees and flowers, fountains, lakes, and cool and shady walks.

One should have a sail on Bedford Basin, that fair expanse of water—broad, deep, blue, and beautiful. It was on the shore of this Basin that the Duke of Kent had his residence, and the remains of the music pavilion still stands on a height which overlooks the water. The "Prince's Lodge," as it is called, may be visited during the land drive to Bedford, but the place is sadly shorn of its former glory; and the railway, that destroyer of all sentiment, runs directly through the grounds. It was a famous place in its day, however, and the memory of the Queen's father will long continue to be held in honour by the Halifax people.

Halifax has communication with all parts of the world, by steamer and sailing vessel. Hither come the ocean steamships with mails and passengers, and numbers of others which make this a port to call on their way to and from other places. A large trade is carried on with Europe, the United States, and the West Indies, and from here, also, one may visit the fair Bermudas, or the rugged Newfoundland.

Methodism is strong in Halifax. It has six churches, with a membership of nearly a thousand, and large congregations. Here is the prosperous Methodist Book Room of the Maritime Provinces, which, under the faithful stewardship of the Rev. S. F. Huestis, has reached great success; and the office of the *Wesleyan*, which, under the accomplished Editorship of the Rev. T. Watson Smith, and worthy predecessors, has become one of the most influential journals of Maritime Canada.

#### Lincoln's Early Life.

BY MRS. ISADORE S. BASH.

On a cold winter day many years ago a young boy ten years old and his sister two years older were all alone in a little log-cabin in the southern part of Indiana. There was but a small space of cleared land about this wretched cabin, which had neither floor, door, nor window. Three-legged stools served for chairs, poles driven into the wall and covered with boards, and the boards covered with a mattress of leaves, formed the beds. Huge slabs supported by forked sticks driven into the earthen floor formed the table. There were a few pewter and tin dishes, but no knives or forks.

Both the brother and sister were shivering with cold, for they were miserably clad. There was a sorrowful, care-worn look on both these young faces. The good mother of these children had been dead for more than a year, and their father, who was none too kind at best, had left them weeks before to go back to his old home in Kentucky to visit.

The children were not only suffering for the necessaries of life, but were also suffering with fear for the father's safety.

That young boy was Abraham Lincoln at the age of ten years. Such were his home and surroundings. By-and-bye Abraham and his sister heard a noise, and looking out they saw coming through the woods a four-horse waggon, containing their father, a woman, three children, and a variety of wonderful things such as they had never seen before. There was a bureau, a bed, a table, a clothes-chest, chairs, and cooking utensils. Their father had married again, and was bringing home a new mother for Abraham and his sister Nancy.

The new mother proved a true friend to these neglected children. She hastened to make them good warm clothing; and that night for the first time, Abraham Lincoln slept in a comfortable bed with covering enough to keep him warm on a winter night. This energetic woman made her husband put floors, windows, and doors in his cabin. She loved these children, and was a much better friend to them than their lazy, careless father. As soon as there was a school in the neighbourhood she sent them, being careful that they should be as well dressed as other children.

She was not educated herself, but she discovered the capacity of her stepson and helped him with all her might. With this encouragement, his own intelligence and ambition did the rest. He studied early and late. He used a wooden shovel for a slate and a piece of charcoal for a pencil. He was a great borrower of books because he could not buy any. He would memorize parts of his books and copy other parts. Once he borrowed a small *Life of Washington*. He laid it on a shelf in the cabin, and a storm coming up at night it got soaked with rain. He had to work three days to pay for it.

Lincoln was almost wholly self-taught. He was a great and good man. How many, many people are better and happier to-day because he lived.

#### "Just as I am."

"JUST as I am, without one plea  
But that Thy blood was shed for me;  
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee:  
O, Lamb of God, I come."

'Twas thus a drunkard tried to pray,  
While bending o'er his baby's clay;  
His trembling fingers, anguish'd grasp'd  
The little hand that death had clasp'd,  
But failed to change the sunny smile  
That rested on the face the while.

"Just as I am"—I yield the strife—  
The record of my ruined life;  
The curse that made my mind a wreck;  
That neither prayer nor pride could check;  
No other place have I to flee—  
"Oh! let me hide myself in Thee."

"Just as I am"—weak, weary, worn,  
The relic of a hope forlorn;  
A thing whose worthless actions tend  
To every weak and wicked end;  
Whose faltering footsteps daily trace  
The path of pain and deep disgrace.

"Just as I am"—a weary soul  
O'er which temptation's billows roll;  
The demon forms that round me creep,  
The horrid dreams that banish sleep,  
The craving fiends that o'er me ride,  
With calls that will not be denied.

"Just as I am"—remembering well  
The wife that by my fury fell:  
The little lips that daily cried  
For bread their father's curse denied,  
And daily begged with weary feet  
That marked with blood the frozen street.

"Just as I am"—O Saviour! come  
And save me from the rage of rum;  
By memories of this little form,  
That Thou hast taken from the storm,  
By all the hopes Thy Scriptures give,  
Support my vows and let me live.

The clouds were rent, the darkness fled,  
And fell upon the burdened bed  
A ray of sunshine, soft and warm,  
That glorified the little form,  
And shone in promise fondly there,  
As if in answer to his prayer.

And over since his feet have trod  
In light and life and love of God,  
Devoting ceaseless word to win  
The wandering ones from paths of sin.  
"Just as I am, without one plea  
But that Thy blood was shed for me"—  
These the grand words with which he  
Came,—  
Go, weary one, do thou the same.

#### Earth-Worms.

If you were to see a jar of earth in which a great many earth-worms had been placed, you would doubtless conclude that they had been gathered by some fisherman, and were to do duty as bait; but I wish to tell you of a jar of worms that belonged to a naturalist who had collected them that he might study their habits.

He soon found that they form for themselves little burrows in the earth, in which they rest quietly during the day, coming out to look for food by night. But how can they tell day from night? Have they eyes? Can they see? Mr. Darwin, after close study, concluded that they have no eyes, but that the front part of their bodies is sensitive to light; for, if he concentrated by a lens the rays of a candle upon their heads, they dashed into their burrows like rabbits; if, however, he shaded their heads and cast the light upon some other part of their bodies, they took no notice of it.

Can they smell? Mr. Darwin buried bits of onions and cabbage in the ground. These they soon found, guided to them, presumably, by the sense of smell. They showed that they liked the taste of some articles much better than that of others. Thus, when bits of green and red cabbage were placed side by side, they always chose the green, but would readily leave either for celery. Nor do they crave an exclusively vegetable diet. It was really amusing to see them striving to secure firmly in their jaws bits of meat which had been fastened by long pins. Night after night they would tug at them, in their struggle reaching half out of their burrows.

Can they hear? They seemed to pay no attention to any noises in the room, but if the jar in which they lived were placed upon the piano while the keys were struck, they seemed to be frightened by the vibrations thus felt, and soon retired to their burrows.

Are they of any use to man? If you will look into the garden around their burrows you will see little mounds of earth, not very high, but very fine. It is said that in India these mounds may sometimes be seen as high as six inches. This earth has been brought to the surface by the earth-worm; part of it he has removed while making his burrow. When we consider the numbers of earth-worms throughout the soil in all parts of the world, and the fact that each one is throwing up these earth castings, we will see that they are all busy in making the soil of our fields and gardens very fine and porous.

At one time Mr. Darwin, wishing to ascertain the amount of mold that would thus be worked over in a giving time, had lime spread upon a meadow, leaving it undisturbed for ten years. Immediately these little farmers began operations. Here and there they burrowed through the lime, leaving around their homes their little castings of fine soil. Gradually this pulverized soil covered the lime, and it disappeared from sight. At the end of ten years, holes were dug at various points through the meadow, and then it was discovered that the lime was three inches below the surface; those three inches representing the amount of fine mold brought up by the earth-worms. The castings thus thrown out on sloping hill-sides are washed down into the valleys by the rains; thus the little earth-worm may be laying bare the

surface of the mighty rocks as well as pulverizing the soil.

We have often heard of the coral insect—more properly coral animal, for he is no insect—which, out in the ocean, slowly builds up islands for men's habitation. We may now regard our familiar earth-worm as his fellow-worker, as a "planer of the mountain-side, a maker of fertile, alluvial corn lands," and thus an unconscious friend to man in his agricultural operations.

#### Boy Inventors.

A BOY'S elders are guilty of a foolish act when they snub him because he says or does something which they don't understand. A boy's personality is entitled to as much respect as a man's, so long as he behaves himself.

Some of the most important inventions have been the work of boys. The invention of the valve motion to the steam engine was made by a mere boy. Newcome's engine was in a very incomplete condition from the fact that there was no way to open or close the valves except by means of levers operated by the hand.

Newcome set up a large engine at one of the mines and a boy, Humphrey Potter, was hired to work these valve levers; and though this was not hard work, yet it required his constant attention. As he was working the levers he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction and at the same time that he had to open or close the valves. He procured a strong cord and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine and the other to the valve lever; and then had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion.

A short time after the former man came around and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine he saw the ingenuity of the boy and also the advantage of so great an invention. The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put in a practical form and made the steam engine an automatic working machine.

The power-loom is the invention of a farmer's boy who had never seen or heard of such a thing. He whittled one out with his jack-knife and after he had got it all done he with great enthusiasm showed it to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying that he would have no boy about him that would spend his time on such foolish things.

The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up and showed it to his master. The blacksmith saw that he had no common boy as an apprentice and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms and the boy received half the profits.

In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should bring with him a wealthy gentleman who was the inventor of the celebrated power-loom. You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces but a year before.

**Christ at the Treasury.**

BY MRS. W. T. BROWN.

OVER against the treasury

The Master was sitting one day,  
And His looks were wise and gentle  
As the people passed that way.Wise, and gentle, and human ;  
But never on hearts of men  
Had fallen such stern heart-searching  
As wrought in the temple then.For never man spake as this Man,  
And they who listened and saw,  
Heard and saw something more than a  
sermon,  
Learned something more than the law.They had seen how He entered the city  
From Olivet's beautiful calm,  
Amidst the hosannas of triumph,  
The waving of garment and palm ;And from the far hills of Judaea,  
Strange tidings had reached them ere  
then,  
Of One who had come from the lowly  
To be the Great Healer of men ;And they knew that this simple Stranger,  
Who rebuked them again and again,  
Was something in wisdom and honour  
Surpassing the children of men.And they felt as He looked upon them  
With more of pity than scorn,  
That He knew how they cast their money  
Into the sounding horn.And the scribes and the Pharisees saw it,  
And trod with a humbler mien,  
While the publican dropped his eyelids  
And reverently passed between.And the rich cast in their abundance  
And never a hand did withhold,  
Till the trumpets clang'd loudly and often  
With the tithings of silver and gold.Then one came alone and unheeded,  
So quiet and lonely her mien,  
And dropped in her gift with the others,  
Nor guessed that the Stranger had seen.Through the gentle, sad face of the woman  
The Master looked down to her soul,  
And knew that of all her poor living  
She had given no tithe, but the whole.More sweet than the words of an angel  
His blessed approval did fall :  
"I say unto you this poor woman  
Hath cast in more than ye all."No record was left of the silver,  
Nor yet of the shokels of gold ;  
But wherever the Lord has a temple  
The tale of the widow is told.And the two little mites that out-valued  
The gifts of the rich and the great  
Have shown and have grown through the  
ages  
To riches and royal estate.Over against the treasury  
The Master is sitting to-day,  
And He counts the gain and the giving  
Of all who pass that way.O hearts that behold Him and know Him,  
O hands that do scatter your hoard,  
Be sure they have riches and honour  
Who have given their all to the Lord.  
—Heathen Woman's Friend.**The Christian Martyr.**

A STORY OF THE EARLY CHURCH.

THERE was a great stir in the city  
of Nicomedia, where Galerius the em-  
peror lived. A band of Christians had  
been captured, and were to be sent to  
the lions on the morrow.The night before, a young soldier  
entered the house of Gallico, the chief  
gladiator. He was met by Gallico,  
who said :"Welcome, my boy. I am glad  
thou art come. Thou art ready for the  
worst ?""Ay, or the best, if you will, good  
uncle.""Yes, nephew ; I hope so, but greatly  
fear.""Then fear not," replied the younger  
man. "You would not if you knew  
all."

"All what ?"

"That Augustus is dying."

"No !"

"He is. I saw one from the palace  
to-day, and he told me other things  
besides. He told me that Galerius  
believes that the Christians' God hath  
sent this awful sickness upon him ; and  
he will to-night sign a new order, that  
all the Christians be set free."Gallico's face brightened at the news,  
and he asked in an eager voice,—

"Can it be true, think you ?"

"Yes, it is true, uncle," the other  
answered. "And that will help me.  
The order will be published to-morrow.  
Now, let me tell you my plan. You  
know it was I who caused these Chris-  
tians to be taken. As I brought away  
my captive, he spoke to me—spoke  
words about forgiving me, and said  
that he would ask his Lord, the Christ,  
to give me pardon. He gave me this  
book, and bade me read. There I  
found the story of the God they wor-  
ship ; and, uncle, I believe it all.  
Then I said, he shall not die ; he is a  
mere youth, and I a soldier ; so I  
resolved to seek your help, that to-  
morrow, dressed like him, I may leave  
his cell, step into the ring like the other  
Christians, and perish in his place.""It is a noble resolve, my son, and  
I have not the heart to turn thee from  
it, but I will at least try to help thee  
to save thine own life. We will hide  
a sword for thee in the sand ; take thou  
that, and attack the beast. If thou  
canst keep him at bay for a little  
while, may be the order of the emperor  
may reach us ; and, trust me, thou  
shalt not want assistance. And now,  
let me tell thee a secret. Thine own  
father, my lad, was a Christian, and  
died in that very ring. The sorrow  
broke thy mother's heart, and she died,  
leaving thee to my care. I kept the  
secret from thee lest thou shouldst feel  
shame to think thy father was a Nazarene ;  
but now, I fancy, thou wilt be  
proud to know it. But away now. If  
thou art to die on the morrow, thou  
shouldst be alone to-night."In the early dawn of the following  
day great crowds of people were seen  
hurrying to the amphitheatre.At the same time Gallus the soldier,  
dressed like the young Christian whom  
he had made captive, went alone to  
one of the cells of the martyrs, and  
unlocked the door.The morning light fell across the  
form of one lying on the straw. Gallus  
stopped a moment. The prisoner was  
sleeping, and the soldier entered, and  
locking the door passed the key through  
the bars. It fell upon the pavement  
outside, and the noise wakened the  
 sleeper.

"Is the time come ?" he asked.

"Not for thee, brother," was the  
answer.

"Who calls me brother ?" he asked.

"One," replied Gallus, "who has  
learned to love thy Lord the Saviour.""But thou art the man who arrested  
me !""I am, and will be the man who  
shall set thee free."While they were talking some one  
came to the door and opened it. Gallus  
stepped out."Thy sword is yonder, in the very  
centre of the ring. Quick to gain it  
before the lion comes !"These words were whispered in his  
ear by the man who stood at the door,  
and he bounded forward.He found the sword lying as if  
dropped by chance on the sand, and  
grasped it. Twisting his light coat  
round his arm he waited for the beast.The people, at first astonished at his  
finding a weapon, seemed pleased at his  
bold bearing ; and the officers in charge  
made no sign, so the lion was turned  
loose.He sprang out with a roar and  
bounded toward Gallus. But the  
young soldier was ready, and after  
several times trying to seize him and  
only meeting the sharp sword instead,  
the lion held back, growling terribly  
and lashing the earth with his tail, but  
still frightened.It was at that moment that an officer  
rode to the gate of the amphitheatre  
and delivered a message. Then a dozen  
men rushed into the ring, and slew the  
lion on the spot ; while a great shout  
proclaimed that the battle was over, for  
the edict of Galerius was made public,  
that the persecution of Christians was  
to come to an end.Gallus joined the Christians, and for  
years after people used to point to him  
as one who was willing to lay down  
his life for the brethren.**London Gin-Palaces.**MORE than one-fourth of the daily  
earnings of the denizens of the slums  
goes over the bars of the public-houses  
and gin-palaces. To study the phase of  
this burning question let us take the  
districts from which I have drawn the  
facts and figures I have submitted to  
your readers in previous articles.On a Saturday night in a great  
thoroughfare adjacent, there are three  
corner public-houses which take as  
much money as the whole of the other  
shops on the other side of the way put  
together. Butchers, bakers, green-  
grocers, clothiers, furniture-dealers, all  
the caterers to the wants of the popu-  
lace, are open till a late hour ; there  
are hundreds of them trading round  
and about, but the whole lot do not  
take in as much money as three pub-  
licans—that is a fact ghastly enough  
in all conscience. Enter the public-  
houses and you will see them crammed.  
Here are artizans and labourers,  
drinking away the wages that ought  
to clothe their little ones. Here are  
the women squandering the money that  
would purchase food, for the lack  
of which their children are dying. One  
group rivets the eye of the observer  
at once. It consists of an old grey-  
haired dame, a woman of forty, and a  
girl of nineteen, with a baby in her  
arms. All these are in a state which is  
best described as "maudlin"—they  
have finished one lot of gin, and the  
youngest is ordering another round.  
It is a great-grandmother, grand-  
mother, and a mother and a baby—  
four generations together—and they  
are dirty and dishevelled and drunk,  
except the baby, and even the poor  
little mite may have its first taste of  
alcohol presently. It is no uncommon  
sight in these places to see a mother  
wet a baby's lips with gin and water.  
The process is called "giving the  
young 'un a taste," and the baby's father  
will look on sometimes and enjoy the  
joke immensely.But the time to see the result of a  
Saturday night's heavy drinking in a  
low neighbourhood is after the houses  
are closed.One dilapidated, ragged wretch I  
met last Saturday night was gnawing  
a baked potato. By his side stood a  
thinly-clad woman bearing a baby in  
her arms, and in hideous language she  
reproached him for his selfishness.  
She had fetched him out of a public-  
house with his last halfpenny in his  
pocket. With that halfpenny he had  
bought the potato, which he refused  
to share with her. At every corner the  
police are ordering or coaxing men  
and women to "move on." Between  
twelve and one o'clock it is a long  
procession of drunken men and wo-  
men, and the most drunken seem to  
be those whose outward appearance  
betokens the most abject poverty.Turn out of the main thoroughfare  
and into the dimly-lighted back  
streets and you come upon scene after  
scene to the grim, grotesque horror  
of which only the pencil of a Dore  
could do justice. Women with hideous  
distorted faces are rolling from side to  
side, shrieking loud snatches of popu-  
lar songs plentifully interlarded with  
the vilest expressions. Men as drunk  
as themselves meet them, there is a  
short interchange of ribald jests and  
foul oaths then a quarrel and a shower  
of blows.Down from one dark court rings a  
cry of murder, and a woman, her face  
hideously gashed, makes across the nar-  
row road pursued by a howling mad-  
man. It is only a drunken husband  
having a row with his wife.A friend of mine who is never tired  
of trying to urge the people of this  
district to temperance, not long since  
found a man sitting up naked on a  
heap of rags, shivering with the death  
throes on him, and crying for water for  
his parched throat. His wife, in a  
maudlin state of intoxication, was  
staring helplessly at her dying hus-  
band. A coat was given to wrap round  
the poor fellow. At night when my  
friend returned, he found the man cold  
and dead and naked, and the woman in  
a state of mad intoxication. She had  
torn the coat from the body of the  
dying man and pawned it for drink.  
In these districts men and women who  
are starving will get grants of bread,  
and some of them will even ask for the  
bread to be wrapped in clean paper.  
Do you know why ? That they may  
sell one loaf to some one for a copper  
or two, and get drunk with the money.  
Men will come and buy a pair of boots  
in the morning out of their earnings,  
and pay seven shillings for them. At  
night they will return to the same shop  
and offer to sell them back for four  
shillings. They have started drinking,  
and want the money to finish the  
carouse with.—*London Daily News.*Mr. MOODY's greatest hindrances, so  
he said, is the number of church mem-  
bers who come to his meetings and  
kept out the unconverted and non-  
church goers whom he desires to reach.  
At his first great meeting recently in a  
new part of London he asked all who  
were Christians to rise. Not suspecting  
what was to follow, about three-fourths  
of the audience arose, when, quick as he  
could speak, Mr. Moody said, "Now  
do not sit down ; pass out at once.  
Glad to know that you are Christians,  
and so you may go, as I want the sinners  
to come in." And as the stewards  
showed the Christians the way out, a  
great multitude which had been stand-  
ing at the door crowded in and filled  
the Tabernacle with the very class  
which Mr. Moody wished to reach.



**I Meant To.**

"I did not rise at the breakfast bell,  
But was so sleepy—I can't tell—  
I meant to.

"The wood's not carried in I know,  
But there's the school bell, I must go.  
I meant to.

"My lesson, I forgot to write,  
But nuts and apples were so nice.  
I meant to.

"Forgot to walk in on tiptoe:  
Oh, how the baby cries—oh, oh!  
I meant to.

"There, I forgot to shut the gate  
And put away my book and slate.  
I meant to.

"The cattle trampled down the corn,  
My slate is broken, book is torn—  
I meant to.

Thus draws poor, idle Jimmie Hite  
From morn till noon, from noon till night.  
I meant to.

And when he grows to be a man  
He'll heedlessly mar every plan  
With that poor plea: "I meant to."  
—Home and School Visitor.



A TURKISH SCHOOL.

**OUR PERIODICALS.**

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly	.....	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp. monthly, illustrated	.....	2 00
Magazine and Guardian, together	.....	3 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	.....	1 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	.....	0 60
Under 6 copies, 66c.; over 6 copies	.....	0 60
Canadian Scholar's Quarterly	.....	0 66
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 60c. per hundred.	.....	
Home & School, 8 pp. 6to., semi-monthly, single copies	.....	0 20
Less than 20 copies	.....	0 25
Over 20 copies	.....	0 22
Over 100 copies	.....	0 20
Pleasant Hours, 2 pp. 6to., semi-monthly, single copies	.....	0 20
Less than 20 copies	.....	0 25
Over 20 copies	.....	0 22
Over 100 copies	.....	0 20
Barren Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month	.....	5 50
Sunbeam—semi-monthly—when less than 20 copies	.....	0 15

Address: **WILLIAM BRIGGS,**  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto.

**C. W. COATES,** 8 Bleury Street, Montreal.  
**S. F. HUESTIS,** Methodist Book Room, Halifax.

**Home & School:**  
Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D. - Editor.

TORONTO, AUGUST 30, 1884.

**Educational Earning Wages.**

THE commencement season is over, and the institutions of learning are already calling for new recruits in the army of learning. We desire to second the appeal which is being made in our press, and ought to be made in all our pulpits, for a larger patronage of all Methodist schools, especially for the colleges. Education has two uses; one is the prime necessities of life and its higher physical well-being, the other is the inner values of life and its relations to immortal destiny. The use of liberal learning in the second, or spiritual, department is nowhere denied. The prime necessities are met by the public school. The region of doubt is the higher physical well-being. The popular mind is still wrangling with the college respecting the usefulness of college study, and the point of antagonism is this matter of physical well-being. A college president gives us a hard nut for objectors to crack. He has just conferred the A.B. degree on twenty young men whose past he knows, and whose pursuits and prospects he has investigated. His statement is, in substance, this: Four years ago the wage-value of the twenty young men

was in the aggregate less than \$5,000. To-day it is not less than \$15,000. The college course has multiplied their power to earn their wages by three. They will at once earn, in the aggregate, three times as much as they could earn when they entered the freshman class. They go into various occupations; some have engagements at \$1,000 a year, others get lower wages, but none less than \$600. The president further believes that in ten years these twenty men if they live will be earning \$30,000, or an average of \$1,500 each, and that without the college they would never have reached an average of \$750. The class has been lifted to a higher level of productive power—measured in the practical man's half-bushel, which is the nation's dollar—and it has the power to advance to a much higher productiveness.

Our authority for the foregoing also gives the following: Ten years ago two brothers had the opportunity of going to college. One of them, the younger, embraced the opportunity; the other, more eager to make money, went into business. Both have had friends to help them, and fairly even chances. The result is a lesson in the economical value of college education. The graduate is earning a salary of \$1,800; the other a \$700 salary. Both are in business, and their father has been heard to say recently that each of these sons of his receives about what he is worth.

In this matter of the wage-earning power of an education, we are too apt to consider exceptions and not rules. Here and there a man rises without education. But many men rise by means of education, though they themselves do not know it. In the great newspaper offices, great railroad offices, city banks, and other large corporations, the majority of the men are graduates of colleges. Our high schools are more and more in the hands of college men. We are told that the demand for college-bred men in schools at salaries from \$1,000 to \$1,500 is steadily growing. We have distinctly

passed the stage in our growth as a people where the professions monopolize the graduates. The boys coming from colleges are filling business positions to an extent which is not realized by the general public. All these facts prove that the competition for attractive wages is now on a level with the general education furnished by the college and counts for much more than it used to do. We were struck with the story told by a principal in a high school. "Eight years ago," he said, "I was a coal miner, earning precariously from \$6 to \$12 a week. I seldom got \$400 a year in all. I spent six years working my way through college. My education cost me nothing. I lived while getting it, and I merely lived before. I am now earning \$1,200 a year, and have the satisfaction of believing that I am more useful." This man's education was classical. We shall not insist that it is the best. We can conceive of an education which would be better; but it probably does not yet exist, and it is not wise for boys to offer themselves as victims of experiments in "the new education."

The college president to whom we have referred tells us that the worst symptom in college life is that the new courses are asked for and pursued because they are easier than the old, and he adds that the results are unsatisfactory. He reports, however, that the most successful graduates are those who specialize in science. Such students are in demand as soon as they graduate. For physicists, naturalists, and chemists the demand is far beyond the supply. He gives the example of a poor boy who got through college by self-help, rendering himself useful in the laboratory, and getting enough to keep soul and body together for this service. The "poor boy" is now receiving \$5,000 a year as chemist. This boy's scientific education was based on a classical one, and the large result is attributed to that fact, though that basis may not be necessary.

A safe view to take of education is that it is a kind of goods for which

there is an enlarging market, and that the best goods command the best prices; but the best goods are not necessarily to be had only at the largest shops and the most famous shops. Good educational wares are turned out, not by machines, but by men; and the best college for any lad is the one where he will come into contact with the best teachers. The middle range of colleges—old enough to have formed a character, strong enough in students to graduate from fifteen to thirty a year—are probably the best places in which to obtain a good education. In the north-west our colleges are all within these limits; and, for the matter of that, Methodism has not yet much exceeded the upper limit in the arts courses. We advise, then, the bright boys and girls to get a college education—we have said "boys" in this article for the sake of brevity. There is an increasing number of places for educated women in the world, and there is no reason why girls should not have the best possible education.—N. W. Christian Advocate.

**Turkish School.**

A QUERER-looking school this is, but it is just such a one as you may see in any Turkish or Arab town where there is a school at all, as for instance, in Beirut, Cairo, or Alexandria. The boys all sit on the ground—girls are not thought worth sending to school—and repeat altogether with a deafening din passages from the Koran, or Mohammedan Bible. The grave old Turk listens undisturbed, occasionally administering correction or advice as the circumstances of the case may demand. Such is the unchanging character of customs and usages in the East, that it is altogether probable that in just such a school the youthful Jesus at Nazareth learned to read the Scriptures, out of which He was able to teach and astonish the doctors of the law at Jerusalem in His twelfth year. Indeed, the schools in the East, as a general thing, are much inferior now to what they were in Palestine in the time of our Lord.



A SEAL SITTING ON A CHAIR.

**The Fairy Lesson.**

Her hair was so soft and curly,  
Her eyes were so sweet and blue  
(A dear little, queer little girlie  
That looked very much like you),  
And—s'he wanted to go on a mission  
To China or Timbuctoo!

She wanted, somehow or other,  
To be a philanthropist,  
(Just say that big word to mother  
And see if you don't get kissed;  
It means to help people out of  
Each troublesome tangle and twist.)

She wanted the lamp of Aladdin—  
What wonders she'd do with that!  
Not a soul should ever look sad in  
The house—not even the cat,  
She wished she'd the purse of a princess,  
Or, maybe, a cardinal's hat.

"Or, if only I were a fairy—  
What couldn't a fairy do!—  
If I had her wand to carry  
And knew how to use it, too!"  
Said this dear little, queer little girlie  
That looked very much like you.

Up popped a fairy, "Surely  
I *must* have a fairy's wand,"  
Said this dear little, queer little girlie,  
"To carry over the land  
And help all the poor Cinderellas,  
Or whatever comes to hand."

But he carried no wand nor crown; he  
Was coming on work intent,  
Twas a dear little household brownie,  
And straight to his work he went.  
Wherever he stepped there was sunshine—  
Patches of heart-content.

He put away cup, spoon, and ladle;  
He polished the silver from rust;  
He shook up the comfortless cradle  
Where the baby had crumbled a crust;  
He swept up the room by enchantment,  
And gave things a magical "dust."

Then off with a twinkle of laughter  
That told her his lesson was done,  
And my little Kittykins after  
As fast as she could run,  
She never will follow or find him  
Till the seas dry up in the sun.

But couldn't she put away things?  
While mamma wondering sat,  
She picked up the baby's playthings,  
A cardinal couldn't do that—  
Nor a sweet mother's kiss come under  
The brim of a cardinal's hat.

They won't let her go on a mission  
To China or Timbuctoo;  
But she's found a sweeter ambition,  
"That we uldn't hurt me or you—  
Just doing her best to brighten  
The corner where she grew."

**Canadian Methodism.**

IN view of the consummation of the union of the Methodist Churches, the following statistics showing the strength of the united Church are given.

**MEMBERSHIP.**

Methodist Church of Canada, 128,644; Methodist Episcopal, 25,671; Primitive Methodist, 8,090; Bible Christians, 7,398. Total, 169,803.

**NUMBER OF MINISTERS**

(of all classes, including students)—Canada Methodist, 1,216; Methodist Episcopal, 259; Primitive Methodist, 89; Bible Christians, 79. Total, 1,643.

**CHURCHES AND THEIR VALUE.**

Canada Methodist—Number of churches, 2,202; value, \$4,438,435;

number of parsonages, 616, value, \$712,096; parsonage furniture, \$102,933; total value of church property, \$6,809,817. Methodist Episcopal—545 churches, value, \$1,314,204; and 126 parsonages, value, \$113,110; total value, \$1,523,514. Primitive Methodist—231 churches and 50 parsonages; total value, \$40,260. Bible Christians—59 churches, value, \$395,210. Total, 3,159 churches, \$77 parsonages; value, \$9,130,807.

**SUNDAY SCHOOLS.**

The number of Sunday-schools in the four branches of the Church is 2,707, with 22,434 teachers, and 185,052 scholars.

**A Message on a Bank-Note.**

A MERCHANT in Liverpool got a five-pound Bank-of-England note, and holding it up toward the light he saw some interlineations in what seemed red ink. He finally deciphered the letters, and found out that the writing had been made by a slave in Algiers, saying in substance: "Whoever gets this bank-note will please to inform my brother, John Dean, living near Carlisle, that I am a slave of the Bey of Algiers." The merchant sent word, employed government officers, and found who this man was spoken of in this bank bill. After some time the man was rescued, who for eleven years had been a slave of the Bey of Algiers. He was immediately emancipated, but was so worn out by hardship and exposure that he soon after died. Of, if some of the bank bills that

come through your hands could tell all the scenes through which they have passed, it would be a tragedy eclipsing any drama of Shakespeare, mightier than King Lear or Macbeth.

*Number One; And How to Take Care of Him.* By Joseph J. Pope, M.R.C.S., L.S.A. Published in Fank & Wagnalls' (10 and 12 Dry Street, N. Y.) Standard Library. Paper, 15 cents. William Briggs, sole agent for Canada.

A series of talks on the art of preserving health. They are marked by sterling common sense and an evident mastery of sanitary science. These "talks" are meant for the people, and are on every-day matters of the very utmost consequence to all, and regard to which ignorance is almost a crime. Such subjects as Diet, Dress, Ventilation, Exercise, are handled in a manner at once pleasing and full of instruction that is vitally important. A wide circulation of this little book is bound to insure three things: better bodies, better dispositions, better minds, and, we might add, better religion. The author does not mince matters in discussing alcoholic drinks and tobacco.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt, from an unknown benefactor, of \$2.00 for Mr. Crosby's mission boat—a thank-offering. Mr. Crosby will be happy to receive many such thank-offerings.

**A Story of a Seal.**

"THE seal is an amphibious quadruped."

"Oh, come now, Aunt Emily, do not puzzle us with your hard names," cries Johnny.

"But, Johnny, a lad seven years old ought to know that *amphibious* means 'capable of living on land or water;' and that *quadruped* means 'having four feet.'"

"Oh, now I understand," said Johnny. "But does the seal have feet?"

"It has a sort of feet; but they are so wrapped up in the skin, that they are not of much use on land, except to help it to creep, after a fashion. So the seal passes most of its time in the sea, coming on shore only to bask and sleep in the sun, or to suckle its young ones. It is covered with a close thick fur and is a very good swimmer."

"But let us have the story," said Jane.

"The story is this: Once a fisherman, after harpooning an old seal, found one of its young ones on the sand, and took it home. Here it became the playmate of the children, whom it seemed to love very much. They named it Blue-eyes. It would play with them from morning till night, would lick their hands, and call them with a gentle little cry, not unlike the human voice in its tone.

"It would look at them tenderly with its large blue eyes, shaded by long black lashes. It was very fond of music. It would follow its master to fish, swimming around the boat, and taking a great many fish, which it would give up without even biting them. No dog could have been more faithful, or more quick to learn what was wanted.

"But the fisherman's half-sister was a silly old woman. She had come to help nurse his wife, who was ill. This half-sister took it into her head that the poor seal would bring bad luck to the family. She told her brother that he must get rid of it.

"Wearry of her teasing, he at last took the poor seal, rowed with it out into the open sea, and there, more than seven miles from the shore, threw it into the water, and then hurried home as fast as sails would carry him.

"But when he entered his cottage the first thing he saw was the faithful seal lying close beside the cradle of one of his children. As soon as it saw its master, it showed great joy and tried to caress him. But he took the seal and gave it away to a sailor, who was going on a long voyage. Two weeks afterward, as the fisherman came back from his boat, he saw the seal at play with the children.

"If you do not kill that seal, I will kill it myself," said the old aunt. The children began to cry. "No, no, you shall not kill it!" cried Hans with flashing eyes. "You shall kill me first," cried little Jane. "You have no right to kill it," cried Mary, the eldest girl.

"Am I to be ruled by these children?" said the silly aunt, turning to her brother.

"The seal shall live," said he: "the children shall have their way. Your notion that the poor seal brings bad luck is a very silly notion. You ought to be ashamed of it."

"Hurrah!" cried Hans. "Blue-eyes, the vote is taken; you are to live, and all this nonsense about your bringing bad luck is blown away."

"The seal began to flop about as if in great joy.

"I shall leave the house at once," said the silly aunt.

"Do as you please," said the fisherman.

"And so it turned out, that the only ill luck brought to the family by the seal was the departure of the cross and silly old aunt. And, if the truth were known, this was found to be a very good thing for all. The fisherman prospered, the mother of the children got well at once; and all were happier than ever before, including Blue-eyes, who now was the jolliest seal that ever played with children."\*

#### We Shall Be Like Him.

We shall be like Him, Oh, how rich the promise;

What greater could our Father's love prepare?

Few are the words, and softly are they spoken,

But who shall tell the blessings hidden there?

We shall be like Him, for He took our nature,

To lift us up and with His glory bless;

He took our sin—Oh, wondrous condescension,

That He might clothe us in His righteousness.

He bore our sickness, fainted with our weakness,

That He might give us perfect strength and health;

He walked with us in poverty and hunger,

To make us sharers in His boundless wealth.

We shall be like Him; pure in heart and sinless,

But Oh, His great salvation ends not there;

These bodies shall like unto His be fashioned,

And we His resurrection glory share.

While now in gracious love He calls us children,

And we the royal robes in gladness wear,

Faith grasps the promise of the glorious future—

"We shall be like Him when He shall appear."

We shall be like Him; raised above all weakness,

Forever past all weariness and pain;

Even death itself shall have no power to reach us,

When like our risen Lord with Him we reign.

Oh, what has earth our thirsting souls to offer,

Compared with that abundant life to come?

How poor its pleasures and how dim its brightness,

Beside the glory of our Father's home.

Now looking forth beyond time's misty shadows,

With seers of far off ages we may sing—

"I shall be satisfied when I awaken

With Thine own likeness, Oh, my God and King."

So in the hope of bearing His dear image,

Rejoicing in His precious gift of peace,

His love shall keep our hearts in patient waiting,

Till we in righteousness behold His face.

#### Letter from Mr. Crosby, Port Simpson, B. C.

DEAR young friends, a few weeks ago I wished to make a visit to Port Essington, about fifty miles away. This was the season of the year when most of our people are away at the Naas, fishing the colachan. From this fish they make grease which they use as we would butter, only much more lavishly. Others of the people had

\* We have often seen a seal climb up into a chair, as shown in the picture, and stretch out its neck to catch fish thrown to it by its keeper.

gone to the island west of us to hunt for seal; they have often to go out of sight of land to catch them, and are much exposed to danger.

So, there being no young men home to form a crew for me, I had to paddle my own canoe with but one man with me. We had only gone about three miles when we were attracted to the shore by the barking of dogs, and we found two dogs with a fine large buck. I suppose they had driven him down to the water, as they often do, then kept him there. He was much exhausted, and my young friend soon had him killed and put into the canoe, and as we met some parties who had been for wood, we sent part of the meat back to the folks at home as a treat, for we had not had any fresh meat for some time. On we went, the day being fine. About sixteen miles from home we met a large number of people from another village out fishing. There were myriads of fish about; they were so thick that the women walked out and took them up in basketfuls. My boy William sat in the bow of the canoe and took up with his hands in a short time about two bushels. After having such fine sport and a luncheon on the beach, we went on; called at Nictlah Rotlah, where there were two of our friends sick. After visiting them we went on till dark and then camped for the night, and after a good supper and prayer we laid down for rest, for which we were ready, and no thought of bears or wolves would keep us from a good sleep that night.

Next morning at four we were up and off for a good pull before breakfast—camped by a mountain stream for breakfast—by noon we reached Inverness. This is a salmon cannery; visited some then, and off with the tide up the river; got to Essington time enough for the evening service; was warmly met by Brother Jennings and the people; a good prayer-meeting. Saturday, spent the day visiting and meeting some candidates for baptism. Sabbath, we had a good day; preached and baptized a number of adults and children; after the evening service we went with some friends over to Aberdeen, where our little church, the frame of which was put up last fall, had blown down in a storm.

Monday morning early, by the assistance of Mr. Dempster, we got a number of men to work, and before I left at 2 p.m. we had the wall plates up. I left in our little canoe for home; we had hard work getting down the river against a strong, headwind, but we worked on, gave a short call at Inverness, and off again; paddled all night as it was calm and we expected a headwind next day; worked till I fell asleep about 4 a.m., and my faithful boy worked on till he met a strong tide, and then got a stone and anchored the canoe near shore. Long after the sun rose we waked to find the tide had left us high and dry on the top of a rock. We had now to pay for our slumber by taking all the things out and dragging the canoe down to the water, and then we got on the way again, but only to meet a strong headwind, and were obliged to put in at 8 a.m., and here we remained till afternoon. We got on again against a heavy wind and sea, about three miles further, when we met the people at the herring spawn again. After resting awhile we put round the point, but the wind was so strong we had to camp for the night. The wind blow nearly all night, but towards morning it lulled, so

we got into our little craft and off in a rough heavy swell.

A pull of four miles and we took breakfast, and here William nearly half filled our canoe with herring spawn, for it was so thick and plentiful.

We now had to pull hard, for a strong wind came up against us, but by hard work we got home by 3 p.m., all well and glad we had made the trip.

So you see what we have to do in the way of paddling our own canoe; yet it is now more difficult than it was years ago to get a crew, but still our merciful Father is so kind to us.

#### Dying With and Without Christ.

BY THE REV. W. B. SECCOMBE, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

ON my first mission in Newfoundland, I was requested one afternoon to call and see a woman who was said to be dying. I hastened to the place and found that she had already entered upon "the valley of the shadow of death." She was a widow, about thirty years of age, and had lived all these years without a saving interest in the blood of Jesus. To her the future looked dark, dreary and hopeless. I could see that there was a terrible conflict going on within; her eyes rolled wildly in their sockets, and for a moment fixing her gaze upon me, she said, with a look of despair and in tones which I shall never forget, "Ah! it's too late now, sir; it's too late!" I sat by her side, took her hand in mine and spoke to her of Him who is "mighty to save," "able to save to the uttermost," and urged her to look to Jesus as her only Saviour. Again she turned her eyes upon me and once more repeated the awful words, "It's too late now, sir, too late!" The sands of time were rapidly passing away, and soon her spirit returned to God.

Often, as I have recalled that scene, I have put up the petition:

"Lest that my fearful case should be,  
Each moment knit my soul to Thee;  
And lead me to the mount above,  
Through the low vale of humble love."

On my last mission in that country, I was called to witness another death-bed scene. But how different from the former. A widow about the same age lay dying of consumption; but her faith in Christ was strong, and she was not afraid to die. She had fled to Christ for refuge and laid hold upon Him as the hope set before her, and now she felt that this hope proved as "an anchor to the soul both sure and steadfast." A short time before her death she said, "O! what shall I do to praise so kind and loving a Saviour?" "Out of all the Lord hath brought me through." "I am waiting, waiting." "Jesus! Jesus!" A friend bent over her to wipe away the cold perspiration which had accumulated on her brow; and looking up, she said with an emphasis:

"I say, now the death-dew lies cold on my brow,  
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now."

Shortly after, without either a sigh or struggle, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. "For so He giveth His beloved sleep."

Reader, would you die as triumphantly make Christ your friend. While young in life give your heart to the Saviour. Do not put off your soul's salvation from time to time, but accept the Saviour now! "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now

is the day of salvation." "To-day, if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

"But if you still His call refuse,  
And all His wondrous love abuse,  
Soon will He sadly from you turn,  
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.  
'Too late! too late!' will be the cry—  
'Jesus of Nazareth has passed by.'"

#### Saugeen Indian Sabbath-School Picnic.

An invitation having been given for all interested in having a Sabbath-school picnic to meet in the church, a large number, old and young, came, and in regular form, by resolutions moved, seconded, and carried, it was decided to have a picnic, time and place fixed on, committees appointed, and that each family should bring a basket of provisions—tea, sugar, and lemons to be provided for by a ten-cent collection.

Accordingly, we had our picnic yesterday. The weather was beautiful. The scholars, accompanied by the brass band, marched in procession from the church to the woods, where tables were erected, covered with tablecloths, ornamented with flowers, and loaded with an abundant supply of good things of various kinds. Cups, saucers, plates, knives, etc., were loaned by the Indian band for the occasion. The young men and women of the Sabbath-school, assisted by some of the women, prepared and waited on the tables. Men, women, children, and babies turned out well, and being dressed in holiday attire, presented a fine appearance. The tables were filled four times, and the best of good order and good humour prevailed. The children, in regard to whom some had their fears, behaved themselves in a very creditable manner.

The band enlivened the gathering with good music. Swings were provided for the children, who made a good use of them; the young men amused themselves at football, addresses were delivered by Chief Henry, Chief John, the Superintendent of the school, and the Interpreter. The children of the Sabbath-school sung between each address. God was acknowledged in opening and closing the entertainment, by hymns of praise, prayer, and benediction. All seemed to have had a pleasant time, enjoyed themselves very much, and went home well satisfied with the picnic.

THOS. CULBERT.

Saugeen, July 22nd, 1884.

"HURRY, mamma," said a little innocent with his cut finger, "it's leaking."

Our neighbour of the *Times* suggests that Orillia, as well as Toronto, should hold a semi-centennial celebration this year, as it was about 1833-4 that the first white settlers made their way here. A ter-centenary celebration, however, would be more appropriate and do better justice to the early historical associations of the place. Mr. A. King, Mr. Gill, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Quinn, and others were early settlers, but their coming was antedated by another illustrious white man, by more than two hundred years. Champlain, the first pale-face to set foot on the shores of Lake Couchiching, was here in 1615. And he may fairly be said to have been a settler, for he dwelt with the Indians in their beautiful village for some months.



## The Ebb and Flow of the Tide.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

I STAND on the edge of the boundless sea  
Whose waters are vast and deep;  
Sometimes the billows fight furiously,  
And sometimes calm 'y sleep;  
Sometimes in their generous wealth they rise  
Up to my very feet;  
And now they are stretching so far away,  
That I scarcely hear them beat;  
But pleasures and troubles are coming thus  
On the breast of the waters wide,  
And I wait to see what shall be to me  
With the ebb and the flow of the tide.

Like a boat that is stranded I lie awhile  
On the tide-forsaken shore;  
The hot sun beats on the barren strand,  
And, oh, that the day were o'er;  
Where are my waters of blessing now?  
I ask of my lonely heart,  
And the joyous movement and glow of life,  
In which I once had part?  
But a lesson in patience is given to me  
While the waters from me glide;  
Though the time be long, I can wait with  
song  
For the flow of the freshening tide.

Oh, merry and free is the sunlit sea  
When the bounding waters play,  
And the rhythmic leaps of the gentle waves  
Keep time to my gladsome lay;  
Cheerily dancing the bright hours through,  
The waters rise and fall, [blue  
And the beautiful skies in their cloudless  
Look down and bless us all;  
And every change is an added bliss,  
While gently the waters glide,  
And hope laughs out with a happy shout  
On the ebb and the flow of the tide.

A terrible storm beats down on me,  
And the waves are mountain-high,  
In a tempest of anger they rise and shriek  
To the black and frowning sky;  
And I am out in the whirl and rush,  
Helpless, alone, afraid.  
The waves and the billows sweep over me  
And how is my soul dismayed!  
Oh, for a helper—a saving ark,  
A haven in which to hide;  
But after the storm a calm will come  
With the ebb or the flow of the tide.

My home is away across the sea,  
Where the skies and the waters meet;  
That is the land where the summers last,  
And the tempests never beat.  
And what of the voyage that lies between  
This and the other shore?  
I have a boat that is safe and strong,  
And a Pilot to take me o'er;  
The water is low, but soon I know  
I shall see the face of my Guide,  
And sail away to the happy day  
On the joyous glow of the tide.

## Kitty's Question.

JOHN VINCENT had been a total abstainer for nearly a year, and he knew he was the better for it. In former times, before he had signed the pledge, his home had not been so comfortable as it might; not that it was a poverty-stricken home like some we could point to, but there was a lack of many of the little comforts that tend to make a house cheerful and its inmates happy. "Never," said John, "will I take another drop. I feel so much better in myself; then the children and their mother are better clothed, and yet I have managed to put something by." "Well," answered Harry Jones, to whom John was speaking, "you do as you like, it doesn't matter to me; but don't be so sure that you will never take any more." "Sure?" exclaimed John; "I am sure. I have made up my mind to it." Yes, John had quite made up his mind to it, and he did not think that anyone or anything could ever tempt him to break his resolution; he felt strong and confident about that. He persuaded himself that he had quite overcome the liking for ale, or anything else of the kind, and that the old craving, the almost need for stimulants, could never return.

Alas! he little knew how weak he was, and how little he could depend upon himself.

Hardly a week had passed after his conversation with Harry Jones before he broke his resolution and his pledge together.

It was very wrong of his shopmates, but they, some of them at any rate, had made up their minds to persuade John to forget his pledge. They had tried it many times without success, but on the morning in question something had put him a little out of temper, and when they coaxed him to take just one glass, he took it and drank it. Poor fellow it was a bad glass for him, for it did not end with the one. As a tiger which has once tasted human blood continually thirsts for it, so John longed for another glass, and from one he went to two, and from two to more.

It was a sad time for John's wife when she saw how he was, on his return home in the evening. She thought of the old days which she had hoped were gone forever. Was she to have a repetition of them? Her heart sunk within her; but she was too wise to say anything at the time. She tried to make her husband as comfortable as she could, and when he had gone to bed, which he soon did, she went into the next room where her children slept, and kneeling down, prayed to God, that He would help her husband to keep from drink in the future. And the prayer then offered in secret was rewarded openly.

When she rose from her knees, Mrs. Vincent was surprised to see her little girl Kitty looking at her with wide-open eyes.

"What were you doing, mother?" asked the little one. "Were you saying your prayers?"

"I was praying to God, Kitty."

"What about?" asked the little one.

"I was asking Him to give me strength," answered Mrs. Vincent, who felt that strength would be needed if her husband returned to his old courses.

Kitty said no more, but laid her head on her pillow, and was soon fast asleep. She did not, however, forget her mother's words.

A week or more passed by, and every night, notwithstanding his wife's expostulations, John Vincent came home the worse for drink.

It was Sunday morning; the church bells were ringing for service; the chapels were becoming filled, but John Vincent sat by his fireside gazing into the glowing coals.

"Aren't you coming, John?" inquired his wife. Never since he had taken the pledge had he missed going to a place of worship on Sunday.

"No," he answered; "I don't feel up to it. You go, and take the children; I shall stay at home to-day."

"Oh! John," exclaimed Mrs. Vincent, "I am sorry; shall I stay with you? I will if you are not well."

"No," said John, shortly. "I don't feel ill; but I don't feel exactly strong enough to go this morning."

Little Kitty laid her hand on her father's knee, and looking innocently into his eyes, inquired, "Did you ask God to give you strength, daddy?"

John started as if he had been bitten by a serpent, but he answered his little girl kindly—

"All right, Kitty, you go with mother; I shall be better by-and-by."

When Mrs. Vincent and the children were gone, John opened a cupboard, and from a hiding-place took out a

half-gallon jar of ale. He had brought it home the night before, and had meant drinking it when he was alone, but he did not feel as if he could enjoy it now. Every time he looked at the jar, and then at the glass he had brought in, little Kitty's inquiring eyes seemed to be before him, and her question, "Did you ask God to give you strength?" came to his mind.

"Dear little thing," he said to himself, "she doesn't know I have broken the pledge. I wish I hadn't; but now I must have a little." "Ask God to give you strength" rang in his ears; the little childish voice sounded over and over again and the bright eyes haunted him.

For some time he sat; but at last he started up, and speaking out as loud as if answering a question, he said, "No, I didn't, but I will now," and fell on his knees.

For some time John remained kneeling, and when he rose he took the stone jar with a firm hand, and carried it into the kitchen and emptied its contents into the sink.

"God be thanked!" he exclaimed as the last drop disappeared. "He has given me strength, and He will again if I ask Him. And God bless little Kitty, too, for asking the question."

That day was a turning-point in John Vincent's life.

It is years since this occurred, but he has never returned to his old habits. Whenever he has been tempted to break the temperance pledge, he has thought of his little one's question, "Did you ask God to give you strength?" and then he has sent up a secret prayer to God for help, and God has heard the prayer and answered it.

There are many who try to resist temptation in their own strength. They are sure to fail; without the help of God we can do nothing.—Selected.

## Cracked.

'Twas a set of Resolutions,  
As fine as fine could be,  
And signed in painstaking fashion,  
By Nettie and Joe and Bee.  
And last in the list was written,  
In letters broad and dark,  
(To look as grand as the others),  
"Miss Baby Grace, X her mark!"

We'll try all ways to help our mother;  
We won't be selfish to each other;  
We'll say kind words to every one;  
We won't tie Pussy's feet for fun;  
We won't be cross and snarly, too;  
And all the good we can, we'll do."

"It's just as easy to keep them,"  
The children gaily cried;  
But Mamma, with a smile, made answer,  
"Wait, darlings, till you are tried."  
And truly, the glad, bright New Year  
Wasn't his birthday old,—  
When three little sorrowful faces  
A sorrowful story told.

"And how are your resolutions?"  
We asked of the baby, Grace,  
Who stood with a smile of wonder  
On her dear little dimpled face,  
Quick came the merry answer  
She never an instant lacked,—  
"I don't fink much of 'em's broken,  
But I dess 'em's 'bout all cracked!"

It is now twenty-two years since the Wesleyan Missionary Society began work in Italy. In the Rome District there are now 14 circuits and 19 Italian ministers, and 369 church members. In the Naples and Sicily District there are 18 circuits, 10 Italian ministers, and 575 members. In Spezia alone their day schools are giving Christian training to nearly 400 scholars.

## Brevities.

"WHAT makes the sea salt?" asked Johnny's teacher. "Because there are so many salt fish in it, ma'am," said Johnny.

"PLEASE, I want to buy a shilling's worth of hay." "Is it for your father?" "Oh, no, it's for the horse; father doesn't eat hay!"

School Mistress: "You see, my love, if I puncture this indiarubber ball, it will collapse. Do you understand?" Child: "Oh, yes, I understand; if you prick it, it will go squash."

A poor Irishman offered an old saucepan for sale. Some children gathered around him and inquired why he parted with it. "Ah, my honeys," answered he, "I would not be after parting with it but for a little money to buy something to put in it!"

MODEST persons are not the soonest frightened. "I wonder what they will think of me," is not the inquiry of humility, but of vanity.

"How could you think of calling auntie stupid? Go to her immediately and tell her you are sorry." Freddie goes to auntie and says: "Auntie, I am sorry you are so stupid."

ONE morning one of the horses got loose Marcy came running to grandma in great excitement. "O gramma," she cried, "Nellie's going off up the road bare-headed!" Nellie hadn't any harness on.

LITTLE George, aged four, saw and heard a violin for the first time. He thought it very funny, and this is the way he described it: "Why, mamma, I couldn't help laughing. The man had the funniest little piano you ever saw, and he held it up to his neck and pulled the music out with a stick."

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it as fatal as that?" gasped the consumptive.

Student (reciting): And — er — then he — er — went — er and — er —"  
The class laugh. Professor: "Don't laugh, gentlemen. To err is human."

"Yes," said Miss Coffin, "I always congratulated myself that I should improve my name when I married, and here I'm going to become Mrs. Tombs."

Bridget: "Wot's the most genteel thing for a lady as is a lady to carry in the street, Nora?" Cook: "Sure, thin, some prefers a three-volumes book, but I prefers a roll of music meself, quite careless and easy-like."

THERE is something exquisitely cool in a Yankee's reply to the European traveller, when he asked him if he had just crossed the Alps: "Wall, now you call my attention to the fact, I guess I did pass risin' ground."

AMY BELL, a little girl seven years old, entered the Savings Bank of Manchester, N.H., and timidly said that she would like very much to be shown around the institution as generally as was convenient. As Amy is a very attractive little maid, her request was complied with. It was a dull time of the day, and the treasurer, ex-governor Smyth, escorted her all over it, exhibited the workings of the big locks, and laughingly introduced all the gentlemen to her. When going out Miss Amy thanked them, and said: "You see, my papa has 'posited five dollars here for me, and I wanted to be sure it was in a real safe place. Thank you"—and out she marched, radiant with relief.



