

twenty-seven years a missionary in India, gave a series of most interesting lectures upon that country, illustrated with models of the natives, bronze idols, praying wheels, etc. We never heard a series of such interesting missionary lectures. We refer to them here, that if any churches or schools wish to create or revive an interest in missions, they may know of the distinguished ability of Mr. Hallam in this respect. His address is Dundas, Ont, and he may have a few evenings to spare for this important department of Christian work.

Correspondence.

"THE MESSIAH KING."

A MINISTER writes thus of this book :
 DEAR DR. WITHROW,—I received the "Messiah King" all right, and would have acknowledged it before, but I wanted to read it through first, so as I could tell you what I thought of it. Well sir, I can say now, that I have read the "Messiah King" through, and am thoroughly in accord with its teachings. I have received a great deal of light from it, and I hope that the light received will benefit me and help me to benefit others. Excepting the Bible, I don't think I ever read a better book. There is so much gospel crowded into it, that I wish there was a copy in every house and read by every individual. If such were the case, I think the time would soon come when there would be nought but peace on earth and Jesus acknowledged to be the King. I do hope and pray that it may have a wide circulation and be read by millions. I desire to thank Mr. Withers most heartily in behalf of our school. Hoping that many others will receive as much benefit from it as I have.

Copies of this book will be sent to any Sunday-school on receipt of five cents for each copy, to pay postage. Ministers may order for all the schools on their circuit. The value of the book is \$1.00. They are donated by Mr. James Withers, of England. Address Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto.

Autumn.

"The harvest is past, the summer is ended,
 and we are not saved."

The golden grain is garnered now,
 And luscious fruits are stored ;
 The purple clusters hanging low,
 Breathe odors all abroad.
 The sickle through the waving grass
 Has plied its shining blade,
 And o'er the meadows swiftly pass
 The changing light and shade.

The summer's sweet and tuneful voice,
 The breeze's whispering sigh,
 And humming insects' busy life,
 Have gone forever by.
 The sere and yellow leaf has come,
 The emerald fields are brown,

And on the swaying woodland trees,
 Gay autumn sets her crown.

But, oh ! the vast immortal soul
 Which in us each doth dwell,
 Where human hopes and human fears
 Are wont to surge and swell.
 Let not of us these solemn words,
 "We are not saved," be true ;
 Sprinkle, O God ! upon each heart
 Some drops of heavenly dew.

* Then, though the harvest days be o'er,
 And reapers' work be done ;
 Though summer's life be breathed away,
 And her swift race be run,
 Still may we look with calm, strong faith,
 For better days to come,
 When, in the golden autumn light,
 We shout the harvest home.

—Cecilia A. Gardiner.

How to Get a Class Together.

It is often a matter of no small difficulty to get a teacher for a class in Sunday-school, and it is often no less difficult to get a class together for a teacher ; or rather, I would say, it is a rare thing to find a member of the church come into the Sunday-school who is willing to go into the highways and by-ways and find a class for himself. It is related of the late Mr. Dodge, that when he was a young man and first came to New York, he entered a certain Sunday-school, with which I believe he remained connected to the day of his death, and said to the superintendent that he would like to teach a class. The superintendent answered that he had no class for him ; "but," said he, "here is a desk, a chair, and a bench." Young Dodge took the hint, went out into the streets, kindly talked with young men, and soon had his class full.

There is, it is to be feared, too little of this kind of aggressive missionary work done in many of our Sunday-schools throughout the Church. Members of the church, young men and women, who have grown up from infancy in the school, when they come to a certain age, are willing enough to "take a class," provided the pastor and superintendent will get a class together first of all, without any particular trouble or concern to themselves ; and very often both pastor and superintendent are obliged to put up with this offer as the best that can be expected, and are usually very thankful for so much as this. However right and proper as this is in its way, it is undoubtedly more noble still and bespeaks a more earnest devotion to the cause of Christ, to ask only the privilege of bringing in a class from the outside world, constituted of such persons as are living beyond the reach of all religious influences. "Give me the desk, the chair, and the bench, and I will get the class," is a principle of action that, if adopted, would soon fill our schools to overflowing with scholars who would be sure of good teachers.