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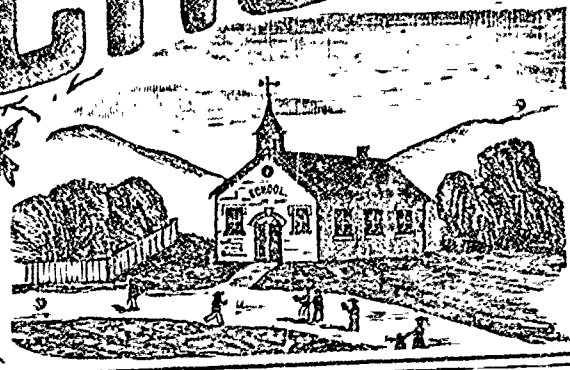
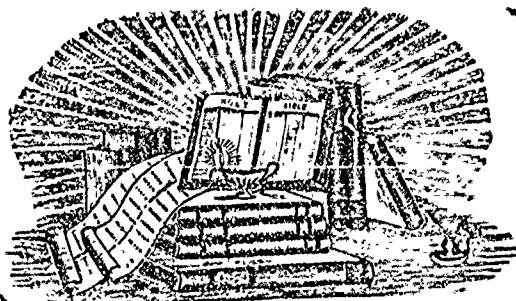
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HOME & SCHOOL.



TORONTO, AUGUST 29, 1885.

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Make Haste Slowly.

THIS picture represents an incident in the Civil Wars in England between the cavaliers, or followers of King Charles, and the Roundheads, or soldiers of the Parliament and Cromwell. The group in the foreground are pursued by the enemy when the saddle of one of them gives way.

"I must stop and fix it," said
 "Not so," said the other, "or we will surely be overtaken."
 "It must be fixed, or I may be thrown from the horse, and then yet be also overtaken."
 So he got down, and was fixing the buckle, when the man with him cried out, "There they come; we must fly!"
 "Yes, when this is done, but not before."
 Soon it was done, and, mounting his horse, he rode fast and far away, safe beyond the reach of the enemy.

So it is all through life. You cannot safely go on when things are out of gear. Whatever needs mending, should be mended at once, and then you can go forward.

The Superannuate—A Conference Sketch.

BY META E. B. THORNE.

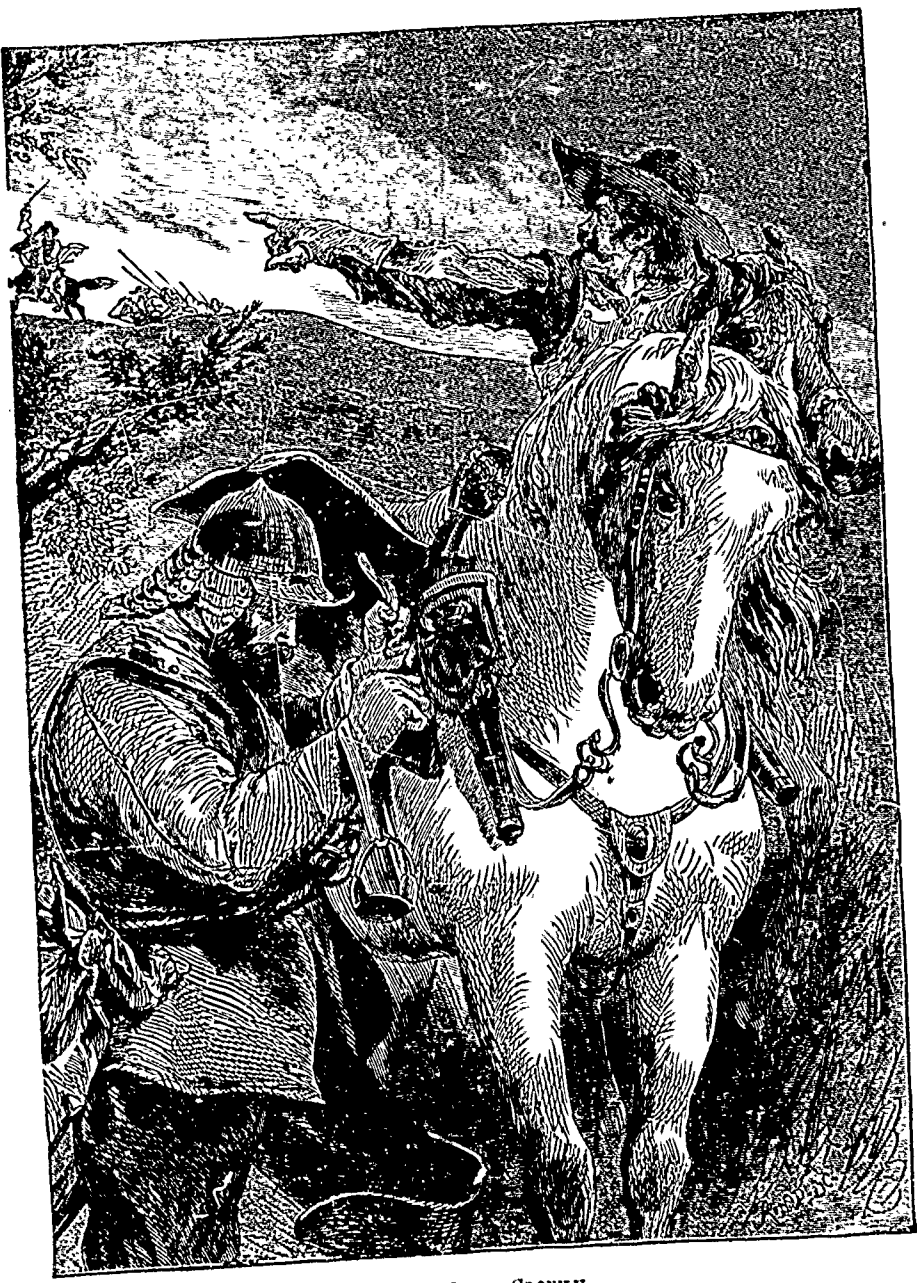
ONLY an aged, worn-out superannuate, with scanty gray hair and deeply-furrowed brow, clad in an old-fashioned suit of worn and "shiny" broadcloth, and linen, that, though of spotless whiteness, yet showed the marks of time's busy finger.

Surely, it was a singular choice my uncle had made! I wondered much that he should have made special request for *this* guest during the session of the Annual Conference in our city. I had hoped for some noted scholar, some popular preacher, or at least some travelled man whose conversation should be a source of pleasure and profit. And now, here was this homely old man, whose plain garb and simple manners denoted his rusticity, and from whom we could hope for little of interest. But, even if uncle had not requested it, our own sense of duty would have compelled us to treat with the utmost courtesy this guest, and to make him feel "at home," for was he not one of uncle's "oldest and best friends?"

And yet, though somewhat disappointed in his appearance, as later I sat in my quiet corner, and listened eagerly, I could not but marvel at the acuteness of his criticism, at his accurate knowledge of the men and matters com-

voice, and felt that beneath the comparatively unattractive exterior flowed a hidden spring of purest feeling.

By a clever comment or question Uncle Oliver (that he might increase our interest in his friend) proceeded to



MAKE HASTE SLOWLY.

mented upon, and note how Uncle Oliver deferred to his judgment as they discussed the proceedings of the General Conference recently closed.

By and by, as we gathered about the board, and the deep, full tones of the stranger invoked God's blessing, I marked the richness and pathos of his

"draw him out," and we were surprised and delighted with his fund of quaint, humorous, beguiling anecdote. His remarkable memory had preserved as "flies in amber" perfect portraits of many worthies of the past whom he had known, either personally or through others.

"A great contrast between present times and customs and when you began preaching, Brother Chase," remarked my uncle.

"Indeed there is, Brother Harlow. I thought of it to-day as I listened to the reports from the various districts. Why, when I began, almost half one of those districts was comprised in one circuit. It often took me six or eight weeks to complete my rounds and get back to my family, preaching three times on Sabbath, and every night through the week, and travelling many miles on horseback between the appointments. I carried my little library in my saddle-bags, and read now from one book, now from another, as I rode along, or studied the great book of nature which lay open before me, and from which I learned many a glorious lesson. In the shadows of the primeval forest I heard matchless hymns and anthems rise from caroling bird and singing brook, and the tiniest wayside flower read me its sermon of love and trust in Him who said, 'Consider the lilies,' and 'Behold the fowls of the air.'

"Yes, it was hard sometimes"—in graver and more meditative tones, having almost forgotten his audience in his retrospect—"a hard and sorely-needed lesson, indeed. Weeks at a time I was gone from my home, and, meantime, how fared my wife and babes? Why, the pain and anxiety in that thought were almost unendurable! Many a time I knew that they scarcely had the necessaries of life. Many a time as I sat down to some bountifully spread table, I could not eat—the food fairly choked me as I remembered the empty larder and the hungry ones at home. It was only by constantly dwelling in mind upon the promises of the Master, and pleading for grace to 'cast all my care upon Him, that I could find courage to go on with my work. Moreover, there often arose the thought, 'What if I should be taken away, and they be left helpless, without even this far from adequate support?' And then again I strove to lay hold on the promises and leave all in God's hands. Yes, yes, times have changed since then, and I am glad that they have, even though in this rushing age they have passed me by, and left me stranded on the beach."

"No, I need not have been so anxious. How often the words of the Master came to me, 'O thou of little faith,' as one by one my treasures were taken home to my Father's house, where they shall hunger no more, and I am left to complete the pilgrimage alone. But by and by I shall meet my noble Elizabeth and"—

Here, suddenly becoming conscious once more of his auditors, whose humid eyes he could not fail to mark, with an effort he recalled himself from this train of reflection, and turned his attention to another subject.

But I could not forget his pathetic words, and often there comes vividly before me the picture of the aged, way-worn pilgrim resting a short time by the wayside of life ere completing his journey. How glad I was to know that my uncle and some other friends were able to cheer those hours of rest, and make that last stage a pleasant one!

And now he has crossed the river, and with the precious wife of his youth sits down to the bounteous feast in the palace of the Royal Son, honoured as "the King delighteth to honour." His faithful servants; and is not he rewarded a hundred-fold for the trials of the past? Yea, verily, for the King will redeem His promises.

But there are still upon their journey many weary pilgrims, who have "fought a good fight," and have almost "finished their course," and it is our precious privilege to bring peace and joy to cheer their last days, and to relieve them of all anxiety concerning the dear ones they must leave behind.

"God do so unto us, and more also," if we forget our duty, our privileges, in this respect.

We are not Ready.

BY W. MOORE.

Our land is not ready, not ready they say,
The curse of our country to banish away;
Long years may roll by and great changes
Will see,
But subjects of this mighty king we must be,
His yoke it is heavy, his bonds they oppress,
His shackles bind down in despair and distress;
He charms the poor soul by his brightness,
His breath;
His wages are misery, wretchedness, death.
The home, once so happy, is wretched and drear,
And love is now turned into terror and fear;
The husband once cherished is changed to a foe;
The wife's heart is broken with sorrow and woe.
The maiden so lovely, so gentle, and gay,
With sorrow and want is fast pining away;
The young man who struggles his manhood to save,
Is hurried despairing to death and the grave.

We groan with the burden, but no one can stay
The hand of the fiend till we're ready they say;
The burden is great, but it greater must be
Before we will strike for our lives and be free.
Oh shame to our country that's fallen so low!
Oh shame that we yield to the craft of the foe!
And shame to our statesmen by cowardice wrought
To sell the dear souls of their country for nought!

But God has His servants who ever are true;
Who fear not the world, what they say,
What they do;
Whose hearts beat in pity for sorrow and sin;
Who strive the poor fallen for Jesus to win.
While great men may falter the fools will be wise—
The Lord in His strength and His beauty will rise:
The demon thus losing his terrible sway
We'll gladly be ready to put him away.

Mr. Moody on Christian Life and Work in London.

"I REGARD London as the most religious city in the world. There is nothing like it to be found anywhere at present, and I very much doubt whether there ever was anything like it. Take, for instance your wealthy men. In London there is such a thing as sanctified wealth. That is a very rare commodity in America. The reason for that, I suppose, is chiefly due to the fact that in London you have families that have been acclimatized to wealth. They can breathe it without choking. It does not crush them. It is one of the ordinary incidents of their life, and, being born to wealth, they make as good a use of it as of any other gift they possess. But in America our rich men have nearly all been born poor. They have heaped together vast fortunes. As a consequence, their wealth is too much for them, and there is nothing to compare with the great numbers of wealthy men and women who in London devote the whole of their leisure time to the service of God and their fellow-men. Why, the other day the heir to one of the greatest fortunes in London, whose name I do not wish you to publish, stood outside our meeting and held a cabman's horse the whole time in order that the cabman might take part in the service within.

"Nor was that at all an isolated incident. Titled ladies and wealthy ladies moving in the first society have gone down into the lowest slums in the districts in which we have been holding our meetings, and taken care of the children and nursed the babies while the mothers spent an hour in our hall. In some of the places they opened a crèche, where they each took turns in keeping the babies while the mothers were at the services. There has been no duty which they have not been prompt to perform. But it was done over and over again. In fact, there has been no limit to the self-sacrifice and zeal with which the mission has been carried through on all hands.

"Nor is it only the wealthy who have shown such energy. About a hundred persons have followed us from place to place—camping out, as it were—and have taken lodgings in the immediate vicinity of our halls, in order that they might be able to work night and day and bring in the people. That is one of the great advantages you have here. You have more people with leisure than we have in America, people who have time on their hands, and who are good enough to dedicate it to the service of their fellow-creatures.

"I don't think that ever any series of services was arranged for with more good feeling between all denominations, executed with more unity or zeal, or crowned with greater success. For two months before we started the ground was thoroughly prepared, so that for about ten months Mr. Paton worked like a galley slave in the midst of an energetic and devoted body of helpers. Among those who helped us very materially were converts who joined us at Cambridge. There never was a place that I approached with greater anxiety than Cambridge. Never having had the privilege of a university education, I was nervous about meeting university men. But I think I had a better time at Cambridge than I had in any other provincial town, and many of the graduates who were brought in there rendered noble service in our London campaign."

"Now, Mr. Moody, compared with

your last visit to England, how does this one stand?"

"Better," was the reply, "better in every respect. We have had more meetings, better meetings, and the work has been of a more satisfactory character in every way. For the last eight months I have addressed on an average 9,000 people every day, and we got down to the people better. There was not so much absolute work in the slums as among the middle and working classes. Eight years ago it was a superstition that you could not get people in the suburbs. Now, we find this time that it is much easier to get them at their homes than anywhere else."

"And what do you think of us, Mr. Moody? Have we improved or gone backward during the eight years which have passed since you last came to England?"

"You have improved," said Mr. Moody, "wonderfully improved. To begin with, there is much more brotherly feeling, more Christian union among the various denominations, than in 1876. The number of ministers, Established and Non-Established, that cooperated with us all through has been much greater, and their fervor and brotherly feeling were all that could be desired. Another great change very welcome to us is the increased spiritual life of the churches. There is still, no doubt, a great deal to be done, but there has been a great awakening, and the Church of England especially is much more alive than it used to be. Then there is another improvement that is very perceptible, lying on the surface of society; I mean the enormous advance you have made in temperance. Eight years ago it was difficult for me to mix in your society without being constantly pressed to drink wine. Now I may say, broadly, I am never asked to touch it, and at many places where I go it is not even on the table. This is a great change, and brings you nearer to the American level in that matter, for in our country Christian people have been ahead of you in recognizing the mischief of drink. The last improvement that I notice is a diminution of caste feeling. There seems to me to exist in England a greater sense of our common humanity permeating all classes. The rich and the poor seem to feel that there is no longer that great gulf between them which was formerly there."

A Sailor Preacher.

UNFORTUNATE and disabled seamen find a cosy retreat in the Sailor's Snug Harbor. This asylum, whose buildings are on Staten Island, N. Y., was founded by Robert Richard Randall eighty-three years ago. Alexander Hamilton drew the will. When the founder had bequeathed what he thought proper to nieces, nephews, and servants, he said, to the great lawyer:

"I am thinking how I can dispose of the remainder of my property most wisely. What think you, general?"

"How did you accumulate the fortune you possess?"

"It was made for me by my father, and at his death I became his sole heir."

"How did he acquire it?"

"By honest privateering."

Then General Hamilton suggested that a fortune made at sea might appropriately be left for the benefit of unfortunate seamen. The rich man assented. The will was drawn, and

for thirty years heirs strove to destroy its validity.

Chaplain Jones, who has himself been "a sailor man," is the pastor of these "old salts," many of whom are maimed and not a few totter with age and infirmities. A writer in the *Century* reports one of the chaplain's sermons, full of the flavor of the sea, on the theme, "Let go the stern line!"

"I once stood on the wharf watching a brig get ready for sea," began the chaplain.

"The tops'ls and courses were loosed, the jib hung from the boom, and the halyards were stretched out ready to run up.

"Just at this moment the pilot sprang from the wharf to the quarter-deck, inquiring as he did so of the mate in command:

"Are you all ready?"

"All ready, sir," said the officer. Then came the commands,

"Stand by to run up that jib! Hands by the head-braces! Cast off your head-fast, and stand by aft there to let go that stern line!"

"Let go! Run the top-halyards! Run 'em up boys—run 'em up! Does the jib take? Haul over that starboard sheet."

"She pays off fine—there she goes, and—halloo! halloo! What's the matter? What's fast there? Starboard the helm! Starboard!"

"What holds her? Is there any thing foul aft there? Why, look at that stern line! Heave it off the timber-head! Heave off that turn!"

"Its foul ashore, sir!" says one of the crew.

"Then cut it! Cut it! D'ye hear! Never mind the hawsor! Cut it before she loses her way."

By this time there was a faint strain on the hawsor. A sailor drew his sheath-knife across the strands, which soon parted, the brig forged ahead, the sails were run up and trimmed to the breeze, and the brig *Buller* filled away.

"So, too, when I see men who have immortal souls to save bound to the world by the hawsors of their sins, then I think of that scene, and feel like crying out:

"Gather in your breast-lines, and haul out from the shore of destruction! Fly as Lot from the guilty Sodom! Oh, let go that stern-line!"

We have repeatedly said that when the matter came to a fair test Scott Act men would sink mere party factionism and stand unhesitatingly by their principles and their cause. Our predictions have been realized even sooner and more fully than we expected. The liquor-men of the Reform party in East Simcoe deserted their party-nominee and went over to the support of the man who did not antagonize their rascally business. With a manliness that reflects upon them lasting honour, the Conservative Scott Act men stepped into the breach, rose to the importance of their position, and gave the liquor traffic one of the most deadly blows it has yet received. They have not stood up for the right in vain. The lesson is one that will be remembered by party politicians for all time to come. Simcoe's glorious Scott majority means not merely "Twenty hundred majority for prohibition," it means, "No whiskey candidate need apply." Prohibition, national and complete, is not far in the future. We "thank God and take courage."

A Song of Heaven.

I would sing you a song of heaven,
If my soul could chant the hymn;
I would sing of skies whose gorgeous dyes
Would make our own grow dim.

I would sing of mountains, bathed in light,
That never will fade away,
Of the murmuring breeze, through whisper-
ing trees,
That never will know decay.

Of glorious birds, that trill strange words,
With a mystery in their flow,
Till the scented airs grow holy with prayers
That only they can know.

I would sing of its lakes, for the lilies' sakes,
The purest God has given
Of all the flowers that we call ours—
How white they must be in heaven!

I would sing of you of the violet blue,
That water is the loving sky,
But droop its head when it hears the tread
Of an angel's footstep nigh.

I would sing of love in that land above
Till I could not hush the strain
Of its perfect bliss, till the joy of this
Would shrink to immortal pain.

But my soul is mute, like a tuneless lute
That has been forsaken long;
Its pulses thrill, but its voice is still,
And I cannot sing the song.

Sweet land! I have dreamed of thee
When the summer's moonlight fell
In silvery showers on nestling flowers
Asleep in the greenwood dell.

And I awoke, when the vision broke,
With a pang in heart and brain,
That I should stray from that shining way
Back to this world again.

But I know I shall see thee more, sweet
land,
When earth's dark hours have fled;
When the flowers are low, where they used
to blow,
And the sky in the west grows red.

I shall steer my bark where the waves roll
dark;
I shall cross a stranger sea;
But I know I shall land on the beautiful
strand,
Where the loved ones wait for me.

There are faces there divinely fair,
That the earth lost long ago,
And foreheads white, where curls lay bright,
Like sunbeams over snow.

And there are eyes, like their own blue
skies—
Eyes I have seen before—
Will grow as bright as the stars of night,
When I near the welcome shore.

And those little feet I loved to meet
When the world was sweet to me,
I know will bound when the rippling sound
Of my boat comes over the sea.

I shall see them stand on the gleaming sand,
With white arms o'er the tide,
Waiting to twine their hands in mine,
When I reach the other side.

—Baldwin's Monthly.

Out all Night in London.

WE, too, turn round, and proceed
over Blackfriars Bridge. Alas! what
a sight is here! Huddled together
out of the wind are quite a large num-
ber of midnight wanderers; starved,
cold, and terribly helpless they appear.
Some have sunk to their full length on
the hard pavement at the foot of the
bridge-head, and one we meet further on
is a woman, with a piteous-looking baby
face peeping from the folds of her
tattered shawl. Others stand against
the wall with hands in pockets and
shoulders raised, sheltering themselves
from the cold blast which sweeps so
keenly over the river. The deeply
recessed seats are crowded with
wretched occupants thronging together
to obtain warmth and rest and slumber.

Over sixty poor wretches have thus
been found on this bridge alone. They
are of various trades and occupations,
and from all parts of the country; one

has been a Hampshire labourer, another
a Margate ostler, this man a Cambridge
stonemason, that woman a needle-
worker from Dorsetshire. Mantle-
makers, domestic servants, governesses,
charwomen, bricklayers, law-writers,
coopers, pianoforte makers, labourers
of every description are found among
them. Some have been sleeping out
in the streets three nights, some five,
some one. They object to go to the
casual wards, because they allege that
they cannot get out sufficiently early
in the morning to find 'odd jobs' of
work at the docks, coal wharves,
markets, etc. Another reason ad-
vanced is the objection to the bath.
"I should not mind if it were clean
water, or I could have the first dip,"
said one, "but to go into the water
after a lot of others—faugh!—I
cannot stand it."

On London Bridge the same sad
sight is presented, and numbers of men
and women of all characters and employ-
ments, as just described, are to be
found, crouching into the seats in
search of rest and shelter.

For some reason the bridges are
favorite resorts of the sleepers-out.
Perhaps the sight of the silent river,
with its rows of shining lamps, its
shipping, and its far outlook, is more
welcome to the wanderer than the stony
streets. In any case, here they congreg-
ate, and as many as 150 poor wretches
have been found on London Bridge
alone. — *Fin Holmes in the Quiver for
July.*

A Proof that the Bible is True.

CHILDREN, if in this year you or I
should die, we would have nothing to
cling to, or trust in, but the truth of
the Bible. No other book tells of the
life to come. Peter says we ought to
be able to give a reason for our hope
and belief in it. One proof that the
Scriptures are true, is the prophecies in
them.

When Joseph told Pharaoh that there
were seven years of plenty and then
seven of famine to come in Egypt,
Joseph being taught of God, made a
prophecy, and Pharaoh had reason to
believe in Joseph, for his words came
true. The Bible has prophecies of
things foretold thousands of years
before they happened.

Seventy years after Christ, Jerusalem
was destroyed by the Romans. Long
before, Moses told of "the nation that
was to come from far, swift as the eagle"
(the Romans in their battles and
marches carried an eagle as their stan-
dard), "a people whose language they
would not understand, fierce in face,
and caring neither for old or young."
This nation was to "besiege the Jews
in all their cities, until their high walls
should come down." And in the siege
their suffering for want of food would
be so great that mothers would secretly
eat their own children. The Jews
would then be scattered among different
people in various parts of the earth,
and be in great fear for their lives.
All this was to come upon them if they
did not believe in and obey God.

Daniel, also, long after Moses, fore-
told that "the people of the Prince who
would come, would destroy the city and
sanctuary," or temple, "put an abomi-
nable thing in the holy place, and that
the daily sacrifice and oblation should
cease." Our Saviour spoke of Daniel's
words, and told the disciples when they
should see "Jerusalem compassed with
armies, to flee with haste into the
mountains, for then there should be

great trouble, such as never had been
before." The Temple was then white
and glittering; the Castle of Antonia
was there, the palaces of Herod and
Pilate, the three lines of walls, and
within, its million of people. Jesus
told His disciples that great as the
buildings of the Temple were, not one
stone should be left upon another.
When they should see the abomination
of desolation (the Roman ensigns, on
which were tall figures), standing in the
holy place, they were to know that its
destruction was near. Those in the
city were to go out of it, and none in
the countries near should go in it,
because Jerusalem was to be trodden
down by the Gentiles, the people were
to fall by the sword, and those left to
be carried captive.

Josephus was a Jew who did not
believe in Christ, but the history he
wrote about the siege and fall of Jeru-
salem, shows how exactly all our
Saviour's words and those of Moses and
Daniel came true. Nero, the cruel
Roman emperor, sent Vespasian and
his son Titus to go into Judea and
besiege the Jews.

All the cities of Galilee were at
length taken, costing innumerable lives,
besides six thousand Jewish youths, at
one time sent as slaves to Nero. The
altar, the courts of the Temple were
constantly covered with the blood of
priests and people.

In their quarrels among themselves,
at one time, eight thousand five hun-
dred bodies lay dead in the outer court.
Being the time of the Passover, the city
was full of people, who had come from
all parts to worship, eleven hundred
thousand of them perished, besides
ninety-seven thousand captives. Three
walls were round the city, the towers
being solid and square as the walls.
The towers and palaces were wonderful
in strength and beauty.

The Temple stood on a high hill and
was covered in front with heavy plates
of gold. The parts that were not of
gold, were of pure white marble.

When Vespasian took Sepphoris, the
largest city in Galilee, he killed all the
Jews who could carry arms, and made
slaves of all who were weak. No
people ever fought more bravely in the
defence of their cities than the Jews,
but God was no longer with them.
They had crucified His Son and had
cried aloud, "His blood be on us and
our children." Josephus did all he
could to defend Jotapata, but after a
long siege, it was taken, forty thousand
Jews being killed. Josephus was taken
prisoner. In Joppa four thousand
perished. In other places, the streets
ran with the blood of men, women and
children. The lake, Gennesareth, was
stained with the blood of six thousand
who fell fighting in boats.

When Tiberias was taken, old and
young were driven into the circus to be
put to death, and more than thirty
thousand sold as slaves. In Gamala
the blood of the people fell down the
streets like a water-fall. Meanwhile,
in Jerusalem, the Jews might have
held out for years, had they not in their
quarrels destroyed their own corn.
Titus built a wall nearly five miles long,
round the city. Many thousands in it
were dying of hunger, too weak to give
a cry. The dead could not be buried,
but were flung over the walls. More
than six hundred thousand dead bodies
were thus thrown out. Now the Roman
rams made the tower of Antonia fall.
The daily sacrifice in the Temple ceased,
for want of men to offer it. Titus

wished to save the splendid temple and
begged the Jews to surrender. But
they chowed their shoes and belts.

The vilest things were eaten, while
the Romans crucified so many of those
who fled from the city looking for food,
that they could not get room for the
crosses. In the city a woman of wealth
and refinement slew and ate her infant
son. A Roman set fire to the temple
round the altar on which dead bodies
were heaped. Multitudes of the Jews
were sent to the theatres to be destroyed
by wild beasts. Never before had any
foreign people been allowed to attack
the Jews, while engaged in their solemn
feasts. Titus gave twenty five hundred
Jews to be slain in Cesarea. He took
the golden table, candlesticks, lamps
and books of the law to Rome to adorn
his triumph. On the arch of Titus, in
Rome, is a picture of the candlestick.
Titus built a temple in which he put
the vessels taken from the Holy House.
The veils and the law of Moses he kept
in his palace.—*Our Morning Guide.*

Scott Act Defeat in Hastings.

WE deeply regret that we have to
record the defeat of our friends in
Hastings, but we compliment them on
the plucky fight that they made. The
result can hardly be called a defeat.
We have not lost an inch of ground.
We have only failed in the effort to
capture one of our enemy's strongholds.
Hastings is one of the few counties of
our Dominion that is cursed with the
debauching influence of a distillery in
active operation. The attempt to beard
the lion in his den was courageous and
manly, and no doubt the training and
lessons of the contest and defeat will
be for our friends the basis of a glorious
victory in the not far future. This
campaign will not stop till the last
legalized grog-shop that disgraces our
country has become a thing of the
past, and no temporary seeming disaster
can avail to prevent the advent of that
surely-coming day of triumph and
success.—*Canada Citizen.*

The Senate Again.

A MAJORITY of the irresponsible
Senate at Ottawa have again demon-
strated their unfitness for the important
office assigned that body. In defiance
of such an outburst of indignation as
never before greeted any proposed
legislative outrage in this country; in
wanton insult to the House of Com-
mons, which emphatically refused to
concur in the proposed outrage; in
attempt to break faith with over half
a hundred constituencies that in good
faith have voted for the Scott Act, a
majority of these men have insisted
upon the insertion of their beer and
wine amendment in Mr. Jamieson's
Bill.

We have little fear that there is any
danger of the Commons accepting what
they so unhesitatingly rejected a few
days ago, but the action shows that
the crafty liquor-power has not given
up the fight, and there may be new
scheming on foot of which we are not yet
aware. Our friends in the Senate
stood nobly to their guns, but the
drink-serving majority was too strong
for them to overcome. We look to
our friends in the House of Commons
to once more reject this infamous pro-
posal.—*Canada Citizen.*

BEGIN to study the Sunday-school
lesson early in the week.

Living Waters.

BY MRS. M. F. DOWNING.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth!"
Hark to the prophet's cry!
"Come ye to living waters;
Haste to the fount and buy!"

"And he that hath no money,
The flowing river see;
Yea, wine and milk are waiting;
And God hath made them free!"

Again comes down the message,
Above life's tumult heard;
And blessed is the people
Who trust the Saviour's word.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth!
In Me thy longings slake;
Salvation's cup is offered,
Stretch forth thy hand and take."

"For whosoever drinketh
The water I shall give,
A fount of joy upspringing,
Within his soul shall live."

Thus spake He of the Spirit,
Who like a brook shall flow,
A wellspring, pure, eternal,
In hearts that trust and know.

Nor hunger, nor thirst, nor sorrow,
Have power to stir their breast,
Who through the Saviour's promise
Thus "enter into rest."

terrible evil. Their circulars have been issued, their organizations have been formed, their money is subscribed, and quietly, but in desperate earnest, they are marshalling their forces and laying their plans for the coming contest. The liquor traffic is fighting for its life. It has prejudice, avarice, and wealth on its side; and all the support that these agencies can command will be arrayed against us. But if we do our duty we need not fear. Philanthropy is a mightier force than avarice, enlightenment is stronger than prejudice, and the men who are willing to stand up and make sacrifices for the right are more than those who can be bought to work for the wrong. Let temperance men "stand to their guns" as bravely as they have in the days gone by; let them meet energy, determination, and organization, with organization, determination, and energy, and we shall add another to the glorious roll of victories won for "God and Home and Country."—*Canada Citizen.*

Gladstone.

BY JOY VETREPONT.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, the feller of trees and almost king of England, was born in Liverpool, December 29, 1809. His father, John Gladstone, was a Scotch merchant, a native of Leith, who had settled in Liverpool, and there formed a great West Indian house. His mother was Miss Anne Robertson, from Dingwall, "a pretty little town on the far north-east coast of Scotland." She is described as "a lady of great accomplishments, a fascinating woman, of commanding presence and high intellect; one to grace any home and to endear any heart."

Gladstone was brought up under Tory influences. His father was a Tory, Liverpool was a Tory town; Eton, where he spent five years, a Tory school, "whose traditions as well as the sentiments of its teachers bound it closely to the Church of England, the monarchy, and the aristocracy;" and Oxford, which he entered at the age of eighteen, a Tory university. Consequently we find him in his early life strongly imbued with the spirit of Toryism.

At Oxford, Gladstone became a member of Christ's Church, the largest of the colleges and "the one then most frequented by men of rank and wealth." Here he threw himself with characteristic eagerness into his studies, and soon became famous "not only as the best speaker of the University debating club, but also as the most remarkable undergraduate of his generation."

In the university examinations he took the highest honours, coming out as "double-first-class man," first-class both in classics and in mathematics. "Some of his few surviving contemporaries still tell how, when he was examined *viva voce* for his degree, an immense throng gathered to hear him; how all attempts to puzzle him by questions on the minutest details of Herodotus only brought out his knowledge more fully; how the excitement reached its climax when the examiner, after testing his mastery of some point of theology said: 'We will now leave that part of the subject,' and was for passing on to something else, when the candidate, carried away by his subject, answered, 'No, sir; if you please we will not leave it yet,' and began to pour forth a fresh stream of learning and argument."



WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE, LATE PREMIER OF ENGLAND.

In December, 1832, when not quite twenty-three, Gladstone entered the House of Commons as a member for Newark, and two years later became Junior Lord of the Treasury. In 1835 he became Under Secretary for the colonies; and in 1841 was made Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and in 1843 its President. In 1845 he became Secretary for Colonial Affairs. About this time, being led by the duties of his office to examine commercial questions, he naturally became a convert to the doctrines of free trade. "As he had been elected as a Protectionist, he thought himself bound in conscience to resign his seat at Newark, and was left out of the House of Commons for more than a year, till returned as member for the University of Oxford." This was in 1847, and since then he has supported Liberal measures. In 1852 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. After the death of Lord Palmerstone in 1865, he became leader of the Liberal party; and in December, 1868, was made Premier of England.

At the election of 1874 a Conservative majority was returned and Mr. Gladstone resigned, to be followed by Lord Beaconsfield. But in 1880 the Liberals were again in the majority; Lord Beaconsfield resigned and Gladstone again became Prime Minister.

As a writer Mr. Gladstone first came before the public at the age of twenty-eight, in "The State in its Relations with the Church." In 1840 appeared "Church Principles considered in their Results." In 1845 a "Manual of Family Prayers," and a pamphlet on the commercial policy of Sir Robert Peel. In 1851 appeared "Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen," "in which he asked the British Government to interfere in behalf of thirty thousand political prisoners kept in confinement by the Neapolitan Bourbons." "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age" were published 1858; and in 1868 "Essays on Ecce Homo," and a pamphlet on the Irish Church question. In 1869 "Juventus Mundi, the Gods and Men of Heroic Age." "No modern writer, perhaps, has brought out so strongly the essential refinement and dignity of

tone pervading the great Greek poets; and the high position accorded to woman in the heroic age of Greece."

In youth, Gladstone's appearance earned for him the sobriquet of "Handsome Gladstone."

"The handsome looks are gone, but it is a noble face for all that, a far nobler than it was then in its early freshness and bloom. Lined with thought; paled by years of toil; the dark hair thinned; the dark eyes caverned under brows habitually contracted—it is essentially the face of a Senator, one of the Patres Conscripti. And there are subtle traits of character readily enough discernable at a glance. A blending of generosity and scorn in the play of the nostrils, an alternating severity and sweetness in the mobile mouth. It is a face betraying every emotion, concealing nothing—incapable of concealment."

"Mr. Gladstone never writes a line of his speeches, and some of his most successful ones have been made in the heat of debate, and necessarily without preparation." "As a debater he stands without a rival in the House of Commons."

"The severest test by which an orator can be tried is commonly held to be that of immediate success—the actual changing of votes by eloquence, and the turning of defeat into victory. Tried by this standard, also, Mr. Gladstone is strong, and there are repeated instances on record where his personal power reversed the expected fate of some important measure."

"As for his voice it is like a silver clarion. And the charm of that harmonious voice is this—that, after the delivery of a speech of four or five hours in its duration, the closing words of the peroration will ring as clear as a bell upon the ear, without the faintest perceptible indication to the last of anything like physical exhaustion." "While he exhausts the subject he sometimes exhausts the listener."

"Mr. Gladstone walks among figures as a king among his subjects; he plays with them as a juggler with his balls."

Mr. Gladstone is now the leader of Her Majesty's opposition.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 29, 1885.

The Scott Act in Toronto.

THE Scott Act is to be submitted to the electors of this city. This action was decided upon recently at a large and thoroughly representative meeting of the Toronto Temperance Electoral Association. Already petitions are in the hands of canvassers; there is a good working organization in every ward, and the campaign is fairly inaugurated.

The crucial hour has come, that demands more than any occasion ever demanded before, the unhesitating and loyal co-operation of all the temperance men and women of this community.

We have flung our battle-flag to the breeze before the very citadel of the liquor-power of this Dominion, and sounded a rally for the sternest and bitterest contest of the whole prohibition campaign.

We must not, however, underrate the strength of this gigantic traffic. Toronto is its heart and head. Here its power and wealth are concentrated. All that it can bribe genius and learning to do on its behalf will be done. Already, preparation for the strife has been made among the men who are interested in the perpetuation of this



AN IDOLATROUS PROCESSION IN CHINA.

The Battle of Abraham's Plains.

BY MRS. E. BROWN.

WOLFE faltered not in purpose,
But steadfastly did view?
The rugged steeps before him,
Tho' sentinels he knew
Stood ready with their challenge
His progress to arrest,
While up the winding pathway
Scarce two could climb abreast.

No marching orders needed,
Each man his duty knew,
The rocks were steep and rugged,
But Briton's hearts were true,
In silence and in darkness
Eight thousand toiled away,
And gained the Plains of Abram
Before the rising day.

There, waiting for the signal;
Out on the Plains were spread,
Eight thousand British soldiers,
Who were prepared to shed
Their blood for Britain's honour,
To win her sons a land
Whereon the angels' anthem
Might sound from strand to strand.

Calmly they stood, and moved but
To fill a comrade's place,
Until between the foemen
Lacked forty yards of space,
Then from their fire so deadly
The nearing columns reeled,
And their impetuous charge swept on
Over the bloody field.

They plant the British banner,
The victory is won;
They watch it now in triumph
And shout, "They run! They run!"
But, oh! the cup of gladness
Is mingled with the tear,
For now their fallen leader
They carry to the rear.

His ear grows dull of hearing,
For life is ebbing fast,
But, lo! the dying hero
Has caught the cry, and asks,
"Who runs?" and then the tidings
That cheer his near release
He hears, and whispers faintly,
"Praise God! I die in peace."

No sovereign now can raise him,
And place upon his breast
The star, that brilliant token
Of service and of rest.
The crown of laurels faded,
As doth the victor's brow,
His deed of valour liveth,
And claims our tribute now.

A column in Westminster
Among the honoured dead,
Now tells to other nations
The homage England paid
To him who won for Britain
This land so fair, so free;
Our beautiful Dominion,
This land of liberty.

PETERBORO', ONT.

Idolatry.

You have been told of the idolatrous worship of heathen people, and have seen some of the little dirty wooden images that have been family gods for ages. You have been greatly shocked at being told that there are great multitudes who trust implicitly in their gods of wood and stone. But if you were here in China and could be permitted to-morrow morning to enter any one of the houses in this village near which my boat is anchored, you would see that the worship of this people is not confined to wooden images.

To-morrow being the 15th day of the 10th moon, the time when the rice harvest is completed, is the day set apart in this part of China for the worship of the "goddess of the grain," the performance taking place about four o'clock in the morning. I had very much hoped to be allowed to witness this worship, but am told that this is not to be thought of, not even the native Christians themselves being permitted to be present. The goddess would not remain an instant in a house with an unbeliever. So you will have

to be content with a description obtained from those who themselves live only a few years ago observed the day, with as strong a belief in the benefits to be derived, as the most superstitious heathen will to-morrow observe it.

Now, what do you suppose represents the goddess? Nothing more nor less than a quart measure of rice stuck full of burning incense sticks. The offerings consist of paper money, fish, pork, eggs, a chicken or a duck, a goose, and a pig's liver, five kinds of cakes, five tiny cups of wine, and a large pot heaping full of boiled rice and covered with five inverted rice bowls. In the openings between the bowls are stuck five pairs of chop-sticks, the number five being symbolic of the term *ngo kah*, which in ancient times meant "the five grains," but has now come to be applied to rice alone. The name of the goddess translated literally means "the five grains' goddess."

A representation of the arrangement of the various offerings would show the "goddess" placed on a table in the fore-ground, the pot of rice at her right, and the rest of the offerings arranged in rows of five in the background. This done, each member of the family from the eldest down to the

youngest goes through numerous prostrations before the supposed goddess, and then the paper money is burned, followed by another series of prostrations, when the worship is considered at an end, and the offerings may be eaten. Even the quart of rice itself from which the goddess is now supposed to have departed, is cooked for the evening meal.

And now what are the benefits which are supposed to result from all this silly mummery? It is hoped that the "goddess of the grain" will be so pleased with the attention that has been paid her, that she will send another year a plentiful crop of the rice upon which the people are so dependent.

Good Books for Young Readers.

Madam How and Lady Why; or, First Lessons in Earth Lore. By Charles Kingsley. Pp. 339. New York: Macmillan & Co.

The Heroes; or, Greek Fairy Tales. Pp. 169. Same author and publishers.

The Rev. Canon Kingsley possessed the genius that could make the truths of science lucid and luminous to even very young readers. In the first of these volumes he has told the fairy tales of the earth's youth in a fascinating manner. He explains in a very simple and attractive way the causes and effects of earthquakes, volcanoes, glaciers, and the marvels of geology and of plant and animal life. Apart from the information given, is the wonderful mental stimulus which such books will cause, and the cultivation of the powers of observation which they will promote.

The second book is an account of those wonderful Greek heroes of whose story the world will never tire. We have here a graphic sketch of Persus,

Theseus and the Argonauts, free from the objectionable features with which such tales are sometimes mixed. Both books have good illustrations, and are very cheap. We wish they could find a place on every boy's and girl's book shelf.

"*Man*" is the comprehensive name of a new semi-monthly of 8 pages, published at Ottawa, Dr. Playter, editor. Price \$1 per year. Several of the best known Canadian writers are among its contributors. In the first number Chancellor Nelles, of Victoria University, contributes a generous tribute to the memory of the late Senator Brown, of whom a good portrait is given.

Picturesque Canada.

TORONTO TO OTTAWA AND MONTREAL.

BY THE EDITOR.

By means of the recently opened Canada Pacific Railway, one may now proceed to Ottawa and Montreal by a very picturesque route and in less time than by any other road. The comfort and elegance of the cars is, I think, unequalled on any road on the Continent. On leaving Toronto to the Canada Pacific skirts the northern front of the city, giving fine views of its many towers and spires and of the elegant villas on the neighbouring heights. Passing over the deep lateral ravines and main branch of the Don on lofty iron bridges, it commands a noble prospect of the beautiful Don Valley and of the picturesque hamlets of Todmorden and Agincourt and of the rich farmsteads of Markham and Pickering.

In about three hours we reach the thriving town of Peterboro', the charm of whose environment makes one long for a more intimate acquaintance. As we advance the country becomes more rugged and broken, picturesque lakes appear and ledges of primitive rock crop out through the sod, as though the earth were getting out at elbows and the bones were appearing through the skin. Ocharbot Lake is a charming sheet of water, with bold rocky shores, and dotted with numerous verdure-clad islands.

KINGSTON.

The lake is only some forty miles north of Kingston, and I made the run into the Limestone City. The ancient capital presents many features of great interest. One of these is the Teto du Pont Barracks on the site of Frontenac's old fort, built in 1673. Fort Henry is a very elaborate fortress with deep stone-lined ditches, ramparts, casemates, and store and barrack accommodation for a thousand men. I was surprised at the extent and strength of its works and of the outlying martello towers and earthworks.

PENITENTIARY.

The other chief attraction of the city, from the tourist point of view, is the Penitentiary. Through the courtesy of the accomplished warden, Dr. Lavell, I was permitted to make a thorough inspection of the workshops, hospitals, lunatic asylum, and prisons—including the underground dungeons for the punishment of refractory prisoners. I was shut up for a while in one of these cells. It was the darkest experience I had since I was locked up in a dungeon of the Doges' prison at Venice. The darkness, like that of Egypt, might be felt. The workshops, for comfort and cleanliness, we think cannot be surpassed in the world. Few free work-

men labour under such favourable conditions. It was sad to see so many young men and young women spending the prime of their years behind prison bars. The discipline of the prison is reformatory as well as punitive. It is possible for a convict to considerably abridge the period of his sentence by good behaviour. Moral influences are largely employed. Two chaplains devote their services to the prisoners. A good library is supplied. Habits of industry are acquired. Many learn a good trade and are better cared for in body and mind than they ever were before.

THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, OTTAWA.

It fosters one's feelings of pride to visit the capital of the Dominion. The Parliament and Departmental buildings form one of the most imposing architectural groups in the world, and their site is one of unsurpassed magnificence. Around a lofty cliff, treoclad from base to summit, sweeps the majestic Ottawa, to the left resounds the everlasting thunder of the Chaudière, and in the distance rise the purple slopes of the Laurentians. The broken outline of the many-towered buildings against the sunset sky is a picture never to be forgotten. The two finest features of the group, we think, are the polygonal-shaped library, with its flying buttresses, its steep conical roof, its quaint carvings and tracery; and the great western tower, rising Antæus-like from the earth, pausing a moment and then, as if with a mighty effort, soaring into the sky. The view of this tower from the "Lovers' Walk" beneath the cliff resembles some of Doré's most romantic creations.

The details of the buildings will repay careful study. Each capital, final, crocket, corbel and gargoye is different from every other. Grotesque faces grin at one from the cornices, and strange, twi-formed creatures crouch as in the act to spring or struggle beneath the weight they bear. Canadian plants and flowers and chaplets of maple, oaks and ferns form the capitals of the columns, amid which disport squirrels, marmots, and birds. The Commons and Senate Chambers, though less magnificent than those at Albany, are loftier and more tasteful than those at Washington.

The great sawmills at the Chaudière, with their many gangs of saws, and machinery for handling the huge logs as if they were light as walking canes, are a wonderful sight, especially at night, beneath the glare of the electric lights, when the surface of the water and the wet logs flash with a sheen like silver.

MONTREAL.

The ride to Montreal over the O.P.R. is of exceeding interest. To the right stretch long shining reaches of the river studded with tree-clad islands. To the left rise the outliers of the Laurentides, clothed with spring verdure to their summits. Along the route are strewn picturesque French villages, bearing such pretty names as Ste. Thérèse, Ste. Rose, L'Ange Gardien, with their broad-eaved houses and large stone churches each with its cross-crowned twin towers gleaming brightly in the sun. The "Back River" is crossed at the historic Sault au Recollet. Sweeping around the many-towered city the train skirts the St. Lawrence with its forest of masts to the station on the site of the quaint old Quebec barracks. It is always a pleasure to visit the Canadian Liverpool—

the commercial metropolis of the Dominion. Its massive majesty of architecture, its quaint, huge-gabled, old stone houses, its picturesque Romish churches of the *ancien régime*, the constant ringing of the many bells, the resonant French language heard on every side and its foreign-seeming population make it more like Rouen or Paris than like a New World city. Yet "the deadly march of improvement" is removing the ancient landmarks. The huxtor's stalls that clung to the walls of the old Church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, like mendicants at the feet of a friar, were being—more's the pity—torn away. But the queer old church is still intact with the pious legend above the door—

Si l'amour de Marie
En ton cœur est gravé,
En passant ne trouble
De lui dire un Ave.

Compensation.

SHE folded up the worn and mended frock,
And smoothed it tenderly upon her knee,
Then through the soft web of a wee red sock
She wove the bright wool, musing thoughtfully:

"Can this be all? The great world is so fair,
I hunger for its green and pleasant ways,
A cripple prisoned in her restless chair
Looks from her window with a wistful gaze.

"I can but weave a faint thread to and fro,
Making a frail wool in a baby's sock;
Into the world's sweet tumult I would go,
At its strong gates my trembling hands would knock."

Just then the children came, the father too;
Their eager faces lit the twilight gloom.
"Dear heart," he whispered, as he nearer drew,

"How sweet it is within this little room!
God puts my strongest comfort here to draw
When thirst is great and common wells are dry.

Your pure desire is my unerring law;
Tell me, dear one, who is so safe as I?
Homo is the pasture where my soul may feed,

This room a paradise has grown to be;
And only where these patient feet shall lead
Can it be home for these dear ones and me."

He touched with reverent hand the helpless feet,
The children crowded close and kissed her
"Our mother is so good and kind and sweet,
There's not another like her anywhere!"

The baby in her low bed opened wide
The soft blue flowers of her timid eyes,
And viewed the group about the cradle side
With smiles of glad and innocent surprise.

The mother drew the baby to her knee
And, smiling, said, "The stars shine soft to-night;
My world is fair; its edges sweet to me,
And whatsoever is, dear Lord, is right!"

The First Printed Bible.

IN the National Library at Paris there is a copy of the first Bible that was ever printed. It is a great, clumsy affair, in two volumes folio, about 600 pages a volume, printed in Latin, Gothic type. The words are very black, and many of them are abbreviated and packed so closely together as to puzzle the eye; but it is a very valuable Bible, worth several thousand dollars, at least. It is without the name of printer or publisher, and without date; but it was the work of a poor old Dutchman, named John Gutenberg, who was put to much trouble and suffering through his printing.

The real story of printing began several years before, in 1420, when an old gentleman, in the city of Haarlem, first conceived the idea.

He was walking in the woods, one day, when he found a smooth piece of beech bark, upon which he cut several nice letters; and when he returned

home, he inked the letters, and stamped them upon paper for his little boy to use as a copy. After that, he made stamps of the letters on paper; and this set him to thinking, planning, and finally working.

At that time there were only a few books; and as they had to be written with pens on parchment, they were very expensive, and it was a most tedious affair to write one. Now, this old gentleman, whose name was Lawrence Coster, knew that if books could be printed, they would be better and cheaper in every way; so he went on cutting letters on blocks of wood and trying his experiments.

He worked secretly; and though he had several apprentices in his employ, he charged them to say nothing of the trials he was making. One of his apprentices, however, was dishonest; and after awhile he ran into Germany, carrying off a lot of his master's blocks and several pages of his manuscript. Thus it was that poor old Lawrence Coster lost the credit of the invention of printing. He did not give up his work, however, and several old, roughly printed books of his are now in the State House at Haarlem.

About this time, Gutenberg began working with letter blocks too. Some folks think that he was the dishonest apprentice; but there is no proof of it, and I am inclined to think that Gutenberg was honest, for he was cheated himself by a man named Peter Schœffer. Other folks think that this Peter Schœffer was the same man who robbed Lawrence Coster.

Gutenberg borrowed money from a rich silversmith named Faust; and when Faust wished to be paid, Gutenberg was unable to satisfy him; therefore Faust seized his tools, presses, and unfinished work, among which was a Bible, nearly two-thirds completed. This, Faust, with Schœffer's help, finished, and this was the first Bible that was ever printed.

But perhaps you will be glad to know that John Gutenberg succeeded at last. He did not grow disheartened, but toiled on; and before he died, he sent out books as good and clearly printed as those of Faust.

But Faust deserved some credit, too; for he was a clever worker on metals, and acting on the suggestion of Schœffer, he ran types into a mold. However, the great credit should be given to Gutenberg; and in the old town of Mayence, where he laboured and succeeded, the people are so proud of his memory that they have raised a statue to his honour; and in the city of Strasburg, some forty years ago, they erected another statue of him—a great bronze affair, that is one of the sights of that wonderful city.—*Sel.*

Sam Jones.

ONE man can do marvels if helped, instead of hindered, by those who are sometimes thought to be too much hampered with red tape. See what an American Methodist minister, "Sam Jones," has been doing in crowded Southern cities. His preaching has led to the reform of the disreputable, has stirred up the indifferent, has set even the heedless, supercilious worldling seeking for salvation.

Sam Jones, it seems, was educated as a lawyer, and practised professionally for some time. He took to drinking and gambling, and became a notoriously ungodly man. Upon being converted

he immediately set about influencing others for good, and soon became known as an effective preacher. Now he has a large tent which is said to hold five or six thousand people, and to be almost always crowded. He preaches every day at six in the morning, at ten o'clock, and again in the evening. The people of Nashville collected 10,000 dollars to buy him a house, but he refused the gift.

After he had preached awhile in the capital of Tennessee, the Nashville *Advocate* said:—

"A new and strange fervour in the exhortations, songs, and prayers attest that these are the days of the Son of Man in Nashville. The whole city is stirred. Men who had not heard a sermon in twenty years are attracted to hear Sam Jones. . . . He calls the people to a six o'clock-in-the-morning service, and they come by the thousand. Luxurious men and delicate women who have not seen a sunrise for years leave their beds at dawn and hurry to 'the gospel tent;' working men with their dinner-buckets in their hands stop to see and hear this apostle to the masses."

In his audiences—and this must seem very strange in an ex-slaveholding State like Tennessee—all distinctions of colour are lost in the anxiety to hear him, and "in the solemn impression that settles down upon the hearers."

There's Danger.

Write it on the liquor-store,
Write it on the prison-door,
Write it on the gun-shop fine,
Write—ay, write this truthful line
"Where there's drink—there's danger!"

Write it on the work-house gate,
Write it on the school-boy's slate,
Write it in the copy-book,
That the young may at it look:
"Where there's drink—there's danger!"

Write it on the church-yard mound,
Where the drink-slain dead are found,
Write it on the gallows high,
Write it for all passers-by:
"Where there's drink—there's danger!"

Write it underneath your feet,
Up and down the busy street;
Write it for the great and small
In the mansion, cot, and hall:
"Where there's drink—there's danger!"

Write it on the ships which sail,
Borne along by storm and gale;
Write it in large letters plain,
O'er our land and past the main
"Where there's drink—there's danger!"

THE rout of the would-be-Scott Act mutilators in the House of Commons was utter and complete. The Canadian public owe a debt of gratitude that can never be paid, to the conferences, synods, assemblies, and other church organizations, whose grand and fearless utterances struck terror into the hearts of the whiskey-serving faction; and saved our country from a disgrace to which we trust it will never be subjected—the disgrace of retrogressive legislation on the question of temperance reform.—*Canada Citizen.*

"If the tree falls toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall lie." Eccles. xi. 3. There is much meaning beneath this metaphor. The tree will not only lie as it falls, it will also fall as it leans. Which way does thy soul lean, toward God, or away from Him? that is the question.

BEAUTY, bounty, and blessedness all meet in perfection in the Lord Jesus Christ: "He is altogether lovely."

God's Discipline.

BY JOHN MACDONALD.

Thy mercies, gracious Lord,
How numberless they be!
How slow to ask from whence they come
Or render thanks to Thee!

For life, and health, and friends,
How slow to render praise!
Or feel all blessings flow from Thee,
Who lengtheneth our days.

But when Thy chastenings come
How slow to see Thy hand,
And what Thy will concerning us
How hard to understand!

How blessings we forget
In sorrow's chaotizing hour,
Though Thou art then but teaching us
Thy wondrous love and power!

How we impatient cry,
Can this new cross be borne?
Though trials yield the ripened fruit,
Our joys too oft the thorn.

How slowly we submit—
How hard to be resigned—
How rarely carry through the day
A thankful, trustful mind!

Could we but see God's plan,
What now looks strange and dim
Would then to us be wondrous plain
When seen as seen by Him!

Help us, O Lord, to take
Whate'er Thou mayest send,
Assured in sorrow as in joy
Thou art our changeless Friend.

Help us, O Lord, to trust
Thy power and love and grace,
Assured that nought can do us harm
If we but see Thy face.

And help us, gracious Lord,
Whate'er our trials be,
In suffering here, in life and death,
Good Lord, to trust in Thee.

OCEAN GROVE, June, 1835. —Guardian.

Methodism.

BY THE REV. J. I. BOSWELL.

METHODISM did not spring at once into a full-grown ecclesiastical system. It was the child of a revival of religion which spread through England and America, and its growth has been alike steady and rapid. Its peculiar methods sprang from necessity, and were adopted from time to time as necessity demanded. It was well that it had such a man as John Wesley to guide it in its early struggles and triumphs, and to his calm genius do we owe, under God, its permanence as a denomination. Without him the fruits of the revival would have doubtless remained, but they would have been garnered into other Churches. The more we study the character and work of Wesley the more do we admire the happy combination of devotion and wisdom which made him so wise and good a statesman. He was no reckless reformer, seeking to break away from the Church of England and place himself at the head of a new religious movement. He was not rash, but conservative. On the other hand, when he was called by necessity to take a forward step he did not hesitate, but quietly moved forward and did not retreat. Like Moses he waited on God in prayer, and, like Moses, he heard the voice of Jehovah saying unto him, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward," and then forward he led them. Measures which at first he opposed he came, on reflection, to approve, and he was ready to adopt new ones when his quick eye saw that they would be wise. Thus, he strongly opposed Thomas Maxfield preaching, for he was a man who had not been educated for the ministry nor ordained to that service. He was at first disposed to silence him. "Take heed what you do with that young man,"

said his mother, "for he is as surely called of God to preach as you are." Wesley thought upon the matter, and was convinced that the gift to preach should be used by whoever has it, and that the warrant to preach the Gospel does not of necessity come through only one channel. At another time he saw that it would be well for those who went among the converts to collect money to inquire into their spiritual condition; and so from this thought he evolved the class-meeting, which time has shown to be such a power for good. Thus he showed that he was the man for the work, and though the machinery which he set in motion feels no longer his masterly hand, yet it is still in good running order.

A Sacrifice for Us.

A SOLDIER, worn out in his country's service, took to the violin for earning his living. He was found in the streets of Vienna, playing his violin; but after awhile his hand became feeble and tremulous, and he could make no more music. One day, while he sat there weeping, a man passed along, and said: "My friend, you are too old and too feeble, give me your violin;" and he took the man's violin, and began to discourse most exquisite music; and the coin poured in and in, until the hat was full. "Now," said the man who was playing the violin, "put that coin in your pockets." The coin was put in the old man's pockets. Then he held his hat again, and the violinist played more sweetly than ever, and played until some of the people wept and shouted. And again his hat was filled with coin. Then the violinist dropped the instrument and passed off, and the whisper went, "Who is it? who is it?" and some one just entering the crowd said: "Why, that is Bucher, the great violinist, known all through the realm, yes, that is the great violinist." The fact was, he had just taken that man's place, and assumed his poverty, and borne his burden, and played his music, and earned his livelihood, and made sacrifice for the poor old man. So the Lord Jesus Christ comes down, and he finds us in our spiritual penury, and across the broken strings of His own broken heart. He strikes a strain of infinite music, which wins the attention of earth and heaven. He takes our poverty. He plays our music. He weeps our sorrow. He dies our death. A sacrifice for you. A sacrifice for me.—Talmage.

A Chasm Bridged Over.

THE quarrels of children are soon ended, soon forgiven, and soon forgotten. If we "children of a larger growth" could as easily put aside the differences that so often estrange us from acquaintances or friends, and forgive and forget words said in the heat of a momentary passion—our lives would be better and happier for it. A correspondent writes:—

To-day I came across a little pocket-diary belonging to my boy, a little fellow of twelve years. I send you two somewhat amusing extracts:

"May 10th. Johnnie Peters and me has had a fight.

"Johnnie was drawing a broom-handle along on the paling of our fence that pa had just had pain'ed.

"You ought not to do that," says I.

"Why," says he.

"Because," says I, 'you're making a streak in the paint.'

"It won't show when it's dry," he said.

"Yes, it will, and you mustn't do it."

"Who'll stop me, I'd like to know?" said Johnnie.

"I'll stop you!" says I.

"You?" said he.

"And then he turned up his nose and ran along, rattling on the palings harder than ever.

"I grabbed the broomstick, and throw it into a pond of water.

"If you don't look out, I'll pitch you in after it," said Johnnie.

"You can't do it," said I.

"He said he could whip me with one hand tied behind him.

"I said I wasn't afeard of his whole family.

"We doubled up our fists, and made mouths at each other.

"Then we started for home, and after we had gone a little ways we turned and we shook our fists at each other, and dared each other half way back. Neither of us went.

"He said I was a coward.

"I said he was another.

"I can't put down half we said and did, and now I'm never, never, NEVER going to speak to John Peters again, and he says he won't disgrace himself by even looking at me. He'd better not; I just despise him."

"May 11th. Me and Johnnie Peters has had the best time fishing to-day. He caught ten, and I only six, but we divided even. Johnnie Peters is the best boy in this town, and he says I am too."

Never Heard of It.

IT is pleasant to know that there is one thing, even if it be ignorance, that can prove a barrier to sectional feelings. The experience of the Yankee who tells the following story, was that in spite of the prejudice against the part of the country to which he owed his origin, he actually suffered less inconvenience from confessing his nativity than from trying to conceal it.

Travelling in Alabama soon after the war, he met a man upon the road who accosted him as follows: "Whar are yer from, stranger?" The traveller, knowing the prejudices of the Southern people against the "Yankees," although he had never been in Richmond in all his life, replied, "From Richmond."

At this answer the man said, "I once knowed a heap o' people in Richmond, and I've got right smart o' kinfolks thar too; maybe ye mought know Jim Johnson, of Main Street?"

To this the gentleman was obliged to answer in the negative.

"Waal, now, stranger, do you know Jake Brown, on Broad Street?"

The traveller said he had not the pleasure of this gentleman's acquaintance either. Several other interrogatories about Richmond were made and answered in a similar manner, greatly to the confusion of the gentleman, who, notwithstanding the Southern prejudices against New Englanders, resolved the next time he was questioned to tell the truth.

He soon afterwards met another man, who said to him,—

"Whar did yer come from, stranger?"

"I came from Connecticut, sir."

"Connecticut? Connecticut?" repeated the man, with a puzzled look.

"Waal, now, stranger, I don't mind hearin' o' that thar town afore, I'll be bless'd of I do."

Didn't Mean To."

I DIDN'T mean to," said Sam, the other day, when he left his hoop lying in the gateway after dark, so that old Mr. Marvin fell over it and broke his leg. The dear old minister will never walk without a crutch again. We shall miss his gray head and wise counsel and solemn prayers in our meetings and sick rooms. He will be obliged to lie many weeks in bed before he can sit up or walk a step; and all because of Sam's careless "didn't mean to."—My Lesson.

No aid to missionary work is so great as prevailing prayer. Any Christian life is narrow that does not embrace the whole world in the arms of its faith with earnest petitions for a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. We ask Sunday-school teachers to give a place regularly in their prayers this year to our Sunday-school missionaries and their work. A letter from one of them lies before us now. Its plea, repeated often in their letters is, "Pray that the Divine Hand may guide me in all my work."

Love is just one of the things we miss in China: no love between prince and people, master and servant, none worthy of the name between friend and friend, or husband and wife; and in the majority of cases, very little even between parents and children. Not that they have not good maxims pointing out the excellence of affection in all these relations, but the motive power is absent—"the love of Christ constraineth us." With them the paramount questions in all hearts are self and gain, which are, after all, but one.

We often see the little word "Push" on the swing-door of some establishment, and it suggests the thought that all through life we need to keep that stirring motion urging us on. Nothing is done without "push" now-a-days. No man in any capacity will do much if he has it not. We are not speaking of impertinence and ignorant ambition, but of an earnest sprightliness of character which makes every act an interest and the stepping-stone to something better. And not in commerce only but in our church life also we need the impulsive principle.

"ARISE, cry out in the night!" (Lam. ii. 19.) "Pull the night-bell." This is the inscription we often see written on the door-post of the shop in which medicines are sold. Some of us have had our experience with night-bells when sudden illness has overtaken some member of our households, or when the sick have rapidly grown worse. How we have hurried through the silent streets where only here and there a light glimmered from some chamber-window! How eagerly we have pulled the night-bell at our physician's door; and then, with prescription in hand, have sounded the alarm at the place where the remedy was to be procured. Those of us who have had these lonely midnight walks, and have given the summons for quick relief, know the meaning of that Bible-text.—Dr. Cuyler.

THESE two things, contradictory as they may seem, must go together—manly dependence and manly independence, manly reliance and manly self-reliance.—Wordsworth.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE KINGS.

B.C. 896-890.] LESSON X. [Sept. 6.

ELIJAH TRANSLATED.

2 Kings 2, 1-15. Commit to mem. vs. 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And Enoch walked with God; and he was not; for God took him.—Gen. 5, 24.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God is faithful to reward faithfulness.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 21, 23-29. Th. 2 Kings 2, 1-15.
T. 1 Kings 22, 29-39. F. Ps. 97.
51-53.W. 2 Kings 1, 1-18. Sa. John 1, 19-34.
St. Matt. 11, 1-13.

TIME.—B.C. about 896-890.

PLACE.—(1) Gilgal, near Mt. Ephraim.
(2) Bethel, 12 miles north of Jerusalem. (3) Jericho, near Jordan. (4) The eastern shore of the Jordan.

INTRODUCTION.—Elijah had foretold the death of King Ahab, who was slain in battle (1 Kings 21, 19, 20), and of his son Azariah (2 Kings 1, 2-4, 16). His zealous career was approaching a fitting end. Elisha appointed his successor.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. Whirlwind—tempest. Tarry here—Either Elijah's love of solitude returned, or he would prove Elisha. 2. The Lord hath sent me—The impulse to revisit his loved prophet-colleges once more, was from God. As the Lord liveth and as thy soul liveth—A solemn oath by God's eternity and man's immortality. Down—A descent of 600 feet in 8½ miles. 3. Sons of the prophets—Members of the college. Knowest thou?—They knew that it was Elijah's farewell visit. From thy head—From being thy master. To-day—At this time. Hold ye your peace—The subject is too sacred for words. 4. Jericho—12½ miles from Bethel, and 1,200 feet lower. 7. Stood to view—Watching. 9. Before I be taken away—Not what intercession can I make in heaven. A double portion—(See Deut. 21, 17.) Thy spirit—The prophetic spirit. 10. A hard thing—It might not be God's will. If thou see me—That would be a sign that God had chosen Elisha, Elijah's successor. 12. Elisha saw it—(compare 6, 17). My father, my father—What Elijah was to him. The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof—What Elijah was to Israel as its defence. Two pieces—From top to bottom. 13. Mantle of Elijah—His sheepskin cloak, sign of the prophetic office. 14. Where is the Lord God of Elijah?—A prayer, not a doubt. They parted—For the third time near that spot (Josh. 3, 16; 2 Kings 2, 8).

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Schools of the prophets.—Elisha's devotion.—A double portion.—How can we know if God sends us?—Did Elijah go to heaven without dying?—Compare Elijah with Moses.—With John the Baptist.

QUESTIONS.

I. INTRODUCTORY.—To what kings had Elijah foretold the manner of their death? What knowledge now came to himself? Did it affect him as it did Ahab? What is the central truth?

SUBJECT: FAITHFULNESS.

I. FAITHFUL TO GOD AND MAN (vs. 1-7).—Where was Elijah when he received his final summons? Why was death a greater test of faith to him than to us? (Heb. 11, 39; 2 Tim. 1, 10.) How did he spend his last hours? How would you? What was there to draw him to Bethel and Jericho? What element of faithfulness did these visits indicate? What companion had he? (1 Kings 19, 19-21; 2 Kings 3, 11.) How many times did he put his faithfulness to the test? What was Elisha's answer? Can you mention similar instances? What questions were asked of Elisha? How did his answer prove him faithful? When are we at liberty to discuss our friends' affairs? Had any of those prophets a genuine interest?

II. FAITHFUL TO THE END (vs. 8-10).—How was the river crossed? Of what is Jordan a type? What promises to God's Church in Isaiah 43, 27? What privilege was offered Elisha? What would you have chosen? What did Elisha? What was meant by a double portion? What condition was made? Why was faithfulness to the end essential to the blessing? What are the conditions on which the Holy Spirit is granted?

III. FAITHFULNESS REWARDED.—(vs. 11-15).—How did God testify his approval of

Elijah? When had he appeared to him in fire? (1 Kings 19, 11, 12.) When had he spoken through him by fire? (1 Kings 18, 38; 2 Kings 1, 10, 12.) Was Elijah ever seen on earth again? (Matt. 17, 3.) Does God notice conversation? (Mal. 3, 16; Luke 24, 17.) Elisha's sudden cry? Did Elisha keep the power of seeing things invisible? (6, 16, 17.) What sign of approval was given him? His first miracle? Had it ever been wrought there before? (2 Kings 3, 16.) What miracles of grace does the Holy Spirit work?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. He that fears God in life will not be afraid of Him at death.
2. A sentinel is on duty until he is relieved.
3. We have no right to go anywhere unless the Lord sends us.
4. The noblest natures are most capable of self-sacrificing friendship.
5. It is not kind to remind the sorrowful of their sorrows.
6. Idle gossip about the affairs of our friends or employees is disloyalty.
7. When God's guidance is rejected, we have no promise of his protection.
8. The best gift to man is God's Spirit.
9. Good men are a nation's strength; good boys are its hope.
10. Thine own friend and thy father's friend forsake not.

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

1. What farewell visits did Elijah make? ANS. To the prophet-colleges at Bethel and Jericho. 2. How did he leave the earth? ANS. He went up by a whirlwind into heaven. 3. What did the faithful Elisha exclaim? ANS. "My father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" 4. What parting blessing did Elisha seek and receive? ANS. A double portion of the prophetic spirit. 5. What was the first use he made of it? ANS. The parting of Jordan as Elijah had done.

B.C. 892 or 893.] LESSON XI. [Sept. 13.

THE SHUNAMMITE'S SON.

2 Kings 4, 18-37. Commit to mem. vs. 32-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I am the resurrection and the life.—John 11, 25.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

By grace we are saved, through faith.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 2, 16-25. Th. 2 Kings 4, 18-37.
T. 2 Kings 3, 4-27. F. Ps. 103.
W. 2 Kings 4, 1-17. Sa. Luke 7, 1-18.
St. John 11, 21-44.

TIME.—B.C. about 892 or 893.

PLACES.—(1) Shunem, now Solam, a town in Issachar. (2) Mt. Carmel, a high promontory overlooking the Mediterranean. (1 Kings 18, 42).

PERSONS.—(1) The Shunammite family, composed of an aged man, his wife, and young son. The central figure in that family was the woman: wise, efficient, independent; conferring favour, but asking none; relied on by her husband; devotedly attached to the child that she had received as a special gift from God. (2) Elisha, the successor of Elijah in the prophet's office, from B.C. 896-838, about 60 years. (3) Gehazi, Elisha's servant, as Elisha had been Elijah's.

INTRODUCTION.—Elisha had a house in Samaria, making that the centre of his missionary circuits throughout Israel. On his way to Mt. Carmel, where he gave religious instruction at stated times, he frequently passed through Shunem. A lady there proposed to her husband that they should prepare for his use a roof chamber, airy and retired, which she furnished suitably with a bed, a seat, a table, and a lamp. For her kindness to his servant, God gave her a son.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—18. Grown—Large enough to go by himself. 19. My head, my head.—Evidently he received a sunstroke, which is not uncommon there. 22. Send me—Not only servants, but asses were in the harvest field. Run . . . and come again—Mt. Carmel was 17 miles away, a journey of 5 or 6 hours. 25. Neither new moon nor sabbath—The first day of the month was to be kept holy. Here, away from the temple, instruction by the prophets took the place of the regular services. It shall be well—An ambiguous term, meaning "All right." "Never mind." 24. Slack not thy riding—Do not hinder me. 25. Afar off—Carmel is steep, and 1,600 feet high. 26. Run now to meet her—a mark of honour.

27. Caught him by the feet—an oriental custom in supplication. Vexed—distressed. The Lord hath hid it from me—The prophets were not always "in the spirit." 28. Did I desire a son of my Lord? etc.—By these questions she indicates her bereavement without putting it into words. 29. Gird up thy loins—Gird the loose mantle under the girdle, so as to leave the legs free. Salute no man—Oriental salutations are long and elaborate; he had no time to lose. My staff—The sign of a prophet's power, as a sceptre of a king's. Upon the face of the child—Hoping that he could transfer the power to the swift Gehazi. 31. Not awaked—A Jewish use of the word for death. 34. His mouth upon his mouth—Compare John 9, 6, 7. Waxed warm—Gradually. 35. Returned, and walked in the house—Turned away, and walked the room.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Compare Elisha's work with Elijah's.—Sunstrokes.—The duties of new moons and sabbaths.—Gehazi's mission and its failure.—Does faith prevent the need of means.—Persistence of a mother's love.—The faith of the Shunammite woman.—The faith of Elisha.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was Elisha's early occupation? (1 Kings 19, 19.) Where did we leave Elisha in last lesson? Give incidents in his life after this. (2 Kings 2, 16-25; 4, 1-7.) Where was his later home? (2 Kings 2, 25.) At what place and by whom was special provision made for his comfort? (2 Kings 4, 8-10.) Of whom was the family composed?

SUBJECT: THE POWER OF A LIVING FAITH.

I. THE TRIAL OF FAITH (vs. 18-20).—What do you know of the Shunammite's prosperity? Was God mindful of her? (Hob. 6, 10) What great bereavement now came? What were the circumstances? Why was the child taken from her? What is compared to a mother's tenderness? (Isaiah 66, 13.)

II. THE WORK OF FAITH (vs. 21-35).—Where did the mother lay her dead child? What did she desire of her husband? Why was he surprised? Was her answer truthful? Where did she go? Why? How did she show her haste? (v. 22 f.c. and 24.) What was the distance to Mt. Carmel? Who was the first to recognize her? How did she show his politeness? How did Gehazi show his officiousness? Did not prophets understand all mysteries? What was the woman's cry? What did Elisha understand by it? What commission was given to Gehazi? What caution was added? Did Gehazi succeed in his mission? Can any gift of God to us be transferred to another? Upon what had the mother insisted? What was Elisha's first step? (v. 33.) Does prayer release us from the necessity of using means? What means did he use? What had been the mother's works of faith?

III. THE VICTORY OF FAITH (vs. 35 l. c. to 37).—What were the signs of returning life? How was the mother's gratitude manifested? Do you know anything more of the family? (2 Kings 8.) What reference to this story in Heb. 11, 35? Whose power raised the child? Of what was the miracle a forerunner? What is the Golden Text? How is God constantly raising from the dead? (Eph. 2, 1.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. A much-used "prophet's chamber" has blessed many homes.
2. It is as desirable to be a good guest as a good host.
3. The only way to avoid giving our reasons is always to have a good one.
4. Be specially gentle towards motherless girls and boys.
5. Errands of mercy forbid delay.
6. God has made believing a condition of receiving.
7. Do not grieve a sad soul.
8. To ask largely of God prepares us to receive largely.
9. Better that a child die than become a bad man.

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

1. Who prepared a chamber for the prophet Elisha? ANS. The Shunammite woman.
2. What great affliction overtook her? ANS. The death of her only son.
3. To whom did she go for help? ANS. To Elisha, on Mt. Carmel.
4. What effort failed? ANS. Gehazi was sent with the prophet's staff.
5. What means were successful? ANS. The prophet prayed, and stretched himself upon the child.

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