



THE THIEF.

## The Thief.

TOM TRAVIS is robbing his employer. He is worse than a burglar who would break into the store and steal. He is hired to take care of the goods, to sell them if he can, and to see that none are stolen. For this he is paid, and yet, while his employer is away for a little while, Tom steals the goods he is paid to take care of. Is he not worse than any common thief?

He thinks no one sees him; but he is mistaken. His employer does not see him; his father does not see him; nor does his mother; nor do his brothers and sisters; nor does the police officer. He has taken good care that none of these shall see him; but he forgets that there is one Eye to the sight of which everything is clear. God sees poor Tom, and He knows all about his wicked deeds; and God will trouble him for it. Yes, there is something within Tom's heart that makes him very uneasy now while he is stealing, and that will make him very unhappy when he gets through. God has put that something there. We call it conscience; but call it what you will, it is God's voice.

## Conscience—Eternity.

I sat alone with my conscience  
In a place where time had ceased;  
And we talked of my former living  
In the land where the years increased,  
And I felt I should have to answer  
The questions it put to me,  
And to face the answer and question  
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions  
Came floating before my sight,  
And things that I thought were dead things  
Were alive with a terrible might;  
And the vision of all my past life  
Was an awful thing to face.  
Alone with my conscience sitting  
In that solemnly silent place.

And so I have learned a lesson,  
Which I ought to have learned before,  
And which, though I learned it dreaming,  
I hope to forget no more.  
So I sit alone with my conscience  
In the place where the years increase;  
And I try to remember the future,  
In the land where time will cease.  
And I know of the future judgment,  
How dreadful so'er it be,  
That to sit alone with my conscience  
Will be judgment enough for me.

## Kimokit.

BY REV. J. MCLEAN, B.A.

AN old man, blind and decrepit, lay upon his dying couch in an almost naked condition. Poverty and filth reigned supreme in his humble dwelling, and paganism cast her gloomy shade over his mind and heart. As I stood beside his bed and spake of the Atoning Lamb, and the great future whither we were all hastening, he listened patiently, and as I prayed for him to the Great Spirit, he cried, "Kimokit, kimokit" — "Take pity upon me, take pity upon me." Bending close to him, I asked, "When you die, my friend, where will you go?" "I don't understand you," he replied. "When all the white men and the Indians die, where will their souls go?" "Missionary, I don't understand you." With sorrow in my heart, I related to him many of the truths of the Bible, and

then, as he comprehended these truths in their simplicity, he cried aloud, "Missionary, kimokit, kimokit. I am poor, I am dying; give me something to eat, and pray for me!"

I stood by the grave of a boy, and saw the friends deposit therein many useful articles, and I learned of the Indian's hope of immortality. Visiting a lodge wherein lay a dead warrior, I there beheld some pieces of bread, a cup, bow and arrows, pipe and tobacco, etc.; and again I witnessed the expression of that same hope dwelling in the heart.

A short time ago, an Indian chief was very sick and expected to die. He gave away all his earthly possessions to the medicine man and his own relations, and there I saw the influence exercised by these conjurors over the minds of the Indians respecting the future world.

A few days ago, as I sang, "Jesus, Lover of my soul," in the Blackfoot language, in one of the lodges, and then explained some of the truths of the Scriptures, I asked my friends where the Indian would go when he died. "To the Sand Hills," they all answered. "Where is that?" I asked. Looking out of the lodge, they pointed toward the east, and said, "It is away yonder." I entered other lodges, and whilst engaging in religious exercises put the same question and received the same answers. How sad, I thought. O for light to shine into their hearts! Then I learned more deeply than ever the hopelessness and helplessness of heathenism. When the friends tell me that some Indian has died, they say, "He has gone to the Sand Hills;" or, if he is lying in the valley of the shadow of death, they say, "He is going to the Sand Hills." How gloomy, then, is death to my poor Blood Indians! and how trying to hear the bitter wails of the friends who are bereaved! We read and explain the Bible to them, knowing that there is power in God's truth to bless their souls. We pray with and for them, feeling that God hears prayer; and we seek to live consistently, that our Indians may be impressed by noble examples to seek the Christians' God,

give their hearts to Christ, and rejoice in the forgiveness of sins. "Kimokit, kimokit." Pray for us and our Indians, that the faint streaks of light may expand, until the Sun of Righteousness shall burst upon us in all His splendour and glory, and the hearts of our Bloods shall rejoice in Him who has loved and suffered and risen for them.

RYERSONIA MISSION,  
Fort MacLeod, Sept. 17, 1885.

## Book Notices.

English edition of *The Martyr of the Catacombs*. It is very flattering to find a Canadian book receive such a kind reception in England as has greeted Withrow's "Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs: a Story of Early Christian Life in Rome." The Wesleyan Conference Office, London, has brought it out in a handsome illustrated edition, which has been very well received by the press. The London Recorder thus reviews it:—

"An inscription in the Catacombs. 'Valeria sleeps in peace,' has afforded Dr. Withrow a peg on which to hang this vivid picture of early Christianity in Rome. The Catacombs have been the author's lifelong and beloved study, one result of which, as some of our readers are doubtless aware, is his learned and invaluable book, entitled 'The Catacombs of Rome; and their Testimony relative to Primitive Christianity.' The materials employed in that work are here thrown into a narrative form. In doing this Dr. Withrow has been especially careful to maintain historical accuracy in all his statements of fact, and in the filling up of details he has endeavoured to preserve the historical 'keeping' of the picture. The book is sparingly but well illustrated, and its get-up is all that could be desired. It should be on every drawing-room table and in every Sunday-school library."

The London Watchman, and other leading journals, have reviewed it very favourably. The book is for sale at the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price 75 cents.

*Our Christmas in a Palace.* By EDWARD EVERETT HALE. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey Street, New York. 12mo., about 300 pages. Price, cloth, \$4.00. Rev. William Briggs, Toronto, Agent for Canada.

This is a new Christmas story now in press. In it Mr. Hale will tell us of a party of passengers travelling in the far West. While en route they become snowbound in the Rocky Mountains and have to spend their Christmas in a palace car. Making the best of their situation, each contributes to the enjoyment of the occasion, bringing from their trunks such entertainment as they have, while the strangeness of the situation and the hilarity of the party dispel every thought of loneliness. We bespeak for the readers of this book an enjoyable feast.

*A Popular Life of Martin Luther.* Based upon Kostlin's Life of Luther (Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Library, No. 101. Price 25 cents in paper; Cloth, \$1.00. Ready Nov. 2. Rev. William Briggs, Agent for Canada).

As prepared by Prof. W. Rein, Seminary Director at Eisenach, in Germany, translated and edited by the Rev. G. F. Behringer, Brooklyn, N.Y.

The memorial celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of Luther's birth is exciting a world-wide interest. To present an attractive and popular record of the man, which shall at the same time be scholarly and reliable, is the aim of this volume. We greatly err if it will not prove THE BEST POPULAR LIFE OF THE GREAT REFORMER ever printed in the English language.

*Dio Lewis' Monthly* for October is received, and we consider this number — which is No. III — even better and more full of good things than were the previous numbers. This is an excellent magazine, and should especially be in the hands of the young; as from it they will receive hints as to right living and right morals that will never be forgotten. It is published monthly at \$2.50 a year, by Messrs. Clarke Brothers, New York.

## The C. L. S. C. in the Future.

COMPARING the indications now with the situation at corresponding points in other years, those in the organization soberly predict a membership of twenty thousand for the class of 1887, now forming. Does any one take in the import of these figures? Do you comprehend what a "boom" that signifies? We read of the thousands who thronged the universities of Europe on the revival of learning, but those were almost the only institutions of learning then in existence, and their membership included about all who were studying anything. C. L. S. C. is complementary and supplementary to all the other extensive and expensive schools of the day—an added education after the rest have finished. As such, the idea of a class of twenty thousand is staggering. Who can comprehend the full extent of the work that this signifies, or anticipate the propulsion that this added host will impart to the tremendous momentum already acquired? With the ramifications of this organization and the notoriety it is daily acquiring in new and more influential quarters, its progression must be geometrical.

The classes of the past numbered a total of 34,800. If 20,000 are added this year we shall have a school of 55,000. Last year's class numbered 14,000, an increase of sixty per cent. The same ratio will give us in another year a membership of 78,000, and in another year of over one hundred thousand. Think of a school of one hundred thousand pupils!

Where will it stop?

A PROFESSOR at Cornell, lecturing on the effect of wind in some of the western parts, remarked, "In travelling along the road, I even sometimes found the logs bound and twisted together to such an extent that a mule couldn't climb over them, so I went around."

A SPLENDIDLY gilt dining-room, with almost nothing on the table to eat, was the peculiarity of a Boston miser. A wag was invited to dinner on a certain occasion, and the host asked him if he didn't think the room elegant! "Yes," was the reply, "but it is not quite according to my taste." "And pray what change would you make?" asked the host. "Well," he answered, "if this were my house, you know, I would have," looking at the ceiling, "less gilding," and here he glanced furtively at the dining-table, "and more carving."