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HOME & SCHOOL

Vol. II.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 11, 1884.

[No. 21.]

He Leadeth Me.

In pastures green? Not always; sometimes
He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

Out of the sunshine, warm and soft and
bright,
Out of the sunshine into the darkest night,
I oft would faint with sorrow and affright.

Only for this—I know He holds my hand,
So whether in green or desert land,
I trust, although I may not understand.

And by still waters? Not always so;
 Oftentimes the heavy tempests round me
blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by,
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day,
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.

And more than this; where'er the pathway
lead
He gives to me no helpless, broken reed,
But His own hand, sufficient for my need.

So where He leads me I can safely go;
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.

Something about Peru.

THE coast of Lower Peru, between the sixteenth and eighteenth degrees of latitude, would present a most desolate uniformity of aridity but for certain fertile valleys which break the dreary monotony of the barren ridges that line the shore of the Pacific for three hundred and twenty miles. The fairest and most tropical of these valleys is that of Tambo, on the slope of the Western Andes. It is enclosed narrowly between a double chain of rocky hills, and rises gradually from the ocean-level to an elevation of six thousand seven hundred and fifty feet. The Tambo River flows through it and empties into the Pacific.

It was from this lovely valley of Tambo that Paul Marcoy, to whom the world owes much of its later knowledge of that country, started on a long journey across the sierra region.

At the period when Marcoy, with gun on shoulder and sketchbook under arm, is discovered, in the valley of Tambo, it contained three large haciendas (estates). One of these was a rice, cotton, and sugar plantation, the property of a friend of Marcoy, Pierre Leroux by name. He was a native of Besançon, and had been living in Peru for fifteen years, during which time he

had acquired and lost two fortunes in mining operations. As Marcoy has sketched him, with pen and pencil, we are shown a man of forty-five years of age, tall, with a countenance at once frank and intelligent, robust in health, sinewy of limb, and with the iron will of one who, having marked out a goal, seeks it unmindful of obstacles.

at Islay, a port about fifteen miles higher up the coast, and was now impatiently expecting its arrival, together with that of the ready-made pine wood sheds intended to house the machines. Once a week he went to Islay to make inquiries, leaving Tambochico in the morning and returning by nightfall. During these absences of his host,

aroused his interest, and he often stopped in his walk to converse with these people on the subject of the life they led there, and of their olive-culture and its revenues. The family had erected its dwelling among the olive trees, and although its members had all the outward appearance of ill-health and poverty, they seemed to be happy and contented, seated under their simple roof of mats, upheld by four posts, and with their household utensils scattered about them. They told Marcoy that their home was in the upper part of the valley, and that the simple shelter under which they received him was merely their temporary camping-out residence. Like all the other proprietors of the olive and fig plantations, they remained away from their plantations for eleven months of the year, leaving the trees to the care of Providence; the twelfth month, when the time to collect the crop had come, they passed where Marcoy found them.

From his friends of the *olivares*, our traveller would stroll a few hundred yards higher up to chat with the neighbours of the *higuerales*. The male adult owners of the fig plantations were generally absent, as they preferred to abandon the conjugal roof and hire themselves out as labourers to the large planters of the valley, some of them returning each night and others only at the end of the week. The women of the family meanwhile attended to the gathering of the figs and their preparation, in a dried state, for the markets of the sierra towns, or engaged in the manufacture of a sort of violet-coloured wine, made from the figs, which the people call *chimbangó*.

One afternoon, Marcoy was greeted joyfully by Pierre Leroux, who told him that the ship with the machinery, the consul had told him, might be expected at any time within three or four days. In his impatience the master of Tambochico resolved to start for the coast with as little delay as possible, and take up his quarters at Mollendo, where the vessel was to land her cargo.

The news of Pierre Leroux's visit to the beach, and a knowledge of its purpose, having spread abroad through the valley, scores of his neighbours, people whom he scarcely knew or had never seen before, came to make inquiries regarding the wonderful machines.

On the fourth day, in the afternoon, the sails of the expected vessel appeared above the tops of the group of rocks that form Cape Islay, and about the same time an Indian arrived with a letter to Leroux from the British



NATIVE INDIANS OF PERU.

Leroux's mind at the moment of Marcoy's appearance in the valley was absorbed in a project of introducing on his hacienda the use of certain machinery for cleansing his rice and cotton. He had ordered it a year before, at a cost of thirty thousand dollars, from New York, through the British consul

Marcoy devoted a part of the day to peregrinations among the *olivares* and *higuerales*—as the small olive and fig plantations are called—which fringe the valley, and in conversing with their Indian proprietors. Among the five or six native families established in the *olivares*, one in particular

consul informing him that, as it would be dangerous for the ship to approach too near the beach, owing to the heavy surf, her captain had resolved to land the machines on a raft to be composed of the material for the sheds. While Leroux was reading this letter the ship came up and dropped anchor at about two-thirds of a mile from shore.

Although the labour of building the raft was begun at once, two days elapsed before the hoisting of the Peruvian colours aboard the vessel announced that all was ready for the landing. The process of transferring the machinery to the shore was simple enough, for while the ship's crew would "pay out" a line attached to their side of the raft, the people on shore were to pull the latter toward them by means of another. A fisherman went out to the ship on his *balsa*, or inflated sealskin raft, procured the end of the shore-line and brought it safely to the beach. As soon as he had landed, the hawser was seized by a hundred officious individuals, who hauled away vigorously at the raft, which by this time had been released from the vessel's side. Leroux, Marcoy, and the spectators watched the progress of the frail tossing platform with varying emotions. Suddenly a great shout arose from the volunteers who were pulling the rope. The hawser had parted! For an instant the raft swayed about helplessly in the great waves. Then a wave bore down on it, and in a few minutes all that remained was a mass of planks and beams tossing wildly against the beach. Leroux looked on at this ruin of his hopes like one thunderstruck, and for a little while Marcoy feared that his reason was about to leave him; but he recovered himself slowly, and, gazing with a despairing glance at the timber lying on the beach, he turned to Marcoy and said with a sigh, "Well, here is another fortune to make."

It is among these energetic people that bishop William Taylor has established very successful, self-supporting missions.

Prohibition is the Word!

BY J. MCGONAGLE.

COULD we collect in one vast moor,
Or sea, the rum, and kindred stuff
That has run down the human throat,
Since Adam's day, 'twould be enough
To float a large, capacious barque,
Or ship as large as Noah's ark!

If we could really gather up
One-half of all the human race
That have, thro' rum's delusive cup,
Been brought to shame and deep disgrace;
We could an army then enroll
Would span the earth from pole to pole!

And, concentrating all the groans
And lamentations caused by rum,
The noise would drown the worst cyclone
That ever on our earth has come;
And, in the meantime, cause a shock
Would make old earth and ocean rock!

Could the rum-slain be brought to life,
And the rum-sellers made to face
Each starving child and weeping wife,
That ruin to their door could trace;
The scene, like a dread avalanche,
Would make saloon men's faces blanch!

Could half the rags and patches which
Have been entailed upon mankind
By rum, to make its vendors rich,
Be heap'd together, no man's mind,
Upon this earth, could realize
The pile's enormous height and size!

The blood and tears that rum has shed,
If in a mill-race caused to run,
Would grind sufficient flour to bread
One-half our race beneath the sun;
Or saw enough of lumber to
Fence up this hemisphere from view!

The revenue the tariff brings,
Of which, of late, much has been said,
Is one of the most trifling things,
When a comparison is made
With what which now is stolen from
Community by beer and rum!

When men prohibit minor ills,
And interdict what each man knows
Is harmless, as compared stills,
Or what from rum's alembic flows;
Why is it that most all dispense,
When treating rum, with common sense?

Why not at once, enact a law,
Ignoring rum and all its brood,
And make intoxicants withdraw
To hades' deep, dark solitude?
For, otherwise, we'll ne'er overcome
The rude, despotic reign of rum!

Early Temperance Reform in Canada.

WHEN one looks at the Canada of to-day, a leader in the work of temperance reform, setting the mother country an example she may well be proud to follow, it cannot be said that Canada has erred from ignorance of the pernicious consequences of strong drink. Originally, as we know, it was colonised from France, and at first the idea was to win the country for the Church of Rome. It is incredible almost the story of that mission. It is impossible to realize the ardor of the faith which led religious men and women, nuns and priests, to give up their pleasant life in France, to cross the stormy ocean, to plant themselves in Canadian forests, to yield up their lives for the glory of God, and, as they believed, the good of the people. The colonists were settled at Quebec, Montreal, and the Three Rivers, and between and around them was a wilderness filled with cruel savages ever thirsting for their blood.

But there were other things to trouble the priests than the cruelties of the savages. In 1662 we find the little colony torn by the temperance question. The inordinate passion of the Indians for brandy had long been the source of excessive disorders. They drank expressly to get drunk, and when drunk they were like wild beasts. Crime and violence of all sorts ensued; the priests saw their teachings despised and their flocks ruined. Bishop Laval, who belonged to one of the proudest families of Europe, whose name still adorns the Catholic University of Quebec, launched an excommunication against those engaged in the trade—for nothing less than total prohibition would content the clerical party; and besides the spiritual penalty, they demanded the punishment of death against the contumacious offender. Death, in fact, was decreed. On one occasion two men were shot, and one whipped, for selling brandy to Indians. As is usual, there was a reaction against such severity. At times the drinking of brandy flourished at a furious rate. For instance a great annual fair was established by the King at Montreal. Thither came down a host of Indians with their beaver skins to sell, while the merchants came with their goods from Quebec. We are told that the prohibition to sell brandy at such a time could rarely be enforced, and the fair often ended in a pandemonium of drunken frozzy. A similar fair was held on the Three Rivers, but these yearly markets did not fully answer the desired end. There was a constant tendency among the colonists to form settlements above Montreal to intercept the Indians on their way down and drench them with brandy. Again there

was another difficulty in the colony by reason of the brandy. Hundreds of young men would go into the woods hunting. After roving some months they would return to Montreal. As long as their beaver skins lasted they would set no bounds to their riot. Every house, we are told, in the place was turned into a drinking-shop. There was gambling and drinking night and day.

We now come to the first temperance meeting held, perhaps, anywhere—at any rate in Canada. It was held in the summer of 1648 at Sellery. The drum beat after mass, and the Indians gathered at the summons. Then an Algonquin chief, a zealous convert of the Jesuits, proclaimed to the crowd a late edict imposing penalties for drunkenness, and in his own name, and in that of the other chiefs, exhorted them to abstinence, declaring that all drunkards should be handed over to the French for punishment. After this it fared hard with the culprit caught in the act of selling brandy to the Indians. He was led to the door of the church, where, kneeling on the pavement, partially stripped, and bearing in his hand the penitential torch, he received a good whipping. The brandy-sellers appealed to the King, who referred it in his turn to the fathers of the Sorbonne, who, after solemn discussion, pronounced the selling of brandy to the Indians a mortal sin. It grieves us to learn how much was done by the Jesuit fathers to put down drinking and to feel that under English rule the good work had to be all done over again.—*Temperance Record.*

A Plain Talk with Young Men.

A YOUNG man who had just lost an excellent situation by a two days' "spree," came into my study lately and said to me: "Doctor, I cannot understand how it is that I should have made such a fool of myself and thrown away my chance for a living. This is almost killing my wife." I replied to him: "There is no mystery about your case. You have been tampering with drink a long while, trying to jump half way down Niagara. You ought to have stopped before you began. It would not have cost you one-hundredth part as much effort to have signed a total abstinence pledge several years ago as it will now to break loose from this terrible habit." I entreated my friend to grapple his weakness to God's strength; he signed a pledge of entire abstinence, and went away with the desperate look of a man who is pulling for life in the rapids, in full sight of the cataract.

The Jews were commanded to build battlements around the flat roofs of their dwellings in order to prevent the children from falling over into the street. To put up the parapet cost but little; but the want of it might cost broken bones; and alas! what human power could recall a dead darling to life? I am always thankful that I took a pledge of entire abstinence in my boyhood. But for that battlement I might have been ruined by the drinking usages which were deplorably prevalent in my college.

Livingstone, the heroic explorer of Central Africa, was both a physician and a teetotaler. His testimony was: "I find that I can stand every hardship best by using water, and water only." I entreat you not to fall into the delusion that you can do any honest

work the better by firing up your nerves with alcohol. If you do you will have to increase the fuel constantly in order to increase the effect.

Therein lies a second reason for avoiding all intoxicants. They are deceitful. Not only the sting of the serpent, but the subtlety of the serpent is in them. The deception lies in the fact that the *habit* of drinking will become confirmed before you suspect it. That young man who came into my study so tortured with the adder's bite never dreamed at the outset that he was playing with a rattlesnake. A small glass creates a thirst for a larger; one draught only whets the appetite for a second. This is not the case with any wholesome food or beverage. Bread and beef do not exceed one excess; one glass of milk does not arouse a morbid thirst for two the next time. But this horse-leech quality in alcohol, which cries "give, give," and is never satisfied, is the very thing that makes them so dangerous. This it is which makes it so difficult to drink wine or brandy moderately and so easy to fall into drunkenness. A healthful beverage satisfies appetite; a hurtful one, like wine or brandy, stimulates appetite until it becomes an uncontrollable frenzy. This I regard as the Creator's law against alcohol; and when you take your first social glass, you begin to play with a deadly serpent. First glasses have peopled hell! With whatever "odds" in your favor, will you run the fearful hazard? Then stop before you begin!

A third reason why alcoholic drinks are dangerous is that it is the peculiar property of alcohol to strike directly to the brain. Some drugs have an affinity for the heart; others for the spine. You might as well put the pistol to your brain and make swift, sure work with it as to poison your brain by the slower and equally deadly process of the bottle. Ninety-nine hundredths of all the suicides in the land began with a thoughtless glass. Stop, my friend, before you begin!

All intoxicating drinks are more dangerous in this country than in almost any other, from the nervous temperament of our people. Our climate is stimulating, and life, in almost every direction, runs at a high rate of speed. One proof of the difficulty of stopping the drink-habit is found in the fact that so very few are actually reformed. Not one-tenth of those who enslave themselves to the bottle ever break loose, even though they cry out in their sober moments: "Would to God that I might never taste another drop!"

I might multiply arguments in favor of total abstinence as the only certain safeguard. The grace of God is powerless if you voluntarily yield to temptation. It is a defiance to the Almighty for you to leap into the rapids and expect him to save you from the cataract. No small part of my own life has been spent in bootless efforts to save those who were in the swift and treacherous current. The remainder of it shall be spent in endeavoring to prevent young men from embarking on the stream which is all music and mirth at the starting point and all death and damnation at the bottom. Tons of arguments and appeals have been printed on this vital question, "How to save young men from strong drink," but they may all be condensed into one line—STOP BEFORE YOU BEGIN!—*Theodore J. Cuyler, D.D.*

A Child's Night-Thoughts.

TURK put her to bed in the darkness,
And bade her be quiet and good ;
But she sobbed in the silence, and trembled,
Though she tried to be brave as she could.

For the Night was so real, so awful !
A mystery closing around,
Like the walls of a deep, deep dungeon,
That hid her from sight and sound.

So stilling, so empty, so dreary—
That horror of loneliness black !
She fell asleep, moaning and fearing
That morning would never come back.

A baby must bear its own sorrow,
Since none understands it aright ;—
But at last, from her bosom was lifted
That terrible fear of the night.

One evening, the hands that undressed her
Led her out of the door close by,
And bade her look up for a moment—
Up into the wonderful sky,

Where the planets and constellations,
Deep-rooted in darkness, grew
Like blossoms from black earth blooming,
All sparkling with silvery dew.

It seemed to bend down to meet her,—
That luminous purple dome ;
She was caught up into a glory,
Where her baby-heart was at home ;—

Like a child in its father's garden,
As glad as a child could be,
In the feeling of perfect protection
And limitless liberty.

And this had been all around her,
While she shuddered alone in bed !
The beautiful, grand revelation,
With ecstasy sweet she read.

And she sank into sound child slumber,
All folded in splendors high,
All happy and soothed with blessings
Breathed out of the heart of the sky.

And in dreams her light, swift footsteps
Those infinite spaces trod,—
A fearless little explorer
Of the paths that live up to God.

The darkness now was no dungeon,
But a key unto wide release ;
And the Night was a vision of freedom—
A Presence of heavenly peace.

And I doubt not that in like manner
Might vanish, as with a breath,
The gloom and the lonely terror
Of the Mystery we call Death.

—Lucy Larcom, in *St. NICHOLAS* for June.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

BY ELLEN BERTHA BRADLEY.

BEN CROWLY sat on the haymow, kicking his heels and looking out of the loft window. A pretty view of rolling upland lay before him, but he scarcely saw it so full was his curly head of somebody he had seen that day and of something she had said to him. He and Carrie Brown were both black-berrying and met in the bushes. She guessed he was the boy who had come to live with Farmer Fritz. He did not know her, but as he was fresh from the back streets of New York, the rosy-checked little country-girl was a sweet novelty, and their acquaintance ripened with the swiftness and frankness of childhood. She asked him where he went to Sabbath-school, and opened her blue eyes with shocked amazement when he answered "Nowhere."

He must go with her the very next Sunday, she said authoritatively, and when he objected that, perhaps, Farmer Fritz would not let him, she laughed and answered :

"Yes he will, if he is asked right."

Now Ben did not care a cent about the Sabbath-school, but he would have liked to go anywhere with Carrie, and he sat on the mow, revolving ways and means, for he knew, or thought he knew, that Farmer Fritz would not be

easy to persuade, notwithstanding Carrie's confidence. The old man was kind enough, but he had his own opinions on many subjects, and Ben knew that they were not favourable to the chapel on the hill, or the people who went there. It was six weeks since he came to the farmhouse, and by keeping his well trained eyes and ears open he had learned many things.

Farmer Fritz and his wife Johanna were a thrifty couple who had toiled early and late and accumulated a little store. No child had ever blessed their home and they would have no hired help, but had worked hard and laid up their money, little thinking who would spend it when they were gone. But the time had come when they could get along no longer, and they had taken a boy from an institution in a neighbouring city.

Ben had grown up in the streets, rough and uncouth, but he had a kind heart, and a certain healthfulness of nature made him enjoy the clean, pure country air. He liked to milk and feed the cows and to harness and drive old Joe, while to one so familiar with hunger, pork and potatoes, brown-bread and milk were luxurious fare. Ben enjoyed his new home and found nothing to complain of in the rough kindness of the old couple.

He was still thinking on the haymow when he heard Farmer Fritz drive into the barn, and hurried down to take care of Joe. That done they went into the house for supper, which was waiting. Then they went back to the barn to do the chores. But the old man seemed tired, and more than usual of the work fell to Ben. He did not mind that, however, but worked away cheerfully till all was done, and then locked up and carried the keys to Fritz where he sat under a tree. He was still wondering how he should ask the dreaded question, and he had never heard the story of the chained lions. To his surprise the old man spoke to him with unwonted kindness.

"So you picked those berries we had for tea?" said he.

"Yes, sir," said Ben, "I went black-berrying, and sir, if you please, sir, if you don't mind sir, I'd like to go to Sabbath-school. Carrie Brown was in the patch and she asked me to go with her."

"Yah, child! go if you want to," said the old man indifferently, "I don't care where you go, if you do your work."

And Ben did not know that Carrie had stopped Fritz on his way home, and asked him herself to be sure it was done right.

"He is really a help," said Fritz, apologetically, to Johanna, after Ben had gone to bed, "and a little outing won't hurt him."

Ben had been afraid of Fritz, and Fritz was afraid of Johanna, but there seemed to be a general chaining of lions, for she answered :

"Nah, nah, I'll do him good. Childers must be childers. To-morrow is Saturday and I'll wash him a jacket so that he will be proper clean."

So the two children walked happily off to the chapel Sunday morning, while the old folks watched them from the gate, but none of the four remembered the text, "A little child shall lead them," or suspected that the hand of the Lord was in the thing.

I am not going to tell of Ben's experience at Sabbath-school. It was novel to him, but would be familiar to

the children who read this. Carrie passed to a class of girls and Ben was placed in a seat of boys of his own size, whose teacher taught that day with renewed zeal because of a pair of bright, wondering eyes fixed upon her face. The lesson was on the boyhood of our Lord. Ben was not entirely ignorant of the forms and teachings of Christianity, but it had never entered his thought that, because Jesus had been a living boy, with a boy's duties, thoughts and feelings, He was now a boy's friend.

That evening Fritz sat under the great tree smoking, and Ben, the chores finished, sat a little apart, whittling a stick and thinking over the day. Presently Fritz asked how he had enjoyed the Sabbath-school, and the boy, in a rude, imperfect way, repeated the story he had learned. To old Fritz it came back as a dream of the past. It was many a year since he had crossed the threshold of a church, but he had been taught by a Christian mother, and the tale which Ben repeated wonderingly was to him an old, old story. He listened silently, and when it was done sat musing till he noticed with a start that the stars were out. Then he told Ben that he could go to Sabbath-school again if he wished, and sent him to bed.

And so it was the next Sunday, and the next and the next. Ben sat in Miss Humphrey's class, and in the cool of the evening repeated to his old master the words which she had spoken; and so she taught a scholar of whom she never dreamed. But one day, to her surprise, she found the old man sitting in a corner of her pew. Without a word to his wife or Ben, he had come to learn as a little child. Concealing her wonder, she made him welcome and tried to teach as if only her usual listeners were present. At first she was embarrassed by his presence, but that soon wore off; and as Sunday after Sunday he sat silently in his corner she began to feel a great interest in him and to remember him in her daily prayers with her other pupils. There was, indeed, something very touching in the sight of the gray-haired man sitting as a scholar among the children.

He had been invited to join the adult Bible class, but had shaken his head and expressed a preference for remaining where he was. So he was let alone to learn "the way" as he would.

He was growing feeble fast, and more and more of the barn work fell to Ben, but the lad was strong and willing, and withal faithful. Miss Humphrey's teachings were not being lost on him any more than on his master. They were entering upon the narrow road together, and old Johanna looking on felt something stirring within her also. So the weeks grew into months and the months to half a year. Then old Fritz sought the minister and told him the story of his life, with its narrowness, selfishness and godlessness, and the clergyman, who was a simple-minded follower of the Lord, bade him welcome at the eleventh hour and promised to receive him into the Church. And on the day when Fritz made his late profession of faith and hope, Johanna sat in a distant pew, with a strange moisture in her eye and a throbbing heart as she felt that he was taken and she was left.

A few months later she suggested that they should formally adopt the boy who was growing to be so much to both, should take him for their son in

life and their heir in death; and Fritz gladly assenting, the deed was done, and Ben from being a bound boy became the son of the household.

Years have past. Old Fritz still lives, and except that he is a little more bowed, a trifle more tremulous, he has not changed. Johanna, too, holds her own, but into the faces of both have come a new peace, a new gentleness, for they have been learning the blessedness of love to God and man. Long ago the wife joined the husband on the heavenly road. She and Ben were received into the Church on the same day.

The boy is growing into a stalwart youth, and as he and Carrie walk up the hill to the little chapel together, glances are exchanged by their seniors, and it is whispered that it would be well that they should so walk through life. But they are too young for such thoughts yet, and it has, probably, never entered the mind of the sweet girl that the great change which has made the old farm-house the home of Christian happiness, cheer and liberality was begun by the Lord through the fitly spoken word of a little child, even herself.

Rules on Illustration.

DR. VINCENT, in an address on "Lighting Up the Lesson," gives the following list of rules, which we reprint from the *Sunday-School Times*. They are well worth preserving :

1. Facility in the use of illustration is obtained by practice.
2. Illustrations are multiplied by the habit of observation.
3. Scrap books should be kept for the collection of incidents.
4. Use freely and wisely the facts of every-day life, with which the pupils are most familiar.
5. He should make the largest examples of Bible facts and narratives.
6. To use Bible life the teachers should be familiar with its history, geography and poetry.
7. To live a godly life is the best way to light up a lesson.
8. Use illustrations for the better teaching of pupils, and not to fill up the time or to show the genius of the teacher.
9. Teachers should not use too many illustrations.
10. Teachers should strive by apt illustrations at the beginning to excite the interest of pupils in the lesson.
11. Teachers should remember in word picturing, the pupil will acquire no more vivid idea of the lesson than the teacher has.
12. Teachers should remember that the best illustrations are spontaneous.
13. Teachers should study the masters of illustration in books.
14. Teachers should converse much with children and plain people on the lesson during the week.
15. Every teacher in the use of illustrations should do the very best he can.

"You have been a very successful lawyer," said a gentleman to Charles O'Connor not long before his death. "To what do you mainly attribute your success?" "Study," he laconically replied.

"MAMMA," said a little up-town boy, as he left his bed and crawled into her's the other night, "I can go to sleep in your bed, I know I can; but I've slept my bed all up."

The Lord is My Shepherd.

I SHALL not want. Upon Thy arm relying,
Hunger and thirst and pain will flee away,
And the dark valley where the dead are
lying
Smile like a garden where no flowers de-
cay.

The wintry wind in vain shall wave its
pinion
O'er my defenceless head, if Thou art nigh;
Ocean's rough billows 'neath Thy strong
dominion
Still as a child in cradle sleep shall lie.

Soft clouds shall temper rays too fiercely
burning,
If Thou my weary feet will guide, sustain;
And through all toil and years and restless
yearning
Thy mighty love will soothe the sharpest
pain.

I hear Thee in the bird that greets the morn-
ing,
I see Thee in the meadow's fragrant bloom,
In gorgeous clouds the sunset hour adorning,
Not less within the portals of the tomb.

Through flickering leaves the moonbeams
gently falling,
The zephyr dying o'er a waveless sea,
The night bird to its brother softly calling—
All lead my spirit upward unto Thee!

And when from life and beauty,
flinging
Its rainbow hues around where'er I tread,
I must go forth, no deathless want uprising;
Shall fatter wings too long in vain out-
spread.

—Christian Register.



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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 11, 1884.

Sunday-School Methods.

HOW OTHERS DO.

WHILE attending the late Confer-
ence in Toronto I was called to supply
the Presbyterian pulpit at Leslieville.
The friend who conveyed me thither
requested me to visit the Sabbath-
school, which was held before the
morning service. I was much pleased
with my visit. The teachers all ap-
peared to be earnest, devoted persons,
and from their appearance I presume
that they belong to the labouring class.
At the signal of the bell, the Bible and
Infant classes came from their respec-
tive rooms into the main room. I
addressed them for a short time, and
asked a few questions respecting the
lesson for the day, and the ready man-
ner in which they answered convinced
me that they had studied the lesson,
and that they were accustomed to be

* We solicit correspondence upon this
and similar subjects.—Ed.

thus catechized. I afterwards ascer-
tained that the pastor of the church
attends the Sabbath-school regularly—
though he preaches three times every
Sabbath. I observed that every class
made its collection, and I was informed
that once a month the collection thus
taken is for mission purposes. On
that day the minister's address relates
to missions. A few minutes before
the time for public service, the elder
scholars and teachers went into the
church, and were thus present at the
public service. Query—Could not
more of our Methodist Sunday-schools
be held before public service, and thus
give better opportunity for the minister
to attend? and should we not train
the children to contribute regularly to
the missionary and other benevolent
institutions?

I recently spent a Sabbath at Main
Street Church, Brampton, and the
superintendent kindly requested me to
visit their Sabbath-school in the after-
noon. I felt great pleasure in doing
so. Two things greatly pleased me.
One was the number of Bible-classes—
one of which was solely for adults,
taught by Mr. J. W. Beynon; the
other was the conspicuous place in the
school where the temperance pledge is
exhibited, in a large gilt frame. The
pledge-book is always on hand. I ex-
amined it, and found there was a
pledge of abstinence from intoxicants,
another relating to tobacco, and still
another in respect to profane language.
I ventured to suggest that the pledge
should be read aloud by the superin-
tendent after the opening exercises
every Sabbath, and teachers and chil-
dren to manifest, by raising the hand,
their adherence to the pledge. This
is an excellent school, and cannot fail
to be of great benefit to the Church.

E. BARRASS.

THE greatest blessing that has come
to this world since Jesus Christ came
is good journalism, and the worst
scourge is unclean journalism.—Tal-
mage.

Book Notices.

The Gold Seeker of the Sierras.
By Joaquin Miller. Published in
Funk & Wagnalls' (10 and 12 Day
Street, N.Y.) Standard Library.
Paper, 15 cents. Toronto: William
Briggs, sole agent for Canada.

This is perhaps as characteristic a
work as the author has ever written.
It is entirely a story of the Western
mines, and abounds in strong dramatic
situations, swift alternations between
pathos and humour, and delicate poetic
interpretations of nature. There can
be no doubt in the reader's mind that
the story is drawn largely from real
life. The bold realistic touches found
on every page give a strength and in-
tensity to the romance that enchain
the interest before one has well begun
reading.

Ten Years a Police Court Judge. By
Judge Wiglittle. New York: Funk
& Wagnalls. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.
Price 25 cents.

Judge Wiglittle is a veritable Judge,
and his book is a veritable store-house
of fact and incident,—facts ludicrous
and facts pathetic, facts mortifying and
facts encouraging, facts of law and facts
of morality. The book, however, is
far more than a scrap-book. It abounds
in lessons and suggestions, the out-
growth, not only of close observation,
but of careful reflection. The facts
given in reference to intemperance are
startling in the extreme, and, consider-
ing their source, will carry great
weight. Take it all in all, the book is
unique, interesting, and valuable, and
the spontaneous humor that bubbles
out on all appropriate occasions, renders
it one of the most readable books of
the day for all classes of readers.

Rutherford. A novel. By Edgar Faw-
cett, author of "An Ambitious Wo-
man," "A Gentleman of Leisure,"
"A Hopeless Case," "Tinkling
Cymbals," etc. Price, paper, 25
cents; cloth, \$1.00. Published in

Funk & Wagnalls' (10 & 12 Day St.,
N.Y.) Standard Library. Toronto:
William Briggs.

Mr. Fawcett has of late been steadily
and rapidly advancing toward the fore-
most place among American novelists.
He deals with phases of society that
require the utmost skill; but his quick
insight into character, his ready symp-
athies, and his conscientious literary art,
have proved more than equal to the
tasks he has undertaken. It is certain
that many of the best critics are watch-
ing his course with high anticipations.
In "Rutherford," his latest work,
neither they nor the public will be dis-
appointed. It is a novel of New York
society, and rarely has character been
portrayed with more delicate but effec-
tive touches than in the case of some
of these representatives of Knickerbock-
er caste. It is needless, of course, to
commend the literary finish of Mr.
Fawcett's style. It is fast approaching
perfection.

NEXT to the eminence and repre-
sentative character of the men in the
late meeting of the British Association
at Montreal, was noticeable the pro-
found respect which they showed for
religion and religious convictions. The
pulpits of the city were occupied by
the savants on the Sabbath, and they
showed that they were the ministers
of religion as well as science. Besides
two distinctly religious meetings were
held. Sir William Dawson, at one of
the assemblies, most positively declared
that science was not irreligious in its
investigations.

As a specimen of the self-denial of
a Canadian lady missionary, the *Out-
look* gives the instance, on one of our
British Columbia missions, of Miss
Lawrence, of Port Simpson, who, when
a teacher was needed for Kit-a-maat,
volunteered for the post, made the long
canoe journey with an Indian crew in
autumn, and there, in that heathen
village, without a white face within 160
miles, spent the whole winter in self-
denying labour for Christ.



PIERRE LEROUX.

"He Giveth His Beloved Sleep."

BY "ELEANOR."

We read in the Psalmist's pages
A promise than all more sweet,
And down through the troubled ages
The restful tones repeat;
And the words in their hearts His people
Keep,—

"He giveth to His beloved sleep."

For they know the precious meaning
Of the words so rich and sweet;
Thus, calm, on His bosom leaning,
They are kept from the noonday heat;
And so in their hearts the words they keep,—
"He giveth to His beloved sleep."

By our beds of pain and sickness
Stands He of the "seamless dress,"
And all our sin and weakness
Is healed by His righteousness;
So, while the slow hours onward creep,
"He giveth to His beloved sleep."

When the toil of the day is ended,
And the night begins to close,
And weary limbs, unbended
From work, have sought repose,
Our Christ doth still His promise keep,
And "giveth to His beloved sleep."

When our God, in His loving-kindness,
Sees His servant has toiled enough,
Shall we, in our human blindness,
Lament him gone above?
Shall we, in our human weakness weep,
When "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Rather, when toiling is over
For the one we have loved the best,
Let us gently the dear face cover,
And leave him to perfect rest,
Saying only, "Our God, in love most deep,
Has given to His beloved sleep."

HAVENHILL, MASS.

Review Sunday.

THE session for review may be made the most interesting and the most numerously attended one in the whole three months. The only things necessary for this are will, wisdom, and determination to make the most of the day.

The questions of a reviewer may be confusing or helpful, as he may shape them. Some unskillful leaders so put an interrogation that it is capable of half-a-dozen different answers. Questions should be short,

sharp, definite, and capable of a brief reply, and usually of only one reply.

Reviewing by a series of word pictures is very helpful. Let the leader study over the successive scenes until he can form a picture of them in his own mind. Then let him describe that picture briefly, clearly, and graphically to the school; and having so done, put questions as to the names, places, words, facts, and truths brought out in the lesson. Avoid too much detail. The hour closes while some unskillful reviewers have no half gone over the ground. There should be a sense of the proportion which gives unity and completeness to the whole service. The more of thought and effort are put in this one Sabbath's work, the more of satisfaction and benefit will it yield. If you dread Review Sunday before

it comes, and are sad as you think of it when past, take the experience of many workers as your warrant for believing that you may, by sufficient effort and prayer, transmute this day into a joy in anticipation and a joy in the retrospect.

Sometimes it may be well to take the children out of their crowded Sunday-school apartments into the church itself; but the wisdom of this in most cases is questionable. Usually, the surroundings of the twelve Sundays of the quarter should be the surroundings of the thirteenth. It is well to give the teachers a little time with their own classes, in order that they may feel their responsibilities for being present and for doing some work; but a larger share of time may profitably be given to a general review from the desk, either by the superintendent, some qualified teacher, the pastor, or some person invited from without. Banish the idea of "speech-making." This is not the day for a general address upon religion, but a day for bringing the lessons already taught in compactest form to bear upon the minds, hearts, and lives of the people. The scattered truths and duties of the three months may thus be massed as troops which have been in drill, and are now brought to bear with a power which it is hoped may be irresistible upon souls. Each lesson, under the direction of a faithful teacher, may have made some impression. These impressions should be so gathered up and enforced on the Review Day that they may lead to a decision for Christ. The one definite aim should be the conversion of souls.—S. S. World.

OLD Lady (to druggist): "I want a box of canine pills." Druggist: "What's the matter with the dog?" Old Lady (indignantly): "I want you to know, sir, that my husband is a gentleman!" Druggist puts up some quinine pills in profound silence.

Eastern Mode of Churning.

"SURELY the churning of milk bringeth forth butter, and the wringing of the nose bringeth forth blood," says the proverb, "so the forcing of wrath bringeth forth strife." I used to wonder what connection there was between the churning of milk and the wringing of the nose, till I heard the late Dr. Lachlin Taylor describe, in his own inimitable way, the Eastern process of churning, and then I saw that there was a considerable resemblance between them. The cream was put in a goat-skin bag and hung upon a peg, when the busy housewife grasped hold of the bag and wrung and twisted and shook and kneaded it, till the butter came. The process is very distinctly shown in the picture. The second figure shows the way young children are carried in the East, perched upon the mother's shoulder, and holding on to her head. Observe, too, the baskets of bulrushes and the earthen jars in the foreground.

IN the September number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, Principal Grant, of Queen's University, has an able article on "Organic Union of Churches: How far should it go?" In his own characteristically liberal way he shows that recent unions effected among various branches of Presbyterianism and Methodism have awakened desires in more thoughtful minds for a wider and more comprehensive union of existing Churches. He is of opinion that the Congregationalists and Presbyterians ought to unite, since there is really nothing to keep them apart. The doctrinal differences between Presbyterians and Methodists are more pronounced, but he thinks that a *modus vivendi* might be found by the exercise of mutual tolerance. It is certain that for many reasons a closer union of the Protestant Churches is eminently desirable. It would effect a wonderful economy of resources, enable the Church to undertake more effective work among the destitute, advance the work of missions, and be more in line with the Saviour's prayer, "That they all may be one." The conclusion to which the Principal comes is thus expressed: "How can this thing be? It must come from God, but each of us can help to prepare the way and each of us is responsible for what he is able to do. We must talk it up, write it up, preach it up. We must work for it, make sacrifices for it, pray for it. The great thought will then take possession of the heart and mind of the Church, and the Church will say that the thing must be. And when it comes so that, those who are opposed had better stand out of the way."—*The Week*.

Feminine Use of Adjectives.

GENTLEMEN often say the conversational powers of the ladies would be more agreeable with a limited use of adjectives. The exaggerated use of adjectives, says the *Hartford Times*, is characteristic only of American women. Their constant habit of qualifying everything they see, hear, smell, taste or touch by inappropriate superlatives is not contracted through ignorance. It arises from the ridiculous custom engendered during the giggling period of their school days. By habitual practice it becomes firmly established, follows them into maturity, debases their language, and makes them appear far more silly and frivolous than they really are. It is almost impossible for women to shake off this nonsensical habit formed in early youth. Their exaggeration of language is carried to an extent that not only becomes a serious consideration to ordinary observers, but also to learned men and professors.

In conversation the other day a professor of Trinity College gravely enquired: "Why do ladies invariably mar their conversation by the repeated exclamation 'perfectly lovely?'" We do not wonder that he noticed it. There is nothing more tiresome during a lady's conversation than to hear the unceasing words "perfectly lovely." At parties, weddings, funerals, lectures, prayer-meetings, and in horse-cars, steamboats, steam-cars, art galleries, milliners' and dry-goods shops, or at the dentist's, doctor's, and dress-maker's, indoors and outdoors, wherever American women are gathered together the inevitable chorus of "perfectly lovely" is beginning to be perfectly unlovely by its gross misuse. It has a strong rival in the other also too common expression, "perfectly elegant." How American women are laughed at abroad by the misplaced expressions of their new world exaggeration and enthusiasm! In nine cases out of ten they qualify customs, cathedrals, castles, and cows, as "perfectly elegant;" palaces, peers, peasants, and pigs are "perfectly lovely;" or sunsets, soldiers, sculpture, and sheep as "perfectly stunning." Is it any wonder that it excites ridicule? A year or two ago a Hartford gentleman who accompanied a relative—a young lady—on a trip up the Hudson River promised to give her a handsome silk dress if she would not utter the words "perfectly lovely" once during the journey. We never heard whether she won the dress. We presume not.

School teachers could do much to remedy this defect. It begins in school days. Then is the time to prevent the overflow of this bubbling effusion into later years. A modification of adjectives, an improvement in language, would be the result. Perhaps it would become "perfectly lovely."



EASTERN MODE OF CHURNING.

The Little Maid that Slept.

SOMNUS folds the windows shroud
Phantom figures come and go—
Hearts that must not break too loud,
Muffled footfalls, whispers low,
Cool dett hands—about a bed
Where, 'neath fever's scorching sway,
Lies a little restless head,
Tossing, tossing, tossing aye,
But the hour of fate draws nigh,
And the mid-sun overhead
Shrieks and drops from out the sky—
Yea, the child is dead!

But she lies so dimpling-fair,
In her bed-gown long and white,
With her waves of heavy hair
Drowning neck and shoulder bright,
With the flower-lips just apart,
Half way budded to a smile—
Pure young heart, O sweet child-heart
Hardly smirched with human guile!
Life so bright on cheek and brow
And those thin white lids of hers—
Fancy whispers, "Softly now,
Softly—see, she stirs!"

But the twin hands fairy-small,
Crossed above the bosom's snow,
Never rise and hang and fall
With the breath's soft ebb and flow.
Yea, the breaking mother-heart,
Throbbing close, in anguish pressed,
Vainly would its warmth impart
To the blue-veined marble breast;
Kisses win no kissed reply,
Yea, the pet-name softly said
Lures no smile to mouth and eye—
Truly, she is dead.

First to heaven He turns His eyes
One long moment, as in prayer,
Then upon the maid that lies
Rapt in slumber still and fair.
Lo, His hands just touch her clay;
"Little maiden, wake, arise!"
And the sharp sweet light of day
Smites in lightning on her eyes,
And the blood's swift tide again,
Like a stream its chain that breaks,
Sings through every tingling vein,
As she sighs, and smiles, and wakes.
Lips that laugh and eyes that weep,
Throat that thrills with stifled scream!
Little maiden, thou' didst sleep—
Oh to know thy dream!

Faith Illustrated.

ONE of the simplest and best illustrations of "faith" which I remember to have seen is a story told by M. Theodore Monod. A Sunday-school teacher, when teaching his class on one occasion, left his seat and went around among his scholars with his watch in his hand. Holding it out to the first child, he said:

"I give you that watch."

The boy stared at it and stood still. He then went to the next, and repeated:

"I give you that watch."

The boy blushed, but that was all. One by one the teacher repeated the words and the action to each. Some started, some blushed, some smiled incredulously, but none took the watch. But when he came nearly to the bottom of the class a small boy put out his hand and took the watch which the teacher handed to him. As the latter returned to his seat, the little fellow said gently:

"Then, if you please, sir, the watch is mine?"

"Yes, it is yours."

The elder boys were fairly roused by this time.

"Do you mean to say, sir, that he may keep the watch?"

"Certainly; I gave it to any boy who would have it."

"O, if I had known that," exclaimed one of them, "I would have taken it."

"Did I not tell you I gave it to you?"

"O yes; but I did not believe you were in earnest."

"So much the worse for you! he believed me, and he has the watch."

Saving faith is as simple as this. It just takes God at His word and trusts Him. Though it sounds too good to be true, Christ is the gift of God, freely and tully offered (John iii. 19), "His unspeakable gift."—*Rev. James Neill.*

The Girl Everybody Likes.

SHE is not beautiful—Oh, no! Nobody thinks of calling her that. Not one of a dozen can tell whether her eyes are black or blue. If you would ask them to describe her, they would only say, "She is just right," and there it would end.

She is a merry-hearted, fun-loving, bewitching maiden, without a spark of envy or malice in her whole composition. She enjoys herself and wants everybody else to do the same. She has always a kind word and pleasant smile for the oldest man or woman; in fact, I can think of nothing she resembles more than a sunbeam which brightens everything it comes in contact with.

All pay her marked attention from rich Mr. Watt, who lives in a mansion on the hill, to negro Sam, the sweep. All look after her with an admiring eye and say to themselves: "She is just the right sort of a girl!"

The young men of the town vie with one another as to who shall show her the most attention; but she never encourages them beyond being simply kind and jolly; so no one can call her a flirt; no, indeed, the young men all deny such an assertion as quickly as she.

Girls—wonderful to relate—like her too; for she never delights in hurting their feelings or saying spiteful things behind their backs. She is always willing to join in their little plans and to assist them in any way. They go to her with their love affairs, and she manages adroitly to see Willie or Peter and drop a good word for Ida or Jenny, until their difficulties are all patched up and everything goes on smoothly again—thanks to her.

Old ladies say she is "delightful." The sly witch, she knows how to manage them. She listens patiently to complaints of rheumatism or neuralgia, and then sympathizes with them so heartily that they are more than half cured.

But she cannot be always with us. A young man comes from a neighboring town, after a time, and marries her. The village crowds around to tell him what a prize he has won, but he seems to know it pretty well without any telling, to judge from his face.

So she leaves us, and it is not long before we hear from that place. She is there the woman everybody likes.—*Exchange.*

TELL a boy that he is a dunce, and he will soon be one. Tell a girl that she is fretful and disagreeable; she will soon be such. Helping, and not hindering, is what humanity needs. A half drunken man went into a temperance meeting in Chicago which was led by women. He signed the pledge. The next morning, as he was about to drink, he found the pledge card in his pocket. "Did I sign that last night?" he said, reading his name. "Well, if Mrs. R. thinks I can keep it, I can," and kept it he has for nearly ten years.

My Friend's Secret.

I ONCE had a friend who had won the hearts of all who know her. She was about to leave home for a short journey, when there came to her a large circle of friends and associates, with little gifts and tokens of remembrance, greatly to her surprise.

A stranger happened to be among the number, and before the heroine of the evening made her appearance, he said, "Your friend must be very lovely?"

"Well, no," I answered, not as the world goes.

"She is beautiful, perhaps?"

"Not at all; in fact, I consider her plain."

"Rich it may be?"

"Penniless," I replied with considerable amusement.

"I am at a loss to discover, then, what has called out such a demonstration on this particular occasion."

"Can you enlighten me?"

"I will try. It is her perfect unselfishness. She seems to be altogether unmindful of the fact that such a homely little body as herself has an existence. Her fingers are never idle; but they are busy for others, not herself. She has had an invalid mother for many years; and although her face grew thinner and paler, yet her devotion never flagged, nor was her serving ever neglected. That mother has gone to her rest, and the daughter is left a dependent on the world's tenderness and charities; but she has accepted the condition with cheerfulness.

Our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of the tiny figure of the lady about whom we are talking, when my companion turned to me with a look of incredulity on his manly face. "Is she the centre of to-night's attraction?" he asked.

"Watch her," I laughed.

It was quite late when the impromptu party broke up, and when the good-nights were being spoken the stranger friend intercepted me. "I have learned a lesson I shall not easily forget," he remarked, with a glow overspreading his features. "It is not beauty, not riches, not position that secures to the good the truest or deepest affection. Your plain little cousin has made fifty hearts happy, and fifty pairs of eyes brighten with love and moisture with true regret at the prospect of her flitting out of their sight for a short time only; while her sweet words of gentleness and friendliness scattered around have created many tender memories to brighten up the future of those here to-night."

There are many lessons to be learned in life, and blessed are those who will watch for and gather them up to garnish their own lives.—*Ida Glenwood.*

A SLOOP in the Pacific lately caught a young seal. The mother followed, crying, and her infant answered. When the vessel anchored in California the little captive was left on deck in a sack, but managed to roll overboard. The mother tore open the bag with her teeth, and both escaped. She had followed eighty miles.

QUIBLERS and nibblers may properly be classed together. They never take hold of anything with a comprehensive and firm grasp, but are constantly picking at the surface of things, making but little impression, yet sufficient to prove a source of annoyance.

"Jist Afore."

"BLACK-SKINNED, ignorant, uncouth—what was it to the world if he lay dying? They passed his humble door with careless thought as the dampness of death gathered on his brow, and the children on the corner never once ceased their noisy play as the shadow of death flitted around the open door."

"Chloe!"

Yes, she was there. Old and wrinkled and black, her heart aching, her eyes full of tears, she sat by the bedside alone.

"Chloe, how long ago was it?"

"Nigh on to fifty y'ars, Moses," she whispered. "De same master owned us boaf; we worked togeder in de same cotton fields; we prayed de same pray'rs an' sung de same hymns togeder in de long ago."

"An' de chil'en?"

"Dead—all dead! It has bin twenty years since de voice of de last one made our hearts beat faster."

"An' we has bin alone?"

"All alone, Moses. Our ole hearts has pained and ach'd fur de dead an' gone, an' we has sometimes cried out:

'COME HOME, CHIL'EN—

come back to us!' but de dead cannot return."

"An' de time has bin long?"

"Yes, honey. We has been pinin' an' longin'. We has bin on a journey an' hopin' fur de end of de road."

"An' we has bin poo' an' lowly?"

"De same. Hunger an' cold have shared our home fury'ars an' y'ars, an' de world hardly knows dat we am upon airth."

"An' now, Ohloe, I'zo gwine 'way to leave you?"

"Yee, Moses."

"An' de nights will seem darker an' de days longer when I am gone. You'd have anoder mem'ry to make de h'art ache—anoder sorrow to dim de poo' ole eyes wid tears. I wish de Lawd had called you fust."

"No, no, Moses. What He doeth am fur de best. Men has told you dar was no God."

"But dar am, Chloe! I'zo got de feelin' heal in my heart. I'zo got sich peace an' contentment dat I'm sinkin' away like a chile gwine to sleep!"

"An' men have scoffed at a hereafter for de soul."

"I'ZE DRIFTIN' TO IT,"

he whispered as his face lighted up. "I kin see across de dark valley into de glorious sunshine of de speerit world!"

"An' dar am happiness an' rest for eben sich as us."

"Come cluser, Chloe! Lay your face on mine. I'zo driftin'—I'zo partin' wid dis poo' ole body an' dis black skin. I'zo leabin' ole ago—sorrow—hunger an' pain all behind. De sunlight from across de valley falls upon your face, an' it am whiter dan snow. It am de sunlight of de hereafter—of heaven! Cluser, Chloe! I'zo driftin'—driftin'—!"

And as she held the hand of the dead and rocked to and fro, her face wore a smile of happiness.

"Jist a few days afore me," she whispered; "jist long'nuff to tell 'em dat I'zo ole an' poo' an' lonely an' want to come up dar so bad! An' de chil'en will be dare, an' we'll all be young again, an' Moses will meet me on de bank of de ribber an' toll 'em dat my faith has never wandered nor weakened from all de trials of a lifetime!"

I Wonder.

BY MRS. W. F. ROBINSON.
WHEN I gaze on the glowing colours
Of the sunset's gorgeous dyes,
That paint in their gold and crimson
The far-away Western skies,

I wonder how much more radiant
The walls of sapphire are,
That enclose the beautiful city,
In that promised land afar.

And oft when the morning gloweth,
Like a bride, in her jewels rare,
Diamonds and rubies, and sapphires,
Flashing on brow and hair.

And the sun, with soft caresses,
Wraps her in robes of light,
I wonder how much fairer
Is that day without a night.

And oft when the summer smileth
Over hill and dale and stream,
And the earth lay bathed in beauty
As fair as an infant's dream,

I wonder how much more beautiful
The home of the blest could be,
If only the trail of the serpent,
We never more here could see.

But I know, for the Bible tells us,
That earth, nor sea, nor sky,
Can of its matchless splendour
The faintest type supply.

And so I marvel and wonder
Of the things laid up on high,
In the city that hath foundations
In that land beyond the sky.

And I think of the glad surprises
That await the glorified,
In what place prepared by the Master,
Where His loved ones shall abide.

And how it brightens the earth-paths,
And chases the shadows away,
To look beyond the gloaming
Towards the break of eternal day.

And their cometh such sweet contentment
In the blest security
That perfect in all its appointments,
Shall the home of the spirit be.

For the hand that formed in beauty,
What delights our senses here,
Will far exceed in glory
The fashioning up there.

Where do the Gypsies Come From?

WHERE do the Gypsies come from? The word Gypsie means "Egyptian," and has suggested the old story that the Gypsies came from the land of the Pharaohs, either because the Egyptians failed to entertain the Israelites hospitably, or because the Holy Child and the Virgin Mary were treated rudely when they took refuge in Egypt from the persecution of Herod. The French call the Gypsies Bohemians; but this name is not significant, as the real Bohemians are a people of high intelligence. In fact, the Bohemians are the Frenchmen among the Slavs. The German name of the Gypsies, Zigeuner, has puzzled etymologists, and German erudition has invoked Herodotus, Turkish, and Ethiopic to explain the word. But, were the word explained, the Gypsies themselves might remain a mystery, for there is a wide gulf between words and the things of which words are but symbols or names.

There are about 600,000 Gypsies in Europe, and 90,000 in Hungary alone.

Poetry, operas and music have been partial to the Gypsies. Sir Walter Scott, the opera of "Carmen," and scores of German productions have dealt in Gypsies, and Frank Liszt has immortalized their music. The gloomy, melancholy eye of the Gypsy has been explained as the result of persecution, or as the yearning for a happier lot. Gypsy girls have been admired for their charms. But the sober truth is, that the melancholy eye of the Gypsy

indicates stupidity, sensuality, and lazy brooding. Gypsy girls may have a certain charm—young people generally have—but Gypsy women are ugly in the fullest sense of the word. And romance itself comes to an end when people are on bad terms with soap and water, and revel in roasted cats or half-decayed meats of any kind. Most Gypsies are dirty, lazy, thievish, cowardly, malicious, and strictly unpoetical. They abominate policemen; they like people who are romantic. They are nomadic in the fullest meaning of the term, and they like to be recognized as such.

More than a century ago a scholar investigated the language of the Gypsies, and decided it to be Indian in origin and Aryan in character. The greatest etymologist of this century, Prof. Pot, studied the Gypsy dialects of all Europe, and concluded them to be nearer the original Sanskrit than are most languages now spoken. More recently, the eminent Miklosich, the illustrious Slav scholar, has traced the migrations of the Gypsies from the Upper Indus, through Syria and Asia Minor, to Greece. They left India about the year 1000; they began to make Greece their home about 1250; they entered Roumania about 1300, Hungary about 1350, Bohemia about 1410, Germany in 1417, Spain in 1440. Later on they invaded Scotland, Sweden, Russia, and Siberia. When did they enter America? We do not know. Only the Jews surpass the persistency of these nomads. But the Jew adapts himself to civilization as he finds it; the Gypsy remains himself wherever he is, and all Gypsies have a common dialect.

"Is the Link On."

I WAS waiting at the railway station one day, when I saw a porter, who was attaching a number of heavily laden vans to an engine by a single link. "When you have connected the engine with the carriages," I said, "I presume the train can be moved?"

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"Then the engine does all the work?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"And when that link is on, the engine will convey the train to its destination?"

"Yes, sir, if it don't break."

"Well, now let us ask you another question, Are you linked to Christ in Heaven? Shall I tell you what the link is? 'Faith' is the name of the link; faith connects with Christ; 'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' Just as that engine does all the work, and by its strength conveys all the carriages to their destination, so surely has Christ done all the work for a poor sinner, and all that believe on Him, are connected with Him, and He will convey them safely to glory. God's 'hath' will never, never fail. Tell me now, is the link on? Do you believe in Christ?"

"No sir," replied the man, "this link is not on."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, God's Son, and you will find that God's link never breaks. That 'hath of God never gave way yet, and never will." Just at that moment the signal sounded for my train to move on, and as I was borne away I called out, "Good night: may the Lord enable you to believe."

Dear reader, let me ask you seriously, Is the link on? Are you connected with Christ who is in Heaven? Have you received His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ? And remember, God's "link" never breaks.—*Faithful Words.*

He Guideth Me.

I MAY not know the way I take;
If it bring good or ill;
But this I know; if faith is mine
In love divine,
That love will make,
If I mistake,
Light in the darkness shine.

So dark my path sometimes,
I cannot see the purpose of Thy plan for me;
And yet, I dare not pray,
Father, in some brighter way
Lead thou me home;
Some path my own,
That I would choose,
Lest I a greater blessing lose.

'Tis mine to follow (not to lead)
E'en though a cross it be:
Simply to trust: nor ask
One step ahead to see
Assured: there is no ill;
But all is good,
If understood
To be my Father's will.

Then why am I cast down,
And filled with anxious fear?
Since the Eternal Lord
Hath promised in His word
My every step
He will direct
And make my life His care

I'll rest upon His word:
And claim each promise mine
So shall I prove
His faithful love:
That each event
To me is sent
A Father's wise design.

The Joy of Decision.

"Do you dance?" we asked a young miss.

"I do not dance now," she said. For a long time I danced. My conscience opposed it. My mother disapproved it. Becoming a Christian I found that I could not conscientiously longer engage in it."

In a later conversation on the same subject, when the decision of some other ladies to dance no more was reported at the family circle, the same young lady remarked:

"I am glad to hear that. There is such pleasure in a fixed decision. I enjoy the right so much more when I have finally and positively decided in favour of it."

In wavering is utter unrest. Indecision is a thorn in the pillow. When the will does not assert itself as intellect and conscience direct clouds gather over the soul and sorrow smites.

He is the happiest who makes up his mind, puts his foot firmly down, dismisses forever the possibility of ever going back to his old practice, and walks forward with the self-respect which always comes from the consciousness of decisive action.—*Sunday School Journal.*

MET HIS MATCH.—Anderson, the wizard, met a Scotchman who stole a march on him after the following pattern: Enter Scotchman: "I say, are you Professor Anderson?" "Yes, sir, at your service." "Weel, you're a smart man, and I'm sumthin' at a trick, too, you know." "Ab, indeed, and what tricks are you up to, sir?" asked the Professor, amused at the simple fellow. "Weel, I can take a shilling and change it into a gold picco." "Oh, that's a mere sleight-of-hand trick; I can do that, too." "No, you can't. I'd like to see you try." "Well, hold out your hand with the shilling in it. This is your shilling, is it?" "Sure, it's nothing else." "Hold on to it tight. Presto! change. Now, open your hand." Scotty opened his fist, and there was a gold sovereign

on his palm. "Weel, you did it, I declare; much obleeged to you!" and the Scotchman turned to go out. "Stay," said the Professor, "you must leave my sovereign." "Yours! wasn't that my shilling, and didn't you turn it into this 'ere yellow thing, eh? Good-bye!" And as he left the room he was heard to say: "I guess there ain't anything green about this child."

Varieties.

A LAD who started for Texas to become a cowboy returned in three weeks a perfectly cowed boy.

A SCIENTIST asserts that a bee can only sting once in two minutes. We would respectfully add that that's all it generally needs to.—*Boston Post.*

ENGLISH inspectors have reported the most practicable way of teaching history is to begin with the present time and go backward.—*The Century.*

A LITTLE four-year-old upset in a boat was not alarmed. A surprised sailor asked her afterward why was this. She said: "I finked of Peter."

A NEW kind of bug has been discovered which bores holes through lead pipes. It is called the "plumber's friend."

FATHER TIME, though he tarries for none, often lays his hand lightly on those who have used him well.—*Chas. Dickens.*

LITTLE Flaxen Hair: "Papa, it's raining." Papa (somewhat annoyed by work in hand): "Well, let it rain." Little Flaxen Hair (timidly): "I was going to."

SCANDAL, when it has truth in it, is like a grease spot on new cloth; but when there is not truth in it, it is like a splash of mud, which will come off easily when dry.

I WANT to give you this advice: Don't try to be happy. Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her. Just go quietly on and do your duty, and she will come to you.—*President Nott.*

WHEN President Harrison was leaving home for Washington he was advised to get a big dog to keep the boys from stealing his fruit. The President replied: "I would sooner get a Sunday-school teacher to tell the boys better than to steal. Find the boys a teacher, and I will give them apples enough."

EVERY child should be taught to pay all his debts, and to fulfil all his contracts, exactly in manner, completely in value, punctually at the time. Everything he has borrowed he should be obliged to return uninjured at the time specified, and everything belonging to others which he has lost he should be required to replace.—*Dwight.*

A YOUNG merchant, who had a few thousand dollars to spare, called upon a college friend who was a broker in Wall Street. "What do you advise me to do?" he asked. "I'll tell you, Fred," replied the broker confidentially, "there's a tailor's shop in the basement round the corner. Now you skip down there, get your pockets sewed up, and leave Wall Street as fast as you can."

REV. ABEL FLETCHER, a blind preacher, accounts for the proverbial cheerfulness of blind people from the fact that their lives are a continuous experiment, in which the other senses are made to do duty for the lost sense. This occupation of the faculties is the source of content.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

THREE MONTHS WITH SOLOMON AND THE BOOKS OF WISDOM.

B.C. 1015.] LESSON III. [Oct. 19.
SOLOMON'S CHOICE.

1 Kings 3. 7-12. Commit to mem. vs. 7, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom.—Prov. 1. 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Seek first the kingdom of heaven and all other things shall be added unto you.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 3. 1-15. Th. Matt. 6. 10-34.
T. 2 Chron. 1. 1-17. F. 1 Kings 9. 1-9.
W. James 1. 1-17. Sa. Josh. 24. 1-16.
Su. Prov. 3. 1-18.

TIME B.C. 1015. Solomon reigned B.C. 1015-975.

PLACE.—(1) Jerusalem; (2) Gibeon, six miles north of Jerusalem. Here the old tabernacle stood, while the ark was on Mt. Zion in Jerusalem. Worship was kept up at both places.

PARALLEL ACCOUNT. 2 Chron. 1. 1-13.

DAVID died a short time before this, about seventy years old, "full of days, riches, and honour."

SOLOMON.—15 to 20 years old, gifted with splendid abilities, loyal to the God of his fathers. (See Less. 1, 4th Quart.)

THE STATE OF THE KINGDOM.—In perfect peace, wide extended, prosperous, entering upon a new era of religious worship, of commerce and trade, of literature and learning.

INTRODUCTION. One of Solomon's first acts was to make an alliance with Egypt by marrying Pharaoh's daughter. Then he held a great religious festival at Gibeon, to which the leaders of the people were invited. At its close was the vision of the lesson for to-day.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—5. *Ask, etc.*—The answer to his prayers and worship. 7. *I am but a little child.* His humility shows his wisdom. He saw how weak he was for the great work to be done. *How to go out or to come in*—i.e., Transact the business of the government. 9. *Give an understanding heart*—True, religious wisdom applied to the affairs of his kingdom, a clear perception of right and wrong, and skill to decide every difficult question aright. 10. *It pleased the Lord*—For he asked nothing for himself, but only fitness for his work. 14. *If, etc.*—*How long I will dwell in my days*—Long life was conditional on obedience. Solomon failed in his part, and he died about the age of 60.

SUBJECT FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The state of the kingdom.—Solomon.—Gibeon.—The great festival.—Solomon's dream.—His choice.—Why it was wise.—God's answer.—Temporal blessings added to those who seek God's kingdom first.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY. When did David die? How long had he reigned? In what state did he leave the kingdom? How old was Solomon? How long before Christ did he begin to reign? What kind of a young man was he? (1 Kings 3. 3.) What was one of his first acts? (1 Kings 3. 1.) In what other place is the story in this lesson given?

SUBJECT: THE WISE CHOICE.

I. THE CIRCUMSTANCES (vs. 5).—What great religious festival did Solomon hold? (2 Chron. 1. 1, 2.) For what purpose? Where was it held? Why at Gibeon? (1 Chron. 1. 2-5.) What can you tell about Gibeon? What was the extent of his sacrifices? What vision did Solomon have at its close? What offer did the Lord make to him? Does He make a like offer to us all? (Matt. 7. 7; John 14. 13, 14; James 1. 5.) Does every one practically, by deeds if not by words, ask what God shall give?

II. THE REASONS FOR SOLOMON'S CHOICE (vs. 6-8).—What reason did he find in the history of the past? What reason in his own person? Did his humility show his wisdom? What is meant by "to go out or come in"? What reason in the work to be done? Are these all reasons why we should choose as Solomon did?

III. THE CHOICE (vs. 9).—What did Solomon choose? What did he mean by an understanding heart? Was it the same

wisdom as he describes in Prov. 3. 13-16? Did he ask this for himself? Was it a wise choice? Why? Is it a choice we can make?

IV. GOD'S ANSWER (vs. 10-15).—Why did his request please the Lord? What was the first answer? How was it fulfilled in Solomon's life? (1 Kings 3. 16-28; 4. 29-34.) What more was given him? How was this fulfilled? (1 Kings 10. 1-29.) On what condition should he live long to enjoy all this? Did he have long life? Does the Lord answer us in the same way? (Matt. 6. 33.) Does the Lord love to give abundantly? (Eph. 2. 4-7; Luke 6. 35; 11. 13.) Can we ever get the best temporal blessings by seeking them first?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. God gives us permission to ask good things of Him.
2. If we ask aright, He will grant them.
3. We should choose the best things, and inferior blessings will be added.
4. Men's characters appear in their choices and desires.
5. The prayer of Solomon is a type of true prayer in its spirit, desires, humility, and answer.
6. God loves to give abundantly more than we can ask or think.

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School in concert.)

10. When did Solomon begin to reign? Ans. B.C. 1015, and he reigned 40 years.
11. How did he enter upon his kingdom? Ans. By a great religious festival at Gibeon.
12. What did the Lord offer him there? Ans. Ask what I shall give thee.
13. What did Solomon choose? Ans. Wisdom, and an understanding heart.
14. What did the Lord give him? Ans. The wisdom he asked, and worldly blessings besides.

B.C. 1012.] LESSON IV. [Oct. 26.

THE TEMPLE BUILT.

1 Kings 6. 1-17. Commit to mem. vs. 11-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Mine house shall be called an house of prayer.—Isa. 56. 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Solomon's temple, the type of the Christian soul and the Christian church.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 6. 1-11. Th. Eph. 2. 1-22.
T. 2 Chron. 3. 1-17. F. 1 Cor. 3. 1-17.
W. 2 Chron. 4. 1-22. Sa. Heb. 9. 1-28.
Su. Rev. 21. 1-27.

TIME.—The Temple was begun in May, B.C. 1012, and finished in Nov., 1005.

PLACE.—The Temple was built upon Mount Moriah, the easterly hill of Jerusalem.

PARALLEL ACCOUNT.—2 Chron. 2-4.

INTRODUCTION.—As soon as his kingdom was consolidated, Solomon began his preparations for building the Temple, first of all by entering into negotiations with Hiram, king of Tyre, and by organizing companies of labourers. (2 Chron. 2.)

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES. 1. *450th year*—By this we learn the date of the exodus B.C. 1491. *Zef*—Our April May. *He began to build*—Some of the foundation stones came from Lebanon, but most of them doubtless from the rocks under Jerusalem. 2. *The house*—The Temple proper. *The length*—The length of the Temple was 132 feet. Each dimension of the Temple was twice that of the tabernacle. 3. *The porch*—On the east, for the Temple faced the east. 4. *Narrow lights*—A row of small windows above the chambers next described. 5. *Chambers*—These were on three sides, and were three stories high. 6. *The narrowest*—Or lowest story. *Five six... seven cubits*—The chambers of each higher story were made wider because the walls of the Temple proper grew narrower by steps called here *narrowed rests*. *Middle chamber*—Or second story. The Temple was divided into three parts,—the Porch, 10 x 20 cubits; the Holy Place, 40 x 20 x 20; the Holy of Holies, 20 x 20 x 20. It was surrounded by courts, and these by a high wall.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The site of the Temple.—Its foundations.—Its shape.—Its size.—Its divisions.—Its chambers.—Its courts.—Its purpose.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTION.—How long after Solomon began to reign did he commence the Temple?

In what year? In what month? How long after the Exodus? How long was it in building?

SUBJECT: THE TEMPLE AND ITS LESSONS.

I. ITS SITE AND FOUNDATIONS. On what place was the Temple built? (2 Chron. 3. 1.) What had occurred at this place before this? (Gen. 22. 2; 2 Sam. 24. 18-25.) What is said of the foundations—tones? (1 Kings 6. 17.) Of what materials was the Temple built? (1 Kings 5. 18; 2 Chron. 2. 7, 8, 14.)

II. ITS SIZE AND SHAPE (vs. 2-10).—How long and wide was the main Temple? How long is a cubit? Into what two portions was it divided? (1 Kings 6. 16, 17.) What was the size of the porch? What was the shape of the Temple? Describe the chambers that surround it. Describe some of its ornaments. (1 Kings 6. 18-32.) With what was it covered? (1 Kings 6. 21, 22.) How was it adorned? (2 Chron. 3. 5-7.) Was this a very large building? Was it very beautiful? How does it compare with other famous Temples?

III. ITS METHOD OF BUILDING (vs. 7).—What was the peculiarity in the method of building? Why was the Temple built in this way? (Ex. 20. 25; Deut. 27. 5.) In what places were the materials prepared? (1 Kings 5. 8, 9. See "Helps" on v. 1.)

IV. SURROUNDINGS AND CONTENTS.—How was the Temple enclosed? (1 Kings 6. 36; 1 Chron. 28. 12.) Describe some of the furnishings. (2 Chron. 2. 3.)

V. USES (vs. 11-14).—What was the object of this Temple? What was it for God to dwell there? (2 Chron. 7. 12, 15.) How would it aid in the worship of God? How would it unite the people? How would it tend to preserve religion among the people?

VI. TYPES AND SYMBOLS.—In what respects is a true Christian like a Temple? (1 Cor. 3. 16, 17; 6. 19.) In what respects is the whole church like this Temple? (Eph. 2. 20-22.) Who is the only true foundation? (1 Cor. 3. 11.) How may this world be compared to a quarry for the Temple? What lessons do we learn from this?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. It is the duty of every one to build a Temple. He himself should be a Temple of the Holy Ghost.
2. Each one should be a living stone in God's great Spiritual Temple.
3. Every person needs a place of worship.
4. The church is a Temple (1) founded on Christ, (2) beautiful, (3) built by many agents, (4) of costly materials, (5) by silent forces, (6) for the indwelling of God.
5. Our houses of worship, like the Temple, should be places of worship, of prayer, of praise, of sacrifice, of consecration, of hearing God's Word, of God's manifest presence.
6. This world is like a quarry, wherein we are being fitted for a place in God's Spiritual Temple.
7. Much of the best religious and educational work is done silently.

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School in concert.)

15. What was one of the first acts of Solomon's reign? Ans. He built a noble and costly Temple to the Lord.
16. When was it begun? Ans. B.C. 1012. 180 years after the Exodus.
17. How long was it in building? Ans. Seven and one half years.
18. Into what parts was it divided? Ans. Into the Porch, the Holy Place, and the Holy of Holies.
19. What does Paul say of Christians? Ans. Know ye not that ye are the Temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

To this day and forever God is, and will be, the peculiar guardian of the defenceless. He is the President of orphanages, the Protector of widows. He is so glorious that he rides on the heavens, but so compassionate that he remembers the poor of the earth. How zealously ought His Church to cherish those who are here marked out as Jehovah's special charge.—*Spurgeon*.

THERE is something divine in the science of numbers. Like God, it holds the sea in the hollow of its hand. It measures the earth; it weighs the stars; it illumines the universe; it is law, it is order, it is beauty.

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