

went up from twelve thousand throats, to use a familiar expression, it was enough to take the roof off the building. Perhaps it was one of the most charming incidents in the Jubilee celebration, this tribute of loyalty from the little colonists, and one which doubtless Her Majesty would have highly appreciated were she a spectator.

The Rev. Dr. MacVicar then led in the Scripture reading, Psalm 103, 1-5. The children, or so many of them as were within voice range, repeated the words after the Principal of the Presbyterian College.

The Lord's prayer was then repeated by the Rev. Dr. Shaw, the children joining. Scripture exercise was led by the Rev. Dr. Douglas, the selections being Mark 16, 16; Matt. 28, 20; John 3, 16; 1 Corinthians 1, 18; Romans 1, 16. The hymn, "Stand up for Jesus," was then sung by the children with grand effect.

An interesting feature was the exercises of deaf-mutes, who recited the Lord's prayer, "Nearer, my God, to Thee" and "God save the Queen." Three girls and one little boy recited the mute language with grace and expression, for the exhibition showed that even in the language of the mute there is expressiveness. But the most attractive item on the programme was the singing of the original Jubilee singers. Harmony in singing was present in its greatest beauty and perfection. The Jubilee singers have a world-wide reputation and their singing delighted both children and adults.

A tableau representing ten Indian boys at work was a feature which perhaps interested the children more than anything else. The Rev. E. F. Wilson, who had devoted his life to the education of Indian children, and whose mission is a noble one, carried out with an energy and love which merits for him the thanks of the nation, was in charge of the Indian boys. Splendid looking young fellows they were as they marched on the stage in their neat uniform, with knapsacks strung on their backs and each shouldering a staff, from which floated the ever-present Union Jack. The boys in the tableau engaged in different trades, blacksmiths, tailors, washermen, shoemakers and a medicine man, with his mortar and pestle, who is studying the mysteries of the alchemic art. All those trades are taught at the Shingwauk house, Sault Ste. Marie, over which the Rev. Mr. Wilson presides. A second tableau of ten Indian girls at domestic work was an attractive feature. The missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," "Onward, Christian Soldiers" and the Doxology were also sung by the children. Three cheers for the Queen, with banners waving, concluded the afternoon's demonstration.

The Methodist schools of Montreal contributed a noble contingent to this

great gathering, their number being estimated at 3,500.

#### THE EVENING MEETING.

Another immense assemblage of children met in the rink at 8 o'clock in the evening. The Rev. George H. Wells presided and delivered a short address expressing the general gratification felt at such a glorious demonstration. The Rev. Mr. Wilson also delivered an address referring to the noble work of educating the Indians, in which he takes such a deep interest. The following programme was then gone through:

Tableau—Ten Indian boys at their trades, singing Indian work song.  
Part song, "Steal Away to Jesus"—By the Original Fisk Jubilee Singers.  
Dakotah and Ojibway hymns, by the Indian boys.

Part song, "March On"—By the Jubilee Singers.

Tableau—Ten Indian girls at laundry and house work, and singing.

Glee, led by David Minominee, Ojibway, of Parry Island—"John the Boatman."

Part song, "I am Rolling"—By the Jubilee Singers.

Tableau—Ten Indian boys at chore work.  
Part song, "Rise and Shine"—By the Jubilee Singers.

Sacred music by thirty Indian pupils, "How Beautiful upon the Mountains."  
God Save the Queen.

It was intended to distribute the jubilee cups and medals to the children as they passed out, but the cups did not arrive and the distribution had to be postponed. They will, however, probably be given to the children in the Sunday-schools next Sabbath.

During the day a telegram was sent to the Queen in the name of 12,000 children assembled, congratulating Her Majesty on the attainment of her Jubilee and expressing the loyalty of the Sunday-school pupils.

Sir William Dawson received a cable from Her Majesty the Queen in response to the one sent on behalf of the children. Her Majesty thanks the children for their good wishes.

The arrangements for the accommodation and care of the children were perfect. Almost all the clergymen of Protestant churches in the city were present.

#### GIVE GOOD MEASURE.

WHEN I was a young man, there lived in our neighbourhood one who was universally reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure, over good, rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends, observing him frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it, told him not to do it, told him he gave too much, and said it would not be to his own advantage. Now, mark the answer of this man: "God Almighty has permitted me but one journey through the world; and when gone, I cannot return to rectify mistakes." Think of this; only one journey through this world.

#### "The Plains of Abraham."

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

I stood upon the Plain,  
That had trembled when the slain  
Hurled their proud, defiant curses at the  
battle-heated foe,  
When the steed dashed right and left,  
Through the bloody gaps he cleft,  
When the bridle-rein was broken and the  
rider was laid low.

What busy feet had trod  
Upon the very sod,  
Where I marshalled the battalions of my  
fancy to my aid?  
And I saw the combat dire,  
Heard the quick incessant fire,  
And the cannon's echoes startling the  
reverberating glade.

I saw them, one and all,  
The banners of the Gaul,  
In the thickest of the contest, round the  
resolute Montcalm;  
The well-attended Wolfe,  
Emerging from the gulf  
Of the battle's fiery furnace, like the swelling  
of a psalm.

I heard the chorus dire,  
That jarred along the lyre  
On which the hymn of battle rung like  
surgings of the wave,  
When the storm at blackest night,  
Wakes the ocean in allright,  
As it shouts its mighty pibroch o'er some  
shipwreck'd vessel's grave.

I saw the broad claymore  
Flash from its scabbard, o'er  
The ranks that quailed and shuddered at the  
close and fierce attack;  
When victory gave the word,  
Then Scotland drew the sword,  
And with arm that never faltered drove  
the brave defenders back.

I saw two great chiefs die,  
Their last breaths like the sigh  
Of the zephyr-sprite that wanders on the  
rosy lips of morn;  
No envy-poisoned darts,  
No rancor, in their hearts,  
To unfit them for their triumph over death's  
impending scorn.

And as I thought and gazed,  
My soul, exultant, praised  
The Power to whom each mighty act and  
victory are due—  
For the saint-like Peace that smiled,  
Like a heaven-gifted child,  
And for the air of quietude that steeped the  
distant view.

The sun looked down with pride,  
And scattered far and wide  
His beams of whitest glory till they flooded  
all the plain;  
The hills their veils withdrew,  
Of white and purplish blue,  
And reposed, all green and smiling, 'neath  
the shower of golden rain.

Oh! rare, divinest life  
Of Peace, compared with strife!  
Yours is the truest splendour and the most  
enduring fame,  
All the glory ever reaped  
Where the friends of battle leaped  
Is harsh discord to the music of your  
undertoned acclaim.

A LITTLE girl was asked to bring papa's slippers, but didn't want to leave her play. Finally she went for them very unwillingly, and came back without a smile. "I's bwinged 'em, papa, but I guess you needn't say 'Thank you,' 'cause I only did it with my hands, my heart kept saying, 'I won't.'"

#### SAM JONES AT HOME.

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON.

IN this neighbourhood the Jones family is no unimportant one. One of the most venerable of men is the aged grandfather, a minister of sixty years' standing, and about him are eight children and grandchildren, preachers of the Gospel. Each one seems to inherit some of those peculiarities of genius which have made the name of Rev. Sam Jones a household word the world over. In his own home the distinguished evangelist is seen at his best. He is a prince in hospitality; his heart and home are open to the poorest and humblest, and no labour is spared to minister to the comfort and pleasure of all. The house is a typical Southern one, large and comfortable. When Mrs. Jones refused a beautiful mansion in Nashville, furnished throughout, the princely gift of a host of friends, they insisted upon making her a money offering, and with this she enlarged and beautified the homestead and made it one of the finest residences in the city. Over the well-ordered household the devoted wife presides as a queen. Mary and Annie are two beautiful girls, and their parents' hearts have been made glad to overflow in the stand they have taken for Christ at these meetings. Paul and Robert are the brightest, funniest, most rollicking little fellows you ever saw, and Laura and little Julia make up the circle. It is worth making a pilgrimage of a thousand miles to see the evangelist in his own home and witness the tokens of home piety and devotion. Sam Jones is not only the Christian but the gentleman, a term which denotes chivalric good nature. Manhood first and then gentleness. He adds to his great abilities the most social disposition and real love of others. He often speaks rude truths, for he delights in reality. And how the people love him from the highest to the lowest. In testimony meetings the remarks are nearly always prefaced with "Bro. Jones." During the progress of the meetings he was taken ill, and for three days was unable to be present. On the morning of the fourth day he stood up among them, as a father among the children that love him, and as he talked to them of his yearnings and longings, and how Jesus was the best friend he ever had, the best friend his mother ever had, his father ever had, his wife and children ever had, the great tabernacle became a Bochim. My heart said, "Behold how they love him." These meetings have been wonderfully owned of God—immense crowds, grand discourses, soul-inspiring music. Tuesday last was "old folks' day," and was of interest to the grey hairs and bent forms. Wednesday was "Children's day," and drew forth immense gatherings, the entire day being given to the single purpose of reaching the minds and hearts of the youngest.