

Ring it Out!

RING it out! ring it out on ev'ry hand!
Reformation has begun!
Ring it out! ring it out through all the land!
Victory is almost won!
'Tis war to the death 'gainst wine and beer,
With ale and gin and whiskey, too;
Then join in our union, never fear—
Be earnest, faithful, firm, and true.

CHORUS.

Ring it out! Ring it out!
Let the reign of peace begin!
Ring it out with a shout!
Temperance is bound to win!

Ring the bells in the east and in the west,
Reformation has begun!
All unite in the war-cry—do your best!
Let the work be grandly done.
Then raise up the standard, swell the song!
And press the foe on every field!
Full justice shall triumph over wrong,
And all the hosts of evil yield.

Ring it out! ring it out in every home!
Reformation has begun!
Let the young hear the call, let old age come,
Every heart should join as one.
Then labour at morn and work at noon,
Nor rest when evening shadows fall;
For victory grand shall crown us soon,
And truth and right shall reign o'er all.
—E. P. Hakes.

The Quiver's First Hero.

THE first arrow shot from *The Quiver* this month, is an account of the winner of *The Quiver's* first silver medal offered for heroic conduct. The design of this new medal, of which a reproduction is given, was made by Mrs. Clausen, and represents a brave young man bearing a fainting brother from a watery grave, while Death, deprived of his prey, is skulking off in the background. James Nolans, the young Irishman who fought the fierce battle in a mining catastrophe near the village of Niddry, is the first *Quiver* hero, and he was a hero indeed.

About two o'clock on Friday, October 12, 1883, the rumour was spread that the pits were filling with water. It was confirmed by a gush and fall of waters from a height of 180 fathoms, with a din which struck despair into the hearts of the weary miners. They were just about to ascend the shaft, and the man at the pit head discovered that something had gone wrong. There were sixty-three men and boys at work, of whom thirty-eight escaped to a neighbouring pit, while twenty-five, who were on the opposite side of the torrent remained. These ran through a portion of the workings as yet free from the flood, but found their escape cut off, turn where they would, and exhaustion took the place of despair. At last they awaited their fate in a level communicating with another pit, measuring only 5 feet broad and five feet high. The shaft was nearly filled with water, and a volume of water was rushing down upon them; but here they waited two mortal hours, until seeing no change of the flood diminishing so as to give hope of escape, seven of them dashed under the water, and through the hole whence it came, leaving their companions in the belief that they were lost. They were, however, mercifully saved, reaching the shaft where anxious friends were awaiting them, after battling in the dark with the seething waters. But what of the eighteen that remained? One by one twelve of them adventured; their lives as their comrades had done, braved the waters and the dark hole, and were similarly rescued. But four men and two boys were still left behind. Three more hours passed, while friends above were vainly signalling and calling to them to follow their comrades' example. They were the more hopeless because they believed their mates had

perished, and that such signals as reached them, from the roof, were warnings to remain where they were. Their lamps were kept burning with difficulty.

Three more hours passed, and the rescuing party saw that something must be done to draw them from their living grave. Some one must force a passage through the water, but who?

"I will go if some one will push me through, for the current is so strong," volunteered our young Irish hero, James Nolans; and a mate named Smollie put his feet against his back, and he forced himself through the water. He reached his imprisoned comrades, spoke to them cheerfully, bade them follow him, and, placing the boy Kerr, aged thirteen, on his back, dashed back again. Saved! All but one! Where was the lad Walker? Nolans did not pause to consider, but ventured again through the waters. He found the boy in the dark alone, abandoned to death. "Eh! and may God bless you!" were the words breathed into his ear as he took him also on his back, and bore him safely through the torrent. It was eleven o'clock at night when this daring deed was accomplished, and cheers of welcome greeted our collier hero. *The Quiver's* first silver medal has been awarded to brave James Nolans. Will it not look well on his broad chest?—*The Quiver* for August.

The Secret of a Happy Day.

Just to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still;
Just to follow hour by hour,
As it needeth;
Just to trust Him—that is all.
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, and what'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to let Him speak to thee
Through His word;
Watching that His voice may be
Clearly heard.
Just to tell Him everything
As it rises;
And at once to Him to bring
All surprises;
Just to listen and to stay
Where you cannot miss His voice—
This is all; and thus to-day
Communing, you shall rejoice.

Freedmen's Love-Feast.

REV. S. L. HAMILTON.

THE place is Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church, New Orleans. The time, Monday, 8 p.m., May 11; a week-night, and during summer (for it is no longer spring here but summer). About 400 are present. The presiding elder, Rev. L. P. Oubrian, has charge, and in the introductory services gives the meeting a good send-off. Tennessee Jackson is on hand, and his hand is on the helm. He is the pastor. A slave once, and driven by the lash; but now himself driving the chariot of God's salvation like a John, so eager is he to have the wheels roll round and the kingdom come. Following the singing, and opening prayer is the collection. The coloured churches are thoroughly orthodox and Methodist in this respect; they take collections on all occasions when it is admissible. While the collection is being taken several pieces are sung, among them the following.

"Oh, it makes me to tremble, tremble,
When I see how de billows roll;
Yes, it makes me to tremble, tremble,
When I see how de billows roll."

Following the collection comes the passing of the emblems of good-fellowship—"memorials of our love," the pastor said. Song and testimony, testimony and song, now follow in quick succession. What singing! Tongues already touched with the finger of God; lips that have been in contact with live coals from off God's altar,—how they pour forth the old melodies with a weird tremulousness which seems to vibrate through all the secret chambers of the soul, and to awaken on the part of the old veterans memories of the long ago, and to inspire hopes of the better times which await them in the coming kingdom.

"Come along my brothers, come along,
For do time is drawing nigh
When de angels say dere is nuffin to do
But to ring dem charming bells.

Chorus.—

O ring dem charming bells,
O ring dem charming bells,
For de angels say dere is nuffin to do
But to ring dem charming bells."

"We'll end dis wah, we'll end dis wah,
Down by de ribber side."

"Dis good ole 'ligion
Is good enuff for me."

"My elders, I come to tell you,
To tell you who I am;
My elders, I come to tell you
What Jesus have done for me. [slowly;
I weep, I moan, I am getting along but
I am one of Zicu's travellers,
I am on my journey home."

These were some of the songs which were poured forth from rejoicing hearts. And then the testimonies! Some of them were gems that sparkled and scintillated like diamonds. They spoke because the love of God was like fire shut up in their bones. "Ise got a steady wheel turnin' in my heart, and I must talk;" "I never found anything better than religion." A sister, true to her colours, like a loyal soldier, said: "I'm a stranger far from home, but I'm a Methodist Christian wherever I go. I am a stranger to you, but I'm not a stranger to God." An old grandma, who had seen eighty-two summers, thrilled the audience by testifying her joy at what the Lord had wrought for her race. She remembered the time when they had to hold love-feasts in dark corners, and sing and speak in hushed voices; but now her race was free, and people from the north, of whom she felt proud, were trying to lift them up. Then a little girl spoke, and gave as clear and sweet a testimony as ever fell from the lips of child or man. Said a brother: "How my heart does burn to think what a friend I have in Jesus. O, bless the Lord! O, bless the Lord!" The words were uttered with wonderful pathos, and while the brother stood on his feet, his frame heaving with emotion, the very flood-gates of heaven seemed to open, and wave after wave of salvation to be poured into the hearts of the gathered multitude.

I cannot speak at length of the "bodily exercises," which at times were quite general and very violent, so much so that it seemed as though some of them, in jumping up and down and throwing their hands and arms about, would fairly unjoint themselves. I remembered the declaration of the Book: "Bodily exercise profiteth little," and thought possibly "the times of this ignorance," as with others aforesaid. "God winks at."

THE world notices the company we keep,

Consecrated.

DURING the autumn of 1884 large audiences gathered in Boston, New York, and Chicago, to listen to the lectures of Mr. and Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness, upon the new missions on the Congo. The story of the interior of Africa, as told in these lectures, seemed almost like Arabian fiction or fairy tale. They presented the necessity of a mission to fifty millions of people; to a population as large, or nearly as large, as that of the United States; to cities as large in area as New York, Chicago, and Boston, the existence of all of which only a few years ago was unknown to the world.

The story of the work of Mr. and Mrs. Guinness in London is of itself remarkable. Years ago, impelled by a conviction of the claim of the heathen world on the Christian Church, and up-civilized nations, Mr. and Mrs. Guinness founded the East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions, with a view of training young men as missionaries.

It was a school of provincial languages as well as of faith and piety. It offered a practical education to any young man in the United Kingdom who thought himself called to do religious work among uncivilized people, and who was willing to make a sacrifice of himself and all that he had for the cause.

The Institute opened in 1873. It received young men of all evangelical denominations. It made a test of these by giving them home mission work to do in the parishes of London.

Out of it have grown other training schools and colleges. More than three hundred missionaries are now labouring in the heathen world who were prepared for their work in these practical schools.

In 1877 it began its mission enterprises in the basin of the Upper Congo—a country nine hundred thousand square miles in extent. Young men offered themselves for this work, knowing that they were going to almost certain death. It was in the interest of this mission that Mr. and Mrs. Guinness visited this country.

The *New York Herald*, at the time, gave an account of the sailing of a number of young men from that city for this mission-field. As malaria in a few months or years usually consumes by its fevers the workers in these newly-discovered countries, this act shows that the spirit of the martyrs is not dead in the Christian Church, and that the world still produces heroes who value a cause more than life, the future more than the present, the harvest more than the seed, and the good of God more than any temporal gains.

AT a collection made at a church-fair on the west side an evening or two since, a lady offered the plate to a wealthy man, well noted for his stinginess. "I have nothing to give," was his surly reply. "Then take something," she resumed; "I am begging for the poor."

Not long ago the King of Uganda, Africa, wishing to impress the first explorers with his skill in the use of firearms, took some of his women to serve as targets! Since then two of King Mtesa's daughters have been received into the mission church in Uganda, and are engaged in giving religious instructions to others in the royal harem. Nothing but the Gospel could have effected such a radical change.