

a time when few took an interest in the matter, going down and taking the names of the skaters on the ice, etc.

When the first Sunday-school was organized by the Rev. Mr. Osgoode, November, 1818, in the newly-built Methodist chapel, Mr. Ketchum was one of the teachers, along with Messrs. Patrick, Morrison, and Carfra, and he was its most liberal patron. He provided books and went in search of scholars. The first Bible the writer ever owned was inscribed with his name along with the other teachers'. The first examination that we prepared for, we went to Mr. Ketchum's large kitchen for rehearsal, and at the close, the ladies of the house furnished us with a tea, the first Sunday-school treat ever given, I weon, in this good town.

OLD AGE.

What he did in Sunday-school work when over sixty years of age. In 1845, having amassed an ample fortune, he returned to the city of Buffalo where he had a branch business establishment, and spent the rest of his life in works of active beneficence, as he had spent the earlier part in Canada. He used frequently to visit his old home and distribute with his own hands the children's reward books.

I often met him (continues Dr. Carroll) at Sunday-school anniversaries through the country, to which he made large donations as well as eloquent speeches.

He was identified with the first and every organization that promised to aid in arresting the desolating tide of intemperance. After he removed to Buffalo, N.Y., he gave a lot of land worth \$20,000 as a site for a normal school, and secured forever an annual donation of \$300 worth of books to the children of the city. He died on Sept. 7th, 1867, in the 85th year of his age, and was followed to the grave by multitudes who deplored his loss, but of them all the children missed him most.

The Bible in China.

THE Bible began to flash its light upon the minds and to touch the hearts of the Chinese even when in the process of translation and printing. Dr. Morrison tells that his first convert, while "employed in superintending the printing of the New Testament, began to see that the merits of Jesus were sufficient for the salvation of all mankind, and hence believed in Him;" and then—taking the conduct of Philip for his guide—at a spring of water issuing from the foot of a lofty hill by the seaside, away from human observation, he was baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Trae-A-Ko, the first Protestant Christian in China. One of the first American missionaries, Bishop Booth, gave a similar account of the conversion of his Chinese teacher, who assisted him in translating the Scriptures. One day, much to the missionary's surprise, he came hastily into the room, with an open Testament in his hand, and exclaimed, "Whoever made that book made me: it knows all that is in my heart. It tells me what no one else but God can know about me. Whoever made me wrote that book." The result was his conversion to Christ.

The book, by its blessed truths, attracted and transformed some of the Chinese minds that came in contact

with it; their souls, dead in trespasses and sins, no sooner touched it than, like the dead man upon the prophet's bones, they were quickened into life. These are specimens of the transformations it has been working ever since. Literary men and labourers, tradesmen and mechanics, have alike acknowledged its influence and embraced it.

John Jones and I.

We had a tiff: "John Jones said I, "You should not leave your cow at large!"

"You mend your fence" was his reply; And so ran charge and counter-charge.

A trifling thing: The cow had dropped Some blades of grass, some heads of grain; And yet for this a friend I dropped, And wrought for both a lasting pain.

I knew that I had played the fool; Yet thrust my better thought aside; And, when my blood had time to cool, Became a greater fool through pride.

Upon two homes a shadow sat; Two cordial wives grew shy and cool, Two broods of children learned to hate; Two parties grew in church and school.

John Jones' pew was next to mine; What pleasant greetings passed between; As sacred as the bread and wine Had our communing friendship been.

Oft had our voices swelled the song; Oft had we bowed in common prayer, And shared the worship of the throng Who sat in heavenly places there.

But how shall souls in exile sing The Lord's sweet song? The holy notes Of fellowship, and joy, and peace, And pardon, stuck in both our throats.

Some lessened relish for all good Made life for both to deaden down; So nature darkened to our mood, And answered back our settled frown.

One summer eve I sat and mused; Good Dr. Dean came riding by; He said, in somewhat confused, "John Jones is hurt, and like to die!"

A sudden fire shot through my brain And burned, like tow, the sophist lies; And on my heart a sudden pain Fell, like a bolt from hidden skies.

I stumbled o'er the threshold where My shadow had not passed for years; I felt a shudder in the hand A woman gave me through her tears.

When he no more the pulse could feel, I saw the doctor turn away; Some mighty impulse made me kneel Beside the bed as if to pray.

Yet not the Maker's name I called; As one who plunges 'neath the wave— A swimmer strong and unappalled— Intent a sinking life to save.

So all my soul's up-gathered powers, In anguish of desire intense, Sent their departing one a cry That leaped the abyss of broken sense.

To the dim eye came back a ray; O'er the white face a dim light shone; I felt, as 'twere a spirit's touch, The stiffened fingers press my own.

O, resurrection power of God That wrought that miracle of pain! From buried hearts tore off the shroud And made dead friendship live again!

Beside one grave two households stood, And weeping heard the pastor say, "That out of death He bringeth life, And out of darkness cometh day."

Was I chief mourner in the train? Ah, who could guess, of all the throng, The strange, sweet comfort in the pain Of one who mourns forgiven wrong!

—Charles G. Amcs.

THE Bible and a good atlas is all the personal luggage carried by General Gordon when he travels.

Nurseries of Crime.

IN an address by the Hon. Geo. C. Christian, of Chicago, at Lake Bluff, Ill., August 20th, 1883, the saloon is thus painted:

A murder is committed in our midst. Where do the police and detective officers go to find the murderer? Do they go to the church, or the prayer-meeting, or to the Sunday-school, or to the day-school, or to the store or shop or offices of business? These places are never once thought of. It is to the saloon, or to some of its ramifications, they turn their attention, and it is in these they sooner or later get on track of their man. It is the gang to be found there who can furnish the desired information.

A robbery or burglary is committed. Some neighbouring saloon is at once placed under the sleepless eye of the law officer. The same is true of almost every crime in the entire catalogue.

Did you ever ask yourselves why this is so? The answer is founded in the truest philosophy. The great bulk of crime is committed under the influence and inspiration that grow out of this accursed business, and almost the entire class come from that order of society. THERE they are created, and THERE they grow and THERE they thrive. It is there that their friends and associates are to be found. It is, therefore, perfectly natural that the officers should seek them there. This is not an idle statement; but it is a fact, borne out by the experience of the police and detective forces of all the cities. It is a circumstance mighty in its power to convince men that the saloon is the home and nursery of crime. It speaks louder than mere statistics. It gives you the common, every-day experience and verdict of the very men who are set apart by our municipal and state governments for the detection of crime and the arrest of criminals. It tells you that the shrewdest men in the community go right to the saloon to find the criminal. The common mind of the community also assents to this proposition.—*Western Wave.*

Saving Drunkards.

I SAT in a prayer-meeting, a few evenings since, beside an earnest, hard-working Christian, who had once been an inebriate. He had reeled through the open streets—an object of pity to his friends, and of burning shame to his heart-broken wife. After years of drunkenness he reformed—but he did it "by the grace of God." At the time of his happy recovery he distinctly said, "I have tried and tried to overcome this awful appetite by my own resolution, and I failed every time; now I am going to take hold on God." He did so, and triumphed.

The "evil spirit" which had so long tormented him was cast out by that same mighty power which of old drove out the demons from human forms. Yet this man had not been so long time a tippler that his will had rotted away. His body was not hopelessly and utterly diseased with the drink mania. He adopted a careful diet—used valerian and other medicinal tonics—and so weathered through. While he used spiritual means, he did not forget physical appliances for a physical malady. Drunkenness is both a sin and a disease. Both moral and physical remedies must therefore be applied. After many years of study

of this whole subject, I have reached the following conclusions:—

1. Large numbers of men—and some women too—become inebriates from the unwise use of alcoholic medicines. Too often they are their own doctors, and prescribe for themselves large doses of port wine and Bourbon whiskey. Some physicians have unwittingly made drunkards by prescribing alcoholic stimulants to people of dangerous temperaments. Two hundred and fifty leading British physicians have lately issued a protest against the free and frequent use of alcoholic medicines.

2. Thousands become hard drinkers from misery—bodily, mental, or domestic. Misery fills the dram-shops. To relieve a man from his trouble in time may be his salvation.

3. When a man attempts reform he needs and should have personal sympathy.

4. Christian churches should be, in the best sense, "Inebriate asylums."

A Very Large House.

It is very doubtful whether in any other capital of Europe there is a house which can at all compare in size with the so-called "Freihaus," free house, in the Wieden suburb of Vienna. If you have to look for a friend, when you wish to visit there, you will wander about in it just as if you were in a town. A visitor relates that he was once two hours searching for a man whom he knew lived there. This large house has thirteen courtyards—five open ones and eight covered in—and a large garden within walls. Some of the open courtyards are as large as the market-places of moderate-sized towns. The house itself, which covers an immense area, contains three hundred and thirty-five dwellings, of which many contain five, six, seven, and more rooms. Scarcely a trade, handiwork, or profession can be named which has not its representative in this enormous house. Gold and silver workers, makers of fancy articles, lodging-house keepers, bookbinders, painters, agents, turners, hatters, officers, locksmiths, joiners, tutors, scientific men, government clerks, three bakers, eighteen tailors, and twenty-nine shoemakers, all live in it. The house has thirty-one staircases, and on these alone are two hundred and thirty-five separate dwellings. It has a frontage on three streets and a square. A letter can only reach its right address in this house when surname, Christian name, the number of the court, the number of the staircase, and the number of the apartment, is written upon it. The postman has often delivered from two hundred to three hundred letters in this house. At the present time sixteen hundred persons live in this immense building, and these pay annually 82,000 florins in rent. The "Freihaus" is not only remarkable for its size, but for several other interesting circumstances connected with it. In the middle of its garden stands the "Mozart Hutte," the cottage in which Mozart composed his "Zauberflöte." In the old, now no longer used, theatre of the Freihaus the same opera was performed for the first time. This theatre was situated in the centre of the great court No. 6, opposite the church—the house still possesses its own church—and was opened the 7th of October, 1786.

The owner of this wonderful house is Prince Staremberg.