

Wild Oats.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I SAW a fair youth, with brow broad and white,
And an eye that was burning with intellect's light;
And his face seemed to glow with the wealth of his mind,
And I said, "He will grace and enoble mankind;
He is nature's own king."

We met again. I saw the youth stand,
With bowl that was flowing and red in his hand,
He filled it again, and again did he quaff,
And his friends gathered round him, and said with a laugh,
"He is sowing his oats."

Ah! his eye was too bright, and his cheek was too red,
And I gazed on the youth with a feeling of dread,
And again as he laughingly lifted the bowl,
I turned from the scene with a shuddering soul—
It was terrible seed!

We met but once more I found in the street
A corpse half enveloped in mud and in sleet;
A foul, bloated thing; but I saw in the face
Something that told of his boyhood's grace—
He had reaped the due crop.

O, youths who are sowing wild oats! do you know
That the terrible seeds you are planting will grow?
Have you thought how your God will require some day
An account of the life you are throwing away?
Have you thought, O rash youth?

It will soon be too late, there is no time to waste;
Then throw down the cup! do not touch, do not taste!
It is filled with destruction, and sorrow, and pain:
Throw it down! throw it down! do not lift it again!
It will soon be too late!

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Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 2, 1889.

The Rev. Dr. Sutherland.

A CHAT WITH THE MISSIONARY SECRETARY AS TO HIS JAPAN TRIP

THE Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Secretary of the Methodist Missionary Society, returned a few days ago from a tour of inspection among the mission-fields of Japan. The trip was made at the repeated request of men in Japan, for an official visit from some one in connection with the Board. Last fall, it was decided by the General Board that a visit should be made before the next meeting of the General Conference. The choice fell on Dr. Sutherland to fulfil this commission, and it could hardly have fallen on an officer more painstaking or more conversant with missionary work.

The Rev. Dr. left Toronto on the evening of May 6, for Vancouver, where he remained a couple of days, during which he baptized six Chinese—five

men and one woman. He embarked per C. P. R. steamer *Abyssinia*, and after an uneventful run of fourteen days and seven hours, through a decidedly cool northern climate, he landed at Yokohama, now a city of 80,000 or 100,000, although at the time of the treaties with European nations, it was an obscure fishing village of 300 or 400 inhabitants.

One of the first things that strikes a stranger, he said, is, that everything is in a state of transition. In manufactures, public and private buildings, steamships, manufactures, commerce, education, dress, the old is giving place to the new. The upper classes are adopting European dress, while the common people adopt it partially, and public officials almost altogether.

Railway building has been actively prosecuted; and within the last month they celebrated the completion of the first thousand miles of track. The railways are built chiefly after the English model, with good stations, substantial road beds and platforms, but with inferior carriages. There is a proposition to hand the roads over to the nobles, who have advanced most of the money for construction, but others wish them retained by the Government, and to have the nobles repaid by money borrowed from foreign countries.

In the educational system, the American system is being replaced by the German. The country has a National University, maintains the public and secondary schools, and provides for the training of teachers at the Normal School. The University is on a par with that of many European countries.

In regard to missionary matters, Dr. Sutherland explained that the Presbyterian Church had formed a Mission Union for the island, which made it the strongest ecclesiastical body in the country. A similar body has been proposed, and almost completed, among the Methodists. The people seem ready and willing to adopt Christianity. The chief opponents are the Buddhist priests, but it is remarkable that all the temples show signs of decay and neglect.

Dr. Sutherland returned by the O. and O. Line, per steamship *Arabic*, to San Francisco, making the trip in fourteen days. After the new C. P. R. steamers are put on, it is expected, he says, to have the trip from Yokohama to Vancouver made in ten days.—*The Globe*.

Death of William Gooderham.

NEVER within our memory has the death of anyone caused such profound and heartfelt sorrow, throughout the community where he lived, as that of the late William Gooderham. It was not idle curiosity that drew thousands from all parts of the city to take a last look at a well-known face, and to pay the last tribute of respect. The moistened eyes of many a stalwart man, to whom the words of counsel or exhortation of the departed servant of God had been a savour of life unto life; the sobs of the orphaned children, whose lives he had brightened and cheered—these were a more touching tribute than even the eloquent words of those who spoke of his many virtues, or than the white flowers which symbolized his blameless life, fragrant with the incense of Christly service for his fellow-men.

What was the secret of this life, that so won the hearts of men, and made his death a personal loss to thousands? It was not that he was a rich man—for many far richer pass away, and leave few to mourn. It was not even that he was a benevolent man—though that counts for much. It was because he loved his fellow-men, and strove—with an unwearied zeal—to bring them to a knowledge of the like precious faith which he himself enjoyed. He did not do this by proxy, but by loving, personal effort.

To wide and enlightened schemes of beneficence, which he aided with large and liberal donations of money, he added the nobler consecration of his time, his talents, his public addresses, and private appeals, to bring men to God. In the wards of the hospital, in the cells of the prison, in the homes of the poor, by the bedside of the dying—he had ever the same old, old story to tell of Jesus and his love. How fitting that he should die as he lived, in active service for the Lord he loved—in seeking to reclaim the fallen, to remember the forgotten, to visit the forsaken! It was not death—it was translation. To live in the hearts of those we leave behind is not to die. He still lives in the memory of thousands, as an example of Christ-like zeal in doing good; as a monument of the transforming power of grace; as an inspiration to duty—to be a follower of him as he also was a follower of the Lord Jesus.

Since the above was written, the following princely bequests by Mr. Gooderham have been announced: To the Methodist Missionary Society, \$30,000; to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund, \$10,000; to Victoria College Building Fund, \$125,000; Endowment Fund for same, \$75,000; Home for Incurables, \$10,000; Salvation Army, \$15,000; Y. M. C. A., \$10,000; Wycliffe College, \$10,000; the Bible Society, \$10,000; the Boys' Home, \$10,000; the Girls' Home, \$10,000; Home for Incurables, \$10,000; Young Women's Christian Association, \$10,000; House of Industry, \$10,000; and other noble benefactions. Thus, though dead, he shall yet speak through the institutions and Christian agencies which are so largely benefited by his liberality.—*Methodist Magazine*.

The Silent Sermon.

It has been truly said that a holy life is a continual sermon. Though it be silent in its speech, yet it speaks with a force that cannot be unheeded, even by the most careless—a force that pulpit oratory never can attain, however eloquent it may be. We may extol the name of Jesus from the pulpit in words of eloquence and elegance, and be listened to with indifference; but let the humblest disciple of Christ manifest holiness in his daily walk and conversation; let him be meek and lowly as our Saviour was; patient under difficulties; bold and fearless in danger; trusting and confident in the darkest hour, and he wields an influence for Christ which all the eloquence and wisdom of this world cannot equal. Best of all sermons is the silent sermon of a holy life; and, indeed, without it, all other preaching is useless and vain.—*J. S. Thorpe*.

More Dangerous than Cyclones.

PEOPLE talk with bated breath of the dangers of a tornado, and speak of the terrible accidents occurring in various sections, by which hundreds of lives have been lost, and yet the same men stand listless and inactive at the cry of sixty thousand men who are annually sacrificed by strong drink.

It is all well enough to dig cellars in which to hide from the fury of the storm, but who will deride the fathers and mothers who desire protection from the great scourge of intemperance sweeping broadcast through the earth, its hands red with murder, and its voice made up of curses! The man or woman who asks protection from such a monster iniquity should not be regarded as either a crank or a fanatic. There is no mistaking the fact, intemperance is the crime of the age.—*Inter-Ocean*.

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