

THE VOTE ON LIQUOR.

**V**OTE no! and the mother's heart will leap,  
The sister's tears be dry,  
The poor inebriate clasp his hands  
And raise his voice on high.

Vote yes! and the careworn heart will break,  
The pale lip hush its prayer,  
The wretched drunkard, clamoring, haste  
To realms of dark despair.

Oh, then, by the life which God hath given,  
By your power to curse or bless,  
By your fears of hell and hopes of heaven  
Let not your vote be Yes.

By the cherished hearthstone's bitter wrong,  
By the spirit's deathless woe;  
In the name of God and name of men,  
Let every vote be No.

THE BOY PREACHER.

**T**HE visit of this distinguished revivalist to Toronto has been accompanied by very happy results. Week after week the large Elm Street Church has been filled and the altar crowded with penitent seekers of salvation. In the Sunday school as many as a hundred scholars at one time expressed their desire for salvation and purpose to seek it.

Mr. Harrison is a very slight, delicate-looking, boyish figure. But he is a bundle of nerves and is ceaselessly active—exhorting, singing, praying, going around among the people and bringing seekers to the penitent bench in the old-fashioned Methodist style. From the *Toronto Globe* we quote the following account of this honoured worker for God:—

CONVERTED BY A PIOUS MOTHER'S MORNING PRAYERS.

Mr. Harrison, the "Boy Preacher," has attracted so much attention since his arrival in Toronto that no doubt many have gladly availed themselves of every opportunity of knowing something about the life and labour of one whose work has been so singularly successful. This cannot be denied, whatever theory may be adopted as its most reasonable explanation. In the little book by Rev. E. Davies, giving an account of Mr. Harrison's revival work, it is clear that he himself has but one theory of explanation, and that is the divine blessing on his labours, poured out in rich abundance. As the human agent of his success he gives all the praise under God to a saintly mother. It was her morning prayers, he says, that saved him. After his conversion his success in procuring conversions was as sudden as it was remarkable. At the very first meeting a number of persons yielded to his influence and underwent the blessed experiences of conversion, and ever since that time his labours have been wonderfully productive of fruit.

SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS.

One who knew him intimately says:—"But if we would know the true secret of his power, we must look beyond all such considerations. His sincerity, unction, confidence, simplicity, etc., all combined, do not settle the question which we have started. He succeeds, as we believe, because he is truly devout and pious, and is living in constant and closest fellowship with the Holy Ghost. He prays much in secret, and learns for himself the method and fulness of salvation on his knees."

MR. HARRISON'S METHODS

are thus described: A few minutes after eight o'clock, the church being by that time pretty well filled, Mr. Harrison entered accompanied by his hearers from the vestry. Without delay he began the exercises with a hymn, leading the singing himself with great fervour. Earnest prayer and stirring psalmody followed one another in quick succession, Mr. Harrison's earnest appeals to "stand up" and "come forward" being anything but unavailing. It was impossible to resist the influence of the scene—the music now swelling forth in loud tones of triumphant faith and assurance, and now low and beseeching as if imploring all anxious ones to delay no longer, but come at once; the intense enthusiasm of the revivalist, greeting every fresh accession with a hearty "Thank God, there's another;" and using personal solicitation to many to come forward and be prayed for. The mourners' benches were soon filled, and the special half-hour prayer-meeting in the vestry afterwards was an occasion of great rejoicing.

TEMPERANCE IN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

**I**N view of the recommendation of the Sunday-school Convention at Brockville, to the effect that Bands of Hope should be established in all Sunday-schools, a correspondent suggests that temperance, as that word is now generally understood, should be regularly taught in all such schools, and that it should be brought regularly and prominently forward in the general exercises of the school at least once a month, so that the children might be thoroughly indoctrinated with sound principles on the point. The suggestion is a good one, though it is not to be lost sight of that where the teachers are already total abstainers, this is now to a very great extent done, while from those who are not, it is scarcely to be expected, and though this may come round bye-and-bye, we are not aware that any Church makes absolute adherence to total abstinence an indispensable prerequisite to being a Sunday-school teacher.—*Globe*.

THE JUBILEE SINGERS.

**T**HOSE who have heard the world-famous Jubilee Singers will be glad to learn that they are making another tour through Canada. Although the company is not now singing for the interests of Fisk University, it should be remembered that they raised for that university over \$150,000; and owing to their liberal terms and great drawing power, Churches, Young Men's Christian Associations, Libraries, Temperance and other organizations which have engaged them, have profited through their concerts, during the last four years, to the extent of over \$60,000. The Fisk Jubilee Singers were the originators of Jubilee music in concert work; it was their speciality, the one thing in which they could not be approached. The mission of the Fisk Jubilee Singers is to sing to the heart. Their "Steal away to Jesus" has brought tears to the eyes of thousands—among others of our gracious Queen. It is a never-to-be forgotten treat to hear them sing the great camp-meeting and Gospel hymns.

A BOOK FOR BOYS.

*Captains of Industry, or Men of Business who did something beside making money.* By JAMES PARTON. Pp. 399. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

In this book Mr. Parton, an accomplished writer for men as well as boys, has collected forty-eight brief biographies of famous men, whose lives are an inspiration to every reader. Among them are Elihu Barritt, Gerrit Smith, Richard Cobden, John Bright, Robert Dick, Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Moses Montefiore, the philanthropic Jew whose hundredth birthday the civilized world is now celebrating with tributes of honour and affection. Most of these men began life poor, and some of them died poor; but their heroic examples will teach boys, and men too, how to overcome difficulties, and bless the world, and make their lives sublime. The book is elegantly bound and has eight portraits.

GORDON'S DEFENCE OF KHARTOUM.

**T**HE telegrams received and published by the *London Times*, from Mr. Power, its correspondent in Khartoum, are enough to make the bones of death himself tingle with excitement, and the pulses even of cowardly, indifferent cynicism feel some stirrings of generous enthusiasm. For they tell a tale of pluck, endurance, and devotion to duty, almost without parallel. Once again has British valour been seen to shine clear and resplendent, when all that is in a man is tested as gold in a furnace seven times heated. Once more has the "silent race" done and endured, and been true to itself and its memories, in deeds at which the whole world wonders.

The siege of Khartoum will live in history with the sieges of Lucknow and Kars. In some respects it appeals even more forcibly to the imagination and to that sense in man which is stirred by the heroic and the romantic, than either of those. A comparison and contrast between the siege of Khartoum and that of Lucknow, has been thus eloquently drawn by the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"The siege of Lucknow lasted eighty-seven days; that of Khartoum had lasted a hundred and fifty-two, two months since. At Lucknow our garrison, though few in number, were as true as steel and as brave as the bravest of their race. At Khartoum the garrison were as mere sheep before wolves—two hundred of them armed with Remingtons flying in wild panic before five Arab horsemen—and there were only three Englishmen in the city. And at Lucknow there was this great difference; our garrison, outnumbered and alone in the midst of a wild chaos of mutinous soldiery, felt that they were standing for England, that if they fell they fell in England's cause, and each man went to his post feeling proud, if need be, to die for a country for which, indeed, it was an honour to die. But at Khartoum who can imagine the gloomy thoughts which must have filled the minds of the three Englishmen as they stood alone beneath the sultry sun, and confronted month after month, the pitiless hail of shot which never ceased for a single day. . . In such a cause they might well have

been proud to bear the burden and heat of the day, if only they had not been haunted by the thought of their desertion and the betrayal of the confidence which, on their word, had been placed in England."

No; looked at from every side there has probably been no parallel in history to the unflinching courage in the face of tremendous odds, the calm hopefulness, the grim tenacity with which duty was adhered to after hope had ceased to inspire, which were manifested by these three Englishmen in that isolated city, surrounded by hordes of bloodthirsty savages, against whom they were the sole inspiration of the defence for the thousands of women and children, and men hardly less weak and defenceless.—*Globe*.

AUNT BECKY'S ADVICE.

ALBERT MILTON BRUNNER.

**J**EDIAH, put your slippers on  
And cease your needless clatter,  
I want to have a word with you  
About a little matter.

I heard you, on your knees last night,  
Ask help to keep from strayin',  
And now I want to know if you  
Will vote as you've been prayin'?

Jediah, look me in the face;  
You know this world's condition,  
Yet you have never cast a vote  
Right out for Prohibition.

You've prayed as loud as any man,  
While with the tide a floatin';  
Jediah, you must stop sich work,  
And do a little votin'!

There now, I've said my say, and you  
Just save your ammunition,  
And vote the way you've always prayed,  
For total Prohibition.—*Lever*.

CERTAIN publishers have for some time passed been issuing a variety of periodicals which they called cheap. Cheap they were, in every sense of the word. The paper was poor, the printing was blurred and trying to the eyes, the illustrations were very common and roughly executed. The apparently low price of course attracted some purchasers. But we are glad to know that many of these are seeing their mistake. We are ready to furnish all such, and other readers as well, with periodicals which are really cheap, and which yet are clearly and elegantly printed on good paper, charmingly illustrated, and filled with choice reading adapted to various classes.

OUR readers will bear witness that the Sunday-school papers of the Methodist Church are saturated through and through with temperance sentiments. The December number of our magazine also contains one of the most vigorous articles we ever read on the Temperance Outlook, by Prof. George E. Foster, M. P., the leader of the temperance party in the Dominion Parliament. It will be of great value to all temperance workers.—ED.

FROM a Sunday school in the Parry Sound District, which receives a small grant from the S. S. Board, we have received the following:—"The papers that we are receiving from you are a great blessing to our Sabbath-school. We know that they are a great help towards keeping up the interest in the school. Our earnest desire and prayer is that they may be instruments in God's hands of doing much good and advancing the Sabbath-school, and a deeper work of grace in our young people's hearts."