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# HOME AND SCHOOL



Vol. II.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 25, 1884.

[No. 22.

## The Silver Wedding.

BY REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

[Read at the twenty-fifth marriage anniversary of a Methodist preacher and his wife.]

A TRAVELLING Methodist Preacher, friends,  
The Discipline close at his fingers' ends;  
A Methodist Hymnal under his arm,  
The Gospel trumpet to sound an alarm  
Through the streets of time, in his right hand  
pressed,  
Is with us to-night as an honoured guest.  
In passing the dread collection plate,  
In guiding souls to the heavenly gate,  
In receiving least for the grandest deeds,  
The travelling Methodist preacher leads.  
Yet no man wears a sunnier brow  
In the world than he; just look at him now!  
He seems like one who beholds afar  
A bright crown gleaming through gates ajar,  
And hears far above the world's sad cries  
The angels singing in Paradise.

Who sits at his side?—that lady! She  
Belongs to a race of high degree,  
First in service hailed and crowned  
Wherever a Methodist church is found.  
It is she who, uncomplaining, roams  
A homeless woman amid sweet homes;  
To the humblest duty reconciled,  
A mother to everybody's child;  
Responding ever to all demands,  
Doing the work of a hundred hands,  
And pouring out for the people's good  
The wealth of a noble womanhood.  
Smooth the path of her homeward way,  
Speak of her burdens when you pray,  
Shield her name as a sacred thing  
From the touch of slander's poisoned sting,  
Angel of peace in a world of strife—  
A travelling Methodist preacher's wife!

she sees more clearly, than in the case of the average man. This is especially so when the book is written, as is this, in the form of letters. A clever writer makes you forget that the letters were not addressed to you personally, and imparts facts and figures so pleasantly that you learn without weariness, surprised to find that you have been instructed when you had only hoped to be amused. This style of composition, too, admits of the introduction of a thousand minor facts and incidents, which would seem out of place in a more pretentious work; but which add immensely to the charm of the narrative.

We opened Miss Cumming's newest volume expecting to be instructed and

## THE FIJI ISLANDS.

Miss Cumming's voyage to the Fijian islands was made in 1875, in company with Lady Gordon, wife of the Hon. Sir Arthur Hamilton Gordon, first British Governor of Fiji. Fiji, to quote from the introduction, is "an archipelago containing seventy or eighty inhabited islands, some of which are of considerable size, the largest, Viti Levu, or Great Fiji, being about ninety miles long by fifty broad. Besides these there are about one hundred and fifty uninhabited islets; and each of the principal islands forms a centre, round which cluster from twenty to thirty minor isles, forming groups as distinct and as widely separated as are

a dreadful pestilence by which 40,000 out of a population of 120,000 had died. It is pleasant to add in this connection, that though the pestilence was regarded by a few of the recently converted tribes as a judgment upon them for having accepted Christianity, yet out of the 40,000 who are supposed to have perished, 35,000 were known to the Wesleyan teachers to have been either candidates for membership in or members of the Christian Church. In addition to the evils resulting from the pestilence, a spirit of dissatisfaction was beginning to evince itself among those who had foolishly imagined that the mere session of Fiji to Britain would, in some magical fashion, work a cure of all existing ills. These, it is needless to say, were doomed to disappointment. And, besides all this, the revenue of the islands was only some \$16,000, while the expenditure reached £70,000. It will be enough to add to these details that the form of the government is that of a Crown Colony, with Executive and Legislative Councils, and that the population in 1880 was estimated at 110,000 natives, 1,902 Europeans, and 3,200 Polynesians.

## MISSIONS.

After a voyage of five months, Miss Cumming reached Fiji on Sunday, September 26, 1875. The Rev. Frederick and Mrs. Langham, who had lived in Fiji for seventeen years—Mr. Langham being the Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions—accompanied

Miss Cumming and her party from New South Wales. "They are a kind, genial couple," she writes, "while she is a gentle little woman, whom it is hard to associate with such scenes as she has had to go through." Mr. Langham surprised her by saying that the Wesleyans had established, at that date 1,400 schools and 900 churches in Fiji. "I think," adds Miss Cumming, "the Engineers were not the only people who opened their eyes at this statement, which is strictly true!"

Writing of the houses of Levuka, then the capital of Fiji, Miss Cumming says: "You need not imagine that the



FIJIAN CHIEF'S KITCHEN.

## At Home in Fiji.\*

BY THE REV. SAMUEL P. ROSE.

THIS is another book for which we are indebted to the adventurous spirit and facile pen of a lady. We have come to regard it as presumptive proof that a book of travels will be interesting when it is written by one of the gentler sex. It seems to be given to a woman to see more, and record what

\*At Home in Fiji. By G. F. Gordon Cumming. Second edition, complete, in one volume. With map and illustrations. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. \$1 25.

interested by her account of the far away islands of the sea. We have not been disappointed. She has written a delightful book. The very charm of her letters—their picturesque descriptions of persons and places, and their thousand details of travel—renders a condensation of their contents exceedingly difficult. We hope, however, to reproduce such facts as will be of general interest, having especial reference in doing so to the Wesleyan missions in Fiji, to the successful character of which Miss Cumming bears frequent and important testimony.

the Orkneys, the Hebrides, and the Scilly isles."

It may be in the recollection of the reader that in 1874 Fiji was formally annexed to Great Britain. Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of New South Wales, arranged the transfer, by means of which it was hoped that an end would be made to the intertribal wars which had wrought terrible mischief in the past, and that a healthy national independence would be developed. When Sir Arthur Gordon became Governor the prospects were far from encouraging. In the first place, the island was just recovering from

bungalows here are like those bowers of delight I have described to you in other tropical countries. There are no wide verandahs, over which veils of luxuriant creepers weave garlands of delight, and no heavy scent of tropical blossoms perfumes the night air. Here few people have time, or care, to cultivate flowers, and somehow those who have, have only succeeded on a very small scale. Even the fire flies, which we demand as a positive right in all tropical lands, are very few and very dim. As to the houses, they are all alike hideous, being built of wood (weather-board is the word), and roofed with corrugated iron or zinc, on which the tropical rains pour with deafening noise; or else the burning sun beats so fiercely as we'll nigh to stifle the inmates, to whom the luxuries of punkahs and ice are unknown."

#### FIJIAN SCENERY.

It was found, too, that Fiji was not a land flowing with milk and honey. The high price of the ordinary supplies of daily food, together with the difficulties attending the vexed question of servants, made residence in these islands less desirable than one might suppose. A more extended acquaintance with her new house led Miss Cumming to make the subjoined statements: "This island is itself quite beautiful, though by no means a desirable one on which to establish a capital, as it consists entirely of very steep hills, rising to a height of about 3,000 feet, crowned with great crags, and rent by deep gorges densely wooded. . . . I must say the little town greatly exceeds our expectations. We had imagined it was the haunt of uproarious planters, and white men of the lowest type, described by visitors of a few years ago, instead of which we find a most orderly and respectable community of about 600 whites, inhabiting 180 wooden houses. We are told that the reformation in the sobriety of the town is partly due to the Good Templars, who here muster a very considerable brotherhood."

The shops, though modest, were found to be "fully stocked with all things needful." The main street possessed houses on one side only, and a stranger was amazed to find a town every house of which was destitute of a chimney! One source of disappointment was the almost total absence of flowers. Horses, too, were unknown until the arrival of a few belonging to the Government party. The first horse seen by the natives called forth the somewhat remarkable exclamation, "Oh, the great pig!"

#### FIJIAN CHURCHES.

Of one thing there is no lack in the Fijian island, namely Churches. In Levuka alone Miss Cumming found, "besides the Wesleyan native chapels," "A large Wesleyan Church for the white population, a Roman Catholic Church, and an Episcopal one." In native work the Wesleyans of course lead the van, "the Church of England most wisely judging it best to leave the Fijians wholly in the care of the Wesleyans, whose mission here has been so marvellously successful." The heathenism of these islands, before the Wesleyan Missionary took them captive for Christ, was of a terribly revolting character. In addition to the cannibalism for which the Fijians are so painfully notorious, every form of cruelty was practised. Human life

was held very cheap, virtue was unknown. Seldom have the ravages of sin been more apparent, or the victories of the cross more complete and glorious than in Fiji.

#### A MISSION TOUR.

Miss Cumming was soon afforded an admirable opportunity of forming an accurate estimate of the work of Wesleyan missions in these islands. The Rev. Mr. Langham, accompanied by his devoted wife, was about to make a tour of inspection into the interior. Miss Cumming was invited to join them. This she very gladly accepted. As a member of the Church of England her testimony has a peculiar value. A few facts and incidents we shall venture to repeat. A description of a native house—a chief's by the way—is too good to omit. Having explained that it consists of one large room for everyone, but that "in a very fine chief's house, such as this, large curtains of native cloth are hung up at night to divide the upper end into several snug compartments," Miss Cumming adds:—"There is no furniture whatever; and a pile of soft mats is the only bedding required. A Fijian pillow consists of a bamboo, or a bar of wood, standing on two wooden legs, six inches high, which supports the neck only very much like the pillows of the Kassirs, and on the same principle as those of Japan."

#### SUCCESS OF MISSIONS.

Mr Langham's work is referred to eulogistically. For years he went "to and fro, among the cannibal tribes, when they were all at war, as mediator and teacher, urging them to make peace and to abstain from the horrible customs of heathenism, and accept the loving law of Christ."

"I think," she writes, "it might well startle some of our sleepy congregations to find themselves in a Fijian Church, of which there are 900 in these isles, for every village which becomes Christian begins by building a church and a teacher's house, and undertakes to feed and clothe the latter."

#### SUNDAY IN FIJI.

A Sabbath among the converts gives Miss Cumming great delight. "The form of service" she found to be "much the same as in a Presbyterian Church, with the addition of the *Te Deum* and Apostles' Creed, which are chanted in the native fashion, the missionaries having wisely made use of native customs when practicable." Of the genuineness of the devotion which she saw manifested she found no reason to be skeptical. "Everything in daily life tends to prove its reality." The exceeding honesty of these native Christians is delightful. "Boxes and bags which are known to contain knives and cloth and all manner of tempting treasures, stand unlocked," and are perfectly safe. Nor is their generosity less remarkable than their honesty. They are very poor, and yet "not only does each village support its own teacher, but considerable offerings for a general fund are made at the annual school examinations and 'missionary meetings.'" These missionary meetings differ in character from our own. "They are simply great days of native merry-making, when the missionaries very wisely encourage the people to keep up the most popular and innocent of their national customs, and when all who attend those meetings

bring offerings according to their ability and inclination."

#### A NATIVE MISSIONARY.

Another singular and noble man, whose acquaintance Miss Cumming formed, was the Tongan minister Joeli Mbulu. The Tongans and their faithful minister have played too important a part in the evangelization of Fiji to be dismissed with a single sentence. The Tongans anticipated the work of the Wesleyan Missionary in Fiji. Themselves converted to God through the labours of Wesleyan teachers in the Friendly Isles, like the early Christians they went everywhere proclaiming the glad tidings of salvation; "and as they had frequent intercourse with some parts of Fiji it was not long before the Tongan sailors taught all they had learned to such of their own kinsmen as had already settled in Fiji and to such Fijians as could be induced to hear them." But they did more. By "the moving tale of awful horrors" which they told, and by the encouragement afforded by "the sowing of that first seed," the Revs. W. Cross and David Cargill were induced to "leave the comparative comfort of their homes in Tonga to come and establish the mission in Fiji, where they landed in October, 1835. They found many Tongans already settled at Lakemba, the island where the mission was opened. They were good pioneers, and rendered valuable aid in promulgating the doctrines of Christianity. From their ranks devoted teachers came forth, ready to labour, and, if need be, to die for their new faith. Of these Joeli Mbulu was the chief. The story of the conversion of these islanders, whose pastor Joeli became, is touching and sweetly illustrative of the Scripture, "Unto the upright there ariseth light in darkness."

#### WAITING FOR THE GOSPEL.

A series of misfortunes had shaken the faith of the Tongans at Ono, in their temples and their gods. Just then they learned something of Christianity: not much indeed, for all they were taught was, "that there was one God, whom all must serve continually, and that one day in seven was to be devoted to His worship." Faint as the light was they followed it eagerly.

"So on the sixth day they prepared their food for the seventh, on the morning of which they dressed as for a festival, and assembled to worship this unknown God. But here a difficulty arose, as to how to set about it. In their dilemma they sent for the heathen priest, whose god they were now forsaking, and requested him to officiate for them. This he did, to the best of his power, offering a short and simple prayer for the blessing of the Christian's God, but intimating that he himself is merely a spokesman for his neighbours, being himself a worshipper of another god!"

These sincere and earnest seekers, dwelling on the far-away isles of Ono, sent messengers to Tonga for Christian teachers. In the meantime Christianity was spreading at Lakemba, where the Wesleyan missionaries had gone. A number of converts from Lakemba determined to return to Tonga. A storm drove a canoe load of them to the island of Vatoa, about fifty miles from Ono. Hearing of the anxious enquiry after truth on the part of their fellow-countrymen at Ono, one of their number, Josiah,

went as a teacher to instruct them in the way of life. His labours were greatly blessed, a chapel soon being built capable of holding a hundred persons. "All this was done ere the messengers from Tonga returned to tell that white teachers had gone to Lakemba, and that to them they must apply for help." A native missionary was, however, marvellously raised up to supply this lack of service, so that when Mr. Calvert visited Ono he found a band of faithful disciples anxiously desiring to know the way of the Lord more perfectly. Notwithstanding persecution from their heathen neighbours—for it should be remembered that the islands of Fiji differ essentially from each other in the character of their inhabitants—Mr. Williams, who visited the isle in 1842, was delighted to find that out of 500, of a population, all were nominal Christians save three. And when Miss Cumming made the acquaintance of this people their piety was of so pure a type, their godliness so simple and true, that she felt constrained to echo Keeble's sad words:

"And of our scholars let us learn  
Our own forgotten lore!"

#### DEATH OF JOELI.

Joeli Mbulu had been ordained as the native minister of Ono not long before Miss Cumming's visit. Her testimony to his character is emphatic. "I have rarely met any man so perfectly simple, or so unmistakably in earnest." His death, which is recorded towards the close of the volume, justifies the oft-repeated words, "Our people die well." Writing from Bau, May 7, 1877, Miss Cumming says:

"Last night there was great wailing and lamentation in Bau, for soon after midnight Joeli passed away, and died nobly as he lived. He was quite conscious to the very last, and the expression of the grand old face was simply beautiful, so radiant, as of one without a shadow of doubt concerning the home he was so near. No man ever more truly earned the right to say, 'I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith.'"

#### Purple Asters and Golden Rod.

O AUTUMN days, with your dreamy splendor;  
Your crimson trees and withered sod;  
Your golden haze in the sunset tender;  
Your purple asters and golden rod!

Where the grass grew green along the hedges,  
The dust lies thick on withered leaves,  
The breeze loud rustles in the sedges,  
And the nest is empty beneath the eaves.

The air is rife with haunting sweetness;  
A half-breathed sigh for the days of yore;  
A sense of the present incompleteness;  
Regret for the dreams we can dream no more.

Dreams that are broken and lost in the dreaming;  
Good that we could do, that we never have done;  
Friendship is sweet, (that was sweet but in seeming)  
Love we would win, that we never have won.

Ah! so many roses bloom for some,  
Who heedlessly throw them from their hands;  
So many lips through pain are dumb;  
The hearts low cry who understands?

Perhaps at the end of some Autumn day,  
When our eyes are turned to the "hills of God,"  
We shall find by the dust and leaf-strewn way,  
Our purple asters and golden rod.

## My Boyhood's Home.

I **T**READ again the old familiar ways  
Where once, a child, I trod long years ago;  
I may not count the many weary days  
Which since have passed, nor, do I care to  
know  
The changes Time has wrought. Enough to  
find  
That all is here, as pictured in my mind.

The house low-gabled, with overhanging  
eaves,  
The babbling brook, still running at my  
feet,  
The elms and maples, with their whispering  
leaves,  
The odour from the pastures fresh and  
sweet—  
All these are here, and, looking at them now,  
I find no trace of age on Nature's brow.

Beneath this well-remembered oak I stand,  
And lo, the years turn back. The weary  
man  
Is once again a boy, who dreamed and  
planned  
When every dream was golden, every plan  
Heroic, noble, possible and fair,  
And thoughts themselves were castles in the  
air.

How pleasant then the world! How bright  
and good!  
How sweet the morrow, how complete the  
day!

I quaffed the cup of joy, nor understood  
How cruel fate might snatch the cup away;  
The trees, the fields, the babbling brook that  
blends  
Its music with the birds—these were my  
friends.

They are not changed. They know me even  
now,  
And greet me with a welcome warm and  
true;  
The fresh-lipped boy, and man with furrowed  
brow  
Are one to them—the one they loved and  
knew!  
Long years ago, before his heart had grown  
As dead and heavy as a thing of stone.

From crowded cities, reeking in their sin,  
I come again to this my early shrine;  
The door stands open and I enter in  
Where all is pure and gracious and divine;  
And comforted by memory's mighty spell,  
I say, "This is the spot where God did  
dwell!"

—The late Marc Cook.

## The Drunkard's Good Angels.

"Come, Ady and Jane, it is time  
you were in bed," said Mrs. Freeman  
to her two little girls, about nine o'clock  
one evening. Ady was nine years old,  
and Jane was a year and a half younger.  
The two children had been sitting at  
the work table with their mother; one  
of them studying her lessons, and the  
other engaged on a piece of fancy  
needlework.

"Papa has not come yet," said Ady.  
"No, dear; but it's getting late,  
and it's time you were in bed. He  
may not be home for an hour."

Ady laid aside her work and left the  
table, and Jane closed her books and  
put them away in her school satchel.  
You can light the lamp on the  
mantel-piece," said Mrs. Freeman after  
a few minutes, looking around as she  
spoke, when she saw that the children  
had put on their bonnets, and were  
tying their warm capes about their  
necks. She understood very well the  
meaning of this, and therefore did not  
ask a question, although the tears  
came to her eyes, and her voice trem-  
bled as she said "It's very cold out to-  
night, children."

"But we shall not feel it, mother,"  
replied Ady. "We'll run along very  
quickly."

And the two little ones went out be-  
fore the mother (whose feelings were  
choking her) could say a word more.  
As they closed the door after them and  
left her alone, she raised her eyes up-

ward, and murmured, "God bless and  
reward the dear children!"

It was a bleak, winter night; and as  
the little adventurers stepped in to the  
street, the wind swept fiercely along,  
and almost drove them back against  
the doors. But they caught each other  
tightly by the hands, and bending their  
little forms to meet the pressure of the  
cold, rushing air, hurried on the way  
they were going as fast as their feet could  
move. The streets were dark and  
deserted, but the children were not  
afraid; love filled their hearts, and left  
no room for fear.

They did not speak a word to each  
other as they hastened along. After  
going for a distance of several streets  
they stopped before a house; over the  
door of which was a handsome orna-  
mented gas lamp bearing the words,  
"Oysters and Refreshments." It was a  
strange place for two little girls like  
them to enter, and at such an hour; but  
after standing for a moment, they  
pushed against the green door, which  
turned lightly on its hinges, and stepped  
into a large and brilliantly lighted bar  
room.

"Bless us!" exclaimed a man who  
sat reading at the table; "here are  
those babies again!"

Ady and Jane stood still near the door,  
and looked all around the room; but  
not seeing the object of their search,  
they went up to the bar and said  
timidly to a man who stood behind it  
pouring liquor into glasses—

"Has papa been here to-night?"  
The man leaned over the bar until  
his face was close to the children, when  
he said in an angry way—

"I don't know anything about your  
father. And see here! don't you  
come here any more; if you do, I'll call  
my big dog out of the yard and make  
him bite you."

Ady and Jane felt frightened as well  
as by the harsh manner as by the angry  
words of the man; and they started  
back from him, and were turning to-  
ward the door with sad faces, when the  
person who had first remarked their  
entrance called out loud enough for  
them to hear him—

"Come here my little girl."  
The children stopped and looked at  
him, when he beckoned for them to  
approach, and they did so.

"Are you looking for your father?"  
he asked.

"Yes, sir" replied Ady.  
"What did that man at the bar say  
to you?"

"He said that papa was not here;  
and that if we came any more he would  
set his dog on us."

"He did?"  
"Yes, sir."

The man knit his brow for an in-  
stant. Then he said—

"Who sent you here?"  
"Nobody," answered Ady.

"Don't your mother know you have  
come?"

"Yes, sir; she told us to go to bed,  
but we couldn't go until papa was  
home: so we came for him first."

"He is here."  
"Is he?" and the children's faces  
brightened.

"Yes, he's at the other side of the  
room asleep. I'll wake him for you."

Half-intoxicated, and sound asleep,  
it was with great difficulty that Mr.  
Freeman could be aroused.

As soon, however, as his eyes were  
fairly opened, and he found that Ady  
and Jane had each grasped tightly one  
of his hands, he rose up and yielding

passively to their direction suffered  
them to lead him away.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed the man who  
had looked on in wonder and deep  
interest; "that's a temptance lecture  
that I can't stand. God bless the little  
ones!" he added with emotion, "and  
give them a sober father."

"I guess you never saw them be-  
fore," said one of the bar-keepers,  
lightly.

"No, and I never wish to again,  
least in this place. Who is their  
father?"

"Freeman the lawyer."  
"Not the one who, a few years ago,  
conducted with so much ability, the  
case against the Marine Insurance  
Company?"

"The same."  
"Is it possible?"

A little group now formed around  
the man, and a good deal was said  
about Freeman and his fall from sobri-  
ety. One who had several times seen  
Ady and Jane come in and lead him  
home as they had just done, spoke of  
them with much feeling, and all agreed  
that it was a most touching case.

"To see," said one, "how passively  
he yields himself to the little things  
when they come after him. I feel  
sometimes, when I see them, almost  
weak enough to shed tears."

"They are his good angels," replied  
another. "But I am afraid they are  
not strong enough to lead him back to  
the paths he has forsaken."

"You can think what you please  
about it gentlemen," spoke up the  
landlord, "but I can tell you my opin-  
ion on the subject: I wouldn't give  
much for the mother who would let two  
little things like them go wandering  
about the streets alone at this time of  
night."

One of those who expressed interest  
in the children felt angry at this re-  
mark, and he retorted with some bitter-  
ness—

"And I would give less for the man  
who would make their father drunk!"  
"Ditto to that," responded one of the  
company.

"And here's my hand to that," said  
another.

The landlord finding that the majority  
of his company were likely to be against  
him, smothered his angry feelings and  
kept silence. A few minutes after-  
wards, two or three of the inmates of  
the bar-room went away.

About ten o'clock the next morning,  
while Mr. Freeman, who was generally  
sober in the fore part of the day, was  
in his office, a stranger entered, and  
after sitting down, said—

"I must crave your pardon before-  
hand for what I am going to say.  
Will you promise not to be offended?"

"If you offer an insult I will resent  
it," said the lawyer.

"So far from that, I come with the  
desire to do you a great service."

"Very well; say on."

"I was at Lawson's refectory last  
night."

"Well?"

"And I saw something there that  
touched my heart. If I slept at all  
last night, it was only a dream of it.  
I am a father, sir. The thought of  
their coming out in cold winter night,  
in search of me in such a polluted place  
makes the blood feel cold in my veins."

Words so unexpected coming upon  
Mr. Freeman when he was compara-  
tively sober, disturbed him greatly.  
In spite of all his endeavours to remain  
calm, he trembled all over. He made

an effort to say some thing in reply,  
but could not utter a word.

"My dear sir," pursued the stranger,  
"you have fallen at the monster intem-  
perance, and I feel that I am in great  
peril. You have not, however, fallen  
hopelessly; you may yet rise if you  
will. Let me then, in the name of the  
sweet babes who have shown, in so  
wonderful a manner, their love for you,  
conjure you to rise superior to this  
deadly foe. Reward those dear chil-  
dren with the highest blessing their  
hearts can desire. Come with me and  
sign the pledge of freedom. Let us,  
though strangers to each other, unite  
in this one good act. Come!"

Half-bewildered, yet with a new hope  
in his heart, Freeman arose, and suf-  
fered the man, who drew his arm with-  
in his, to lead him away. Before they  
separated both had signed the pledge.

That evening, unexpectedly, and to  
the joy of his family, Mr. Freeman was  
perfectly sober when he came home.  
After tea, while Ady and Jane were  
standing on either side of him, as he  
sat by their mother, one arm around  
each of them, he said in a low whisper,  
as he bent his head down and drew  
them closer—

"You will never have to come for  
me again."

The children lifted their eyes quickly  
to his face, but half understanding  
what he meant.

"I will never go there again," he  
added: "I will stay at home with  
you."

Ady and Jane now comprehended  
what their father meant, overcome with  
joy, hid their faces in his lap and wept  
for very gladness.

Low as this had been said, every  
word had reached the mother's ear; and  
while her heart yet stood trembling  
between hope and fear, Mr. Freeman  
drew a paper from his pocket and threw  
it on the table by which she was sitting.  
She opened it hastily. It was a pledge  
with his well-known signature sub-  
scribed at the bottom.

With a cry of joy she sprang to his  
side, and his arms encircled his wife as  
well as his little ones in a fonder em-  
brace than they had known for years.

The children's love had saved their  
father. They were indeed his "good  
angels."—Selected.

A GOOD IDEA.—A noted chemist proposes  
that, in addition to the word "poison," the  
labels on the bottles or packages containing  
poison should have printed on their margins  
the appropriate antidotes. On bottles of  
alcoholic poison no antidote can be given,  
but it might well read:

It biteth like a serpent,  
It stingeth like an adder,  
Death is in it!  
Touch not! Taste not!

Oh! banish grog-shops, and thus check this  
ill!

Delay no longer but your task fulfil.  
Rescue the fallen, sinking age regard,  
And Heaven's best blessing will be your  
reward.

There's a fount about to stream,  
There's a light about to beam,  
There's a warmth about to glow,  
There's a flower about to blow;  
There's a midnight blackness changing into  
gray:  
Men of thought and men of action, clear the  
way!

As long as our school-system con-  
tinues to be a stuffing machine the  
assaults will be made. Reform need  
not be revolutionary. Too many things  
are taught; sweep at least one-third of  
the "ologies" off the schedule, and  
teach the others more leisurely and  
more thoroughly, and less mechanically.

**Three Travellers.**

BY LILLIE K. BARR.

Across the prairie wild and wide  
Three travellers went one winter night,  
Mid sobbing winds and beating rain,  
And the moon's pale and cloudy light.  
They walked alone, and far apart,  
Yet the same motive stirred each heart.

The first was but a little child,  
A maiden of a dozen years;  
The angels heard her small swift feet,  
And saw her weariness and tears.  
But pain and fear she did not heed,  
Her mother's life was in her speed.

The next, a soul with sorrow dumb,  
A peasant woman, old and poor;  
She neither felt the wind or rain,  
She thought not of the lonely moor;  
For it was but the road to save,  
A son and husband from the grave.

That selfsame night, at midnight's hour,  
A man went swiftly o'er the moor,  
His soul serene in solemn thought,  
His feet, in duty's pathway sure,—  
A holy man who went to pray,  
With one who died at dawn of day.

Each traveller had his special care,  
And neither knew the other's pain,  
But it was Love that crossed the moor,  
Amid the beating wind and rain—  
Pure Love, unselfish, undefiled  
In wife and mother, priest, and child.

O lonely tempest-beaten moor!  
So bleak below, so dark above,  
Across thy dreary, weary miles  
I see the shining steps of Love,—  
Of mighty Love, whose wondrous light  
Can make earth's darkest places bright.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 25, 1884.

**Our Sunday-school Papers—Special Offer.**

In order to secure the introduction of these Sunday-school papers into every school of the united Church, the following very liberal offer is made:

All schools not now taking these papers and ordering them for 1885 will receive the numbers from the time of ordering to the end of the year free. This will enable all our schools to receive the four special missionary numbers of *Pleasant Hours* and *Home AND SCHOOL*—which should be read by every scholar—free. As these papers are the cheapest in the world—only 22 cents a year in quantities of 20—this offer involves a loss which can only be made good by a large increase of circulation.

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quantities of 20; *Scholars' Quarterly*, 8 cts. a year; *Berean Leaves*, 5½ cts. a year. Specimens free on application.

N.B.—Schools taking advantage of this offer will please state in their letters, that they are new subscribers for these periodicals.—Wm. BRIGGS, 78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

**A Correction.**

In the last number of *HOME AND SCHOOL*, there appeared a brief notice of "Rutherford," a novel, by Edgar Fawcett, being a recent volume of Funk & Wagnalls' well-known Standard Library. That notice was not written by the Editor, and during his temporary absence from home was inserted by mistake without his knowledge or consent. Of most of the books of the "Standard Library" we cordially approve, but we think that the publishers are making a mistake by introducing into it works of fiction. These books, notwithstanding their high character among works of that class, we cannot commend to the young readers of *HOME AND SCHOOL*.

**Closing up for the Winter.**

THE Rev. A. Andrews thus writes in the *Guardian* on this important subject.—Ed.

How is it, brethren, that you cannot keep the Sabbath-school open during the winter in this neighbourhood?

"If you were here in the winter you would know."

This remark referred to the deep snow, the winter's storms, and the great distance that some had to come to the church where the school was held.

Do you keep the day-school open? "Oh, yes; but that is different."

Is the church kept open, too?

"Yes." And do the farmers drive to market with their grain in the winter?

"Yes, they must go when they have grain to sell."

Well, brethren, it seems strange. The day-school is kept open, and is even better attended than in summer. The church services go on as usual. The marketing is done mainly in the winter; and I suppose the friends visit their neighbours in the winter. But the Sabbath-school must be like the bears that are said to be half asleep and suck their paws during the winter months.

No! no! dear friends. If our young folks need teaching in the summer, so they do in the winter.

Besides, see the time that is lost getting ready for the funeral of the school in the fall, and then the delay in digging it up in the spring, to say nothing of the break in the lessons.

Happily the number of half-year schools is rapidly diminishing. Let us determine that ere long no school in the land shall be closed during any part of the year. A. A.

**The Halton Victory.**

THE liquor men have had their Waterloo. They concentrated all their powers upon Halton and have lost the fight. Through a sympathetic paper in Toronto they are now asking for the most favorable terms of surrender. The *World* proposes compensation to the liquor men for their vested rights. They have concluded they will have to give up poisoning, and they now want to be paid by the public to retire from the business. They have robbed many a proud mother of her promising boy,

and they now want to be paid for giving up the privilege of misleading more boys. They have made many a family fatherless, and they now want the widows and orphans to share the cost of a testimonial to them for the services they have rendered the country.

They have invested money in a doomed business, and the country is now asked to refund it to them. It is many years since these wholesale and retail vendors of poison have been warned continuously not to risk their money in that business, but the profits were so great that they jumped at the risk.

They probably knew what they were doing. Most of them have got back principal and interest long ago. It is not for their losses they need to be paid, but for the stoppage of the golden

stream of blood-money which they consider their "vested right." The very expression should make their cheeks to burn and tingle. A vested right to curse the nation! The idea is a good one for Satan. Can he not also make a good thing by retiring from business and getting paid for his vested rights?

The best feature of the local option method of destroying the liquor traffic is that it reduces this vested rights theory to an absurdity. Here is a great brewery, say in London. The people of Halton County determine to send it no more orders. Surely it has no further claim upon them. Six months ago C. Lord County refused to buy any more, and Simcoe County will probably do the same. If the London brewery is going to have a grievance and a claim, the farmers of the West should also make up their claim, because the Hindocs are underselling their wheat in the Liverpool market.

We might have been willing to buy off the liquor-dealers if we could have got rid of them in that way and in no other, but no terms would have fetched them so long as they were not sure of their fate. Now that they are sure, we see no occasion to pay for the surrender of "a gone coon."—*Montreal Witness*.

*Evening Rest.* By J. L. Pratt. Young Folks' Library. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 25 cents.

A simple, quiet story; whose character is adequately expressed by the title. *Evening Rest* is the name given to a little hamlet in the Blue Ridge region of Pennsylvania, remarkable for the beauty of its surroundings and the lovely character of its people.

Thither goes a young man from the East to visit an uncle whom he has never before seen, and his experiences during the stay make up the contents of the book. The author, throughout the story, dwells much upon the sweet and tender influences of home. In "Evening Rest" he creates an ideal



NATIVE METHODIST MISSIONARY, FIJI.

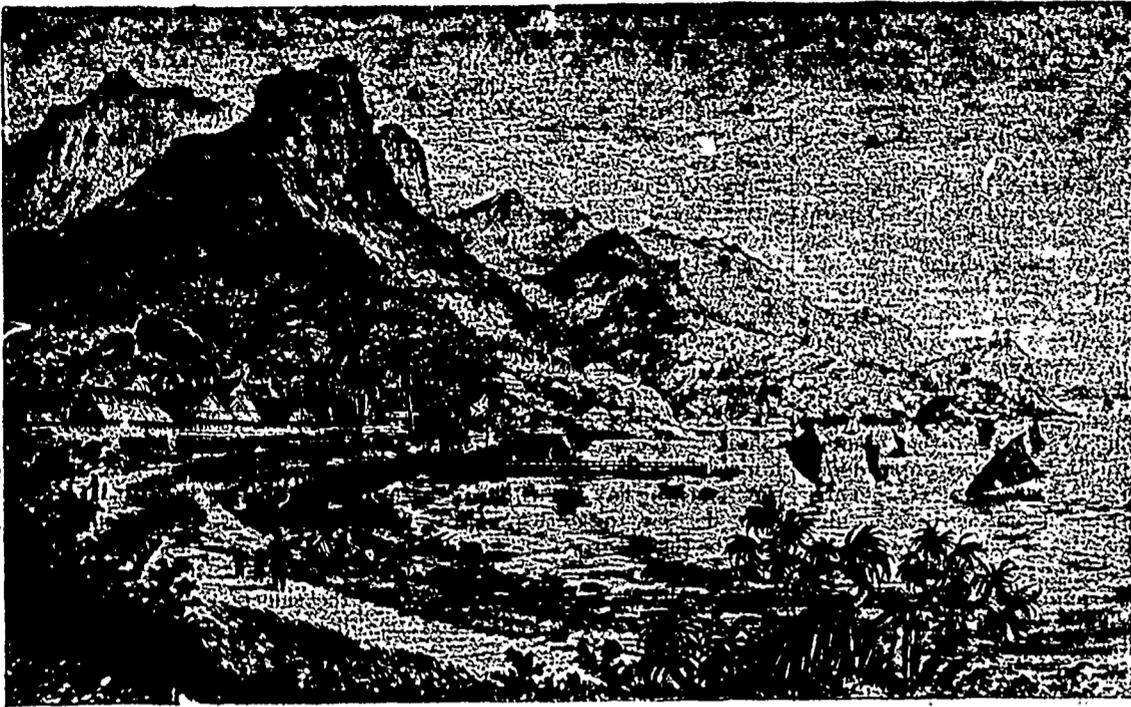
household and community, and strives to show how much they have to do with the formation of character.

**Results.**

BY REV. JAMES INGLIS.

"It is a blessed thing that (at least some of) the children reverence their teachers as long as ever they live. I had my old Sunday-school superintendent at my anniversary last week—a white-haired man—and nothing gave me greater joy than to see him occupying the chair at that anniversary, and I don't think he had a greater joy in coming to preside. He formed my habits, and gave them a right direction, and turned them into the right channel, and so long as I live I shall have reason to be grateful to God for his example and the teaching I constantly got from him. This will be the case with you and your children. I had a young girl, about sixteen or seventeen; come to see me the other night about joining the Church of God. I said to her, 'What has led you to feel anxious about your soul, and what has brought you to want to join the Church and be a Christian?' She said, 'It was from my little sister. [I had just seen her little sister, a girl about three years younger.] My sister used to come home and tell me of what her teacher had been telling her, saying she had found the Saviour, and that made me very anxious; and I began to feel unhappy. I wanted to pray, but I did not know how to begin, and my little sister prayed for me and prayed with me, and it is through her that I am here to-night.' There is another result of Sunday-school work.

"Fellow-labourers in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, if you are discouraged sometimes, remember that your God will never suffer you to labour in vain. God will bless your work, and His rich smile shall rest upon that in which you are engaged—in trying to bring the children to Christ. May God bless you in your work here!"



OUR HOME IN FIJI.

**If I should Die To-Night.**

If I should die to-night,  
My friends would look upon my quiet face  
Before they laid it in its resting-place,  
And deem that death had left it almost fair;  
And, laying snow white flowers against my hair,  
Would smooth it down with tearful  
tenderness  
And fold my hands with lingering caress,  
Poor hands so empty and so cold to-night.

If I should die to-night,  
My friends would call to mind with loving  
thought,  
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,  
Some gentle words the frozen lips have said;  
Errands on which the willing feet had sped,  
The memory of my selfishness and pride,  
My hasty words would all be put aside,  
And so I should be loved and mourned  
to-night.

If I should die to-night,  
Even hearts estranged would turn once more  
to me.  
Recalling other ways remorsefully,  
The eyes that chill me with averted glance  
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,  
And soften in the old familiar way,  
For who could war with dumb, unconscious  
clay!  
So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,  
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow,  
The way is lonely, let me feel them now,  
Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;  
My faltering feet are pierced with many a  
thorn.  
Forgive, oh hearts estranged, forgive, I  
plead!  
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need  
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

ONE influence of the Methodist Church in Carlsruhe, Germany, is seen in the establishment by the State Church of Sunday-schools and a Sabbath-evening service at the same hour.



BURK, OR HEATHEN TEMPLE, FIJI.

**What Katie Thought About Missions.**

BY EMMA L. BURNETT.

THE children, coming home from a meeting of their mission band, ran right to mamma's room, where she and Aunt Fanny were sitting.

"Mamma," exclaimed Charlie, rushing in, "I took up the collection! As soon as we got there Miss Howard asked me if I would do it, and I said I would and I did."

"And I said my 'ittle verses, and put in my two pennies," said little Will.

"And you, darling?" said his mamma, taking him on her lap and kissing him. "Did you say the verses nicely?"

"Will, nodding his curly head, said, 'Yeth, ma'am.'"

"What did you do, Katie?" asked Aunt Fanny.

"I said the poetry you taught me, auntie, about 'Tell it out among the heathen.'"

"What else was done?" asked mamma.

"Some of the big girls said a dialogue, and we had items—" Katie began.

"And Carrie Rich read a story about a little girl that had a missionary meeting at home all by herself," Charlie broke in, "and we sang hymns, and Miss Howard told us ever so much about the children in Japan, and gave us questions to answer the next time. Then I took up the collection."

"It was a good meeting," said Katie.

"A good meetin'," echoed little Willie.

"Aunt Fanny, do you have missionary meetings in Philadelphia, where you live?" asked Charlie.

"Oh, yes, we have a good many," replied Aunt Fanny.

"Why, Charlie!" exclaimed Katie. "Of course they have them there. That's where Children's Work and lots of other missionary things come from."

"Oh, yes!" said Charlie. "Do they have them away out in the country?"

"In many parts of the country they do," said Aunt Fanny, "and sometimes people go a long way to attend them. Don't you remember, Mary," she said to the children's mother, "hearing about that woman who travelled twenty miles on horseback, carrying her baby and fording a river, to go to a missionary meeting?"

"That was very different from leaving the baby at home with Sarah, and only going two squares," said Katie.

"'Tis wonderful to think of the missionary meetings in different parts of the world," said mamma.

"Oh, tell us about them!" cried all the children.

"Well, just think for a moment of the ones in our own country. Some are held in large cities, some in small towns, and some away out in country places. Sometimes they are in a big church or hall, where there are hundreds of people present, and sometimes they are in a little room, where there are only two or three people. And nowadays we hear about missionary meetings in lands which not long ago were heathen lands. What was that you read me the other day about the Sandwich Islands, Fanny?"

"A missionary lady in Tungchow, China, said that she had just received the second payment of five dollars from a young ladies' missionary society in Honolulu, and that it seems strange to think of missionary societies in the Sandwich Islands, when it is not a great many years since the first missionaries went there."



WESLEYAN MISSION HOUSE, FIJI.

"Some of the first missionary money sent to Japan came from those islands, didn't it?"

"Yes."  
"Mamma!" asked Katie, "where's that society where the children brought money to the very first meeting, and the teacher was surprised? You read it to me, you know."

"That's in South America. The children had just learned about Jesus, and they wanted to give money to send missionaries and Bibles to other children who hadn't heard the gospel."

"Not long ago I read about a Christmas festival in a school in Syria, where the classes handed in missionary money just as is done in this country," Aunt Fanny said.

"Where's Madagascar? Is it a heathen town?" inquired Charlie.

"It is a large island near Africa. It was heathen not very many years ago, but is Christian now."

"Papa read something the other day about the people there giving missionary money."

"Yes," said Aunt Fanny, "I heard him read it. It was that the native Christians of Madagascar have given more than a million dollars in the past ten years for the spread of the gospel."

"And to think of these poor, half-naked Fijians bringing their yearly missionary offering?" said mamma.

"Carrying it in their mouths too," said Aunt Fanny, laughing.

"What do they do that for?" asked Charlie.

"Well, in the first place they have no pocket-books, and no pockets to put them in if they had them; then they generally have clubs or something else in their hands; so they carry the money in their mouths to keep it safe."

"What are the clubs for?"

"They use them in their games. You see they have a great many games, dances and things of that kind. In the old heathen times, when they killed and ate people—"

"Ate people!" exclaimed Katie, in horror.

"Oh, yes. They used to be fearful. They ate people or buried them alive, and did dreadful, horrible things; but the missionaries going there and telling them about Jesus has changed all that. Most of the people on the islands are Christians. They have hundreds of churches and schools, they keep the Sabbath, and have prayers every morning and evening."

"And missionary societies," suggested Katie.

"Yes. The missionaries encourage them to keep up all their innocent, harmless games, and it is when they are having one of these great celebrations that they hold their missionary meetings. The missionary or one of the native preachers sits under a tree,

with a mat beside him, and the people, dressed in native cloths, with garlands of leaves and fringes of long grass, the girls carrying banana leaves for parasols, come up in a procession and put the money out of their mouths on the mat."

"I don't think that's a very nice way to take up a collection," said Charlie, in a disgusted tone.

"But I think it is very nice that as soon as people stop being heathen they want to begin to give missionary money," said Katie. "Isn't it, mamma?"—*Children's Work for Children.*

#### Vote it Out.

THIRD'S a nuisance in the land,  
Rank with vice and foul with crime,  
Strong with many a legal band,  
With the strength of wealth and time,  
"How shall we this wrong o'erpower?"  
Is the question of the hour.

Vote it out;

That will put the thing to rout.

We have begged the traffic long,  
Begged it both with smiles and tears,  
To abate the flood of wrong;  
It has answered but with sneers,  
We are weary of the scourge,

Vote it out;

Loyal people raise the shout.

'Tis the battle of the hour,  
Freemen, show your strength again;  
In the ballot is your power,  
This will bring the foe to pain;  
We have preached against the wrong,  
Argued, plead, with words of song;

Votes are stout,

Let us vote the traffic out.

Vote it out of decency;  
Vote it down a craven crime;  
Let the fearful traffic be  
Branded for all coming time;  
Draw the lines of right, and stand,  
Christian man, and show your hand;

Vote it out,

Join in with your prayers devout.

While the broken-hearted pray,  
Where the bitterest tears are poured,  
In low anguish every day,  
In the sight of God, the Lord,  
Let us pray and say "Amen,"  
Lifting holy hands, and then

Vote it out;

It will bring the victor's shout.

Never shall the promise fail,  
God is with us for the right;  
Truth is mighty to prevail,  
Faith shall end in joyous sight;  
We shall see the hosts of ruin  
Palsied with affright and dumb;

Vote it out,

This will put the trade to rout.

#### The Neglected Races.

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.

ONE of the most encouraging indications presented by this progressive age is found in the sympathetic attention which is being given to those tribes and races of men, who for centuries and generations have been left to find their way through life as best they could, and in innumerable instances to live and die more like the brutes around them than like aught else. The treatment extended to the unfortunate and uncultivated sections of the human family by unprincipled and self-seeking men has, in the vast majority of cases, been of the most barbaric and cruel type. What may be termed the great under-part of the human world has, outside of the range of Christian influences, being either totally uncared for, or regarded as material suitable for all kinds of infamous traffic, or as so much refuse or rubbish, fit only to be trampled under foot, and without much thought or feeling swept away out of the world. Millions of the race have passed away of whom it may be truly said, "that

no man cared for their souls." Is it not a painful thought that such countless hosts of the human family have lived and died in deepest degradation and gloom, when, by some earnest, redeeming endeavour, multitudes might have been elevated and enlightened, blessed and saved?

We are told that when Xerxes, the Persian king, looked from his beautiful throne of marble, which had been erected on the beach, at his army and navy, composed of three millions of men, instead of being greatly delighted at the magnificent scene, he wept, and gave as a reason for his sorrow and tears, the fact that all that vast, brilliant assembly would in a few brief years be no more. On higher grounds all right feeling men may be saddened when they think of man's "inhumanity to man," and the darkened page which selfish and wicked hands have stained all through the anxious and dolorous years now numbered with the past. But a brighter and more human condition of the world's history has arrived, and with glad and grateful hearts we hail the better and the nobler day.

Since the commencement of the present century changes of the most beneficent and inspiring kind have been accomplished, and movements which shall yet usher in a sunnier time are on their way. The extent of those great Christian endeavours to care for the outcast and benighted millions living in the dark habitations of the world, are most wonderful to contemplate; in all those movements, social, educational, and religious, there are found the spirit and purpose of an irrepressible expansion, and humane, sympathetic, and Christian designs wide and universal as the race itself.

Among the peoples and countries of continental Europe these ameliorating agencies are working as never before. In Greece, Turkey, Persia, and Egypt, in Northern Africa, East Africa, in Northern, Southern, and Western India, the light of a more human and righteous day has already commenced to shine. And among the countless multitudes which people the great lands of China, Indo-China, Thibet, the Indian Archipelago, and Japan, of Australasia, Polynesia, Southern and Western Africa, of North America and the West Indies, is it not a fact that results have been achieved within the last eighty years which stand before the Church as the most inspiring encouragements to continued toil, and as the divinest pledges of a world-wide uplifting yet to come?

Is not this high endeavour to teach earth's benighted millions, and wipe out the cruelties and inhumanities of the past, the result of that Gospel committed to the Church eighteen hundred years ago?

It surely is not difficult to trace all these grand and beneficent movements to their true and original home? Not to the religious system of merely human make do we go, for the great majority of them present little else than one festering brood of cruelties and horrors; not in the policies of grasping, worldly men do we find the source of anything so grand and real; nor in the thought or action of the whole crowd of unbelieving and infidel men can we find the parentage of that which can brighten and bless our needy world. Under the blasting, blighting influences of an unchristian and atheistic philosophy, no human

wilderness has ever bloomed, and no solitary place, or crushed, or grief-stricken heart, has ever yet been made glad. It is no more difficult to find the true source of all that is now working for the universal elevation of the long-despised and neglected races, than it is to trace a sunbeam to its source in the sun. All the grand, alleviating institutions and influences in operation to-day, all the emancipating and redeeming efforts which distinguish and crown this kingly age, are the outcome and result of the life and teachings, the purposes and aims of that Saviour who, though His power upholds the pillars of the universe, yet to the weak and suffering is infinitely gentle and kind, for "the bruised reed He will not break," and the "smoking flax He will not quench." And do not these two figures fitly describe the condition of the vast multitudes who have lived and are still living in the regions of an unspeakable degradation, and of a sad and immeasurable gloom?

GAGETOWN, N.B.

#### Counsel to Youth.

I ADDRESS you because your early years are far the most important period of your lives. The years of childhood and youth, are the formative period.

You are now, perhaps unconsciously, shaping your whole future lives. As a rule, the first twenty years determine what the rest of life will be. If I can succeed in impressing upon your minds the infinite value and importance of your early years, I will have accomplished, in a great measure, my aim in writing these words to you. Your present habits and associations will form an indelible impress upon your future character.

I beg of you keep yourselves unspotted from evil. When tempted to do some wicked action, may the thought of its effect upon your character deter you from it. If you would be great and good, useful and honoured, you must lay the foundation for such a character now. Character of rare qualities is not formed in a day or year. It is the steady growth of years. In order that you may have a perfect ideal character which you are ever striving to realize, you must have correct ideas of the object and purpose of life.

Pleasure, fame, wealth, or any of these things, do not form the highest object of life. God has created us with immortal souls that can never be satisfied with anything that earth can give. You will be truly happy in proportion as you are like Christ, and reflect the influence of heaven, and with this your aim you cannot aspire to too high desires. God wants you to make the most of yourselves.

If you would rise to eminence in any of the walks of life, you will have to labour hard. If the hours that you may have for study, you yield to ease or pleasure, you will thereby be crippled for life, and in after years you will look back with vain regrets upon these wasted years. If you wish to become intelligent men and women, it is necessary that habits of reading be formed in your early life. If such habits are not then formed, they rarely are in more mature years. You will need to exercise a great deal of care in the choice of your books for reading. Read only good books. It is your duty to become somewhat familiar with the standard works on history travels, bio-

graphy and poetry. The realm of literature is so broad that you can never survey the whole, and to reach the greatest results, plan a certain amount of reading each year and then faithfully follow out that plan. But some one says, "I have no taste for that class of reading." Then you must cultivate a taste, for without such reading you cannot be intelligent. I wish I could impress upon you the value of time and its improvement. Time is more valuable to us than anything else. Do not let any of it run to waste, but learn to utilize every moment. The minutes that are daily wasted in most lives, will aggregate years in a lifetime, and if this time were devoted to some useful purpose, how much more might be accomplished? The following is an illustration of this point: A boy was told to open and shut the gates to let teams out of an iron mine. He sat on a log all day by the side of the gate. Sometimes an hour would pass before the teams came, and this he employed so well that there was scarcely any fact in history that escaped his attention.

Be not content to be like the great mass of people around you, but aim to rise above mediocrity. You hold your destinies in your own hands. May God help you to be wise!

#### What They Lost.

NEAR London there dwelt an old couple. In early life they had been poor; but the husband became a Christian, and God blessed their industry, and they were living in comfortable retirement, when one day a stranger called on them and asked for their subscription to a charity. The old lady had less religion than her husband, and still hankered after the Sabbath earnings and easy shillings which Thomas had given up from regard to the law of God. So when the visitors asked for their contributions, she interposed and said: "Why, sir, we have lost a deal by religion since we first begun, my husband knows that very well. Have we not, Thomas?" After a solemn pause, Thomas answered: "Yes, Mary, we have. Before I got religion, Mary, I had an old slouched hat, a tattered coat, and mended shoes and stockings; but I have lost them long ago. And you know that, poor as I was, I had a habit of getting drunk and quarrelling with you; and that you know I have lost. And then I had a hardened conscience and wicked heart, and ten thousand guilty fears; but all are lost—completely lost, and like a millstone cast into the sea. And Mary, you have been a loser, too. Before we got religion, Mary, you had a washing tray. And you had a gown and a bonnet much worse for wear; but you have lost them long ago. And you had many an aching heart concerning me at times. And I could even wish that you had lost as much as I have lost; for what we lose for religion will be an everlasting gain."—*The Christian.*

A VALUABLE horse had been lost, and no one could find him. A half-witted fellow finally brought him back and to the question, "How did you find him, when no one else could?" "Well, I just 'quired where the horse was seen last, and I went thar, and sat on a rock; and I just axed myself if I was a horse, whar would I go, and what would I do? And then I went and found him."

## Dead!

"My son Absalom! My son, my son!"

DEAD: stricken down by a blow  
Dealt out by a passionate hand!  
In the wink of an eye-lid laid low,  
His blood welling out on the sand,  
And crawling all red in its flow,  
Till it crept to my feet where I stand!  
My son, my son!

Dead: killed in a wild drunken brawl—  
Ah! here is the sting and the shame;  
Ah! here is the wormwood and gall;  
This burns in my bosom like flame;  
Would that tears had dropped on my pall  
Ere this blot had blackened his name.  
My son, my son!

Thus to die with a wine-maddened brain,  
Besotted, befooled and beguiled!  
I curse from the heart of my pain,  
In words that sound frantic and wild,  
The wine—but my curses are vain:  
They cannot restore me my child.  
My son, my son!

Yet my grief is but common, they say;  
Others feel the same anguish and woe:  
Sad mothers and wives face the day,  
And their eyes with hot tears overflow,  
As weeping, they pass on their way,  
And cursing the wine as they go.  
My son, my son!

I tell you in God's holy name  
That this is the scourge of the land,  
Its burden, its sorrow, its shame,  
Burnt deep on its brow like a brand;  
Striking hard at its honour and fame,  
And crumbling its strength into sand.  
My son, my son!

We mothers and wives lift the cry,  
And pray you, O men, for your grace;  
Come, help for your stations on high,  
As ye hope to look God in the face,  
Who sees us, as weeping we lie,  
And ask you for ruth from your place.  
My son, my son!

O poets, your aid we implore;  
Chant no longer the praises of wine.  
Dash the wine-cup down on the floor;  
You dishonour a craft so divine.  
Ah, indeed, you would praise it no more  
If your son lay dead there like mine!  
My son, my son!

Hear the cry from the madhouse and jail;  
Hear the moan of the starving and poor;  
Hear the widows and orphans' sharp wail,  
Who, like martyrs that groan and endure,  
Lift to God their white faces so pale.  
And, though speechless, His pity ajure.  
My son, my son!

Oh, scorn not, I pray you, the cry  
Of a mother, a widow undone;  
But, even though you pass it by,  
It will move the great God on His throne.  
He hears from the dust where I lie,  
Where in ashes I weep for my son.  
My son, my son!

## Interest in Missionary Work.

BY MARIA WOOSTER.

EVERY now and then some one gives directions for exciting an interest in missionary work. One proposes that we study the geography of heathen countries, the dress, the language, manners and the history of the people, any thing that brings the heathen out from the obscurity of the distance and makes us realize that they are men and women like ourselves; another suggests that we should be bold in urging the claims of missions; another that we should put missionary work into everybody's hands.

All these directions are good as far as they go, and so it might be said of a bridge that goes half way across a river and there stops. It is good as far as it goes, but because it does not go far enough, it is good for nothing. There is one thing alone that will excite an interest in missionary work, and that is love to God.

The moment that any one, even a little child, begins to love God, he becomes a missionary. He works to

save men. It makes no difference whether they live in his own house or on the other side of the world. He works with all his might and nothing but death can prevent him from working. People are not indifferent to missionary work because of ignorance, or because their torpid imagination needs to be stimulated. It is solely because they are indifferent to Christ.

This is an age of knowledge. Everybody knows enough of the world so that he need not hesitate an instant if he wants to do good. Even the geographies that are used in primary schools contain enough information with regard to the heathen to arouse the Christian world to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. To people who love the Lord, the simple statement that there are heathen in the world is enough.

Say to a father who has a father's heart, "Your child lies sleeping in your blazing house." Not another word is needed. You do not need to remind him of all that his child is to him; to dwell upon the horror of the threatened death. Such talk would be foolishness to him if he heard it. Say to a Christian, "There are heathen in the world," and all the strength there is in him springs into activity. His own heart will paint the condition of the lost with a power that leaves no need of words.

People give their money and their efforts for the things that they love. Look at that church member who is always ready to spend money for his own pleasure. He gratifies his taste in his dress, his house, his surroundings, his education. He says that his heart is not set upon these things. It is false. His heart is set upon or he would not have them. He cares more for them than he cares for suffering humanity, than he cares for a pure life, than he cares for Christ. Even if he refuses to see in this life, an awful day will yet dawn upon him when he will confess the truth, but he will know also that heaven is lost.

If we wish to excite an interest in missionary work, let us labour to make men pure in heart, and all else will take care of itself.

## Our Best for the Master.

A poor woman, living at Kedgeroe, near Saugar Island, had twin babes born to her. Very lovely they were, with their diamond eyes and dimpled cheeks, as they lay in infantile grace and beauty in their basket cradle, swung to and fro in the cool shade of one of the cocoa-palms that surrounded the mother's lowly cot.

She loved her little ones, as every mother does; but a dark cloud seemed ever to overshadow even the joys of maternity, and the tiny faces of the infants were often bathed in the mother's tears. Sadly she told me the story of her sorrow. Her god, she said, was angry with her; and she knew it, because one of her babes was a girl, and blind. Had she not offended him in some way, both would have been boys, and then she would have been so happy. The blindness she did not much mind; but to have a poor despised girl—it was more than she could bear. Thus she would bewail her sad fate whenever I saw her, and always concluded her lament by saying: "The god must be appeased, cost what it may."

Little did I understand the fearful import of her words, till calling one

pleasant evening at the cabin I found but one babe in the cradle, and the mother weeping in agony at its side. It was the blind girl that remained—the perfect child, the high-priced boy, had been sacrificed by being thrown into the Ganges, in order to appease the fancied anger of the god!

At first I was dumb with horror at the unnatural crime. But when able to speak, I could not forbear asking the mother, why, if she must destroy one, she had not sacrificed the girl she lamented and whose blindness made her a subject of pity, and spared the boy she prized so highly.

"Ah, that was my great grief," she replied: "I could not offer a girl when I had a boy, nor a blind child when I had a perfect one. That would only have made Gunga more angry. The god must always have the best. Alas! for my boy—my beautiful boy—the sunshine of my heart is gone out forever!" And the poor woman beat her breast and tore her hair in agony.

Thus wrote a missionary lady of India. Are we with our purer faith always thus consistent? Do we give the best of our time, talents, property, influence, and affection to our King; to Him who gave His best—His only Son—a ransom for our sins, that we might be saved through Him.

## A Fijian Missionary Hero.

AMONG other distinguished missionaries who have laboured in Fiji, honorable mention should be made of John Hunt, who was a farm-labourer in Lincolnshire, and was converted in his youth in a Wesleyan chapel in his native village. He was an untutored young man—neither his father nor mother could read—still he became a local preacher, and used to walk many miles on Sundays to preach the Gospel.

On being recommended for the ministry he was sent to the theological institution at Hoxton, London, where he devoted himself with great energy to the study of English, Latin, Greek and Theology—hitherto his only books had been a Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress." News reached England from Fiji for a reinforcement of missionaries, when John Hunt and James Calvert were sent to strengthen the hands of the little band who were labouring among the cannibals. On his arrival he entered heartily into the work, but he was only permitted to labour about ten years. His companion, Mr. Calvert, says respecting him: "His labours were abundant. He preached regularly and attended to the people of his charge, visited the schools, wrote 'memoirs of the Rev. William Cross,' translated nearly the whole of the New Testament and some parts of the Old, composed in the Fijian language an original and much-enlarged edition (left in manuscript) of 'Sermons on the Evidences, Doctrines, Duties and Institutions of Christianity,' visited infant churches and unexplored parts of Fiji, studied and administered medicine to great extent, and built two mission-houses at much personal toil.

Sickness befell this man of God from which he never recovered. During the weeks of suffering which preceded his death the people made the greatest lamentations and offered earnest prayer for his recovery: "Oh, Lord!" Elijah Verani cried aloud, "we know we are very bad; but spare thy servant. If one must die, take me!"

Take ten of us! But spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people.

As he neared his end, he confidently committed his wife and babes to God, but was sorely distressed for Fiji. Sobbing as though in acute distress, he cried out, "Lord bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji: my heart has travailed in pain for Fiji!" Then grasping his friend Calvert by the hand, he exclaimed again, "Oh, let me pray once more for Fiji! Lord, for Christ's sake, bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Save thy servants, save thy people, save the heathen in Fiji! To his wife he said, "this be dying, praise the Lord." His countenance assumed a heavenly smile when he exclaimed, "I want strength to praise him abundantly," and with the word "Hallelujah" on his lips he joined the worship of heaven. He was buried the day following his death. Loving Fijians bore him to the tomb. On his coffin were these words:

REV. JOHN HUNT.

Slept in Jesus, OCTOBER 4th, 1883,  
Aged 36 Years.

—THE REV. EDWARD BARRASS, M. A.,  
in *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*  
for July.

## Missionary Notes.

THERE is a small organized department in the Highland University, Kansas, for Indian youth. It has grown out of a very generous gift of \$100 from an Indian girl, a convert to Christianity.

ONE-FOURTH of the human family are women without the knowledge of Jesus! Let us each write this upon the fly-leaves of our Bibles; then read, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

THE China Inland Mission was started in 1865, and now consists of 112 missionaries scattered throughout the whole of the Chinese Empire. When Mr. Hudson Taylor returned to England he desired to obtain 70 new missionaries to extend the work of the mission; 35 have already come forward, and he is sanguine of soon obtaining the remainder of the 70.

THE annual summary of British contributions to foreign missions, just completed by Canon Scott Robertson, and printed in the *Churchman*, shows that for the financial year 1882 they exceeded those of the previous year by nearly £100,000. The totals are as follows: Church of England societies, £500,306; joint societies of Churchmen and Non-conformists, £154,813; English and Welsh Non-conformist societies, £348,176; Scotch and Irish Presbyterian societies, £176,362; and Roman Catholic societies, £11,519. Total voluntarily contributed in the British Isles for 1882, £1,191,175.

THE new Queen of Madagascar, with the pleasant and appropriate name of Razafindrakety, is said to exert quite as active an influence toward the advancement of Christianity as her predecessor, the late Queen Eauavalomanyakah. She was educated in a Christian school sustained by the London Missionary Society, and was baptized when she was 16 years of age. Her beauty is described as something marvelous. The work of evangelization in Madagascar has not been interfered with by the French troubles.—*Inter-Ocean*.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FOURTH QUARTER.

THREE MONTHS WITH SOLOMON AND THE BOOKS OF WISDOM.

B.C. 1005.] LESSON V. [Nov. 2.]

## THE TEMPLE DEDICATED.

1 Kings 8. 22-36. Commit to mem. vs. 22-24.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee.—1 Kings 8. 27.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

We should dedicate ourselves and all we have to God.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 8. 1-21. Th. 1 Kings 9. 1-9.  
 T. 1 Kings 8. 22-33. F. 2 Chron. 5. 1-14.  
 W. 1 Kings 8. 54-66. Sa. 2 Chron. 6. 1-42.  
 Su. 2 Chron. 7. 1-22.

TIME.—The Temple was completed in November, B.C. 1005, seven and one-half years after it was commenced. The Dedication was in October, probably just before the last things were quite complete.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, within the Temple courts.

PARALLEL ACCOUNT.—2 Chron. 5-7.

THE DEDICATION CEREMONIES were of the most magnificent description. The relics of the old tabernacle were brought to Zion, then the ark was taken up, and a stately procession was formed, with Solomon at its head, accompanied by 4000 singers and musicians, arrayed in white, chanting the Psalms. They entered the court of the Temple. Solomon stood on a brazen platform near the great altar. The people from every part of the nation gathered around. Sacrifices were offered amid songs of praise and music; then a great cloud filled the Temple. Solomon stood up before the people on his brazen platform, then he knelt and lifted up his hands to heaven, and offered the dedicatory prayer, a part of which is assigned for the lesson to-day.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—24. *Who hast kept that thou promisedst*—As to Solomon's being king, and the building of the Temple. 25. *Therefore keep that thou promisedst*—i.e., The remaining promises as given in this verse. (2 Sam. 7. 12-16.) 26. *Verifid*—Proved true. 29. *That thine eyes may be open*—To see those who pray. 30. *Pray to ward this place*—Implying a faith in God, whose house it was, and in his promises. 31. *If any man trespass*—Here follow seven petitions for special cases of need. For the answer to the prayer, see 2 Chron. 7. 1-3, 12-14.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The completed Temple.—The ceremonies of dedication.—Dedication of churches.—Of ourselves as Temples of God.—Solomon's prayer.—Its answer.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long was the Temple in building? When was it completed? Have you read the "Daily Readings" for this lesson?

## SUBJECT: DEDICATION TO GOD.

I. THE DEDICATION CEREMONIES.—When did the dedication ceremonies take place? (1 Kings 8. 2.) At the time of what great feast was it? Who came to join in them? (1 Kings 8. 1, 2.) What great procession took place? What did they carry to the Temple? (1 Kings 8. 3, 4.) What is said of the singing and music? (2 Chron. 5. 12, 13.) What of the sacrifices? (1 Kings 8. 5, 63.) What took place in the Temple during the ceremonies? (2 Chron. 5. 13, 14, 1 Kings 8. 10-12.) Why should churches be dedicated to God? How should we dedicate ourselves as Temples of God? (Rom. 12. 1.)

II. THE DEDICATION PRAYER (vs. 22-36).—Who offered the dedicatory prayer? What posture did he take? (v. 54.) Does it make any difference what posture we take in prayer? How does the commencement of his prayer compare with that of the Lord's prayer? How did he plead the promises? In what sense could God dwell in the Temple? In what sense not? (v. 27.) What was the meaning of praying toward the Temple? Give an example of so doing years after. (Dan. 6. 10.) How many petitions for special needs are offered? (vs. 31-53.) What were these special needs? Should we likewise be definite in our prayers? Did

he pray for others besides himself? Did he pray for other nations than his own? (vs. 41-43.)

III. THE ANSWER.—What was the first answer to the prayer? (2 Chron. 7. 1-3.) How long did the festival continue? (1 Kings 8. 65, 66.) At the close of the festival what further answer was given? (2 Chron. 7. 10-22, 1 Kings 9. 1-9.) Will God always answer all true prayer?

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. Churches should be solemnly dedicated to God with prayer, praise, and rejoicing.
2. God's presence by the fire of His Holy Spirit will come into places truly dedicated to Him.
3. We should dedicate our bodies and souls to God as Temples of the Holy Spirit.
4. With those thus dedicated, God will come and abide.
5. The leaders in other things should also lead in prayer.
6. Our prayers should embrace the whole world.
7. They should be definite for the very things we need.

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

1. When was the Temple dedicated? *Ans.* In October, B.C. 1005.
2. In what way? *Ans.* By great sacrifices, by the assembly of all the people, with music and prayer, and a feast of 14 days' duration.
3. What was brought into the Temple? *Ans.* The ark and the furniture of the old tabernacle.
4. What part did Solomon take? *Ans.* He led the assembly in prayer.
5. How was the prayer answered? *Ans.* By God's special manifestation in the Temple.

B.C. 995.] LESSON VI. [Nov. 9.]

## THE WISDOM OF SOLOMON.

1 Kings 10. 1-13. Commit to mem. vs. 8, 9.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold, a greater than Solomon is here.—Matt. 12. 42.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

They are wise who seek earnestly for the treasures in Christ, of which the half cannot be told.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. 1 Kings 10. 1-13. Th. 2 Chron. 8. 1-18.  
 T. 1 Kings 10. 14-29. F. 2 Chron. 9. 1-12.  
 W. Matt. 12. 22-42. Sa. 2 Chron. 9. 13-29.  
 Su. Matt. 2. 1-11.

TIME.—B.C. 995. Ten years after the Temple was finished.

PLACE.—(1) Jerusalem; (2) Sheba, i.e., Sabea, a very wealthy region in Southern Arabia bordering on the Red Sea. It was 1500 miles from Jerusalem.

PARALLEL ACCOUNT.—2 Chron. 9. 1-12.

INTRODUCTION.—After the completion of the Temple, Solomon exercised his genius in building palaces and public buildings, aqueducts and fortresses, extending his commerce, and organizing a splendid court. The story of his magnificence reached distant nations through his fleets, and people came from a long distance to see and to hear. Among them was the queen of Sheba.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Concerning the name of the Lord*—His fame in connection with the Lord's Temple, and the wisdom the Lord had given him. *To prove* (or test, try) *him with hard questions*—Enigmas, difficult problems, and also questions of religion and government. 2. *Much gold* (see v. 10.) 4. *Solomon's wisdom*—As shown in his works, splendid palaces, ivory and gold throne, commerce that extended from Spain to Egypt, the Temple, etc. 5. *The sitting of his servants*—The assembly of his high officers. *The attendance* (or service) *of his ministers*—His servants, attendants. *His ascent*—Connecting his palace with the Temple court. 9. *Blessed be the Lord thy God*—The Jewish rabbis say she became a worshipper of God. 10. *One hundred and twenty talents of gold*—Each talent was worth \$26,280. 11. *Navy of Hiram*—King of Tyre, a seafaring nation, whose sailors manned Solomon's ships. *Ophir*—Either a part of Arabia, near Sheba, or a part of India. 12. *Almug trees*—Perhaps sandal wood.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Solomon's palaces.—His public buildings.—His fortresses and war-horses.—The splendor of

his court.—The queen of Sheba.—Sheba.—Ophir.—Almug trees.—The queen's presents to Solomon.—The search after the treasures of Christ.—The half can never be told.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long after the completion of the Temple was the visit of the queen of Sheba? What had Solomon been doing these last ten years? Have you read the "Daily Readings" for this Sabbath?

## SUBJECT: THE SEARCH AFTER BETTER THINGS.

I. THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S VISIT TO SOLOMON.—THE SEARCH (vs. 1, 2, 10).—Where was Sheba? How far from Jerusalem? What kind of a country was it? How did she hear of Solomon? What led her to make so long a journey? What did she bring with her? How much gold? (v. 10.) How much would this be in our money? What does Christ say of the queen of Sheba. (Matt. 12. 42.) To whom should we go to find wondrous blessings? Why should we take more pains to do this, than did the queen of Sheba?

II. WHAT SHE SAW AND HEARD.—THE FINDING (3-7, 11, 12).—How did Solomon first show his wisdom? (v. 3.) What kind of questions were these? What other proofs of his wisdom did she see? What is said of his literary works and knowledge? (1 Kings 4. 32-34.) Describe his palaces. (1 Kings 7. 1-11.) How did the Temple show his wisdom? Describe his throne. (1 Kings 10. 15-20.) What is said of his commerce? (vs. 11, 12; 1 Kings 9. 26-28; 10. 22.) Where was Ophir? What were almug trees? What is said of his chariots? (1 Kings 10. 26-29.) What is said of his attendants and court? What did the queen of Sheba say to all this? (v. 7.) What riches can we find in Jesus Christ? (Eph. 2. 7; 3. 8, 10.) What does Paul say of this? (Rom. 11. 33; 1 Cor. 2. 9.) Can those who have experienced Christ's riches make others understand the half of its blessedness? Why not? What hard questions do we ask of Christ that he answers?

III. THE EFFECT (vs. 8-13). What did the queen of Sheba say to Solomon? Does v. 9 show that she became a servant of God? What did she give to Solomon? What did he give to her? Why does God, who is infinitely rich, want us to give to Him? What does He give to us? In what respects is the queen of Sheba to be imitated?

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The queen of Sheba teaches us how much pains we should take to go to Christ.
2. Christ has greater wisdom and riches and wonders of love for us to seek.
3. The half can never be told, but must be experienced to be understood.
4. Christ welcomes all who seek for Him.
5. He solves all the hard questions of life.
6. He receives our gifts when they express our feelings toward Him.
7. He confers infinitely richer gifts, — pardon, peace, strength, joy.
8. All the riches of the world cannot make us happy or good.

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

6. What did Solomon do after he had finished the Temple? *Ans.* He built beautiful palaces and cities.
7. In what else did he show his wisdom? *Ans.* In extending his commerce over the known world.
8. What is said of his court and surroundings? *Ans.* It surpassed all in the world.
9. Who came to see these things and hear his wisdom? *Ans.* The queen of Sheba.
10. What did she say to them? (Repeat vs. 6, 7.)

It is certain that the regeneration of India religiously must come from a native Church, and along the lines of Oriental thought.

To hate evil and to love truth come from two different sides of the brain. A man bates error with the bottom of his brain, he loves truth with the top of his brain, and a man is not necessarily, therefore, a wise leader, or safe for the Church to follow, because he storms against those whom he thinks are in error, and is active in Church troubles.

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