

Talk of the interest of fiction and romance! It will not compare with the fascination of the truths stranger than fiction of history.

God is far the sweetest poet,
And the real is His song.

The Bonny Land.

By REV. WILLIAM WYK SMITH.

[We have pleasure in printing the following charming verses by a very accomplished Canadian poet, whose verses frequently grace some of the leading American journals.—Ed.]

"O weel ken I the bonny land,
Beside the Tweed it lies;—
I ken the very nook o' the sky
'Neath which its pearls and gowans lie,
And where its mountains rise!
Wi' Bemerside and Cowdenknows,
Frae Newark Peel to the Loch o' the Lowes,
Where laverocks sing and heather grows,—
O that's the bonny land!

"O that may be, and yet to me
There lies my 'bonny land'!
Where simmer streamlets glist and glide,
Through Carae o' Gowrie, fair and wide,—
And gray auld castles stand.
Where Tay, past mony a rook and scour,
Flows saft as peace that follows war,
And Hieland hills look down from far,—
O that's the bonny land!

"I ken, I ken the bonny land—
For I was cradled there!
'Tis not by Tweed, nor yet by Forth,
'Tis not on Tay, but in the North,
Where beauty fills the air!
Where mountains beckon to the skies,
And lochs are clear as maidens' eyes,
And glory on Glen Conan lies—
O that's the bonny land!"

Up spak our wee wee gowdie-lane,
The youngest o' them a':
"The bonny land I weel can tell,
Is where my mither's gane to dwell,
In yon sweet Far-awa!
The darksome night is never there,
The morning light's ay rosy, fair,—
And weeping een can weep nae mair,
Within that bonny land!

"The weary heart shall win the balm
That gars it sing for glee;
And, saft as breath o' evening psalm,
The storm shall sink into a calm,
Upon that Simmer-sea!
And holy hearts shall harbour there,
Aneath the smile o' angels fair,—
For He who makes this warld His care,
Maks that the BONNY LAND!"

Bonny, lovely; ken, know; gowans, wild daisies; laverocks, larks; glist, sparkle; carae, a broad, open valley; scour, a precipitous bank; lochs, lakes, (ch, guttural); gowdie-lane, a child able to walk; gars, compels.

NEWMARKET, ONT.

Like a Gentleman.

"COUSIN ALICE, is Mr. Harlow a gentleman?" asked Fred Towne of a young cousin who was visiting his father's.

"Of course he is. But why do you ask?" she replied.

"Because I wanted to know, and I thought you would tell me. Father says he wants to learn to take a glass of wine like a gentleman, and I have been watching Mr. Harlow to see just how he does."

"Did you ever drink wine, Fred?"

"Never but little, and I didn't think it was very nice. Do you think it nice?"

"Not nice at all. I never taste it."

"Are you like Aunt Jane? She thinks it is dreadful stuff. I have heard her talk to father about it, but he always laughs at her and tells her she is old fashioned."

"We are all old fashioned in the same way at our house, and I wish my Cousin Fred would grow up to be a teetotal gentleman."

"Cousin Alice, I guess there are two kinds of gentlemen: one kind that drinks wine and one kind that don't;

and Bridget told me something about Mr. Harlow that made me almost think that he isn't a gentleman at all. She says he gets drunk as a 'baste' when he isn't in fine company. I mean to ask father if he drinks like a gentleman."

Mr. Towne coming in at that moment, the question was propounded and answered.

"Mr. Harlow is always and everywhere a gentleman."

"Is he when he gets drunk as a 'baste,' as Bridget says he does?"

"Bridget talking to you in that way," exclaimed Mr. Towne, angrily. "She must be taught better than that."

"She wouldn't have said it if I hadn't asked her if Mr. Harlow drank wine like a gentleman. I wanted to know because—"

"Never mind the 'because' and be sure you never ask her any more such questions. Your Cousin Alice can tell you what a gentleman is like."

"I have been asking Cousin Alice about it, and she thinks the same as Aunt Jane does."

"What set you to asking so many questions about drinking wine?"

"What you said to me about drinking it like a gentleman, and what I heard a man say who was talking at the corner of the street. He said men began with wine and ended with the meanest kind of whiskey. He said, too, that every boy ought to be pledged against tasting a drop of liquor of any kind. Since then I've been considering what I'd better do. You wouldn't mind, would you, if I should be teetotal like a gentleman, instead of drinking wine like a gentleman?"

Mr. Towne was silent, and Fred continued:

"You would know then, certain and sure, that I should never be a drunkard, and isn't that a good thing to be sure of, father?"

"Of course it is," was the somewhat reluctant answer; and Fred needed no more to decide him on his future course.

How many of the boys who read this will be teetotal like a gentleman—
Mary Dwinell Chellis.

Letter from Bella Bella, B.C.

DEAR DR. WITHEROW,—Allow me, through your valuable HOME AND SCHOOL, to present to my many friends in the Sabbath-schools of Ontario a short account of the mission work in this Western part of the field. I have been here but a few weeks, so cannot give a minute account; yet I hope to say something that will arouse an interest in the mission work, and enlist your sympathy and prayers in behalf of those poor heathen who have not yet the Gospel.

Our village, consisting of about 300 souls, is pleasantly situated on an Island overlooking McLaughlin's Bay. On all sides are rocky hills, which, I dare say, most of you, accustomed to comparatively level country, would call mountains, and indeed we can see the snow-capped mountains at no great distance.

The natives subsist by fishing—chiefly salmon—hunting, fur sealing and gathering clams. A new clam cannery was built a mile from the village, and this being the proper season the majority of the people are engaged. There is employment for old and young in some part of the work. This doubtless is a benefit to the people, but a loss to me, as it robs my school of many of the pupils.

Before the missionaries came, the dress of the Indian consisted chiefly of

a blanket,—which indeed they can put on quite gracefully—but all the Christian villages adopt the "white man" dress. However, not all who wear the latter are Christians, or "school people," as they say.

Too many, indeed, mistake this for Christianity, and are satisfied with the outward form. If they wish to say a man has gone back to heathenism, they say, "He has put on his blanket again."

Most of the tribes have a different language. "Hielohuk," the native language of this tribe, is a very musical one, but difficult to acquire. At least, I find it so, as I have been able to get very little of it yet, but I hope by perseverance to master it in the near future. You see, children, they have no books in their language, and it is hard to learn without a book. Isn't it? Few of them understand English, and those who do pretty well, are afraid to use it lest they be laughed at by the others. I have been trying to stimulate the pupils by offering a prize to all who speak English by Christmas.

The pupils attend school very irregularly, owing to their being away for days, often ten weeks, together securing their food. All the pupils are not children. Quite a number are grown up, or married folk. In some cases the whole family attend. All learn fairly well. The children like to attend Sunday-school, which is held in the Mission-house every Sunday at 2 p.m. I have had charge of the Sunday-school since I came, Mrs. Cuyler had it previously. Rev. Mr. Cuyler has charge of the Bible-class in the church at the same hour. We study the Berean lesson, as you do. Our order of procedure is this: Singing, prayer by one or two of the pupils and the teacher, all repeating in concert the Lord's Prayer; singing again, review of last lesson and study of the new; singing, repeating Golden Text and other verses learned during the week, both in English and "Hielohuk"; and now comes the pleasing part when the tickets and papers are distributed. Then the doxology and benediction. The average attendance has been 20 thus far.

All this, dear young friends, the Gospel of Jesus Christ has done for this people. Little more than six years ago they were in heathen darkness; now many of them know Jesus as a personal Saviour, and delight to do His will. As one said to me to-day, "I love my Saviour and I like always to speak for Him to the heathen." Many times we are led to bless God who has dealt so graciously with them.

Our services are often seasons of power, and when we see the young coming to Jesus we are encouraged to look for still greater things in the future. The superstition of ages cannot be effaced in a day. It needs time and patience, and the "wisdom" which only descends from above, in dealing with its many forms. Pray for us that our hands may be strengthened for the work.

But we must remember, there are scores of villages who have no knowledge of the true God, and no teacher to tell them of Jesus and His love. I wonder what we can do to help them?

The Indians as a rule are very fond of singing, and often they gather in little companies to sing the songs of Zion. How very different from the "war whoop" of former times.

God wonderfully sustains us in this work, and though far from home, and friends and society, and the Christian

fellowship we once enjoyed, to all of which we often turn with fond recollection, yet we are happy in our work, nor have we any desire to leave the field. Indeed I am privileged beyond many of the missionaries more worthy than I, in being sent to this village where my home is in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler, old and tried friends of the past.

We had a visit from Rev. Mr. Crosby in the *Glad Tidings* some few weeks since. He spent Sunday with us, and then proceeded to Bella Coola. On his return he called for the night, and then left us again for his home in Port Simpson, 250 miles north of this. We were so pleased to see him. It is not very often we have the pleasure of a visit from the missionaries, therefore we prize one the more.

Think, girls, there is not another white woman within a hundred miles.

I fear my letter is already too long, so lest I weary you I will close. After our Christmas tree entertainment you may expect to hear from me again, but if you really wish to become interested in missionary work I would advise you to subscribe for the *Missionary Outlook*.

With this I shall say "Whe-leek-suka" (good-bye) for the present.

E. A. REINHART.

The Closed Door.

How well I remember it; it was one morning many years ago, when I was a very little child. I had been naughty at breakfast-time, and papa said to me gravely: "Carrie, you must get off your chair and go and stand outside the door for five minutes." I got down, choked back the sob that rose in my throat, and without turning to look into papa's face, I went outside the door, and it was shut against me.

The moments seemed very long and silent. I remember well how my tears dropped down on the mat; I was so grieved and ashamed. The five minutes were not nearly over, but the handle of the door was partly turned, and Johnny's curly head peered out. Both his arms were around my neck in a minute, and he said: "Carrie, go in. I'll be naughty instead of you." And before I could say a word he pushed me in, and shut the door.

There I stood, not knowing I might go up to the table; but papa took me by the hand, and led me to the table, kissed me, and put me on my chair; and I knew I was forgiven just as much as if I had borne all the punishment; but O how I wished that Johnny might come in!

When the five minutes were up he was called in, and then papa took us both and folded us in his arms, and I sobbed it all out—the repentance, and love, and gratefulness—while we were held close to that loving heart.

The years went by, and I found myself outside another door, separated from the Father, sin having come between my soul and God, till I saw One who loved me come and take my place, and put me into His place of nearness, and I was forgiven for Christ's sake; and I knew the fulness and freeness of that forgiveness, for our Father drew me close to His divine heart of love, and there with the Lord Jesus, my sin-bearer, I found "joy unspeakable and full of glory."—*Ex.*

It is not learning but life that is wanted for the Messiah's kingdom, and life begins by birth.