

## Only a Glass.

ONLY a glass in the bar-room,  
Only a single glass;  
Only a lack of courage,  
Only the answer, "Yes;"  
Only an evil companion,  
Slyly luring him on;  
Only a "free-hearted Charlie,"  
And the fatal work is done.

Only a "little bit tipsy,"  
Only blood-shot eyes,  
Only a pleading mother,  
Only a wife's surprise;  
Only an aching forehead,  
Only a bruised face,  
Only a broken promise,  
Only a deep disgrace.

Only a cheerless shanty,  
Without fire or wood,  
And little, half-clad children,  
Wailing and crying for food;  
Only curses for kisses,  
Only sorrow and woe,  
Only a drunken father,  
Only an angry blow.

Only weeping children,  
Only a dying wife,  
Only another promise—  
Only a drunkard's life!  
Oh, the woe and anguish,  
What mortal tongue can tell!  
Only a glass in the bar-room,  
Only a drunkard's hell!

—Ohio Farmer.

## An Interesting Book.

*The Life of the Rev. Amand Parent*, as told by himself, is published, with illustrations, by William Briggs, Toronto. \$1.25.

Mr. Parent, whose name is well known in connection with his eight years spent among the Oka Indians, was the first French-Canadian ordained by the Methodist Church. He tells in this volume the history of his life, in a very bright and interesting manner, giving the record of forty-seven years' experience in evangelical work in Canada.

He was the son of a French-Canadian shipbuilder, and was born in Quebec, in 1818. He was away from home, working at a trade, when the rebellion of 1837 broke out, and he left his work to give the English "a good drubbing!" He was thankful to escape unhurt from the battle of St. Charles; and when he next saw his mother, she told him that he did "very wrong to take up arms against England—that the government of England was the best in the world." She said further: "The French once ruled over Canada, and it was tyrannical; but it has not been so with the English."

Uncomfortable at home for fear of being punished for taking part in the rebellion, young Parent left for the States in May, 1838, first giving money to a priest to say mass for him when he should be away from the ordinances of the Church. The first thing that struck him when he engaged to work on a farm in New York State was the respect in which the Sabbath was held—so very different was it to what he had been accustomed to. Soon afterwards it began to dawn upon him that much that he had been

taught was not correct; and when he heard one night the voice of his employer praying for the salvation of the young French-Canadian, he began to be haunted with a terrible dread lest he should turn Protestant. He sent to New York for a French Bible, but being puzzled by the teaching in the ten commandments, he sent to Canada for a Bible approved by the Church of Rome. To his astonishment he found the two to be much alike, except some few words—such as "you" instead of "thou," and "penance" instead of "repentance," etc., and heartily regretted sending for the last Bible. Day by day he became more conscious of his guilt and danger, and read the Bible and prayed in every spare moment, until the truth that Christ died for his sins and rose for his justification was made plain to him. Light was coming, too, in other directions. He says of this period (1840):—

"If the reader will turn to the first epistle of Paul to Timothy, the fourth verse, he will be in possession of a passage of Scripture which gave me such a shock as I had not before felt. The truth at once flashed upon me that the church to which I was so ardently attached must, through her clergy, be implicated in what is there stated. Still I did not wish to believe it."

He went to Methodist prayer-meetings, and was bewildered and frightened at the "Hallelujahs" and "Amen." Then he decided to watch his employer's actions more closely than ever, to see if he could not find some fault in him. He says:—

"I determined to scrutinize every word and act of his, thinking I should doubtless soon find out his wrongdoing; but I could not, after close observation, take exception to his life, unless that it was that he spent too much time in attending religious meetings. So that, like the accusers of Daniel, I could not find any occasion against this man, 'except I find it against him concerning the law of his God.'"

When he was converted he, without delay, brought his brother to Christ, and shortly after was instrumental in the conversion of a shoemaker. Then these three young French-Canadians invited all their nationality in the place to a meeting, and told them of the glorious new life into which they had entered. After two years of absence, Mr. Parent returned to Canada on a visit to his mother, having first written to tell her of his change of heart. She took him to see the priest, and, after some conversation, that gentleman remarked:—

"Your son is a lunatic, and the sooner you send him away from home the better it will be both for you and your family." "Sir," said my mother, "I am a Catholic, and I have eleven children beside this one, and I wish from my heart they were all like him." "I am afraid," said the priest, "that he has already done you harm." "No," he has not. But there is one thing I

intend doing—I will study his Bible, for he says there is no purgatory in it." "No; there is none mentioned in it," said the priest. "Then why are you telling the people every Sunday that the souls of the dead are detained there, suffering as though they were in hell? And, when my husband died, you took money from me to say mass and offer prayers for his deliverance!" "Well, Madame Parent, the Church teaches that there is such a place, although God does not call it purgatory. But we are in God's stead, therefore you are to hear us, and receive our teaching as from him." Mother's mind was more at ease about me after this encounter with the priest. She did not believe me so much out of the way as she at first had apprehended."

This mother, with eight of her children, were converted to God within a few months. In 1843, Mr. Parent decided to dedicate his life to the carrying of the gospel to his French fellow-countrymen, and returned to Canada, working in various places. In 1856, he was taken into the Methodist Conference, on the usual four years' probation, and entered on his work at Roxton Pond. The record of this work, and of the persecutions he met with, are of much interest, but we cannot go into detail. In 1870, the preacher was surprised to learn that he had been appointed to Oka, and it was sometime before he had the courage to inform his wife of the fact. He tells of his first service as follows:—

"The next day was Sunday. We began our meetings about 10.30 a.m. I think that there were about one hundred in the congregation. They were very attentive, and seemed to enjoy the service. The dusky mothers, with their papooses strapped on a board—and, by the way, those Indian babies are an example to our more civilized youth, they never disturb the congregation—the mother will hang the board up on a peg as we would our hat, and there they stay, monuments of Indian stoicism. In the service the Lord seemed to be with us; but what was my surprise after service to see the male part of the congregation starting for a place called the Sand Hill, to play lacrosse, Chief Joseph with the rest! Surely, thought I, the Gospel does not affect them very much. But in this act I recognized the influence of Rome's teaching and example."—*Witness*.

## The Sunday-School Work Abroad.

THE daughter of a well-known New York publisher, now a missionary in Cezarea, has written to the Foreign Sunday-school Association an account of one of the Sunday-school services. "During the busiest season of the year, I heard it mentioned that a youth who had occasionally attended our school had gathered a few little children about him, and was teaching them to pray." After visiting this little school, she says: "An American who knew nothing of the customs of the country would expect to find a place furnished at least with seats and a desk, and

neatly dressed children. Instead, my little guide led me into the corner of a stable. The door was low, the light dim, the air oppressive with the heat of animals. Its floor was the ground, its sides mud, its roof of earth, low, and supported by rough logs. As I entered, about twenty boys and girls, of ages from fifteen to twenty, rose to receive me. Almost all of them, the leader included, were barefoot, and some were naked to the knees. These children had done what they could to make the place ready for the service, and had found a clean cushion and pillow for me to sit on. For their leader they had arranged three or four mud bricks together with a table made from a box, according to their boyish skill. On this rested a nine cent Armenian Testament and hymn-book, and a little bell, such as they hang round the necks of sheep. The leader was a boy named Luther, about twelve years of age, and utterly blind. But, although he could not recognize the letter that killeth, yet he did know the spirit that quickeneth. The services consisted of the reading of a few verses of the third chapter of Matthew by one of the children, with questions by the leader, and explanations. Thus for about fifteen minutes his appropriate and useful questions on the verses read, and the usually correct answers, were well worthy of attention and imitation. 'I want to be an angel' was then sung by the children; and when the leader asked a very little girl to pray, she complied at once, repeating the Lord's Prayer 'in a childish voice, and apparently not at all awed by the spectators who had by this time gathered around. The children were all reverent and attentive. At the final touch of the bell they rose, and, making polite bows to their leader and the visitor, walked in a body quietly from the room. These children have already commenced to make missionary collections, chiefly consisting of eggs and beads of wheat. Coin is very scarce among them. One day I was going along where the carts that bring the unthrashed wheat from the fields were passing and repassing. I saw the little girl who came to bring me to the meeting busy gathering beads of wheat. On being asked why she did this, she explained that she was endeavouring to pay the debt of a very little boy whose big brother failed to bring his share of wheat."

The teachers of the Sunday-school of Liege-Seraing, Belgium, are nearly all employed in the iron-works. Every alternate week they must work all night, consequently their attendance is intermittent. Nevertheless, they show great enthusiasm, and attend fortnightly teachers'-meetings, at which they prepare themselves for two weeks' teaching. Some of them have opened a new mission school since January, at which three of the older scholars are teachers. The superintendent is an old workman and a colporteur, and full of faith.—*S. S. Times*.