

## The Family.

### AFTER DEATH.

AT first when my face shall be changed, and I go  
To dwell in silence that cannot be broken,  
A few whom I love will lament me, I know,  
And eyes will be dim when my name shall be spoken.

If any have blamed me, their censure will cease.  
For when the full light of eternity flashes,  
There's nothing to do but to whisper of peace,  
And no one can war with a handful of ashes.

But O, to be gone from the home that was mine;  
With no more a share in its joy or its sorrow;  
My part in its plans to forever resign,  
No thought of to-day and no care for to-morrow.

All this is beyond me. How strange it will be  
To go on a journey that has no returning,  
With year after year speeding on without me  
To gladden or grieve when the sunsets are burning!

The children will lean their light weight on the stone,  
To spell out my name and to query on an I wonder  
What it is to lie there in the darkness alone  
Through moonlight and starlight and rolling of thunder.

But then in a moment some butterfly gay  
Will hover above them and chide their delaying;  
With beautiful songs it will turn them away  
And they will forget all the stone has been saying.

But I shall lie patiently there in my place,  
The slumber a part of my life and my story,  
Till some time the morning shall flash in my face,  
And I shall awake to its gladness and glory.

*Eden M. H. Gates in N. Y. Evangelist*

### THE FIRE IN VANCOUVER CITY, B. C.

THE following touching letter from the Rev. T. G. Thomson, the Presbyterian minister in Vancouver City, has just been received by Dr. Cochran. It will be read by many with feelings of deep sympathy.

VANCOUVER, B. C., June 17th, 1886.

MY DEAR DR. COCHRAN.—I should have written you sooner regarding the sad calamity which befel us last Sabbath, but I have had so much to do I could not find time. The forenoon of Sabbath was delightful. The new church was nearly full, it was our fourth Sabbath in it, the collection for the morning service alone was over \$18. We were to have had communion on the 27th inst. Over half the sittings in the church had been allocated, and applications were being received every prayer meeting night for others. Of those taking sittings we were forming a voluntary weekly subscription list for the support of ordinances, intending on July 1st to have a congregational meeting and decide from that list the amount to be paid for salary by the congregation. These were already nearly at the rate of \$900 a year in a very short time from the congregation alone. The salary would have been \$1,200, so that from July 1st we intended to declare ourselves self-sustaining. It was also talked of to, so soon as possible, refund to the Home Mission Fund as much as possible of what aid had been received since my coming here. Our rapid success financially is largely due to the increased and better accommodation we had in the church. Our people here have done nobly in contributing towards ordinances and towards the building. The building, land and furnishings, cost over \$4,000, we borrowed \$1,200 to pay the contractor. This is due on August 4th. We owe the contractor \$120. We have the last payment on the land coming due on July 11th of \$250. We would have been able to have met these payments as they came due, but the terrible loss sustained by our people renders them entirely unable to pay a single dollar of what remains on the subscription list now. The church was insured for \$2,000. This will enable us to pay all we are owing and have a little over. On Sabbath we went to Sabbath school at 3 p.m., and though there was a good deal of smoke and fire all round the city we had no thought of danger, but there was so much smoke in the church I found it necessary to dismiss the scholars. Some of them did not get to their homes, being met by friends fleeing from the fire. By the time I got by my house there was fire all round it, and on looking back towards the church it was then a mass of flame, and we had only time to get a few things out of our house when it caught fire. I saved some furniture and clothing to begin housekeeping. There is not a single family of this congregation that is not seriously affected by the fire; the majority have lost everything. Most of the ladies who were at church in the forenoon, on going home laid aside their best dresses, and lost them, barely escaping with their lives and what they had on. In the main part of the city there was no time to save anything. The whole city was on fire inside of half-an-hour from the time the first building caught fire. Now we are worse off than when we started here over a year ago. We have no church; there is no hall of any kind to meet in; the people are not able to do anything. Those who have anything left have to build homes, re-furnish them, and clothe their families; the majority can do neither of these. Many tears have been shed since the fire by the people as they stood on the hill and gazed on the ruins of our beautiful Zion. They come to me, saying, "Mr. Thomson, what are we to do now? Will the people in the East not help us?" Build we must again, and that immediately, and in the meantime we make an earnest appeal to the whole church to send us aid to rebuild. This is our only hope and only solution of our present difficulty. I send with this the local paper giving an account of the fire. Our people are very grateful for expression of sympathy of the General Assembly, and are now hopeful that ere long help will be sent to enable us to build. Very little can be raised towards salary for the next three months at least, and would ask you to continue the grant.

We are very needy just now; our loss is heavy. We saved all our bed clothes from the fire, but the Indians stole them from where we thought them safe. Mrs. Thomson lost nearly all her clothing. I lost all my underclothing and overcoats. We got nothing out of the kitchen. These are things we have to buy now. You will thus see the need we have for money; besides Mrs. T. is confined to bed, suffering from fatigue and effects of the smoke.

I hope ere long these dark clouds will pass away, and that our success will be greater than ever

during this year. Do make a strong appeal for us, and let me hear from you soon. With best wishes,  
I am, yours very faithfully,  
THOMAS G. THOMSON.

P.S.—By the way, my sermon barrel and all its contents was burned, so I can no longer work on old stock.

[Contributions in aid of the rebuilding of the church at Vancouver, or for Mr. Thomson, will be received and forwarded by Dr. Reid and Dr. Cochran, or if preferred, they may be sent direct to Rev. T. G. Thomson, Vancouver City, British Columbia.]

### A BATCH OF MODERATES.

BY REV. C. A. DAVIS.

I WAS sitting one day in my study, pondering the evils wrought by strong drink, when twelve gentlemen presented themselves, and said that while they deplored the calamitous results of intemperance as much as I did, they wished to show me reasons in favor of moderate drinking, which they said was a very different practice from the excessive drinking that had brought so much evil repute upon alcoholic liquors. They hoped I would hear what they had to say for moderate drinking and upon my signifying my willingness, the first, a Mr. Negative, stood forward and said, with a slightly apologetic tone, "It does me no harm." This, I thought, is a good beginning, for it is certainly wrong for a man to take what injures him. I have always held that Paul's counsel to the gaoler, "Do thyself no harm," was a bit of sound morality.

The second, Mr. Positive, came forward. "It does me good," he said. "I experience a general comfortable feeling after taking it," and he rubbed his waistcoat as he spoke. "It makes me satisfied that the world is running round the right way, and I feel in good spirits." Or rather, thought I, that spirits are in you.

The third was Mr. Dyspeptic. This gentleman said, "It helps me to digest my food." Poor fellow! A vivid picture rose before my mind of the specimens I had seen preserved in bottles of spirits in doctor's surgeries, and I wondered whether the alcohol he took with the idea of dissolving his food was preserving it with equal efficiency in his inside. I could not be surprised at his ill-nourished appearance.

Then the fourth spoke up. It was Mr. Craving. Said he, "I feel a dreadful sinking without it here," and he laid his hand upon his person with much emotion. My sinking friend, thought I, it must be dreadful to be you.

The fifth was Mr. Squamish. "It gives me an appetite," said he. "Otherwise I have no desire for breakfast, no relish for dinner, no appetite for tea. But with a drop of something in my coffee, and a glass of stout at dinner, you should see the difference!" I felt sorry for him, for he evidently lived by whipping himself. My horse, he seemed to say, is so weak he can't go; so I whip him! I'm afraid the whipping won't make him fat. I could have given him a recipe for want of appetite. Go without. No appetite for breakfast, my friend? Go without. Can't eat any dinner? Go without. Hardly care for tea? Go without. I'll warrant you'll relish a hot chop for supper.

Mr. Perennial Dose was the sixth, and he said very confidently, "My doctor ordered it. I was ill ten years ago, and he told me to take a glass of port wine every day; and I have taken it faithfully and ever since." "And do you still take the pills?" said I, "and the black draught?" No, he had not continued these, but he found the glass of port very beneficial, and it was the doctor's orders.

The seventh was Mr. Goodchild. He said "My father practised it. He always had his glass as long as I can remember, and I can't do better than follow suit." Yes, thought I, his father wore a bag wig, I believe, and knee-breeches, and travelled by waggon, never sent a telegram, nor voted by ballot; and he couldn't do better than follow suit.

Then Mr. Complacent came forward. He was number eight. "I know when to stop," said he. "I'm not one of those who never know when they've had enough. I can take it moderately, I can." Ah! thought I, I dare say he could jump off a cliff moderately. He would know where to stop. I wish everybody was as clever as he.

The ninth was Mr. Self. "I have no notion of giving up my liberty," he said. "I've a right to take a glass, and I will not be deprived of it. I'm of the opinion of the bishop who would rather see England free than England sober." Thought I, you are a pretty long distance from the spirit of Christianity.

The name of the tenth surprised me by its length. This gentleman was Mr. Open-mouth-and-shut-your-eyes; and this is what he said: "It is a good creature of God to be received with thankfulness. What are hops for? What are grapes for? And why does fermenting sugar produce spirit?" He seemed to think these questions answered themselves. Just so, thought I. Iron is good to make knives of; but when the knife is thrust between my ribs I am apt to think it is improperly used. Alcohol is useful to chemists and naturalists to preserve specimens, and to scientific men to make a pure flame for experiments. It may be useful for many purposes. It does not follow that it is rightly employed when poured down men's throats.

Mr. Scripture-shelter, the eleventh, now came forward. "Scripture sanctions it," said he. "The Psalmist speaks of wine that maketh glad the heart of man. The Saviour made wine at Cana, you know, and Timothy was told by the Apostle to take a little wine for his stomach's sake." Yes, thought I, Timothy's medicine must become all men's drink. I have also read in Scripture, "Woe to them that are mighty to drink wine!" Look not upon the wine, it stingeth like an adder! The wine that Jesus made was a sort that had not produced intoxication, though the guests had already "well drunk" of some like it; and the Apostle who recommended medicine to Timothy, enunciated a great Christian principle in the words, "It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

My thoughts were interrupted by the voice of the twelfth gentleman. It was Mr. Honest. "I like it!" said he, and smacked his lips. That was all he said. It was a clincher! I thought his argument the soundest of the dozen; but I was sorry that he had got to like it. I did not feel quite comfortable about him, and I believe his friends are of opinion that he sometimes goes a little beyond the mark.—*Sword and Trowel.*

### THE BOY WHO DIED FOR PRINCIPLE.

A TRUE STORY.

ALMOST every boy and girl has heard of the "Martyrs," who in times past were persecuted, and even burned at the stake, for being good men and serving God faithfully.

John Rogers was one whom we all remember in our reading book, and so was Stephen, whom the Bible tells us was stoned to death for the very same reason.

But, dear young readers, even now, in this Christian land, there are martyrs who are bearing persecution and torture worse than fire and rack for God's sake, whose burdened hearts are open only to Him, and whose truest victories are won in the dark and alone.

Yes! and there are children who are martyrs too. I can only tell you of one now, out of a great many just such. You may have heard of him before, but I do not believe you have. It is a sad, true story of a little saintly soul, who for the dear Lord's sake endured persecution and death rather than to do wrong. His name was Knud Iversen. His parents had brought him from that far-off land with the steel-blue sky and the frozen sea, the land of Norway, to find a home in America. He was a very good boy, and the joy and delight of his parents, who had but him in all the world, and who so trusted him that when out of their sight they knew he would do everything that was right. Boys and girls of "Grandmother's Children and Young People," can this always be said of you?

Now why was little Knud Iversen so good a boy? I think you can guess. He loved God and tried to obey His commandments, and he loved to pray to Him too. Very early, in his far away home, he used to go to Sunday school. There never was a storm too violent to keep him away, or a day too cold, and you know that Norway is a great deal colder than our land. Such a boy, you may be sure, was always ready in season; starting with love to God in his heart, his lesson well learned, and his face so bright as to make his teacher's heart all the more happy because of it. We little know how happy it does make our parents and teachers when children try to do right.

Many little children think if a boy is so fond of praying, he is too good to play. This is never the case. A praying boy is always the happiest boy in the world, and can play with a better conscience than bad boys. Knud loved to play, but there was one thing he never would do, and that was to play with bad boys. If he ever did come in contact with them, he always reminded them of their wicked behaviour in a very kind way.

But one Sunday, on his way home from church, very soon after he had landed in this country, meditating on what sort of companions he should find here, he was assailed by a party of "roughs" (I hope you don't know what that means, who came up to him from behind and accosted him thus:—"Here, you young fellow, we know where there's some splendid red apples, and you've got to go with us and help us to get 'em. The old man's off, and nobody to molest us."

"What're you're going to steal?" said Knud, looking these wicked boys fair and square in the face with his great blue, honest eyes. "Steal! why you couldn't hire me to do it, not for all the world!"

"Can't we, though? We'll see. You shall!" said the leader of the gang, a stalwart boy, larger than the rest.

"You shall! you shall!" echoed all the boys at once. "If you won't go with us we'll drown you in the river!"

The noble boy stood undaunted, looking at them. He knew they were terribly in earnest. He, a boy only ten years old and frail at that, and they so much larger and stronger. He well knew that they could carry out their threat, for there was not one human soul within reach to defend him. But "the righteous are as bold as a lion," and when he remembered, little boy that he was, that the Master had trodden the way before him, he for an instant looked up with a half articulate prayer to that Master who is now one with the great suffering heart of humanity, in that He himself "suffered, being tempted," and resolved to stand by the right and meet his fate, whatever it might be. You may think that this was a very unusual thing for a small boy to do, and so it was, but he was an unusual boy, you must remember.

Knud loved his parents dearly. He loved this fair world with its sunshine and flowers, but he loved his Saviour better than all. The very birds were always singing of Him to his childish ears; in fact, everything whispered of God. And so you can imagine, after what I have told you, that instead of crying and trembling and begging, the noble fellow told them they could do as they pleased, but that he would not steal, not even if they killed him, as they said they would.

The next moment they seized poor Knud and dragged him to the water's edge, and before he had time to speak again they plunged him in, and the waters closed over that devoted head.

Do you pity poor Knud as you read this little sketch? Don't pity him. He wears a martyr's crown now. But pity his tormentors, his murderers! Night and day, as they grew older and at length reached manhood, don't you think they had that little saintly face always before their eyes, from whose pleading, upturned face they once turned away? No tumult of the world or quiet of the night could ever hush that silvery little voice forever ringing in their ears "I cannot steal, not even if you kill me. I cannot steal!"

Blessed little Knud Iversen! The world did not know you, and the Church has not enrolled you in the calendar of her worthies, but for all that you are canonized in a Book of far greater value—the "Book of Life," against which must be written in letters of gold, "He ye faithful until death, and I will give you a crown of life."—*Mrs. G. Hall in N. Y. Evangelist.*

AMONG the many recent strikes was one in Chicago by the employees of the Chicago brewers. They demanded among other things free beer. Their demand was finally modified somewhat, and the brewers limited the amount for each employee to fifteen glasses a day. The hours for drinking were fixed at 6, 9, 11, 2, and 4, with a limit of three glasses every time! If fifteen glasses a day be regarded as a moderate limited quantity, suitable to compromise upon, it would be interesting to know how much these striking beer-men would consider a generous and liberal supply? It is quite certain that life insurance companies would not hail them as desirable risks.—*N. Temp. Advocate.*

### CHILDREN AND NATURE.

OUR modern scientific methods of education are slowly correcting hosts of popular errors regarding every-day subjects of observation, and doubtless a succeeding generation will have outgrown many queer conceits and myths now held as facts by the great majority of country children. It will hereafter be interesting to have preserved a full record of such misapprehensions. The wish to add a trifle to such a record has led me to note some common superstitions concerning animals and plants, which have come under my own knowledge. Children have quick perceptions, and therefore are good observers or seers. The observations they make, however, regarding the animals and plants about them, while often in themselves quite accurate, lead to very incorrect conclusions. This is because children do not reason deeply. It takes a long time for them to learn that not once or twice, but a great many times, most one phenomenon follow certain other preceding phenomena to warrant the use of the logical terms *effect* and *cause*. Caution in forming deductions comes only with experience and education. Children have keen eyes for any strange peculiarities as well as for real or fancied resemblances, and are quick to appreciate the qualities of plants. An enthusiastic botanist and teacher, speaking of children, said, "They bow as to some fetch before poisonous plants." Monstrosities in nature fascinate them. Double apples, strangely shaped knots from trees, grotesque roots, curious lichens adorn many "play-houses." Their readiness to get hold of the properties of plants explains how it is that children (boys particularly, because they are more in the out-door world) find so many things to eat in the woods and fields. A boy accustomed to tramp about will seldom go a hundred rods asid before he begins to nibble or chew something that he finds growing in his path. Can you not recall a dozen wild things of which you were fond in childhood, which long ago passed from your list of edibles? Sassafras-bark, both of twig and root, spice-wood, "slippery-elm," the buds of the linden-tree, the tender shoots from the spruce and larch, all tickle the palate of the boy or girl. Men whose boyhood was passed anywhere in Northern New England may recall how fond they once were of something which was called "silver," the cambium layer of the white pine. In certain places it is the fashion to chew the leaves of the Antennaria, "Indian tobacco"—in others, thistle-blossoms. Will ever honey taste as sweet as did the dainty droplets taken direct from some unfortunate bumble-bee captured and dismembered by the boy seeking what he may devour?—*From "Animal and Plant Lore of Children," by Fanny D. Bergen, in Popular Science Monthly for July.*

### CIVIL LIBERTY AND EQUAL RIGHTS.

WE quote the concluding sentences of a timely editorial with the above title in the *July Century*:—"We have prided ourselves on the fact that our society was mainly composed of workmen; and the great mass of our workmen have an American horror of the coward who stabs in the back or throws dynamite. But there are professional agitators, who are ignorantly inclining workmen to acts which differ only in degree from those of the anarchists, and some of their disciples, having no better instruction than the agitators are in the habit of furnishing, are inclined to apologize for or defend acts committed in the name of labour which they would condemn at once if a professed anarchist were the doer. They should learn the meaning of civil liberty, that it is the measure of natural freedom which society considers to be consistent with the equal freedom of others. Let it be shown, at any time, that the measure of civil liberty is so large that some are using it to abridge the equal liberty of others, and society must and will abridge civil liberty so far as is necessary to secure equal rights."

"Can society, at least in our American form of it, accomplish such a task as this? If it should become necessary? The anarchist thinks not; he evidently has but a meagre notion of the war-power of democracy; for, forcible resistance to society must be considered as war. Only monarchies and aristocracies make war and peace with facility. A democracy seldom prepares for war, always begins it with a succession of costly blunders, and usually succumbs only through absolute exhaustion. The manner in which republican France threw back Europe from her borders in 1793 and assumed the hopeless contest with Germany in 1870-71, the desperate nature of the struggle between the United States and the seceding States and between the two republics of Peru and Chili, are but examples of the intensity with which democracy rises to the height of an increasing danger. The poet's simile of a wild-cat mad with wounds 'is none too strong for a democracy when it is pushed into a dangerous position. Is there any reason to suppose that the American democracy has changed its nature in twenty-five years?"

"The courts are open for all; the laws may be altered peaceably. If laws are bad, if rich oppressors exist, powerful labour organizations are just the element needed to reform the one and to prosecute the other. But let the work be done decently and in order, without infringing the recognized and equal civil liberty of others. Above all, let the organizations impress upon their members, as the very first lesson, that violent resistance to society can only be of evil omen for these organizations, for society itself, and for civil liberty."

### ONE MARK.

CANON LIDDON says:—"There is one mark of a household in which God is known and loved which is too often wanting in our day—I mean the practice of family prayer." After many years' absence from his native land, a missionary, on his return home, was asked what changes he noticed. "One one the most painful," said he, "is the breaking down of family altars." We suggest an alteration in evening habits which would enable thousands of families throughout our land to restore the godly and gracious custom. Families gather from business and school to the evening tea. In these days the evening meal is the most regular meal of the day in many houses, and the family is then united and quiet. Could we not have family worship immediately after, and before the family scatters for the evening engagements? We have been struck with the pleasantness, helpfulness, and efficiency of this custom in families where it is observed. And it has this great advantage—the little ones can join before going to bed.—*S. School Chronicle.*

A GOOD REASON.—One of three Chinamen studying for the ministry in California wishes to preach the gospel to his heathen sisters in China, because "his mother had been driven by great sorrow to suicide," "not knowing that Jesus came to save women."