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WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As Ye Would
That They
Should
Do unto
You.

ROUSE, SMITH & CO. TORONTO

VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 21, 1889.

[No. 19.]



ONE OF THE KING'S WIVES AT CHUMBIRI.

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

XIX.

It was rather amusing than otherwise to observe the readiness of the savages to fire their guns at us. They appeared to think that we were human waifs, without parentage, guardianship, or means of protection—for their audacity was excessive. Such frantic creatures, however, could not tempt us to fight them. The river was wide enough, channels innumerable afforded us means of escaping from their mad ferocity, and Providence had kindly supplied us with crooked by-ways and un-frequented paths of water, which we might pursue unmolested.

Like hunted beasts of the chase, we sought the gloom and solitude of the wilds. Along the meandering and embowered creeks, hugging the shadows of the o'er-arching woods, we sought for that safety which man refused us. The great river grew sea-like in breadth. There was water sufficient to float

the most powerful steamers that float in the Mississippi.

On February 24th, faithful Amina—wife of Kacheche—breathed her last, making a most affecting end. I drew my boat alongside of the canoe she was lying in. She was quite sensible, but very weak. "Ah, master!" she said, "I shall never see the sea again. Your child Amina is dying. I have so wished to see the cocoa-nuts and the mangoes; but no—Amina is dying—dying in a pagan land. She will never see Zanzibar. The master has been good to his children, and Amina remembers it. It is a bad world, master, and you have lost your way in it. Good-bye, master. Do not forget poor little Amina!" While floating down, we dressed her in her shroud, and laid her tenderly out, and at sunset consigned her body to the depths of the silent river.

The time had now come when we could no longer sneak amongst reedy islets, or wander in secret amongst wildernesses of water: we must once more confront man. The native was no longer the infuriate brute. He appeared to be toning down into the man. We now eagerly searched for opportunities to exchange greetings, and to claim kindred with him. Behind a rocky point were three natives fishing. We lay-to on our oars, and accosted them. They replied to us clearly and calmly. There was none of that fierce fluster and bluster and wild excitement that we had come to recognize as the preliminary symptoms of a conflict. The word *ndu*—brother—was more frequent; there was a manifest desire to accept our conciliatory sentiments. They readily subscribed to all the requirements of friendship, and an exchange of a few small gifts.

About 9 a.m. of the 28th, the King of Chum-



THE KING OF CHUMBIRI.

biri appeared with *eclat*. The above cut is an admirable likeness of him. A small-eyed man of about fifty, or thereabouts; with the instincts of a greedy trader cropping out of him at all points, and cunning beyond measure. The type of his curious hat may be seen on the head of any Armenian priest. It was formed out of close-plaited palm-fibre, sufficiently durable to outlast his life, though he might live a century. Above his shoulder stood upright the bristles of an elephant's tail.

Our intercourse with the king was very friendly; and it was apparent that we were mutually pleased.



OVER ROCKY POINT CLOSE TO GAMPA'S.



DEATH OF KALULU.

An invitation was extended to us to make his own village our home. We were hungry, and accepted the invitation, and crossed the river—drums and double bell-gongs sounding the peaceful advance of our flotilla upon Chumbiri.

The dames of Chumbiri were slaves of fashion. Six-tenths of them wore brass collars, two inches in diameter. Fancy the weight of thirty pounds of brass, soldered permanently round the neck!

Yet these were the favourite wives of Chumbiri! He boasted to me he possessed "four-tens" of wives, and each wife was collared permanently in thick brass. I made a rough calculation, and I estimated that his wives bore about their necks, until death, at least eight hundred pounds of brass; his daughters—he had six—one hundred and twenty pounds. Add six pounds of brass-wire to each wife and daughter—for arm and leg ornaments—and one is astonished to discover that Chumbiri possesses a portable store of 1,396 pounds of brass.

I asked of Chumbiri what he did with the brass on the neck of a dead wife. He smiled. Significantly he drew his finger across his throat.

On the 7th March we parted from the friendly king, with an escort of forty-five men, in three canoes, under the leadership of his eldest son, who was instructed by his father to accompany us as far as the pool—now called "Stanley Pool," because of an incident which will be described hereafter.

On the 8th March we drew our vessels close to a large grove, to cook breakfast. Fires were kindled, and the women were attending to the porridge of cassava flour for their husbands. Frank and I were hungrily awaiting our cook's voice to announce our meal ready, when, close to us, several loud musket-shots startled us all, and six of our men fell wounded. Though we were taken considerably at a disadvantage, long habit had taught us how to defend ourselves in a bush, and a desperate fight began, and lasted an hour, ending in the retreat of the savages, but leaving us with fourteen of our men wounded. This was our thirty-second fight, and last.

On the right of the river towered a low row of cliffs, white and glistening, so like the cliffs of Dover that Frank at once exclaimed that it was a "bit of England!" The grassy table-land above the cliffs appeared as green as a lawn, and so much reminded Frank of the Kentish Downs that he exclaimed, enthusiastically, "I feel we are nearing home."

"Why not call this 'Stanley Pool,' and these cliffs 'Dover Cliffs?'" he said, "for no traveller who may come here again will fail to recognize the cliffs by that name."

Subsequent events brought these words vividly to my recollection, and, in accordance with Frank's suggestion, I named this lake-like expansion of the river from Dover Cliffs to the first cataract of the Livingstone Falls—embracing about thirty square miles—the "Stanley Pool."

A few hundred yards below we heard, for the first time, the low and sullen thunder of the first cataract of the Livingstone Falls.

The wide, wild land which—by means of the greatest river of Africa—we have pierced, is now about to be presented in a milder aspect than that which has filled the preceding pages with records of desperate conflicts and furious onslaughts of savage men. The people no longer resist our advance. Trade has tamed their natural ferocity, until they no longer resist our approach with the fury of beasts of prey.

It is the dread river itself of which we shall now have to complain. It is no longer the stately

stream whose mystic beauty, noble grandeur, and gentle uninterrupted flow along a course of nearly nine hundred miles, ever fascinated us, despite the savagery of its peopled shores, but a furious river, rushing down a steep bed obstructed by reefs of lava, lines of immense boulders, and dropping down over terraces in a long series of falls, cataracts, and rapids. Our frequent contests with the savages culminated in tragic struggles with the mighty river, as it rushed and roared through the deep, yawning pass that leads from the broad table-land down to the Atlantic Ocean. With inconceivable fury the Livingstone sweeps with foaming billows into the broad Congo.

On the 16th March we began our labours with energy. We had some skilful work to perform to avoid being swept away by the velocity of the current; but whenever we came to rocks we held the rattan hawsers in our hands, and allowed the stream to take the boats beyond these dangerous points. Had a hawser parted, nothing could have saved the canoe or the men in it. It was the wildest stretch of river that I have ever seen. Take a strip of sea, blown over by a hurricane, four miles in length and half a mile in breadth, and a pretty accurate conception of its leaping waves may be obtained. The roar was tremendous and deafening. The most powerful steamer, going at full speed on this portion of the river would be as helpless as a cockle-boat. I attempted three times, by watching some tree floating down from above, to ascertain the rate of the wild current by observing the time that it occupied in passing two given points, from which I estimated it to be about thirty miles an hour!

On the 17th, after cutting brushwood, and laying it over a path of eight hundred yards in length, we crossed from the upper branch of the Gordon-Bennett River, to the lower branch. On the 21st and the two following days we were engaged in hauling our vessels overland—a distance of three-quarters of a mile—over a broad, rocky point.

The 25th saw us at work, at dawn, in a bad piece of the river, which is significantly styled "The Cauldron." Our best canoe, seventy-five feet long, was torn from the hands of fifty men, and swept, in the early morning, down to destruction. In the afternoon, the *Glasgow*, parting her cables, was swept away, but, to our great joy, finally recovered. Accidents were numerous; the glazed rocks were very slippery, occasioning dangerous falls to the men. One man dislocated his shoulder, and another had a severe contusion of the head. Too careless for my safety, in my eagerness and anxiety, I fell down—feet first—into a chasm thirty feet deep, between two enormous boulders, but, fortunately, escaped with only a few rib bruises, though for a short time I was half-stunned.

On the 27th we happily succeeded in passing the fearful Cauldron; but, during our last efforts, the *Crocodile*, eighty-five feet long, was swept away into the centre of the Cauldron, heaved upward, and whirled round with quick gyrations, but was at last secured. Leaving Frank Pocock in charge of the camp, I mustered ninety men—most of the others being stiff from wounds—and proceeded, by making a wooden tramway, with sleepers and rollers, to pass Rocky Island Falls.

By two p.m. we were below the falls. The seventeen canoes now left us were manned according to their capacity. As I was about to embark in my boat to lead the way, I turned to the people to give my last instructions, which were: To follow me, clinging to the right bank, and by no means to venture into mid-river into the current. While delivering my instructions, I observed Kalulu in the *Crocodile*. When I asked him what he wanted

in the canoe, he replied, with a deprecating smile and an expostulating tone: "I can pull sir—see!" "Ah! very well," I answered.

The river was not more than four hundred and fifty yards wide; but one cast of the sounding-lead, close to the bank, obtained a depth of one hundred and thirty-eight feet. In a very few moments we had descended the mile stretch, and before us, six hundred yards off, roared the furious falls, since distinguished by the name "Kalulu."

With a little effort, we succeeded in reaching a pretty camping-place, on a sandy-beach. I was beginning to congratulate myself on having completed a good day's work, when to my horror, I saw the *Crocodile* gliding with the speed of an arrow towards the falls! Human strength availed nothing now, and we watched it in agony—for it had five men on board. It soon reached the island which cleft the falls, and was swept down the left branch. We saw it whirled round three or four times, then plunged down into the depths, out of which the stern presently emerged pointed upward, and we knew then that Kalulu and his canoe-mates were no more.

Fast upon this terrible catastrophe, before we could begin to bewail their loss, another canoe—with two men in it—darted past the point, borne by irresistibly on the swift current. Then a third canoe darted by, and the brave lad, Souidi, cried out: "La il Allah, il Allah!"—"There is but one God! I am lost, master!" We watched him for a few moments, and then saw him drop; and then darkness fell upon the day of horror. Nine men lost in one afternoon!

The commencement of "Lady Alice Rapids" was marked by a broad fall, and a lengthy dyke of foaming water. Strong cane cables were lashed to the bow and stern, and three men were detailed to each, while five assisted me in the boat. But the rapids were more powerful and greater than usual.

We had scarcely ventured near the top of the rapids when the current swept the boat into the centre of the angry, foaming, billowy stream.

"Oars, my boys, and be steady! Uledi, to the helm!" were all the words I was able to shout; after which I guided the coxswain with my hand—for now, as we rowed furiously downwards, the human voice was weak against the thunder of the angry river. Never did the rocks assume such hardness, such solemn grimness and bigness; never were they invested with such terrors and such grandeur of height, as while we were the cruel sport and prey of the brown-black waves, which whirled us round like a spinning-top, swung us aside, almost engulfed us in the rapidly subsiding troughs, and then whirled us upon the white, ragged crests of others. Ah! with what feelings we regarded this awful power which the great river had now developed! How we cringed under its imperious, compelling, and irresistible force! What lightning retrospects we cast upon our past lives! How impotent we felt before it!

"La il Allah, il Allah!" screamed young Mabruki. "We are lost! Yes, we are lost!"

The flood was resolved we should taste the bitterness of death. A sudden rumbling noise, like the deadened sound of an earthquake, caused us to look below, and we saw the river heaved bodily upward, as though a volcano was about to belch around us. Up to the summit of this watery mound we were impelled; and then, divining what was about to take place, I shouted out, "Pull, men, for your lives!" A few frantic strokes, and we were precipitated over a fall, and sweeping downwards towards the lowest line of breakers; but at last we reached land, and my faithful followers rushed up, one after another, with their exuberant wel-

come to life. And Frank—my amiable and trusty Frank—was neither last nor least in his professions of love and sympathy, and gratitude to Him who had saved us from a watery grave.

The land party then returned with Frank to remove the goods to our new camp, and by night my tent was pitched within a hundred yards of the cataract mouth of the Nkenke. From the tall cliff south of us fell a river four hundred feet into the great river; and on our right—two hundred yards off—the Nkenke rushed down steeply, like an enormous cascade, from the height of one thousand feet. The noise of the Nkenke torrent resembled the roar of an express train over an iron bridge. That of Cataract River, taking its four hundred feet leap from the cliffs, was like the rumble of distant thunder.

We now—surrounded by daily terrors and hope-killing shocks of those apparently endless cataracts, and the loud boom of their baleful fury—remembered with grateful hearts the Sabbath stillness and dreamy serenity of the Livingstone.

(To be continued.)

The Baby's Burial at Sea.

THE saddest sight of life we ever witnessed was on an ocean voyage, in the death and burial of the child of a lowly German woman. Her husband had been smitten by consumption, and, with that longing so peculiar to this form of disease, thought if he could breathe the air of his own boyhood's Rhine chills he would be well again. But, being poor, he had to cross in February in the steerage. The cold winds, scanty fare, and hard bed were too much for him, and he had but scarcely reached his home when hemorrhages attacked him, and he sent to St. Louis for his wife and only child, a son, that he might see them again. The wife sold her scanty household outfit, and, taking her babe, set out to see her husband's face ere she should know what penniless widowhood and orphanage meant.

She wept night and day, and worst of all, she knew not what would become of the fatherless child. But soon she learned God's purpose. The child wasted away; his mother's grief had robbed him of his natural nurture, and she could secure no other. The poor people with her taxed themselves, and the little milk left from cabin use was procured, but the child closed its eyes in its mother's arms. She sat with it in her arms, bemoaning her sad fate until the ship's officers compelled its burial.

The ship carpenter prepared the rough box with the weights to sink it to its ocean bed; tender hands clipped the golden locks from the little head, to be carried to the dying father, and what remained was parted over the pale brow. No wraps enfolded it but the faded calico gown. A poorer neighbour spread her white linen handkerchief over its face, and the carpenter filled up the space with clean pine shavings, and as he did his work he groaned and said: "God bless this poor mother; God be thanked the wee bairn is safe."

The captain came down to read the committal service according to the law. He was a hard-faced, swearing, blustering Englishman, but beneath had a manly heart. He said to the carpenter: "Screw down the lid."

"Oh, no, captain," said the heart-stricken mother, "let me look at my baby once more."

He turned away and waited. Again he said to the grief-stricken mother: "I am sorry to deprive you of any comfort. God knows you have had few enough. But I must read the service."

She lifted herself, and the carpenter screwed down the lid, amid the sobs of the poor around her and the tears as well of those who are happier in this

world's goods, looking down from the upper deck. The captain read in plaintive tones the service, and faltered as he read, "I am the resurrection and the life." Poor man! Why he faltered at the anchor of human hope we could never tell. He took the box to be lowered into its billowy bed; the mother shrieked: "O captain!" and laid hold once more of her treasure; the captain stood waiting for her to kiss that rough box, and then she said, in broken English: "Fadder, thy will be done," and the little casket dropped into the sea, which took it quickly to its bosom, and a little bubble rose, the sea's last messenger, to tell us that all was well.—*Dr. Matchmore, in "Dumb Animals."*

The Painting or the Mosaic.

THEY have a way of making pictures in Italy, not with paint and brush and canvas, but with bits of variously-coloured marbles, called *tessare*, which, being skilfully put together with close regard to color and shading, and then beautifully polished, bring out figures of beasts, birds and men, and even landscapes and waterviews, of marvellous effect. Such is the wonderful mosaic of Pliny's Doves, in the Capitoline Museum at Rome, many copies of which have been made of all sizes, from the lady's brooch to the centre table. Many floors and pavements in the old temples and palaces were thus made. Just at the entrance of one of the unexcavated houses in the silent city of Pompeii you will see the representation of a dog lying on the floor, under which are the words, "*Cave Canem*" ("Look out for the dog"), beautifully done in mosaic. There is much of this work also in the great basilicas and the costly palaces of modern Rome.

The peculiarity of these mosaics is that they have depth. They are pictures all the way through. It may be a pavement, but the tread and wear of human feet for twenty centuries have not obliterated this picture. If with some lapidary's knife you could shave off picture after picture from the surface, you would still have left the deep colourings of the eternal stone. If you had an eye like the eye of God, and should look upon these mosaics, you would see quite the same forms and figures all the way through the stones.

That is truth in the inward parts; and that is what God desires, because he has an eye that looks not on the surface, but that looks into character, and sees us through and through.

If to our eyes all things were transparent, how offensive would be all merely surface beauty! Not gilt, but gold; not plated ware, but the real plate itself; not stucco, but the solid stone; not paint, and varnish, and veneering, but the real grain and fibre of the wood—these are what would satisfy the penetrative eye. And shall God be satisfied with less in us? Shall our piety be the painting or the mosaic? Shall our religious characters have depth? Shall they wear brighter and brighter as the surface wears off? Such is the practical lesson of the wonderful fifty first psalm—"wash me thoroughly," "truth in the inward parts."—*Sunday-school Times.*

The "Upsetting Sin."

ONE night, at a meeting, a negro prayed earnestly that he and his brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsetting sins."

"Brudder," one of his friends said, "you ain't got the hang of dat ar word. It's 'besettin' not 'upsettin'."

"Brudder," replied he, "if dat's so, it's so: but I was prayin' de Lord to save us from de sin ob 'toxication, an' if dat ain't a upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."

Sure enough the old negro was right. Drunken-

ness is the upsetting sin—upsetting homes and characters; upsetting manhood, womanhood, and sweet childhood; upsetting and down-treading loves, hopes, and joys.—*Ernest Gilmore.*

The Sword of Gram.

HAVE you heard the rhyme of the sword of Gram—
A mighty sword with a sparkling hilt?
Oh, a flaming brand in the brave right hand
Of him who had scorn for the stain of guilt.
To a house that was ringing with bridal bells
It was brought, in the dusk of a sweet spring day,
By a kingly man—so the legend tells—
Close wrapped in a shadowy cloak of gray.

With the step of Odin he crossed the door,
With the voice of Odin he plainly spoke;
Lightly the sword of Gram he bore,
And cleft it deep to the heart of oak
Of a giant tree on the hearth that lay.
A silence fell on the wedding mirth:
"Who frees that sword," as he strode away,
Said Odin, "shall conquer all the earth."

Then one and another tried, to be sure:
But *this* was fickle and *that* way frail;
And many, alas! had lives impure,
And at touch of the hilt turned weak and pale;
Till a hero came in the bloom of youth,
And the sword sprang swiftly to greet his hand:
For white on his brow was the sign of truth,
And the gods had tempered for him the brand.

So here and there through the world he sped
To do the right and shape the wrong;
And crime and error before him fled,
This champion eager and blithe and strong.
He carried the wonderful sword of Gram
Wherever he went, and the world was wide:
There was peace in his breast, and love and rest,
For he strove with Odin upon his side.

You wish, my lad with the kindling eye,
'Twere yours to carry a blade like *this*—
A magic brand in a brave right hand,
And never the prize in a strife to miss?
Believe my words that the sword of Gram
Is waiting still for the hero's grasp,
Though never a king in a cloak of gray
May have brought it nigh for the victor's clasp.

If the heart be pure and the hand be clean,
The look be noble, and courage high,
The boy will conquer the foes that throng,
Nor droop his flag under any sky.
For a greater than Odin on his side
Will help him strive for the deathless right;
And he'll bear the mystical sword of Gram,
And lightly carry its matchless might.

Writing It Down.

UNCLE JOHN would sometimes take a tiny notebook from his pocket, and begin to write when the children were naughty and called each other names. Afterwards he would read aloud to them what he had written. They did not like to hear it, although they knew it was true—every word of it; for, "somehow," as Bess declared, "it wouldn't have been so dreadful if it hadn't been written down."

By and by, whenever Uncle John began to write in the little book, they would run to him and say: "Please don't write it down: we'll not say any more naughty words."

The good man would smile as he put away the little book, and spoke to them lovingly of "the Lamb's book of life," where every thought and word and deed is written down.

As time passes we forget that we have been so naughty; but it is all there against us, and when the book is opened we shall find much written there that we would gladly erase.

Dear little friends, the pages of your life are lying clean and white before you. What shall be written there? Now is the time to begin a record of which you will never be ashamed. The last words uttered by John B. Gough were: "Young man, keep your record clean."—*Youth's Evangelist.*

"God is Light, and in Him is no Darkness."

BY THOMAS BINNEY.

ETERNAL Light! eternal Light!
How pure the soul must be
When plac'd within thy searching sight,
It shrinks not, but with calm delight
Can live, and look on thee!

The spirits that surround thy throne
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

O! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?

There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode;
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An Advocate with God--

These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above;
The sons of ignorance and might
May dwell in the eternal light
Through the eternal love.



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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 21, 1889.

REMEMBER

THE

S. S. AID COLLECTION

ON

REVIEW SUNDAY,

SEPTEMBER 29TH.

This collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday, in September, is recommended as the best time for taking it up. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in this

respect, to be entitled to receive aid from the fund. Superintendents of Circuits and Superintendents of Schools will kindly see that—in every case—the collection is taken up.

It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the Circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall, in turn, remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the Lay Treasurer of the fund.

The claims on this fund are increasing faster than the fund. We need a large increase this year to even partially meet the many applications made. Over four hundred new schools have been started in the last three years by means of this fund. No fund of this comparatively small amount is doing more good.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

The following are extracts from a few only out of several hundreds of letters received by the Secretary of the Sunday-school Board, showing the nature of the operations of the S. S. Aid Fund, and the character of the benefits it confers. It will be observed that these schools are doing all they can to help themselves and to pay back part or the whole of the grant given by the S. S. Board:—

A missionary in Manitoba writes: "Many thanks for your assistance; we trust the day is not far distant when we shall return the amount with good interest to the S. S. Aid Fund. God bless you in your good work; many will thank him in eternity for what they have received through your kind assistance."

A faithful layman in Muskoka writes: "I am thankful that God is doing a good work for the people here, and also our Sabbath-school is reviving. I have heard no preacher since last December, three months before. We get them to visit us four or five times a year."

Another Newfoundland missionary writes: "The papers are read and appreciated in the midst of gross darkness and widespread poverty, and are doing good work for God and Methodism."

A minister in Cape Breton writes: "Our school here is a particularly needy one. Very often the children are kept from Sunday-school from the fact that they are too poor to get proper clothing to wear. Most of the homes are utterly destitute of reading for young minds."

A missionary in Nova Scotia writes: "Our little Sabbath-school in this place is increasing nicely and doing a good work. Friends said it was no use to try a Methodist school in this scattered and divided section, but my good wife took hold of it and has succeeded wonderfully. The papers have helped largely."

"Render Unto God the Things that are God's."

WHAT things are God's? Our money is his. It is ours only as his stewards. It is his by supreme lordship over us and over it.

"But I acquired it by hard work and skill."

Who gave you the power of endurance, health, strength, and ability? Were not these endowments from God? Is he not, therefore, entitled to the income from their use?

Recently, a very wealthy man candidly stated that the bulk of his fortune came through a favourable conjunction of affairs wholly unplanned and unexpected by him; that it was through no superior ability or far-sightedness on his part that he became rich. This is true of many. Providence has favoured them. Has not God given them hundreds of the sands or millions to be used for him in this time when the resources of our missionary societies are overtaxed to meet the enormous demands upon them?

Rich man, whose is that money which you hold? God's.

What are you doing with your Lord's money? Are you spending large sums freely for your own pleasure, and giving small sums grudgingly for religious work for human souls, and the glory of God?

What right have you to heap up millions in this manner, when the gift by you of even half a million would so wondrously help on the work of the world's evangelization?

Do you need any more than you have acquired?

Why can you not resolve, as some other good and most noble men have done, namely: "To give away your entire annual income, above a moderate sum for living expenses? Why not? The world will be made better, and you will be a happier man, than to continue selfishly hoarding for the sake of being reckoned a rich man among your fellows. Are you "rich toward God?"

"Render unto God the things that are God's!"



AT WORK PASSING THE LOWER END OF THE FIRST CATARACT OF THE LIVINGSTONE FALLS, NEAR ROCKY ISLAND.

A Temperance Story.

At a temperance meeting held in our town,
It may be a year ago,
A Quaker lady rose up to speak—
A Quaker lady, aged and weak,
With hair as white as snow.

A reverent stillness came over the crowd,
As we all bent forth to hear,
While she told a story in Quaker phrase,
Simple and sweet, like her people's ways,
In a voice still firm and clear.

"In our household," she said, "many years now gone
by,

When I was a new-wed wife,
We had a servant much given to drink,
Tottering hard by the fearful brink
Of a drunkard's death in life.

"Deeply I grieved o'er the man and his sin,
And said, 'I entreat thee, shun
Thy evil habit, and take the pledge;
Thou art so near the perilous edge—
Abstain, or thou art undone.'

"At your table, good madam, I wait," he replied,
'And when company comes to dine,
I place three glasses, by your command,
Three glasses fair at each guest's right hand,
And serve them all with wine.

"And every day by your chair do I stand,
Throughout the whole of the year;
And every day your glass I fill;
You always drink it, thinking no ill—
Why shouldn't I have my beer?"

"The words of that man went home to my soul,
And my conscience smote me sore;
'I know thou hast done so, James,' I said;
'Thou hast, and I take the blame on my head—
Thou shalt do so now no more.

"Greatly I fear that my thoughtless ways
May lead thy soul to death;
But if thou wilt abstain, by help Divine,
From thy spirits and beer, I will leave my wine
From now till my latest breath!"

"So we took the pledge, and for many a year
We kept our temperance vow;
And a happy home and children dear
Had James; and the whole of us reverse
His name and memory now.

"And when he was dying he thanked God for me,
As only the dying can,
That the Lord had helped me to make that stand
Against evil ways, and to stretch out my hand
To save a sinking man.

"I trust that his soul is safe above,
For he sought the Lord of a truth;
And I thank my God, now I'm feeble and old,
And the days of the years of my life are nigh told,
For the pledge I took in my youth."

A Temperance Sermon by a Publican.

ON Sunday night, in Kinnaird Hall, a temperance discourse was delivered from Heb. xii. 1, by Mr. Gilbert Archer, of Leith, head of the Good Templar organization in Scotland. Mr. Macrae, who presided, read from the 19th chapter of Acts the account of the Ephesian sorcerers who, on being converted to Christianity, gathered their books of sorcery and burned them in sight of all the people. Mr. Macrae doubted if Paul himself ever preached a sermon in Ephesus that made such an impression on the public mind. A similar sermon, he said, had once been preached in Dundee on the temperance question. It was preached in 1828 by a publican. Old Thomas Lamb—afterwards the founder of Lamb's hotel, one of the best temperance hotels in the kingdom—was at that time a spirit dealer in the Murraygate. He was convinced by a series of lectures which were delivered in Dundee that year by William Cruickshanks that it was a bad thing to use strong drink, and a worse thing to sell it. Mr. Lamb thereupon decided to abandon the trade. Not only so; instead of disposing of his stock, as many would have done, he took the whole of the liquor and destroyed it. He had made up his mind that neither through him nor through others would harm be done to man or woman through that liquor. Mr. Lamb was said to be a very poor public speaker. But no temperance orator had ever (Mr. Macrae said) preached a more powerful or a more memorable temperance sermon in Dundee than Thomas Lamb preached that day when he ran his whole stock of drink into the gutter. It was such another sermon as the converted sorcerers preached in Ephesus, when they gathered their bad books and burned them before the eyes of the people.—*Sel.*

Charles Kingsley on Gambling.

THE following letter, says the *Irish Ecclesiastical Gazette*, was addressed by the late Charles Kingsley to a public-school boy who had put money into a sweepstakes without thinking it was wrong:—

MY DEAREST BOY: There is a matter which gave me much uneasiness when you mentioned it. You said you had put into some lottery for the Derby, and had hedged to make safe. Now, that is bad—bad—nothing but bad. Of all habits, gambling is the one I hate most, and have avoided most. Of all habits it grows most on eager minds. Success and loss alike make it grow. Of all habits, however much civilized men may give way to it, it is

one of the most intrinsically savage. Historically, it has been the peace excitement of the lower brutes in human form for ages past. Morally, it is unchivalrous and un-Christian. (1) It gains money by the lowest and most unjust means, for it takes money out of your neighbour's pocket without giving him anything in return. (2) It tempts you to use what you fancy your superior knowledge of a horse's merits, or anything else, to your neighbour's harm. If you know better than your neighbour, you are bound to give him your advice. Instead, you conceal your knowledge to win from his ignorance; hence come all sorts of concealments, dodges, deceits—I say the devil is the only father of it. I am sure, moreover, that the headmaster would object seriously to anything like a lottery, betting, or gambling. I hope you have not won; I should not be sorry for you to lose. If you have won, I shall not congratulate you. If you wish to please me you

will give back to its lawful owners the money you have won. If you are a loser in gross thereby, I will gladly reimburse your losses this time. As you had put in, you could not in honour draw back until after the event. Now you can give back your money, saying that you understood that the headmaster and I disapprove of such things, and so gain a very great moral influence. Recollect always that the stock argument is worthless. It is this: "My friend would win from me if he could, therefore I have an equal right to win from him." Nonsense! The same argument would prove that I have a right to maim or kill a man if only I can give him leave to maim or kill me if he can and will. I have spoken my mind once and for all on a matter on which I have held the same views for more than twenty years.

Running with all His Might.

"WHEN I was a soldier," said the preacher to a boy-audience the other day, "a raw countryman joined our command, and from the first day he came to camp there was seen in him a very high degree of courage. In battle he fought like a lion, on the march he endured without a murmur, and there was a saying among the soldiers that it would be a pity for G— to get mixed up in a defeat: he would surely be cut to pieces where he stood. But a day came when our army was outnumbered—when, broken and defeated, the command came to retreat—and, behold, as he had been foremost in the fight and steadiest on the march, so now G— was the best on retreat. When running was his duty, he ran with all his might."

Such a text as this country soldier hardly needs any sermon to follow it. Is it your part to do hard tasks, to achieve great things? Draw courage and inspiration from this soldier unflinchingly going to the cannon's mouth. Is yours a plodding life, day after day in the same unvaried, wearisome routine? Imitate the greatness of his patience as, footsore and weary, he keeps his place in the ranks without faltering, without lagging. And if, after doing your best, defeat comes, remember our hero who was heroic in defeat as in victory; if you must run, run with all your might.—*Forward.*

A LITTLE boy stood by the window, looking out at the leafless trees in the winter. Looking intently at the plum-trees in the garden, he asked: "Mamma, will the plum-trees hatch out again in the summer?"

If We Knew.

If we knew, when walking thoughtless
In the noisy, crowded way,
That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
Close beside our pathway lay,
We would pause where now we hasten,
We would often look around,
Lest our careless feet should trample
Some rare jewel to the ground.

If we knew what forms were fainting
For the shade that we should fling;
If we knew what lips are parching
For the water we could bring,
We would haste with eager footsteps,
We would work with willing hands,
Bearing cups of cooling water,
Planting rows of shading palms.

If we knew, when friends around us
Closely press to say good-by,
Which among the lips that kissed us
First would 'neath the daisies lie,
We would clasp our arms around them,
Looking on them through our tears;
Tender words of love eternal
We would whisper in their ears.

If we knew what lives are darkened
By some thoughtless word of ours,
Which had ever lain among them
Like the frost among the flowers;
Oh, with what sincere repenting,
With what anguish of regret,
While our eyes were overflowing,
We would cry, "Forgive! forget!"

If we knew! Alas! and we
Ever care or seek to know
Whether bitter herbs or roses
In our neighbour's garden grow?
God forgive us! lest hereafter
Our hearts break to hear him say:
"Careless child, I never knew you,
From my presence flee away."

Teachers' Department.

Opening and Closing Exercises.

BY L. W. HAWLEY.

It is a painful fact that there are schools where the session is robbed of vitality and attractiveness because neither in the opening nor the closing exercises is there apparent the slightest forethought on the part of the superintendent.

Perhaps the doxology is sung at the opening; but if so, it is selected for its noise rather than its grand sentiment of praise. At the close of the verse, perhaps some one offers a conventional prayer, without any reference to the lesson of the day or the experience of the past week, but simply as a bridge from the singing to the lesson.

What is the proper course to pursue? I suggest: 1. Scour the town, if necessary, for an organ. 2. Get a piano also, if you can. 3. Scour the town again for a cornet player, or a flute, or a clarinet, or a violinist, or a double bass—any or all of these. But what would people say? They would say, "Well, I guess the Methodists are waking up and going to do something." And they would be right, too.

Of course, I do not mean to put a full-fledged orchestra into the school all at once; but would get them in gradually—adding first one instrument and then another. 4. Use live gospel music—words and tunes. 5. Put the best person forward as a leader; the man or woman best fitted for the place. 6. If you are not at all gifted in a musical line, then talk over the selection of the hymns with your leader. Don't have them singing hymns or tunes without regard to their fitness for the occasion. 7. Arrange a new and definite programme for each session. Novelty and freshness have the

effect to keep the school on the *qui vive*, and there is gained a unity and enthusiasm not otherwise attainable. The superintendent should spend from a half-hour to a whole evening every week in arranging the most effective programme possible.

Don't let anything get into a rut. Open one Sunday with singing; sing two or three pieces if there is time—one right after the other. The next Sunday open with prayer. If you do not offer the prayer yourself, and there is anything special that you wish a brother to pray for, tell him of it beforehand.

The following Sunday may have a lesson that is covered or touched upon in several places in the Bible. Read with the school some of these passages at the opening. This necessitates their bringing Bibles, which, of course, they ought to do.

But do not attempt to do any of these in order to bring the school to order. Have the order first—by the sound of the organ; by the tap of the bell, by the tap of the pencil, or by simply folding your hands and standing still; any way you choose; but before you give out the hymn, or the reading, wait for *silence*. You can easily have it, if you manage right, and keep yourself in order, with a sweet and quiet spirit.

Let the opening service always lead up to the lesson, and be an inspiration to all. Our work is, by personal magnetism and oversight, by wise self-sacrificing, planning and leading, to so surround the lesson as to afford the teachers every aid in our power.

Then give them at least thirty minutes. Don't rob them in order to carry out some pet plan of your own. They may have prepared their lesson with thirty minutes in mind, and you have no right to a moment of that time. Keep secretary, treasurer, librarian, pastor, or visiting brother away from the classes during the lesson. By bell or organ give the school a signal five minutes before closing the lesson.

At the close of the lesson, if you think you can add anything valuable to what the teachers have said, do it briefly, tersely, and in a way to rivet the truth already taught. Then sing a verse or two, give a signal to the librarians to do their work swiftly and quietly, and dismiss, with the prayer that the lesson for that day may "be lived out" during the coming week.

The Wingless Bird.

ONE of the chief wonders of the world of ornithology is the Apteryx, a bird which is found only in New Zealand, and even there is rapidly becoming extinct. It is a creature so strange that no imagination could have fancied a bird without wings or tail, with robust legs, and with claws which are suited for digging, and are actually used in forming excavations, in which this singular bird lays its eggs and hatches its young. If the Apteryx were to become extinct, and all that remained of it, after the lapse of one or two centuries, for the scrutiny of the naturalist, were a foot in one museum and a head in another, with a few conflicting figures of its external form, the real nature and affinities of this most remarkable species would be involved in as much obscurity and doubt, and become the subject of as many conflicting opinions among the ornithologists of that period, as are those of the Dodo in the present day.

The Apteryx is not larger than a full-grown fowl, and has only a rudimentary wing, so covered with the body of feathers as to be concealed; the terminating slender claw may, however, be discerned on examination.

The bill is long and slightly curved, having the nostrils at the extremity; its feathers, the sides of

which are uniform in structure, do not exceed four and a half inches in length, and are much prized as material for mantles or cloaks by the chiefs. It is a nocturnal bird, using its long bill in search of worms, upon which it principally feeds; it kicks with great power, and burrows at the root of the rata, at the base of which tree is also found the extraordinary *Sphaeria Robertsia*, a species of vegetating caterpillar. Retaining the form of the caterpillar, the fungus pervades the whole body, and shoots up a small stem above the surface of the ground, the body of the caterpillar being below the earth in an erect position. The Apteryx frequently leans with its bill upon the earth—one of its chief characteristics—and thus, when viewed from a distance, appears to be standing on three legs.

By the natives of New Zealand these birds are called Kiwis, from the cry they utter, and they are frequently caught by a cunning imitator of their tone, who, when they approach, dazzles and frightens them with a light previously concealed, and, throwing his blanket over them, thus secures them.

Retaliation.

JOHN IMBIE.

Oh, Canada! arise in thy young strength,
And prove thyself a nation of the earth,
Whose veins are filled with blood of noble birth,
That shall be honoured, known and felt at length!
Think not of war!—but all that makes for peace
Be thine; thy aim—advancement and increase
In all that tends to make a nation great,
And thus be trained to cope with any fate!
O, may thy brother, "cross the lines," be such
As brother ought to be to sister fair—
Two of one family. Ask we thus too much
That God's free gifts they each alike should share?
Then should a foe our continent invade,
Brother and sister join in mutual aid!

The Peg Left Out.

THERE is a light to-night in the room of the dusty old machine shop. In his chair, near the bench supporting that lamp, sits the old watchman. Now and then he stirs about and sees that everything is safe—no burglars in the counting-room, no fire in the shop. At the close of every quarter of an hour he steps away to that big clock standing in the corner. A dial is there, punched with holes corresponding to the quarters of every hour. If prompt the old watchman will drive a peg in one of those empty holes. If he be tardy, he has lost the chance. In the morning that empty hole, like a troublesome mouth, will proclaim: "This watchman did not do his duty. He got asleep. He napped beyond the opportunity to plug me. During his nap a burglar entered—a fire broke out. I report Sir Watchman was asleep at his post."

You will find people in adult life who show that some peg was left out in their training when boys or girls. It may be an ungrammatical, or, still worse, an irreverent speech. "Peg left out!" you say.

There may be a slovenliness about the dress, or what is worse, one may be a sloven in keeping his word. How happened it? There was neglect in youth. "Peg left out!"

One in after years may show little skill in any special employment. He is a shuttlecock, helplessly battered from one misfortune to another. "Poor fellow!" people pityingly say. Yes! and he was a neglectful fellow also when a youth. He slighted his opportunities to learn a business, or a trade. "Peg left out!"

In many ways—as life sweeps over its circuit—opportunity comes only once. If your chance be now, do not throw it away!

The Last Hymn.

The Sabbath-day was ending in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly;
And they rose to face the sunlight in the glowing, lighted
west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed
boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging
there,

A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the
air;

But it lashed and shock and tore them till they thundered,
groaned, and boomed,
And alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed.

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of
Wales,

Lest the dawn of coming-morrow should be telling awful
tales,

When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast upon
the shore

Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it oft had done
before.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman
strained her eyes,

As she saw among the billows a huge vessel fall and rise;
O, it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a
sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and
thronged the beach:

O, for power to cross the waters and the perishing to
reach!

Helping hands were hung in terror, tender hearts grew
cold with dread,

And the ship, urged by the tempest, on the fatal rock-
shore sped.

"She has parted in the centre! O, the half of her goes
down!

God have mercy! Is his haven far to seek for those who
drown?"

Lo! when next the white, shocked face looked with terror
on the sea,

Only one last clinging figure on the spar was seen to be.

Never to the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by
the wave;

And the man still clung and floated, though no power on
earth could save;

"Could we send him one short message? Here's a trumpet,
shout away!"

'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered
what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no;
There was but one thing to utter in that awful hour of
woe.

So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus!
Can you hear?"

And "Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters
loud and clear.

Then they listened. He is singing, "Jesus, lover of my
soul,"

And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer
waters roll."

Strange, indeed, it was to hear him, "Till the storm of
life is past,"

Singing bravely o'er the water, "O, receive my soul at
last."
—Selected.

What Came of a Drink!

BY J. HUNT COOKE.

In the year 1849, on the third day of October, a traveller from Richmond, Virginia, to Philadelphia, got out of a train at the refreshment station at Baltimore. He was tired with the journey, and still had some distance to go. A friend whom he met there invited him to take a drink. What harm could there be in that? Was it not the part of good fellowship to do so? Who but a churl—a fellow who ought to be treated with contempt, some bigoted, miserable teetotaler—could raise an objection? The two friends—with good intentions—went to the bar and had a drink. What was the result?

The gentleman who was thus tempted was a poet

of the very highest promise. His career had been wild and bad. His name was Edgar Allan Poe. His tales had revealed rare genius. One or two poems he had written were radiant with promise. Every literary critic was assured that if he would become steady, and settle down to a good life, he would be one of the brightest stars of American literature.

But the counsels of wise men and the influence of good friends had no effect. While in Richmond he had been brought to penitence for the past, and vowed reformation. He signed the pledge, and joined a temperance society, to enable him to resist his great foe—strong drink. He gave a lecture on total abstinence, which was attended by the best people in Richmond, who rejoiced at the change and were full of hope.

A lady, whom he had long loved, now consented to an engagement, and arrangements were made for the wedding. All his friends were satisfied that the man had changed, and meant to work and live a good life.

Before the marriage took place, he had an invitation to Philadelphia, for some literary work. Life was bright, and all promised well. But, while staying for a few minutes at Baltimore, a well-meaning friend persuaded him once more to open the door to the demon which had blasted his life up to that hour, but was now subdued. What inducements were used, what strong assertions that one glass could do no harm were made, what jests at being a milksop were employed, what sneers at teetotal fanaticism were indulged in, we cannot tell. At length Poe only just turned the key in the lock—he took a drink!

There are foolish persons who say they have no sympathy for a man who cannot take just one glass or two, perhaps, and stop there. No wise lover of his fellows will say that. Some of the very best men cannot. It is often the finest brains which are driven into insanity with a few drops of alcohol, which speedily destroy the equilibrium of the whole system, as a little snake poison would do.

Poe could not stop at one glass. At Havre de Grace he was found so disorderly that he was taken back to Baltimore, in the custody of the conductor of the Philadelphia train. There he did what numbers have done—ran riot in drink—completely mastered by the demon he had been foolish enough to set free. In the course of a few days he was taken to a hospital in an insensible state. On Sunday morning, October 7th, he awoke to consciousness. "Where am I?" he asked. A kind-hearted doctor, who was by the bedside, said, "You are cared for by your best friends." After a pause, Poe solemnly replied, "My best friend would be the man who would blow out my brains." In ten minutes he was a corpse!

The next day he was interred in the burial-ground of Westminster-church, and America lost one of the most promising and brilliant writers she ever possessed.

What became of the friend who induced him to take that drink at the Baltimore refreshment booth? What did he think of it when he learned the results? What will he think of it in eternity? If angels have any insight into futurity, what must they have felt if permitted to witness that scene at the refreshment bar? Surely some demon sent a thrill of hellish joy throughout the pit as it saw the man lift the glass!

Oh! it is terrible to think what a brilliant light in English literature that glass quenched! And one is reminded of a certain great poet, who lived many centuries, previous, who said—possibly seeing a similar evil in his day: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink."

The Two Words.

ONE day a harsh word rashly said,
Upon an evil journey sped,
And like a sharp and cruel dart,
It pierced a fond and loving heart;
It turned a friend into a foe,
And everywhere brought pain and woe.

A kind word followed it one day,
Flew swiftly on its blessed way;
It healed the wound, it soothed the pain,
And friends of old were friends again;
It made the hate and anger cease,
And everywhere brought joy and peace.

But yet the harsh word left a trace
The kind word could not quite efface;
And though the heart its love regained
It bore a scar that long remained;
Friends could forgive but not forget,
Or lose the sense of keen regret.

Oh, if we would but learn to know
How swift and sure our words can go,
How would we weigh with utmost care
Each thought before it sought the air,
And only speak the words that move
Like white-winged messengers of love.

—Sunday-School Times.

"Don't Step There."

A MAN started out for church one icy Sunday morning, and presently came to a place where a boy was standing, who, with a choking voice, said:

"Please don't step there."

"Why not?"

"Because I stepped there and fell down," sobbed the little fellow, who had thus taken upon himself to warn the unwary passers-by of the danger into which he had fallen.

There are many men in the world who have good reasons for giving such a warning as this. The man who has trod the dark and slippery paths of intemperance, as he sees the young learning to take the first glass of spirits or wine or beer, has good reason to say to them, "Don't step there; for I stepped there and fell down." The man who has indulged in gambling till he is despised by others, and abhorred by himself, has good reason to say to the young when they are entering on the same course, "Don't step there; for I stepped there and fell down."

How many there are to-day, in prisons and convict settlements with reputations ruined and lives blasted, who could say to the young man tempted to enter the paths of dishonesty and wrong-doing, "Don't step there; for I stepped there and fell down."

Let us be warned ourselves, and lift a warning voice to others.—Selected.

Cherish Your Girlhood.

DEAR girls, don't be so often wishing you were grown-up women, that you will neglect your girlhood. In the rush and hurry of these fast times there is danger that you will reach and strain after "young ladyhood" too much. Be girls awhile yet. Be tender, joyous, loving, obedient and industrious. Womanhood, with its privileges and power, its burdens and trials, will come soon enough.

On this point one has wisely said: "Wait patiently, my children, through the whole limit of your girlhood. Go not after womanhood; let it come to you. Keep out of public view. Cultivate refinement and modesty. The cares and responsibilities of life will come soon enough. When they come you will meet them, I trust, as true women should. But oh! be not so unwise as to throw away your girlhood. Rob not yourself of this beautiful season which, wisely spent, will brighten all your future life."

The Poor and the Rich.

SHE covered him over, her five-year old ;
 "He will never know poverty more," she
 said,
 As she patted the curls of his boyish
 head ;
 "No feet'll be bare in the winter cold ;
 "No crying for bread, no wearisome hours
 Of labour ill-paid, from sun to sun ;
 No murmuring oft when the work is
 done,
 Shut up from the sun, and the birds, and
 flowers.

"From the rich and the lofty, no look of
 pride ;
 There'll be time to study and time to
 grow
 In the beautiful gardens the angels
 know ;
 It is well—it is well that my boy has died."

She covered him over, her five-year old ;
 "He is safe, he is safe," she sadly said,
 As she platted the folds of his narrow
 bed,
 And kissed the cheek that was white and
 cold.

The room was gorgeous as palace hall,
 And fragrant with flowers of the richest
 hue :
 Camelias and roses and violets blue ;
 And golden the hangings upon the wall.

"He will never be spoiled by a life of ease ;
 No sin will entangle his sunny hair,
 Or crimson his cheek that is now so fair ;
 No wife in her sorrow will drink the lees

"Of a poisonous cup ; he is safe, my child !
 My tenderest one ! I am satisfied.
 Ah ! better, far better, my boy had died,
 Than living in pleasure by sin defiled."

For rich and for poor there are ills to bear ;
 The waters are bitter for both to drink.
 There are sorrows and burdens from
 which we shrink,
 And the angels have weighed us an equal
 share.

LESSON NOTES.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

B.C. 1060.] [Sept. 29

1 Sam. 25. 23-31, and 35-38.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And be not drunk with wine, wherein is
 excess. Eph. 5. 18.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Selfishness, v. 23-31.
- 2. Drunkenness, v. 35-38.

TIME.—1060 B.C.

PLACE.—Carmel, a city of southern
 Judah.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—This lesson is not properly a part of the series of lessons from Israel's history, which have occupied us during the quarter, though it is from the same book of history. It records an incident in the life of David while a fugitive from Saul's wrath, and is designed to serve as a lesson against the sin of excessive drinking of wine.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Speak in thine audience*—That is, "Let me have an opportunity to speak with thee." *Trespass of thine handmaid*—She trespassed by coming, a woman, unbidden, to the presence of David, to change his purposes. *A man is risen to pursue*. Abigail means, "Saul is once more pursuing thee." *In the bundle of life*—The figure is taken from the custom of binding in bundles things that were valuable, to preserve them. *Fling out*—Throw away, as a stone is thrown from a sling, where it cannot be found. *Became as a stone*—Had a stroke of paralysis. *Smote Nabal*—Another and a severer stroke, which caused his death.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Selfishness.*
 Whose character furnishes the illustration of selfishness?
 What can you tell about this man?
 What prevented David from committing an act of vengeance far in excess of its cause?
 In what was Nabal selfish?
 What do you say about the act of Abigail?
 What prompted her?
 In what respect was her speech a prophecy?
 Was there any hint of selfishness in the thought of David?
2. *Drunkenness.*
 What was the result of Abigail's mission?
 While Abigail was thus occupied, what occupied her husband?
 What were the things which Abigail told Nabal in the morning?
 Why did she not tell him on the same night?
 What difference would Nabal's condition make as to her telling?
 In what respects does drunkenness then and now appear similar?
 What was the effect upon Nabal of his wife's tidings?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Selfishness forbids every benefit received from others.
 Nabal knew who David was. He pretended not to know. Selfishness made him a liar.
 Hospitality to the stranger is an Oriental peculiarity. Selfishness made him inhospitable. Selfishness made him feast in his house while others might perish. Selfishness made him drunken.
 Drunkenness left him weakened and debauched, and fear added the blow which stunned him. He is not the last man who has died from excessive drink.
 Be generous. Be hospitable. Be sober.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Read the whole chapter carefully.
2. What place has this incident in David's history?
3. Trace in this story the hardening power of wine used to excess.
4. Trace the power of wine to sap the foundations of a constitution.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What caused the interview described in our lesson? "The wicked hostility of Nabal." 2. What service had David rendered to him? "Cared for his property in the wilderness." 3. What stopped David in his mission of vengeance? "The wisdom of Abigail." 4. While she was saving his life, what occupied Nabal at home? "A drunken feast in his house." 5. What was the effect of his fear and debauch? "He was stricken and died." 6. What lesson does his life teach? "Be not drunk," etc.
 DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The sin of selfishness.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1048] **LESSON I.** [Oct. 6

THE TRIBES UNITED UNDER DAVID.

2 Sam. 5. 1-12. Memory verses, 1-3

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.—Psa. 133. 1.

OUTLINE.

- 1. David in Hebron, v. 1-5.
- 2. David in Jerusalem, v. 5-12.

TIME.—1048 B.C.

PLACES.—Hebron, Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The lessons of this quarter continue the lessons concerning Israel's history. Seven and a half years pass away before we again touch the story. Through all this time David has been reigning as king at Hebron over the tribe of Judah. The eldest surviving son of Saul was made king by Abner, the leader of Saul's broken forces. After several years of war against the Philistines, and finally a civil war, both Abner and the king were slain, and the contest was decided in favour of David. Then the tribes united under his powerful leadership, and a period of great prosperity began.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Thy bone and flesh*—All kin: since we descended from the same father, Abraham. *Leddest out*—As the

commander of Saul's army. *Take away the blind and the lame*—This was said as a taunt, since their fortifications were so strong as to be thought impregnable. *Who-soever getteth up*, ver. 8, is evidently a poor bit of translation by the Authorized Version translators. See difference in Ewald: "Whoso shall conquer the Jebusite, let him hurl him down from the cliff," etc.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *David in Hebron.*
 How general was the call which brought David to the throne?
 What prophecy was thereby fulfilled? 1 Sam. 16. 1.
 In what sense was the claim of kinship in ver. 1 true?
 By what act was the relation between king and people consummated?
 What does ver. 2 show in regard to the common expectation of the people?
 Which party had been right in the civil war between David and the house of Saul?
 Was David a usurper? Give the reason for your answer.
 How long did David reign in Hebron?
2. *David in Jerusalem.*
 How long did he reign in Jerusalem?
 Why did he not remain at Hebron with that for his capital?
 Why did he not make Gibeah his capital? When is Jerusalem first mentioned? As Salem, Gen. 14. 18; Josh. 10.
 Who first conquered it? Judg. 1. 8.
 Did they hold it, or did those to whom it was allotted hold it? Judg. 1. 21.
 What part of the city was held, and considered impregnable?
 How did David perpetuate the memory of his capture of it?
 What means did he take to render his power secure?
 What evidences of the growing importance of the nation can you find besides his moving of the capital?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Discipline fits men for true greatness.
 David's years of hardship as an outlaw and exile were his best equipment for administration of trust.
 The promises of God are always kept. When Samuel anointed David the promise was made, and no Sauls or Abners could prevent its fulfilment.
 Patience is one of life's greatest lessons. "While with patience we stand waiting, with exactness grinds He all."
 Make no haste; God does not hurry like man.
 "David perceived that the Lord had established him king." Happy man, that sees that his prosperity comes not from his own power, but from God's aid.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Learn from some source all you can about the Phœnicians: how early in history you can find record of them: what they were skilled in: how they figure among the nations, etc.
2. Study carefully the history of Jerusalem, and how it had figured in previous history. Also study about Hebron.
3. What had occupied David during the seven and a half years at Hebron?
4. Learn what you can of the fortifications David built in south-western Jerusalem.
5. Study from commentaries the meaning of ver. 6.
6. Give three reasons why David made Jerusalem his capital.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who offered David the sovereignty over all the people? "All the tribes of Israel." 2. What reason did they give for their action? "He was their kin, and God's choice." 3. What fitting comment on this act does our Golden Text express? "Behold how good and how pleasant," etc.
 4. What was David's first important political act? "He moved the capital to Jerusalem." 5. To what did David attribute his power and prosperity? "To God's presence and favour."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's care.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

45. In what manner then ought you to think and speak of God?
 I ought to think of God with fear and love, and speak of him with reverence and praise.
 Jeremiah 10. 7; Psalm 5. 7; Matthew 22. 37; Psalm 104. 1; Psalm 146. 2; Psalm 103. 1; 1 Peter 1. 17.

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