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HOME & SCHOOL



Vol. II.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 8, 1884.

[No. 23.



CURIOSITY.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

Autumn Leaves.

BY HOLI IS FREEMAN.

HARK! I hear a mournful whisper
From a heart that sorely grieves
"Lo! the spring time hopes have fallen
In a shower of dry dead leaves,
And they bury in their falling
All my golden dreams of youth,
For with hasty strides the winter
Cometh on in bitter truth."

Then I called to secret council
My own heart which answered true:
"Autumn leaves lie deep around us,
And the flowers are pale and few
Your sweet days of hope and promise
These sad, withered leaves unfold.
Bringing laughter hushed to silence,
Gray hairs creeping 'mid the gold."

"What, my heart, if coming winter
Be the cold and darksome tomb?
Oh, let Autumn's footsteps linger,
Yea, amid the mists of gloom,
Never thought I in my dreaming,
Blinded in my headstrong pride,
I had passed the summer boundary
Reached the falling autumn-tide."

"What if all my spring time blossom;
Sleep beneath these yellow leaves,
Highest hope and inspiration
Bound with autumn's darkest sheaves?
Wilt thou in the frozen winter
Torpid grow, and cold and numb
As the twilight shades surround thee?
Speak!" But lo! my heart was dumb.

Then I said, "Thou should'st have told me
Youth and love were fleeting fast;
I had spent a happy spring time
Ere I felt time's wintry blast.
I with life, that dreary puzzle,
Something greater would have done,
Something better, hadst thou spoken,"
But my heart gave answer none.

"Is there left but shortening daytime,
Fainter light and deeper shade,
Feebler footsteps down hill treading,
Westerling suns 'er life's green glade?
Is this all?" Then like a trumpet
Pealed the answer from above:
"No! through autumn leaves you hasten
Homeward to eternal love."

—Zion's Herald.

Hearkening at the Key-Hole.

It is a common saying that listeners never hear any good of themselves by putting their ears to a key-hole. Eavesdroppers are generally condemned, and justly. The French servant in the picture seems to have heard something not very agreeable if we may judge from the way he let the dishes slide off the breakfast tray. I predict that he will hear something before long, on account of his carelessness, not very agreeable.

But there is an example in Scripture of some one who, listening at the door, heard something that made her heart leap for joy. "Rhoda" was not in fault. As a damsel in the house of Mary when Peter "knocked," it was her duty to respond, but none the less to ascertain the character and purposes of the one that knocked in the night before she let him in. So she "hearkened" for his voice or other sign.

In my early ministry, over forty years ago, God visited the people with a time of refreshing, and many were added to the Lord in a small rural parish. Among these were a number of the young; but one of the most intelligent and interesting was absent at the Rutgers Institute. At the end of the term, when she returned to her home, I called to converse with her, desirous that she should follow the good example set by some of her friends, and give her heart to her mother's Saviour. Sarah, a coloured damsel, admitted me, saying "only Miss Mary is at home;" and when her young mistress received me in the parlour, as it was learned in the sequel, Sarah, from curiosity, to

know what the young minister might wish to say to "Miss Mary alone," remained outside the door to "hearken." It pleased God to bless the truth, both to mistress and maid, and very soon after they stood, side by side, in the house of God, to confess Christ.

After a few years I married Sarah to a man worthy of her, and soon after resigned the charge of the parish. In process of time I went to reside where I still live, and found that Sarah and Henry, her husband, were here, much esteemed as faithful Christians. After a few years I was called to minister to her in her chamber of sickness and death, surrounded by her husband and children, and then to preach the funeral sermon. The maid and the mistress are in the mansion in heaven. Henry lived on, held in highest respect and confidence in the community, a pillar in the coloured church, of which he was an officer and to which I frequently minister, until last week, when I preached his funeral sermon also. Such is the sequel of hearkening at the door and of the history of a truly godly and excellent coloured family. S. B. S. B.

A Missionary Talk With the Children.

THE following is one of the chapters from "A Bag of Stories," written by Miss Anna B. Warner, and published by Robert Carter & Brothers, New York:

"The best missionary sermon I ever heard," said the mother, as her children came round her the next Sunday evening, "was on three points: 'What have you given for missions?' 'What have other people given?' 'How much have you left?'"

"But I've got fifty cents left," cried Lex.

"Then you are all ready for the question when it comes," said the mother, smiling. But Lex turned away his head with an air that spoke him somewhat unready.

"And I've got some ribbons," said Try, slowly. "Mamma, I wish you'd tell us more stories about the people wanting teachers. I like that."

"I might tell of nothing else, and then not soon get through. A Hindu woman, with a child in her arms, came up to one of the mission stations and sank down on a mat, all tired out. Four years ago the missionary had been at her village, had talked to her mother, her sister, and herself, and had read them Bible words. From that day to this the three women had never worshipped an idol, and now this one had set out to find the missionary and hear him again. From place to place she had sought him, until now at last she had reached his house. It was a walk of seventy miles."

"Just to hear the missionary and beg for a teacher. All that evening he talked to her and read to her; but next morning, before his wife was dressed, the poor stranger was in her room weeping in great distress. 'I want salvation for my soul,' she said; 'only tell me more about Jesus Christ—that is my life.'"

"But you were told so much about Christ yesterday; was not that enough?"

"O no; I can never hear enough. He is the Saviour of sinners, and I want to be saved. I have not heard enough yet; that is why I ask for a teacher for my village. I cannot read, but he could read to us."

"Mamma, they sent her one didn't they?" said Try, eagerly.

"They could not, Try. They had no money."

"No money!" The children repeated the words with a caught breath.

"Teachers and missionaries must live, you know, little ones. And though they can and do live on very little, yet they must eat. And it costs something to build a house, even in India. All day long the woman listened and asked; she went to the Sunday service; she waked up in the middle of the night and begged some one to read 'just a little of the Bible' to her. Then Monday morning came and she must go. But she stood lingering. 'All this way I have walked,' she said, 'and here I have heard much to make me glad; but I must go back to my husband and mother. They are in the dark, and I—what do I know?—I cannot tell them much, and I cannot get a teacher. I want him for my mother, and for my poor husband, and for my village.' She broke down in bitter sorrow, and the missionary's wife and she wept there together. 'Lady,' said another, an old woman to whom the Bible-reader had been preaching Christ: 'Lady,—and she drew out her long hair from under her veil—'my hair has grown white waiting for news like this.' And another said, 'There are hundreds of women in Japan who are weary, weary, weary to see the light shine in their prison-houses.'"

I do not know what possessed the children, but at this point they burst forth together and sang at the top of their voices:

"Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll!
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole."

"There—now I feel better," said Lex. "Mamma, here's my fifty cents, and I want you to send it to the missionaries. That woman's going to have a teacher; and I just wish I could stuff an envelope full of money for them. It's time such things were put a stop to."

"But that's all you've got!" said Try. "You'll be sorry to-morrow, Alexander."

"I won't, neither. Look at my baby picture! While such things as that are going on I ought to give what I can."

"Well, now we've got through the first question," said Try. "And the next is, 'What other people have given?'"

"They have given so much, and of so many kinds, that I hardly know where to begin," said the mother. "Money, of course, is one thing; money given by people out of their abundance, or spared, by others, from their deep poverty, or earned by yet others who had nothing at all."

"Let me see," said Lex: "then I was a rich man when I gave five cents, and a poor one when I gave fifty cents, and now I've got to be t'other man and work it out?"

"Something so," said his mother, laughing; "only your poverty does not go very deep, Lex."

"Down to the botton of my pocket, ma'am."

"But food and fire and clothes are quite independent of your pocket. The people I speak of, children, are those who have got no money to give but what they can save from their daily

comforts or make by extra toil. Thus one will quietly go without butter or sugar and give the worth of them to the Lord's work. Another, unable to labour in the evening, puts out her light and sits till bedtime in the dark, and the pennies the candles would cost she gives to missions."

"Sits in the dark!" Trypho repeated.

"But I s'pose it never is really very dark where such folks live," quoth Lex.

"Another turns again her old dress and wears her old bonnet one more season; or, perhaps, gives up kid gloves, and puts no bows on her slippers."

"Mamma, it don't sound nice," said Trypho, ready to cry.

"It is 'nice,' love—it is joyful to those who do it for Christ. The people who bear about in their hearts these words:

"I gave my life for thee.
What hast thou done for me?"

are only too glad of the chance to do even a little. The poor servant in India gives a handful of rice if he can no more; the South Sea Islander brings his small measure of cocoanut oil. It is pretty to see the Fiji people march up with their little vessels, singing as they go, for joy that they can give something for Christ."

"Have they nothing but oil down there?" said Trypho.

"Oh, yes; various other little things, sometimes. I have seen the quarterly account of what the people gave in one of the Fiji islands for the support of their preacher and school-master. From one poor village came 'two bottles of oil, twelve pieces of native cloth, nine whales' teeth, eight hanks of sinnet,' and about four dollars of our money. Another, less able, brought just seven pieces of cloth. Another brought two, but added to these one whale's tooth, three hanks of sinnet, and about fifty cents. From yet another came twelve cents, one piece of cloth, one hank of sinnet; and among the little gifts of the next village was marked, 'one basket.' People who are in earnest bring what they have and are not ashamed of it."

"Could the missionary use all those funny things?" said Trypho.

"Some of them—and some he could sell. A man in the West Indies planted five cocoanut-trees and set apart one of them for missions. It grew faster than all the rest and became the most fruitful of all, yielding every year three dollars' worth of nuts. A fisherman gives one of his fish pots with all it may catch; a farmer gives an apple tree, with its yearly crop, or a hen and all her chickens, or a swarm of bees and their honey. In England, Lex, two very poor boys made a bargain. One had a hen and the other had pennies enough to buy a few duck eggs. 'If you'll let your hen hatch my eggs,' said the one, 'we'll both of us work and buy food for the young ducks, and then we'll sell 'em for missions.' So, by-and-bye, a little package of money, worth more than three of our dollars, was handed in at the mission rooms, the price of the young ducks."

Lex was profoundly struck. "Why, you can make money out of anything," he said.

"Anything and everything. There is nothing a man cannot use for himself, and there is nothing he cannot use for God."

"If Aunty would give us one of her lockets, we could sell that," said Try.

"O yes; we are all ready to sell other people's lockets," said the mother. "Away over in Africa, Trypho, among the Yoruba nation, one of the first converts was a woman named at her baptism 'Susannah Kute.' Her friends put her in prison for leaving the old heathen ways; they put her in chains; but she bore it all with a patient meekness which by-and-by shamed even her persecutors into setting her free, and now she was living in one of the towns and near the mission church. One Sunday morning a heathen woman from the country came to her house, asking some business questions. But Susannah told her to come another day, for this day was the Lord's and she could not talk business. Then, as the heathen turned away, Susannah called to her, 'Stay and go with me to God's house.' The woman stopped and looked down at herself. Legs and arms and neck and fingers were covered with all sorts of heathen charms and adornments. 'I cannot go to God's house with these,' she said. 'Do not mind them,' said Susannah Kute, 'come just as you are.' But now another native Christian came up, and, hearing the talk, said, as the heathen had done, 'No, you cannot go with all those things upon you,' and the poor woman again turned away. And again Susannah stopped her and would not let her go, and finally carried off her heathen sister to the mission church."

"How did she like it?" asked both the children.

"She was all astonishment at first with the quiet order of the people, the singing and the prayers; but when the missionary began his sermon she was rapt in the deepest interest and looked at no one else. And as she listened, children, as the 'wonderful words of life' rang their sweet music in her ears, gently and silently she began to unfasten her heathen ornaments, one by one, and one by one she dropped them softly on the floor—rings and bangles and gree-grees and necklaces—until before the service was over she had cast them all away. And sometimes I think that if we, in our churches, who have heard of the Lord Jesus all our lives, could but have such a view of Him as that poor heathen did, there would be many a little shining heap left on the floor of the church, and the congregation would come away looking less like—like South Sea Islanders," the mother ended, with a laugh.

"O mamma!" said Trypho.

"Within a fortnight that woman presented herself for baptism."

"I must say that it turned out well," said Lex; "but it seemed rather hard not to answer the woman's questions just because it was Sunday. She didn't know."

"But Susannah did. Remember the Lord said, 'My Sabbaths ye shall keep, for it is a sign between me and you;' and one of the first tokens of a man's change of heart will be a change of life as to keeping the Lord's-day holy. In Fiji not a boat belonging to native Christians goes out on Sunday, even to harvest a favourite kind of sea-food which comes to that coast but once or twice a year. If the shoal rises on Sunday, the Christian natives stay quietly at home leaving the rich spoil and the gay frolic to their heathen neighbours. In Madagascar a native woman and her daughter became Christians; but the father of the family, a heathen still, set himself in every possible way against their new religion

and their new life. And one of his chief endeavours was to make them break Sunday,—so well he read the sign. They were poor people, living chiefly on rice, and this man would sometimes throw away all the rice bought Saturday night, to force his wife to break the Sabbath by buying more. The mother and child made no complaint, gave no hard words. If there was any cold rice left from Saturday's boiling they ate that: if not, they patiently went without till Monday morning. Sometimes he would pour into their Saturday-bought rice other rice which he had bought on Sunday; then the mother and child would set the whole aside and never touch it."

"But," said Lex, "that don't seem so much, when you're hungry, just to buy a little rice."

"You know there is no little or much about obedience," said the mother. "A crack open is as bad as a foot, if the command is 'shut the door.' And when people obey, even at their own cost, it proves that religion is worth something to them. The Malagasy mother and child made no parade, no fuss; they just simply obeyed. And the quiet reality of their faith was too strong for the heathen father. By-and-bye he, too, gave up his old life, was baptized, and became a right hand to the mission."

"Mamma, I believe your hard stories come out righter side up than if they were easy," said Lex.

"Things always come out right that are done for God. But I think of that mother and daughter sometimes, when I see hot rolls going to one house Sunday morning, and ice cream to another Sunday afternoon,—houses where there is no 'famine of bread or famine of water,' but only 'of hearing the word of the Lord.'"

"So these women did something for missions, too," said Try.

"Ah!" the mother answered, "there is no missionary like a holy life, whether lived at home or abroad, and people living such a life will always find countless other things to do. One receives a sick missionary into her house and persuades her rich neighbours to send him dainties she has not. Another takes many a weary step about the city, to find good, cheerful rooms for a poor missionary family come home to get well; and another takes the children for a time into her own over-crowded hands, that the mother may rest. For people may give service as well as money. Look at your bits of wood, Lex: they were once the church bell in Raratonga, and a young man of the island when he became a Christian begged that he might always sound the call to service. It was one little thing that he could do to show his love for the cause and to help it on."

"I could ring a real bell, but I don't see what he did with this thing," said Lex, studying his bits of wood.

"They were used somewhat like a gong, the long piece beaten sharply against the broad piece."

"O, how queer!" said Tryphosa. "Then when the clock struck ten the Raratonga man came out and made his sticks go, and the people came to church."

"There was no clock to strike in Raratonga, and I am not sure how they knew the time; but in Fiji, Try, it was told by the opening of a certain flower. The bell-ringer stood watching his

plant, and as soon as the buds began to open he sounded his bell."

"Did he have a real bell?"

"No, it was the old death drum, which used once to summon the natives to their cannibal feasts. You see, children, struggling little churches cannot always afford a 'real bell,' even in our own land. At one of the Indian settlements in Canada a man steps out and gives a great shout when it is church-time. And it does not much matter, so long as the Lord knows and the people hear. But it was one of the many pretty kindnesses of R. L. & A. Smart, that after spending some weeks in a country village one summer, they made the little church there a farewell present of a bell."

"I like that," said Lex. "But I guess somebody must have made up your Fiji clock story, mamma. Flowers don't care when they open."

"O yes, they do; some of them," said Trypho. "Don't you remember the evening primroses last summer, and the four o'clocks?"

"Fact," said Lex. "Well, I s'pose nothing's too queer to happen. What next, mamma?"

"The young Raratongan gave his services. In one of the Hervey Islands each Christian family set apart a pig for the mission. The pigs were sold to the captain of a trading ship and brought more than a hundred pounds sterling; and, although this was the very first money the people had ever had, they gave every penny of it to the mission 'to cause the Word of God to grow.' Then I read the other day of a poor woman here in New England. She had a houseful of children, and she kept one cow. All the milk the children did not need the mother sold, putting the pennies, as they came, into the savings bank. There they lay at interest, and before her death she asked that the sum, whatever it was, might be given to foreign missions. Children, those stray milk pennies had grown into more than three hundred dollars."

"But mamma," said Trypho wistfully, "we haven't got a cow, and we can't take care of tired missionaries, Lex and I."

"A little girl," said the mother, smiling, "earned two cents a week by carrying water to an old woman, and dinner to a young man; and all that went to missions. Another girl, laid by with her last illness, unable to leave her bed, made for herself secretly, a list of people to pray for. There was a revival in the village, and friends noticed that she asked eagerly from time to time the names of the converts. After her death the little list was found under her pillow. Every one named there had been converted; and, name by name, she had checked them off as the glad news was brought that one by one they had entered the kingdom."

"Mamma, was that missionary work?" said Trypho.

"A soul is a soul anywhere, child. It was work for the Master; it was bringing sinners to him, and I suppose that is the essence of all true missionary work. Another a very old lady this time, in New York, for many years before her death, had two particular people on her heart, and never once missed praying for them every day. These were the queen of England and the queen of Madagascar."

"Mamma," said Lex, "you give a fellow too much to do. First he's got to live all right, and that isn't a small

job: then he's got to pray, and that takes lots of time. Then he must run around and tell folk, and then he must give away all he's got and rake and scrape to get more."

"Very correctly stated," said the mother with a smile. "And so you see how true are the Lord's own words: 'Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.' No one can serve Christ first who does not in every way put his own self second."

Consternation in the Ranks.

THE Scott Act workers knew that the Hulton victory would prove a terrible disaster to the anti-temperance party, but they did not anticipate that it would so utterly break up and demoralize that party. From recent articles in the *Toronto World*, it is quite clear that the campaign manager in the whiskey interest are at their wits' end. On Friday came the announcement that the Dominion Brewers and Wine and Spirit Merchants' Protective Association had formerly retired from the fight. The representatives of the association made haste to contradict the rumor; but enough discussion came out to plainly show that there is embarrassment and disunion as well as disappointment and chagrin in the whiskey ranks. The *World* insists that it has the best authority for asserting that its first announcement is correct, while Mr. Dodds and a special committee have declared that the fight has not been abandoned.

The temperance workers need not be affected by the matter at all. Our duty is plain. We have undertaken a task that must be done, and done well. We have a foe that is both powerful and crafty. We must use every energy to carry the Scott Act in every county; and the carrying of it by such overwhelming majorities that our Parliament at its next session will have before it the strongest evidence that the people of Canada will not tolerate any legislation on the liquor question that is not progress in the direction of total prohibition.

In our ranks to-day, we have union, harmony, energy and determination. Let us carefully guard these essentials to success in our conflict, and let our opponents' discomfiture only warn us against mistakes, and encourage us to renewed efforts.—*Canada Citizen*.

What Tracts Have Done.

It is said that a torn copy of the Gospel of Mark, given in Orissa to a man who could not read, was one of the most important links in the chain through which the Church at Khunditpur was formed which has been in existence some forty years, and from which some of the best Orissa preachers have come. A tract, *The True Refuge*, received at Chiltagong, led to the formation of the Church at Comillah, in Eastern Bengal. The same tract has led many others to Christ. Tract distribution lay at the foundation of the great work in Backergunge. *The Jewel Mine of Salvation*, and other tracts, have been wonderfully blessed in Orissa. A Gospel and tract, given on a tour in Assam, to a Garo man, led to his conversion, and eventually to the commencement of that promising work of the American Baptists in the Garo Hills, where there are now, we believe, a thousand Church members or more. Scatter good tracts.

The Shepherd and the Lamb.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

THE Christ has been seeking the lost
Where the mountains are wild and bare
And the night-dew falls, and the cold
Is filling the evening air;
O, many a weary mile
Has the Master walked to-day!
And He looks all tired and worn
By the perils of the way.

But He has the lamb that He sought
Safely upon His breast;
As He walks through the valley now,
One of the two has rest,
And forgetting the thorns that tore,
And the jagged rocks all round,
The wanderer does but know
How good it is to be found.

So it clings to the Shepherd's breast,
And nestles there, and is glad
The trouble is over and gone;
But why is the Shepherd so sad?
He holds with His wonderful hands,
So tender, the lamb in its place,
And lovingly folds it there;
But trouble is filling His face.

Ah! the Master is pitiful ever,
He grieves for the sufferer still,
For its sorrow, and pain, and loss,
As if it wandered o'er rock and hill,
And He mourns for the other lambs
Who are still away on the wold,
Wandering further yet
From the safe, warm home in the fold.



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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 8, 1884.

Pioneer Sunday-School of Ontario.

SERVICES commemorating the 66th anniversary of the Metropolitan Methodist Sabbath-school were held in the church on October 6th. The Report of the Sunday-school showed an average attendance of 478; 22 male and 20 female teachers. The average for the first three quarters was 517, and the decrease in the last quarter is due to the alteration in the building. The sums raised last year were, for Sabbath-school purposes, \$506.68; for picnic, \$228.70; for missionary purposes, \$553.64; total, \$1,288.97. A good number of the scholars have taken the anti-liquor and tobacco pledge. Eighty scholars have become members of the church during the year.

Mr. John J. McLaren, Q.O., then delivered an address upon

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

He remarked that in this age there was a great disposition to relegate duties to a few persons to work by means of proxies. We, who should all be

preachers, were leaving all our preaching to the ministers. And so with the Sunday-school. There was too great a disposition on the part of parents to suppose that their duties were ended when they saw that their children attended Sunday-school. Children must get more religious instruction than they could get in the Sunday-school. So far observation had led him to believe that many children came to school without knowing even the lesson of the day. The speaker concluded his address by putting in a word for the girls, who he thought were apt to be overlooked in the great zeal shown for the well-being of boys and young men.

Rev. Manley Benson then addressed the meeting on the subject of

"OUR BOYS."

Our boys were here and were destined to influence our country and our church. Without religion no true manhood was possible. Were we leaving this impression upon our children, in our homes, in the recreations we offered to our young people, and in our business? The greatest men the world had known were men allied to God, and he hoped we were leaving this impression upon our boys. An irreligious life was a defective life. A man might be well developed, physically and mentally, but without religion he would not be a fully developed man. What force was controlling society today? Simply the moral force given to our people from our Bibles, through our homes, our Sunday-schools, and our churches. The manhood that was constantly struggling towards the right was the manhood that was constantly helping the world upwards. Now he was not certain that we were educating our boys in this impression. There were places in which boys could not be put and live honestly. Sharp practice in business, felony, roguery, were going on day by day, and the boys were reading of these things in the papers. He believed these things could not live were it not that professing Christian people were constantly bending their backs and putting their principles in their pockets in order to do as other men did. The next address was by Rev. John Philp on

THE WORK AND ITS CLAIMS.

The great purpose of the school was to make men and women. The Sabbath-school was giving to the world to-day the very men the world wanted,—men who were sound from centre to circumference—who cared all for God and little for the opinion of the world—much for principle and little for policy. When he heard any one questioning the usefulness of Sunday-schools he was reminded of the story of Horace Mann, who said of some philanthropic work, that he would feel that it had justified its existence if it saved only one boy. When asked if he really meant that, he said, "Yes, if it was my boy." This thought gave an immense importance to Sunday-school work. For everyone in that school, he supposed, was "my boy" to somebody.

Mr. James B. Boustead, Superintendent of the Sunday-school, made a few remarks on its financial position, and the meeting was closed with the benediction by Rev. Dr. Rose.

New Sunday-school Books.

The great Methodist Publishing House at New York has undertaken to bring out a new Sunday-school book every week. If it succeeds in maintaining as high an average as the book now under examination, it will deserve the thanks of all the schools. The book is "Christina; or, the Persecuted Family." This is an "over true tale" of sorrow and suffering, founded on the history of the Vaudois. It records the valour and fidelity of that persecuted remnant of the saints who, under the fastnesses of the Alps, maintained the purity of the faith.

"When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones."

One Little Rebel. By Julia B. Smith. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

This is a story of the Civil War, recounting the adventures of a Confederate family during the later part of that great conflict. The picturesque aspects of Southern and negro life are very well sketched, and the religious teachings are unexceptionable.

Orphans of the Forest; or, His Little Jonathan. By Anne E. Courtenay. London: T. Woolmer, Wesleyan Methodist Book Room. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

This is an affecting story of two orphan children, commonly known as gipsies. The boy was the elder, and the nurse of the other when she was but a babe. They became ardently attached to each other, and could not bear to be separated even when very young, and the hardships they endured seemed to make their attachment stronger. They went to London to find the father of the girl's mother, but he was dead when they reached the city. An old man took them into his humble home. The boy fell into bad company, and at last turned up in a Reformatory. The little girl went in search of him, and by a wonderful course of events was taken home by a farmer, and was stolen by some of her former associates. The boy by his good conduct was discharged from the Reformatory, and by the aid of the farmer found the dear girl, and both were henceforth adopted by the good farmer. The story is well told, and from the religious incidents interwoven it is calculated to be of great service to young people. The results of bad associations, and the evidences of an overruling Providence are clearly established. The book is neatly got up, has some very good illustrations, and is worthy of a place in Sunday-school libraries. E. B.

The Mentor, by Alfred Ayres, the well-known author of "Verbalist" and "Orthoepist," is announced by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls. The book is designed for the guidance of men and boys who would appear to advantage in the society of people of the better sort. It will be similar in style of binding and price to the "Orthoepist."

Stories in Rhyme for Holiday Time, is the musical title of a book now in the press of Funk & Wagnalls. The author is Edward Jewitt Wheeler, known to the readers of *St. Nicholas* and *Wide Awake*, and Walter Satterlee has illustrated it in his usual happy manner.



GRAVE OF THE REV. W. CROSS, FIJI.

Is Gordon Safe?

A MESSAGE from one who had gone in haste
Came flashing across the sea;
It told not of weakness but trust in God,
When it asked us "pray for me;"
And since, from churches and English homes,
In the day or the twilight dim,
A chorus of prayers has risen to God
"Bless and take care of him."

A lonely man to those strange far lands,
He has gone with his word of peace,
And a million hearts are questioning
With a pain that does not cease,
"Is Gordon safe? Is there news of him?
What will the tidings be?"
There is little to do but trust and wait,
Yet, utterly safe is he?

Was he not safe when the Taping shots
Were flying about his head?
When trouble thickened with every day
And he was hard bestead?
Was he not safe in his weary rides
Over the desert sands?
Safe with the Abyssinian king!
Safe with the robber bands!

We know not the dangers around him now,
But this we truly know,
He has with him still in his time of need
His Protector of long ago;
An unseen shield is above his head,
And a strong arm comes between
The true brave heart that rests in God
And the death that might have been.

He is not alone since a friend is by,
Who answers to every need;
God is his refuge and strength at hand
Gordon is safe indeed!
He trusts in the mercy of God for all,
And finds it a rock to last;
And back to us now comes the ringing words
He spoke in years that are past.

"I am a chisel that does the work
The Master directs above,
Ever the Gospel must be good news,
Kind is the God I love.
His salvation is full and free,
He will never cast us out,
I may say I have died a hundred times,
But I never yet had a doubt."

It is true he may pass from the far Soudan
To rest, and reward and heaven,
But he is not less safe because from thence,
His freedom may be given.
Safe in living, in dying safe,
Where is the need of pain?
God give the hero long life—but death
Will be infinite joy and gain.

—Marianne Farningham.

Edward Everett Hale again promises us a new book of Christmas stories. The title will be *A Narragansett Christmas*. The new book represents a party assembled for the Christmas festivities, of some of the principal characters of his different stories, particularly of those who met in his "Christmas in a Palace" a year ago. The publishers are Funk & Wagnalls.

THREE-FOURTHS of the Bibles shipped from New York to foreign mission stations go to Mexico and South America. After the Bible has been so long prohibited in these nominally Christian lands, this is a great triumph.

The Old French Fort Toronto.

THE foundation stone of an Obelisk, to mark the site of the old French fort or trading post at Toronto, was laid on the last day of the Semi-Centennial week, 1884, by the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. On that occasion the Rev. Dr. Scadding read an interesting paper of which the following are the concluding paragraphs: "Kingston still shows to its sons and daughters, and to strangers, the site and remains of its old fort Frontenac. Oswego shows to its sons and daughters, and to strangers, the site and remains of the old Fort Oswego or Chouéguen, as well as the site of another structure of the colonial times, the second fort Oswego, to say nothing of fort Ontario. And Niagara points, not simply to the site of the fort of La Salle, but to its immediate solid successor, standing complete and in good order to this day. It also points to two other sites of Military works, both of them objects of much interest, Fort George and Fort Mississauga.

Toronto is less rich in relics and memories of a hundred years ago than these towns. The spot on which we are standing is in fact the only one amongst us that can with truth be called an ancient historic site. The exigencies of the Industrial Exhibition Association in 1878, required that the ground here should be levelled down and made smooth, and that the crumbling edge of the cliff should be straightened and guarded from further waste. This unfortunately led to the utter obliteration of the remains of our old French fort. Therefore the call is all the more imperative and pressing to re-establish, as we are about to do, some indication of its former existence, not likely soon again to disappear—some indication, that is to say, of the former existence of a structure which was virtually the first germ of Toronto, and which linked the history of Toronto to with the history of French Canada and the fates of France under the regime of Louis the Fifteenth.

BISHOP FOSTER, of the Methodist Church, after his late official tour round the world, speaking of the cheapness of wages in India, said that 23 men servants are hired there for what two servant girls receive in this country. "And I often thought," said he, "that every missionary ought to hire 23 of the Hindu servants in order to bring them within the range of Christian influence."

THE first stone of the monument erected to the memory of John Williams, who was killed in the South Sea Islands, was laid by the son of the man who slew him.

The Children on New Year's Day in India.

A MISSIONARY writes from India. The New Year of the Hindus comes between March and April. It is a grand time for them, as every one that can goes to the Ganges, which is considered to be a very sacred river, and called "Mother Gunga," to have a bath. After this the children sit on the bank at the foot of some priest, who decorates them with odd-looking lines from a paste that he makes. When they go home their mothers busy themselves with cooking a kind of fritter made of molasses and rice flour. The children call these "putosa." They spend the rest of the time in playing and sleeping. Last year, the day before their New Year, I said to the children in my mission school, "Every child who will come to school to-morrow will receive a pretty picture." I was much pleased to see sixty-four bright faces ready with their lessons, out of seventy on the roll. I gave them the pictures, which were sent me by children in America, and they were much pleased. Poor little children, taught by their mothers to worship gods of wood and stone, to steal, cheat, and tell stories.

The Way They Doctor People in India.

A LADY physician in Bombay was called in great haste to see a Mohamadan woman, who was supposed to be dying. The lady, being convinced that the patient's illness must have continued several days, asked the family friends why she had not been called in earlier. They replied that they wished to send for her a week before, but the woman insisted upon calling in one of their own hakims (doctors) instead. They said that the hakim came, wrote a text from the Koran in Arabic, and told the person to soak the slip of paper on which the text was written in a glass of water, and to drink the water for a few days, when she would be quite well. The poor woman followed the directions carefully, and drank the water for several days, when she be-

came so very ill the family were alarmed, and sent for the doctor.

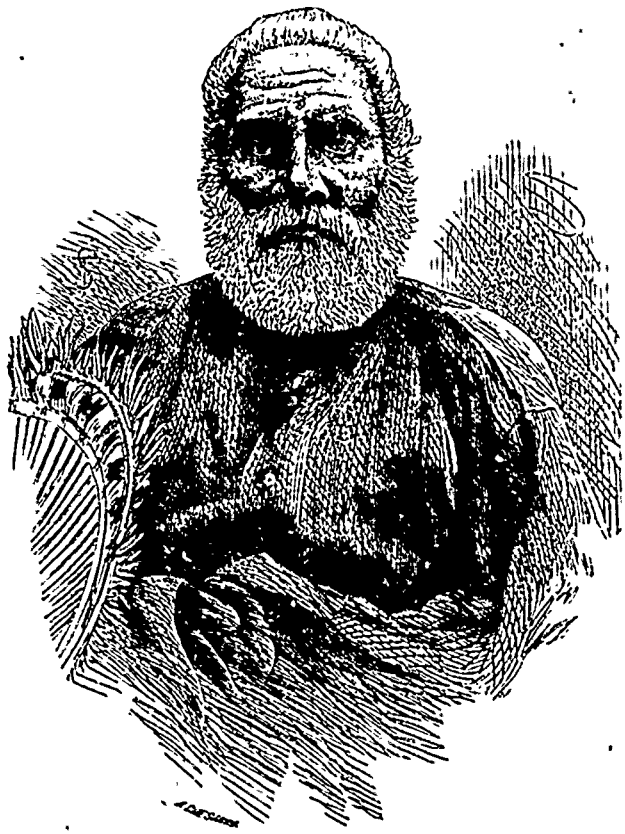
Fortunately it was not too late, and the woman recovered, perhaps to trust to the same foolish remedy at her next attack. The natives of India have numberless superstitions in regard to diseases. If they are suffering from rheumatism, they tie a peacock's feather around the leg to cure it. If they have fever, they brand the chest and stomach with a hot iron. Little children are often seen with wide, deep burns, six or eight inches long, which their parents have made to cure them of disease.

Methodist Missions in Fiji.

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

IN the summer of 1839, a small schooner, called the *Letitia*, approached the port of Somosomo, a chief town of the Fijian group. It was seldom that a vessel was seen in those waters. The terror of that region as a den of cannibals had spread far and wide, and its very name inspired with dread even Fijian savages themselves. No white man lived on the island. One, a Scotchman, who had touched at a neighbouring island, had but a short time previously been barbarously murdered. The *Letitia* had on board two missionaries and their wives. While landing, canoes filled with half-naked savages, the most ferocious cannibals in Fiji, crowded about the schooner, to the great terror of the captain and crew, who kept strict watch over their ill-famed visitors. One canoe was brought close alongside to receive the mission party, and as the ladies were lifted into it, men stood on deck, at either side, with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, to keep off the people, among whom these ladies and their husbands were going to live.

These were the first Christian teachers that had ever ventured into that portion of Fiji. "As missionaries," said one of them, "we thought nothing of the privations or trials we might have to endure. We expect to sow in tears, as confidently as we hope to reap



THAKOMBAW, KING OF FIJI.

in joy." The man who uttered these heroic words was John Hunt—a name which holds, as it well deserves, a high place in the annals of missionary enterprise.

JOHN HUNT.

Born of poor parents, in Lincolnshire, England, John Hunt began life as a farm labourer at the tender age of ten years. He spent the next twelve or thirteen years in the same hard school of ill-requited toil. Yet there was a great soul in that plain untutored lad, whose energies only needed for their awakening the quickening power of true religion. That mighty power he experienced in a very sound and clear conversion, which took place when he was about seventeen. Despite his scant opportunities and difficulties, that, to less courageous spirits, would have seemed insurmountable. Hunt gathered knowledge, made rapid improvement, and above all, became a most devoted and useful Christian.

For years John Hunt had cherished an eager desire to carry the Gospel to the heathen. He had set his heart on Africa as the future field of his missionary labours. But God ordered it otherwise. A great cry reached England from the far Pacific. The appeal, "Pity poor Fiji," stirred the heart of English Methodism. Hunt was chosen for the arduous task, and soon he and his young wife were on their way to that far-off "habitation of cruelty."

CANNIBAL FEASTS.

About the time of his arrival, news came that Rambithi, one of the king's sons, was lost at sea, and it was forthwith ordered that all his wives should be strangled, that they might accompany him to the land of spirits. One day eleven dead bodies were dragged just in front of the mission-house. They were quietly and skilfully cut in pieces within a few yards of the mission-house, and the other bodies were taken to a different quarter of the town, where they were speedily cooked and eaten. The people seemed to become doubly savage after their horrid feast, and some of the chiefs came and tried hard to get up a quarrel with the missionaries, who for some time were nearly without food. At times the cannibal feasts were more frequent, and barbarous ceremonies were constantly taking place in the town. The ovens were so near the mission house that the smell from them was sickening, and the young king furiously threatened to kill the missionaries and their wives if they shut up their house to exclude the horrible stench.

HARVEST TIME.

At length the day of harvest came, and Mr Hunt and his fellow missionaries were permitted to see blessed fruits of their labours. A few years later we find Mr. Hunt rejoicing that "Fiji is not what it once was. It is not under the sole dominion of the god of this world. There is a Church in Fiji, and Christ will govern the Group for its establishment and prosperity." One Sunday, while Mr. Hunt was baptizing ten adult converts, the Queen of Viwa was completely overwhelmed. Her heart seemed literally to be broken, and though a very strong woman, she fainted twice under the weight of a wounded spirit. The effect soon became more general. Several of the women, and some of the men, literally roared for the disquietude of their hearts. As soon as the baptism was

concluded, as many as could chanted the *T. Deum*. It was very affecting to see upwards of a hundred Fijians, many of whom were, a few years ago, some of the worst cannibals in the Group, and even in the world, chanting "We praise thee, O Lord, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord," while their voices were almost drowned by the cries of broken-hearted penitents. This was but the beginning of a great work of God, which spread over a large area. The work went on, and a few years later found Mr. Hunt and his co-labourers surrounded by over three thousand professing Christians, and nearly two thousand of these actual members of the Church.

PERSECUTION.

While the work of conversion was going on, one of the most terrible wars that Fiji had ever known was raging. Thakombaw, the fierce native tyrant, was at war with Rewa. The new converts at Viwa were exposed to danger, because of their refusal to join Thakombaw in this war. He sent word to the Christians that they must either give up their Christianity, or come to Mbaw and be cooked. They replied, "It is very easy for us to come to Mbaw and be cooked, but it is very difficult to renounce Christianity." The enraged Thakombaw came in person to Viwa, where the missionaries lived, to execute his threats. The native Christians were very firm. Two of them meeting near the mission-house shook hands warmly, and with a cheerful smile, exclaimed, "Heaven is very near." They retired to the bush—their usual place for prayer—and many a voice was heard there in exulting praise, and many praying for the salvation of their persecutors. The heathens said, "Oh, if you missionaries would go away; it is your presence that prevents us killing them. If you would go away, all these people would soon be in the ovens."

THAKOMBAW.

Thakombaw in due time was converted, and is thus described by Miss Gordon Cumming. He has quite recently died in the triumphs of faith. Miss Cumming heard him offer the first prayer at a New Year's festival. "It certainly was strange," she says, "to hear the first words of prayer uttered in the New Year flowing from his lips, concerning whose youth and manhood we had heard such appalling tales—tales, moreover, which we knew to be undoubtedly true, beginning with that early feat of his childhood, when at the tender age of six, the young Seru, as he was then called, clubbed his first victim, a boy somewhat his senior." Fifty years were spent in a manner worthy so shocking a beginning. After a series of misfortunes he was led, at last, to renounce heathenism, and was baptized in 1857. When Miss Cumming saw him he was "a very fine old man, stately and chief-like in his bearing, and with clear, penetrating eyes." We give his portrait. For many years this man, who had been for years a ferocious cannibal, was a pious Methodist class-leader. He was particularly fond of little children. So great is the transforming power of piety. Many similar instances were met, all illustrating the power of the Gospel in securing the salvation of every creature.

MISSIONARY TOILS.

Ten years of incessant labour had passed. The nature of that work is

aply described by Mr. Lawry in his journal. "Our missionaries here," he writes, "are hard-working men, and men of all work. They rise early and translate the Scriptures, or prepare other good books, they teach the natives useful arts, and guide them in all they do. They preach the Gospel to all who will hear it, morning, noon and night. They administer medicine to the sick, and settle disputes for all parties. They are consulted about everything that is going on. They are lawyers, physicians, privy-councillors, builders, agriculturists, and frequent travellers on the high seas in the frail native canoes. They are men

'Whose path is on the mountain wave,
Whose home is on the deep.'

They study hard that they may give a faithful translation of the Word of God. Several of them daily read Hebrew, Greek and Latin for this end, besides their constant application to the perfecting of their knowledge of the native language, in which they preach and converse daily with ease and fluency. These things they do in the ordinary course of their daily labour as pastors of the flock of Christ, besides the oversight they are obliged to take of their own domestic affairs, where the busy housewife plies her care, and where the tedious natives crowd around."

MISSIONARY TRIUMPHS.

The glory of Methodism is that, in such men as Hunt, the apostolic piety and spiritual power of the primitive times are revived and reproduced. In no land has God more signally blessed the efforts of His servants, than on that soil where the sacred dust of Hunt, and of very many of his Methodist co-workers, find rest. The Fiji of John Hunt's early day was the terror of the civilized world, and almost of the savage world too. But the unaided power of the Gospel of Christ, preached from the lips of these simple missionaries, than whom the world has no truer heroes, has lifted up, as with an omnipotent leverage, those hideous masses to the joys of intelligence, virtue and Christian civilization. Were all the other successes of modern missions obliterated and forgotten, the work of Methodism in Fiji alone would sufficiently demonstrate that there is power enough in the religion of Jesus to redeem and save the most debased nations of mankind. The Fiji of the heathen past stood the lowest stratum of all in the scale of nations, but the mission work of less than forty years reveals to us the Christianized Fiji of to-day a nation of enlightened and civilized men, the latest added and not unworthy star in the Crown of England's noble Queen, and, what is vastly better, a bright particular star in the Redeemer's Crown of Glory. "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory."

Fiji TO-DAY.

Miss Gordon Cumming, in her recent book "At Home in Fiji," thus writes. "I often wish that some of the cavillers who are forever sneering at Christian missions could see something of their results in these isles. But first they would have to recall the Fiji of ten years ago, when every man's hand was against his neighbour, and the land had no rest from intertribal wars, in which the foe, without respect to age or sex, were looked upon only in the light of so much beef, the prisoner deliberately fattened for the slaughter; limbs cut

off from living men and women, and cooked and eaten in the presence of the victim, who had previously been compelled to dig the oven and cut the firewood for the purpose, and other practices too horrible to mention, and this not only in time of war, when such atrocities might be deemed less excusable, but in time of peace, to gratify the caprice and appetite of the moment. . . . Think of all this, and of the change that has been wrought, and then imagine white men who can sneer at missionary work in the way they do. Now you may pass from isle to isle, certain everywhere to find the same cordial reception by kindly men and women. Every village on the eighty inhabited isles has built for itself a tidy church, and a good house for its teacher or native minister, for whom the village also provides food and clothing. Can you realize that there are nine hundred Wesleyan churches in Fiji, at every one of which the frequent services are crowded by devout congregations, that the schools are well attended, and that the first sound which greets your ear at dawn and the last at night is that of hymn-singing and most fervent worship rising from each dwelling at the hour of family prayer?"

This Century and Missions.

THERE are 800,000,000 of women now on this planet who have only the Buddhist hope of being born again as men, instead of toads or snakes. There are 80,000,000 of women in Moslem harems. There are uncounted millions of men, women and children growing up in the most degraded superstitions, and suffering in mind, body, and estate from inherited pagan customs. In the name of mere philanthropy and secular prudence, Christian missions ought to receive a support, immediate, abundant, permanent, unflinching.

All that united Christendom together raises annually for missions would not pay the liquor bill of the United States for three days, nor that of the British Islands for two. At the opening of the century all Protestant Christendom expended only \$250,000 annually for missions. It expends to-day \$7,500,000 for that purpose. This is a large sum, you think. It is a bagatelle. The dissipations of Saratoga and Newport and Brighton would hardly find that sum worth mentioning in the hugeness of their expenses for self-gratification. The Churches are penurious toward missions. We pride ourselves on having paid off great debts, and on having received some mighty legacies for missions; but I believe we shall be, as earnest Renan says, "an amusing century to future centuries," and one of the things that will amuse our successors on this planet will undoubtedly be our unwarranted self-complacency in this day of small things in missions. In China there is not an ordained missionary to-day for a million people. In the population accessible to the American Board there is as yet only one missionary for some 700,000 inhabitants. Modern Christendom has thrown one pebble into the great ocean of missionary effort, and stands with an amused childish conceit on the shores of history watching the wide ripples produced by that pebble, and supposes that it is reforming the world. Another century will sneer at us for our conceit and our penuriousness.—Joseph Cook.

"Go Preach My Gospel."

Go, ye messengers of God;
Like the beams of morning, fly,
Take the wonder-working rod—
Wave the banner-cross on high.

Where the lofty minaret
Gleams along the morning skies,
Wave it till the crescent set,
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.

Go to many a tropic isle
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies forever smile,
And the oppressed forever weep.

O'er the pagan's night of care,
Pour the living light of heaven;
Chase away his dark despair,
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

Where the golden gates of day
Open on the balmy East,
High the bleeding cross display;
Spread the Gospel's richest feast.

Bear the tidings round the ball,
Visit every soil and sea;
Preach the cross of Christ to all,
Christ, whose love is full and free.

Growth of Missions.

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.

To the Christian Church the world of to-day is indebted for the social and moral achievements which have been now among the peoples and tribes who have carried the black brand of sensuality, cruelty, and animalism for years and generations which it is difficult to name, and though the Church has not, during the present century, worked up to the full measure of her ability, her endeavours have been on a wider scale than in any former period in her long and eventful history.

More has been really done within the past eighty years for the evangelization and uplifting of the great outside, downtrodden, despised, and neglected world, than in all the two thousand previous years put together. In over twenty thousand different places in heathen lands the Gospel is now proclaimed, and about seven thousand ordained missionaries, with thirty-eight thousand native lay helpers, are engaged in this most blessed work.

The Scriptures have been translated into languages spoken by nine-tenths of the population of the globe, and since 1804, about one hundred and sixty millions copies, in whole or in part, have been sent forth among the teeming, busy, enquiring millions who need this light, which is above the brightness of the sun.

Since the commencement of the present foreign missionary operations, about two hundred and seventy million dollars have been spent by the Church in her grand effort to roll away the darkness and gloom of ages from off those parts of the earth where paganism and superstition, cruelties and inhumanities, have ruled and reigned so long. And we are further told that about two hundred millions of this amount has been raised within the last thirty years.

Whatever men may say, one thing is certain and indisputably clear, and that is, that scores and hundreds of tribes are not *where* they were, nor *where* they were, before the humanizing and elevating influences of the Gospel were brought to bear upon them. The barbaric and bloody scenes of purely heathen days have passed away, to return no more again forever.

When the apostle, in the name of his risen Lord, poured strength into the ankle bones of the lame man at the gate Beautiful, it was a striking

symbol and prediction of what Christianity would, in a higher sense, do for the bruised, afflicted millions of our weak and staggering world. When the Redeemer took the daughter of Jairus by the hand and lifted her up from the bed of death, it was a radiant promise of another and grander uplifting yet to be. Ruskin has somewhere said that in a handful of common mud all the elements of the finest crystal are found, and science has proclaimed the fact that even the black heart of the coal contains a treasury of sun beams, a collection of rays gathered in the olden time for the light and comfort of the later days. So in the long neglected tribes and peoples are possessions costlier far than diamonds or worlds, and the Divine Author of Christianity takes them all into the warm embrace of His infinite, undying love. By the agencies of God's appointment, millions of struggling men and women have received strength and healing, and thousands and tens of thousands have already appeared in the temple rejoicing and praising Him for His wonderful works; and the day is coming when the sanctuaries shall be crowded with such as have been emancipated and saved through the same blessed and enduring Name.

Yes, the lever of believing prayer, of elevating educational influences, and of a wide Christian endeavour, has been successfully placed under the very lowest strata of the living human world, and the whole vast bed is rising upward into liberty and light. The fulcrum cannot move, and the lever cannot break, for into their constitution is poured not only all that is best of the human, but also the richest and most abiding of that which is divine. When Trojan, the Roman Emperor, tore from his imperial robe a strip, to bind up the wounds of a bleeding, suffering soldier, he presented an action crowded with the instinct of a common humanity; but there is a Divine One who, for the benefit and healing of sin-stricken and dying men, has made a sacrifice which puts all merely human gifts infinitely into the shade. This work of world-wide uplifting cannot die. The redeeming movements of the age cannot go back, for they are the fruit of the principles which are immortal, and the practical outcome of the teachings of that adorable Saviour who, in the might and majesty of a boundless mercy, came to seek and to save that which was lost.

GARETOWN, N.B.

The Way to Give.

BY REV. ARTHUR MITCHELL, D.D.

As I was riding one Sabbath with a farmer to church, we fell into conversation on the subject of giving. He was an elder in the Presbyterian church, a man between fifty and sixty years of age. Said he, "I give a tenth of all I make to the Lord. Every crop of corn, every load of hay, every dozen eggs I sell, I keep account of, and one-tenth of the profit goes to the Lord. It came rather hard at first, but that is past long ago. Now I only have to distribute what is already given. I am ready to listen to any reasonable application, and if I think it a good object, it is nothing but a pleasure to give. That tenth, I have come to feel belongs to God. I never touch it. I should as soon think of spending my neighbour's money as that."

About the same time I met the pas-

tor of this man. Said he, "That farmer is not only the largest giver, but the most cheerful giver, in my parish. I preach in two churches. He helps liberally in sustaining both, and the money he gives is the least of the blessings he brings to us."

Sometime after this I was conversing with a friend in Chicago, a young business man, on the same subject. "Yes," said he, "I determined when I was a clerk, the first year that I earned anything for myself, that I would set aside a fixed percentage of my income for benevolence. I made the resolution and have kept it."

"Well, you began early," I remarked. "So I did," was the reply, "and it was well I did. My salary was small, and to give the proportion I fixed upon was hard; but there has never been a year since when it would not have been harder. A year or two after I went into business for myself, it looked as though every cent was needed for capital. I am afraid I shouldn't have commenced the system that year. But having resolved and made a beginning already, I was ashamed to retreat. Then, the year after I was married. That year I should have begged off, I am sure, if it had not been for the habit, by that time pretty well settled. That carried me through, soon after came our big fire; then hard times, epizootics; in fact, almost every year, something to make that particular year a bad one to begin. Now, I always say to my friends, begin to give as soon as you begin to make, start early." I do not certainly know what proportion of his income the young merchant gives. Probable a tenth; not less I am sure.

So here in Cleveland. A young man just beginning his business life came to me alone a few evenings since, and said, "I like this idea of giving a regular proportion, and I am going to begin now. I think I'll give a tenth. This year that will be five hundred dollars. It looks like a good deal to give away; and my business is growing; it will be more yet, I expect next year; but it's the right way. My old Bible class teacher used to talk to us boys about it, and I'm going to do it."

—*Christian Observer***The World for Jesus.**

The world for Jesus—reverently
Before Thy throne we fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all.

The world for Jesus—earnestly
We'll work as well as pray,
With armour bright maintain the fight,
The victory crowns the day.

The world for Jesus—patiently
The cross below we'll bear,
Till, suffering o'er, we lay it down,
The crown above to wear.

The world for Jesus—joyfully
We lift our waiting eyes,
To wondrous signs upon the earth,
To wonders in the skies.

The world for Jesus—gloriously
The shout shall rise, amen,
The Lord, the God omnipotent,
On earth has come to reign.

MISS ISABELLA L. BIRD (Mrs. Bishop), in her last book on the Malay Peninsula, entitled the "Golden Chersonese," says: "China is irreligious, a nation of atheists or agnostics, or slaves of impious superstition. In an extended tramp among temples I have not seen a single male worshipper or a thing to please the eye."

A Methodist Heroine.

A LITTLE volume of "Sketches of American Methodists" has this characteristic notice of Mrs. Crocker, whose husband was a farmer in New Hampshire. When the Rev. D. McCall was preaching in that State she sat one day an attentive listener to his sermon. The word pierced her heart like a sharp arrow. So deep was her sorrow for sin, that on her return home, she could not restrain her sighs and tears in presence of her husband. Her grief annoyed him, and on learning its cause he said very sternly,

"You shall not go to that Methodist meeting any more."

Fearing his anger she made no reply. But while spending part of a day with a neighbour shortly after, she ventured to attend a meeting held near by, and was so moved that the flood-gates of her penitential sorrow were re-opened, and she returned to her home weeping as before. In the evening her husband, who had been to the mill, came in. Some one had told him that his wife had been to the meeting, and the sight of her tears was to his temper what a crimson cloth is to an unreasoning ox. After a volley of cruel words, he said,

"You must promise me never to attend another Methodist meeting, or leave my house at once!"

This unexpected, unnatural threat startled the trembling woman. She was in truth dumb with astonishment. Her silence enraged him, and lifting his arm into a threatening attitude, he fiercely shouted,

"Say what you mean to do, and be quick!"

It was a crisis in the life of that weeping wife. "What can I do?" she thought. "What ought I do?" she replied.

"If I must comply with your demand, and you will give me no time to think about it, painful as it is, I must leave your house!"

Whereupon her husband opened the door and said, fiercely,

"Go! Get out this instant!"

Fearful lest a blow might be added to these angry words, she stepped out into the pitiless storm. The cold blast, as it swept against her lightly clad form, made her shiver. Her heart throbbed violently as she whispered to herself, "If the Lord does not pity and save me, I have none to help me now."

She threw her apron over her uncovered head, made her way to the log barn, and crept beneath the hay.

Her guilty husband's thoughts troubled him. "I have turned my wife out of the doors," he said to himself. "And for what? Because she was seeking her soul's best good, as I ought to do myself. What if she should perish in the storm? What can I say to my neighbours, my children, to God, if she should die?"

Unable to endure these torturing questions, he lighted his lantern, traced her footprints through the snow to the hovel he called a barn, and in humble tones said,

"Do forgive me, wife, and come back to the house. You shall go to meeting as much as you please, and I will go with you. Do please come back home!"

You may be sure she forgave her penitent husband, and returned to the house from which she had been so cruelly driven an hour before. The man kept his promise, and their home henceforth became the abode of Christian affection.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

B.C. 955.] LESSON VII. [Nov. 16.
SOLOMON'S SIN.

1 Kings 11. 3-13. Commit to mem. vs. 9, 10.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.—Prov. 4. 23.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Disobedience to God leads to further sin, and ends in ruin.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 11. 1-13. Th. Deut. 7. 1-12.
P. 1 Kings 11. F. Deut. 17. 8-20.
14-25.
W. 1 Kings 11. Sa. Ex. 34. 1-14
26-43. Su. Gal. 6. 1-10.

TIME.—B.C. 955-950. Ten to fifteen years after the visit of the Queen of Sheba.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, and the Mount of Olives, the southernmost summit of the Mount of Olives.

SOLOMON. Now 50 to 55 years old, having reigned 30 to 35 years. He died B.C. 975, after a reign of 40 years.

INTRODUCTION.—The height of Solomon's glory was about the time of the visit of the Queen of Sheba. Confident in his wisdom and strength, Solomon multiplied wives contrary to God's express command, and by them was led astray as God has foretold. The story of his fall is the subject of today's lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—4. *When Solomon was 40-50 to 55 years old. His wives—he had 700 wives, princesses, and 500 concubines. Many of these wives were for the sake of an alliance with the neighbouring nations. He disobeyed God in two respects, (1) he was forbidden to multiply wives (Deut. 17. 17), (2) he took wives from forbidden nations (Deut. 7. 14). Turned away his heart. Solomon's sin was (1) idolatry, (2) disobeying God's command as to his wives (see above), (3) extravagance; (4) oppression, (5) tolerance of false religion, (6) encouragement of immorality and cruelty (see under Astarte and Milcom), (7) he dishonoured the God who gave him all he had; (8) he sinned in spite of repeated warnings; (9) he led Israel into sin. 5. *Ashoreth* also called Astarte, the Phœnician Venus, and worshipped with immoralities and debauchery. *Zidonians*—inhabitants of Sidon, now Sidon, 20 miles north of Tyre. *Milcom* the same as Molech. An idol made of brass, to which human sacrifices, especially of children, were offered. *Ammonites*—descendants of Lot, by his son Ammon. They lived east of Jordan, north of Moab. 7. *a high place* . . . a place of worship on a hill-top. *Chemosh*—the chief god of the Moabites, and much the same as Molech and Astarte. 9. *Which had appeared unto him twice*—at Gibeon (1 Kings 3. 5) and at Jerusalem (1 Kings 9. 2). 11. *To thy servant*—Jeroboam, the son of Nebat. (1 Kings 11. 26-37. 13. *One tribe*—Judah, in which Benjamin was also absorbed.*

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The causes that led to Solomon's great sin.—Solomon's fall.—Was he an idolater?—Gradual and pervasive temptations. Ashoreth.—Milcom and Molech.—Chemosh.—Solomon's punishment.—God's anger at sin.—Practical lessons from Solomon's fall.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—At what period of Solomon's reign was the visit of the Queen of Sheba? How long after that should this lesson be placed? How old was Solomon? How long did he reign?

SUBJECT: SIN AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

I. THE STEPS THAT LED TO SOLOMON'S SIN (v. 4).—How many wives had Solomon? (1 Kings 11. 3.) Was this contrary to God's command? (Deut. 17. 17.) What other command did he break in doing this? (1 Kings 11. 1, 2; Deut. 7. 1-4.) Why were intermarriages with these nations forbidden? What similar command is given in the New Test.? (2 Cor. 6. 14.) In what did Solomon next go astray? (verse 4 and Golden Text.) Do people usually fall into great sin suddenly? Is great prosperity dangerous to the moral welfare? What is the meaning of the Golden Text?

II. SOLOMON'S SIN (vs. 5-8).—Of how many sins was Solomon guilty? What was his great sin? Did he actually worship idols, or only aid his wives in doing it? Who was Ashoreth? Milcom? Molech? What wickedness was connected with their worship?

III. THE HINDERANCES TO HIS SIN (vs. 9-10).—Against what warnings did Solomon sin? (1 Kings 3. 5; 9. 1, 2.) Should his wisdom have kept him pure? Did he know what was right? Had he taught others? How should God's goodness have preserved him? What hinderances has God put in the way to keep us to keep us from sinning? What does Christ say of those who sin as Solomon did? (Luke 12. 47, 48.)

IV. THE CONSEQUENCES OF HIS SIN (vs. 9-13).—What is meant by the Lord's anger? Has he the same feeling against all sin? What increased this feeling against Solomon? What was Solomon's punishment? Did it grow out of his sins? Who else suffered from Solomon's sins? How was the justice tempered with mercy? How could so glorious a youth have so sad an end?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. If Solomon with all his wisdom, fell, we should be doubly on our guard.
2. Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.
3. Lesser sins are pioneers of greater ones.
4. Youth is impetuous, mid age stubborn, old age weak, —all dangerous.
5. God puts many hinderances in the way of our sinning.
6. No person can sin without injuring others.
7. The consequences of sin are sure to follow.
8. God tempers His justice with mercy.

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School in concert.)

11. Into what sin did Solomon fall in his old age? *ANS.* Sin of idolatry. 12. How was he led into it? *ANS.* By first disobeying God in taking many strange wives. 13. What hinderances did God put in the way? *ANS.* Warnings, commands, wisdom, proofs of God's goodness, the example of his father. 14. What were the consequences of his sin? *ANS.* He lost God's favour, and a large part of the kingdom was taken from his family.

B.C. 1000.] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 23.

PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

Prov. 1. 1-16. Commit to mem. vs. 5-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge.—Prov. 1. 7.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The fear of the Lord is the way to a wise and successful life.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Prov. 1. 1-19. Th. Prov. 3. 1-35.
P. Prov. 1. 20-33. F. Prov. 4. 1-27.
W. Prov. 2. 1-22. Sa. Prov. 6. 1-23.
Su. Matt. 4. 1-11

TIME.—About 1000 B.C., nearly 300 years before the Seven Wise Men of Greece, more than 600 before the great moralists, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle.

AUTHOR.—The larger part were written by Solomon, but some were added long afterwards.

INTRODUCTION.—Like other wise men, Solomon condensed his wisdom into portable form. His servants collected 3000 of his sayings, but less than 1000 are given here. They are in verse in the original. All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, but this is peculiarly profitable "for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Proverb*—A pithy sentence, illustrative of a well-known truth. 2. *To know*—Literally "for knowing"; i.e., this is the object of the Proverbs. *Wisdom*—The use of the best means for the best ends. *Instructum*—Education, training. *Understanding*—Knowledge of good and evil. 4. *Subtily*—Here has its good meaning of shrewdness. *Simple*—Inexperienced; literally "the open," the first class who need these proverbs. *Young man*—Youth, inexperienced, needing self-control, the second class. *Discretion*—Caution. 5. *Wise man*—The third class; the wiser one is, the more he seeks larger knowledge and wisdom. *Wise counsels*—Mastery over himself and others. 6. *To understand a proverb*, etc.—That he may understand and practise the sayings of the wise. *Dark sayings*—Great truths in enigmatical forms, parables. 7. *Fear*—Reverent obedience, not terror,—the beginning of wisdom, because it leads to right thinking, right action, and to industry and earnestness. *Fools*—The stupid and indifferent, hence, the wicked. 8. *Sin*—Perhaps pupil. *Father* . . . mother.—To be equally obeyed. 9. *Ornament of grace*—Diadem, crown. *Chains*—Laziness

of office. 11. *Innocent without cause*—i.e., (1) Without having given cause for the evil done them; or (2) innocent in vain, their innocence did not help them. 12. *Scorpion up alive*—Destroy suddenly and completely, so that they cannot revenge or bring you to justice. 14. *Cast in thy lot*—Have equal share by lot. 15. *Walk*—Associate. *Refrain*—restrain by force. 16. *Evil*—To others, which will rebound on themselves.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The Book of Proverbs.—Solomon's qualifications to be the author.—Solomon's example stronger than his precepts over his son.—Who need wisdom?—The object of the Proverbs.—The fear of the Lord.—How it is the beginning of wisdom.—Beauty of filial piety.—Power of "No."—Dangers of our boys and girls.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Who wrote this book? When? How many proverbs did he utter? Are they all here? What was his fitness for the work?

SUBJECT: THE WAY TO WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE.

I. WISE SAYINGS (vs. 1-6).—What is a proverb? Name some familiar proverbs? What wise men have written proverbs? What is the object of this Book of Proverbs? For the benefit of what three classes were they given? What will they give to the first two classes? The two-fold profit which wiser men will gain from them. Define "know," "perceive," and "receive," in vs. 2, 3. What is the difference between "wisdom," "knowledge," "discretion," "wise counsels"? What is the frequent use of the word "subtily"? (Acts 13. 10.) How is it here used? Who may consider themselves addressed as the simple? What does St. Paul say will work experience? Prove that a wise man will be always learning. Matt. 13. 12; 25. 20-21; Mark 4. 5.

II. THE WAY TO WISDOM (vs. 7-9).—What is the fear of the Lord? Is it a fear which a Christian can ever outgrow? (See Job 28. 28; 42. 5, 6; Ps. 119. 10; Prov. 8. 13; 10. 27; 14. 26, 27; 19. 23; 22. 4; Isa. 11. 3; 33. 9; Acts 9. 31.) How is the fear of the Lord the beginning of knowledge? What mark is here given of a fool? Why is it a sure indication of a fool not to study the Bible, nor to attend church? What is the duty of a child to his parents? Is it just as wrong to disobey your mother as your father? What does the fifth commandment require? Forbid? Is that commandment still in force? What is the testimony in regard to the filial piety of great and good men?

III. THE NEED OF WISDOM (vs. 10-16).—To what temptations are the young especially exposed? When evil companions entice us, how can we resist them? What other way of escape is given in verse 15? How did the tempter approach Adam and Eve? How did he tempt our Lord? How did the Lord resist the temptation? What was the special temptation mentioned in these verses? What petition in the Lord's prayer do we continually need to pray? What helps have we in overcoming temptations?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Education consists not only in learning, but in learning how. Do not grow impatient of drill.
2. A wise man is always adding to his knowledge.
3. The sure mark of a fool is that he despises wisdom and instruction.
4. It is no evidence of really advanced thought to stay from church or neglect the Word of God.
5. It is no sign of wisdom to outgrow deference to one's father or love to one's mother.
6. Sin is plausible, and makes wrong look attractive.
7. Good training and good principles will not prevent temptation, but they provide a way of escape.
8. Our Lord met the tempter with Scripture. "It is written."
9. Learn to say "No." Don't stand on Satan's ground to discuss with him.

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School in concert.)

1. Who wrote the Book of Proverbs? *ANS.* Solomon, about 1000 years before Christ. 2. What was the object of the Book of Proverbs? (Repeat v. 4.) 3. For whose benefit was it specially written? *ANS.* The inexperienced, the young, and the wise. 4. What is the beginning of wisdom? (Repeat the Golden Text.) 5. From whom should a child learn his first lessons of right? (Repeat v. 8.) 6. Give an infallible rule for escaping the enticements of sin. (Repeat v. 10.)

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