

# HOME & SCHOOL.

[Vol. III.]

TORONTO, JUNE 6, 1885.

[No. 12.]

## The Old Parsonage.

BY MRS. P. A. POST.

We shall never forget our feelings as we approached the Scio parsonage for the first time. The unpretending little cottage had the appearance of an old homestead, some members of the family having just moved out, others just moving in. Entering the opened door we walked from one room to another, at length entered the dining room with its appropriate appendages. Is the any home in this wide, wide world quite as pleasant as the Methodist parsonage, if it does leak once in a while; any other work quite as precious and honourable as direct work for soul saving? Our attention was directed to the button on the chain closet door which had worn a groove nearly half an inch. As we turned it, in some very quiet, silent way it took our thoughts very hastily over the years gone by to the preachers and families who have come and gone, with their joys and sorrows, toils and rests for the Master. The echoing of songs of praise still lingers and the new home to us is redolent of celestial incense. The work of these labourers is over. No, not over; for every good work wrought in God lives and grows through all time, and the reward is awaiting them, which will be faithfully rendered at the day of final adjudication.

"Their work was what angels might covet," as the sainted Mrs. Phoebe Palmer often said, "to win precious souls for Jesus." O, if those echoes could be developed to articulate sounds what a history might be written! How often have angels hovered over the scenes of this parsonage home, and hasted home on joyful wing to bear the glad tidings to the hosts above of here and there one won from the ranks of sin and Satan.

It may be the angel of death has been here and borne away one of the family group now and then, and mourning has been mingled with the rejoicing.

How will it be with the new occupants?

Lord help us to realize that the labouring time is short. It soon will have flown, and with this dear people we shall stand face to face in the judgment. May no selfish element mingle in effort for the King of kings and Lord of lords, but pure love for undying souls, prompt to every good word and work, and a rich harvest be reaped for the garner over yonder. How all important that the preachers and families be of the New Testament type that the people be 'ed to sure and certain victory.

able—images with several heads and arms, or often with the heads of animals. Before these the deluded devotees kneel and pray, and often torture their bodies to obtain, as they think, the salvation of their souls. And shall not some of those sincere and earnest heathen rise up in judgment against careless and indifferent so-called Christians and say, "O Lord, we thought Thy yoke was a grievous yoke, and Thy burden a heavy burden, yet we sought to bear it?" While those who know that that yoke is easy, and that burden light, refuse to take it up.

A council was called, and it was decided to send high officials to the sacred village, seven miles from the capital, and burn the idol before its keeper returned.

They seized the idol's house. The wood of the fallen fence was collected and a fire was made, and the contents of the temple were brought out to be burned. First, the long cane carried before the idol in processions was thrown in; then twelve bullocks' horns from which incense or holy water had been sprinkled; then three scarlet umbrellas and the silk robe thrown over the idol by the keeper who carried it; then came the idol's case—the trunk of a small tree hollowed and fitted with a cover; and last of all, the idol itself. Hardly any of the present generation had seen the god, and great was the surprise when he was produced.

Two pieces of scarlet silk about three feet long and three inches wide, with a small piece of wood about as big as a man's thumb inserted in the middle between them, so that the silk formed, as it were, two wings was the great god of Madagascar, whose touch was sanctifying and whose nearness was preservative.

"You cannot burn him; he is a god," said the people. "If he be a god he will not burn," said the officers; "we are going to try," and held it on a stick in the fire, that the people might see it as it was consumed.

The victory was complete. Next day four

other idols shared the same fate, and the rest followed. One was a little bag of sand; another consisted of three round pieces of wood united by a silver chain. The people looked on in wonder, and when the process was over, seeing that they had no gods to worship, they sent to the queen to ask what they were to worship for the future.

The government appealed to the native Christians to send Christian teachers, and they at once responded. It was found that of two hundred and eighty towns and villages in Imerina



A TEMPLE IN INDIA.

### A Temple in India.

OUR engraving gives a very good idea of one of the large temples in India. They are situated within large enclosures, and are surmounted by a number of lofty and fantastic domes or turrets. There is almost always a tank or large water cistern for the accommodation of both priests and pilgrims—for bathing is a very important part of their religious service. Within the temples are shrines of the false gods many of which are the most hideous and repulsive objects conceiv-

### A Reforming Queen.

THE late Queen of Madagascar was a Christian reformer. As soon as Ranavalona began to reign, in 1868, she introduced trial by jury, established public schools, freed the slaves, and encouraged and spread Christianity. In 1870 she determined to put an end to the sway of idolatry by a crushing blow.

The wooden fence around the temple of the great national idol had been pulled down, and the priests, assuming a threatening aspect, came in force to the capital.