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WELCOME AND SCHOOL

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

KUHN, SMITH & CO. TORONTO

Vol. VII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 30, 1889.

[No. 24.]

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.
XXIV.

My condition of mind in the evening of the eventful day which was signalized by the happy union we had made with the merchants of the west coast, may be guessed by the following letter:—

"BANZA MBUKO, August 6th, 1877.

"Messrs. A. da Motta Veiga and J. W. Harrison, Embomma, Congo River



EXPEDITION AT KABINPA.

"GENTLEMEN,—I have received your very welcome letter, but better than all, and more welcome, your supplies. I am

unable to express, just at present, how grateful I feel. We are all so overjoyed and confused with our emotions, at the sight of the stores exposed to our hungry eyes—at the sight of the rice, the fish, and the rum; and for me, wheaten bread, butter, sardines, jam, peaches, grapes, besides tea and sugar, that we cannot restrain ourselves from falling to, and enjoying this sudden bounteous store; and I beg you will charge our apparent want of thankfulness to our greediness. If we do not thank you sufficiently in words, rest assured we feel what volumes could not describe.

"Dear Sirs,—Though strangers, I feel we shall be great friends, and it will be the study of my life-time to remember my feelings of gratefulness,

when I first caught sight of your supplies, and my poor, faithful, and brave people cried out, 'Master, we are saved! Food is coming!' The old and the young—the men, the women, the children—lifted their weary and worn-out frames, and began to chant lustily an extemporaneous song, in honour of the white people by the great salt sea (the Atlantic) who had listened to their prayers. I had to rush to my tent to hide the tears that would issue, despite all my

attempts at composure. Gentlemen, that the blessing of God may attend your footsteps whithersoever you go, is the very earnest prayer of

"Yours, faithfully,

"HENRY M. STANLEY,

"Commanding Anglo-American Expedition."

At the same hour on the morning of the 7th, that we resumed the march, Kacheche and Uledi were despatched to Boma with the above letter.

On the 8th we made a short march of five miles to N'safi, over a sterile, bare, and hilly country. On the 9th of August, 1877—the 999th day from the date of our departure from Zanzibar, we prepared to greet the van of civilization.

We had gradually descended some five hundred feet along declining spurs, when we saw a scattered string of hammocks appearing, and gleams of startling whiteness, such as were given by fine linen and twills. A buzz of wonder ran along our columns. Proceeding a little farther, we stopped, and in a short time I was face to face with four white—aye, truly white men!

As I looked into their faces, I blushed to find that I was wondering at their paleness. The pale colour, after so long gazing on rich black and richer bronze, had something of an unaccountable ghastliness. I could not divest myself of

the feeling that they must be sick; yet, as I compare their complexions to what I now view, I should say they were olive, sunburnt, dark.

Yet there was something very self possessed about the carriage of these white men. It was grand; a little self-pride, mixed with cordiality. I could not remember just then that I had witnessed such bearing among any tribe throughout Africa. They spoke well, also; the words they uttered hit the sense pat; without gesture, they were perfectly intelligible. How strange! They were completely clothed, and neat, also; I ought to say, immaculately clean. I looked from them to my people, and then, I fear, I felt almost like being grateful to the Creator that I was not as black as they, and

that these finely-dressed, well-spoken whites claimed me as friend and kin. Yet I did not dare to place myself on an equality with them as yet; the calm blue and grey eyes rather awed me, and the immaculate purity of their clothes dazzled me. I was content to suppose myself a kind of connecting link between the white and the African for the time being. Possibly, familiarity would beget greater confidence.

They expressed themselves delighted to see me; congrat-



1. Wife of Murabo.	4. Half-caste of Gambangara, whom	7. Wife of Manwa Sera.	10. Wife of Muscati.
2. " Robert.	Wahl Rehiani married.	8. " Chowporoh.	11. " Chiwonda.
3. " Mana Zoko.	5. Zali's wife.	9. " Mufini Pembo.	12. " Mufin.
	6. Wife of Wahl Baraka.		

ubated me with great warmth of feeling; and offered to me the "Freedom of Boma!"

We travelled together along the path for a mile, and came to the frontier village of Boma, or Eambomma, where the "king" was at hand to do the honours. My courteous friends had brought a hamper containing luxuries, rare dainties of Paris and London abundant, though a short time ago we were stinted of even ground-nuts.

My friends had brought a hammock with them, and eight sturdy, well fed bearers. They insisted on my permitting them to lift me into the hammock. I declined. They said it was a Portuguese custom. To custom, therefore, I yielded, though it appeared very effeminate. Then, over the heads of the tall grass, as I lay in the hammock, I caught a glimpse of the tall, square box of a frame-house, with a steep roof, erected on rising ground. It brought back a host of old recollections; for everywhere on the frontiers of civilization in America one may see the like. It was the residence of those in charge of the English factory.

Looking from the house, my eyes rested on the river. Ah! the hateful, murderous river, now so broad and proud and majestically calm, as though it had not bereft me of a friend, and of many faithful souls, and as though we had never heard its rage and whiten with fury, and mock the thunder! What an hypocritical river! But just below the landing, a steamer was ascending—the *Kabinda*, John Petherbridge, master. How civilization was advancing on me! Not a moment even to lie down and rest! Full-blooded, eager, restless, and aggressive, it pressed on me, and claimed me for its own, without allowing me even the time to cast one retrospective glance at the horrors left behind. While still overwhelmed by the thought, the people of the expedition appeared, pressing forward to admire and gaze, wide-eyed, at the strange "big iron canoe," driven by fire on *their* river.

Our life at Boma, which lasted only from eleven, a.m., of the 9th, to noon of the 11th, passed too quickly away; but throughout, it was intensest pleasure and gaiety. The glowing, warm life of Western civilization, the hospitable civilities and gracious kindnesses which the merchants of Boma showered on myself and people, were as dews of Paradise—grateful, soothing, and refreshing.

On the 11th, at noon, after a last little banquet and songs, hearty cheers, innumerable toasts, and fervid clasping of friendly hands, we embarked.

A few hours later, and we were gliding through the broad portal into the ocean—the blue domain of civilization!

Turning to take a farewell glance of the mighty river, on whose brown bosom we had endured so greatly, I felt my heart suffused with purest gratitude to Him whose hand had protected us, and who had enabled us to pierce the Dark Continent from east to west, and to trace its mightiest river to its ocean bourne.

After steaming northward from the mouth of the Congo for a few hours, we entered the fine bay of Kabinda. A glance at the annexed photograph will sufficiently show the prosperous appearance of the establishment, and the comfortable houses that have been constructed. The expedition received a cordial welcome from Messrs. Phillips, Wills, Price, and Jones; and I was housed in a cottage surrounded by gardens, and overlooking the glorious sea, while the people were located in a large shed fronting the bay, but sunk in profound lethargy.

"Do you wish to see Zanzibar, boys?" I asked.

"Ah, it is far. Nay, speak not, master. We shall never see it," they replied.

"But you will die if you go on in this way. Wake up—shake yourselves—show yourselves to be men."

"Can a man contend with God? Who fears death? Let us die undisturbed, and be at rest for ever," they answered.

Brave, faithful, loyal souls! They were, poor fellows, surrendering themselves to the benumbing influences of a listlessness and fatal indifference to life! Four of them died, in consequence of this strange malady, at Loanda; three more on board H.M.S. *Industry*; and one woman breathed her last the day after we arrived at Zanzibar. But in their sad death they had one consolation, in the words which they kept constantly repeating to themselves:—

"We have brought our master to the great sea, and he has seen his white brothers, La il Allah, il Allah!—There is no God but God!" they said—and died.

It is not without an overwhelming sense of grief—a choking in the throat, and swimming eyes—that I write of those days, for my memory is still busy with the worth and virtues of the dead. In a thousand fields of incident, adventure, and bitter trials, they had proved their staunch heroism and their fortitude. They had lived and endured nobly. Their voices again loyally answer me; and again I hear them address each other upon the necessity of standing by the "master."

Their boat-song, which contained sentiments similar to the following:—

"The pale-faced stranger, lonely here,
In cities afar, where his name is dear,
Your Arab truth and strength shall show:
He trusts to us, row, Arabs, row,"

despite all the sounds which now surround me, still charms my listening ear.

The expedition, after a stay of eight days at Kabinda, was kindly taken on board the Portuguese gun-boat *Tamega*, Commander José Marquez, to San Paulo de Loanda.

The offer of the Portuguese Governor-General to convey me in a gunboat to Lisbon, and the regular arrival of the Portuguese mail-steamers, were very tempting, but the condition of my followers was such that I found it impossible to leave. I resolved, therefore, to accompany them to the Cape of Good Hope.

Upon arriving at Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, a telegram from the British Lords of the Admiralty was received, authorizing the transmission of my followers to their homes. Here the Wangwana saw for the first time the "fire-carriage," and were whirled at the rate of thirty miles an hour which, of all the wonders they had viewed, seemed to them the most signal example of the wonderful enterprise and superior intelligence of the Europeans.

On the 6th of November, H.M.S. *Industry* was equipped, and ready for her voyage to Zanzibar. Fourteen days afterwards, the palmy island of Zanzibar rose into sight, and in the afternoon we were beating straight for port.

As I looked on the Wangwana, and saw the pleasure which now filled every soul, I felt myself amply rewarded for sacrificing several months to see them home. The sick had, all but one, recovered; and they had so much improved in appearance that few, ignorant of what they had been, could have supposed that these were the living skeletons that had reeled from sheer weakness through Boma.

The captain did not detain them on board. The boats were all lowered at once, and they crowded the gangway and ladder. I watched the first boat-

load. To those on the beach it was a surprise to see so many white-shirted, turbaned men, making for shore, from an English man-of-war. Were they

slaves—or what? No; slaves they could not be, for they were too well dressed. Yet, what could they be?

Then came bounding towards them their friends, acquaintances, countrymen—demanding ever so many questions—all burning to know all about it. Where had they been? How came they to be on board the man-of-war? What had they seen? Who was dead? Where was So-and-so? You have gone beyond Nyangwe to the other sea! Mashallah!

The boats come and go.

More of the returned braves land, jump and frisk about, shake hands, embrace firmly and closely. They literally *leap* into each other's arms; and there are many wet eyes there, for some terrible tales are told of death, disaster, and woe, by the most voluble of the narrators, who seem to think it incumbent on them to tell all the news at once. The minor details, which are a thousand and a thousand, shall be told to-morrow, and the next day, and the next, and for days and for years to come.

On the fifth morning, the people—men, women, and children—of the Anglo-American Expedition, attended by hundreds of friends, who crowded the street and the capacious rooms of the Bertram Agency, began to receive their well-earned dues.

The second pay-day was devoted to hearing the claims for wages to the faithful dead. Poor, faithful souls! With an ardour and fidelity unexpected, and an immeasurable confidence, they had followed me to the very death. The settlement of the claims lasted five days, and then—the Anglo-American Expedition was no more.

On the 13th of December, the British steamer *Pachumba* sailed from Zanzibar for Aden. My followers through Africa had all left their homes early, that they might be certain to arrive in time to witness my departure. They were now—every one of them—arrayed in the picturesque dress of their countrymen. Upon inquiring, I ascertained that several had already purchased handsome little properties—houses and gardens—with their wages, proving that the long journey had brought, with its pains and rough experience, a good deal of thrift and wisdom.

When I was about to step into the boat, the brave, faithful fellows rushed before me, and shot the boat into the sea, and then lifted me up on their heads, and carried me through the surf into the boat. We shook hands, twenty times twenty, I think, and then at last the boat started.

They were sweet and sad moments, those of parting. What a long, long and true friendship, was here sundered! Through what strange vicissitudes of life had they not followed me! What wild and varied scenes had we not seen together! What a noble fidelity these untutored souls had exhibited! The chiefs were those who had followed me to Ujiji in 1871; they had been witnesses of the joy of Livingstone at the sight of me; they were the men to whom I trusted the safeguard of Livingstone, on his last and fatal journey; who had mourned by his corpse at Muilala, and borne the illustrious dead to the Indian Ocean. And, in a flood of sudden recollection, all the stormy period here ended rushed in upon my mind; the whole panorama of danger and tempest, through which these gallant fellows had so staunchly stood by me—these gallant fellows now parting from me. What a wild, weird retrospect it was, this mind's flash over the troubled past! So like a troublous dream!

And for years and years to come—in many homes in Zanzibar—there will be told the great story of our journey, and the actors in it will be heroes among their kith and kin. For me, too,

they are heroes—these poor, ignorant children of Africa, for, from the first deadly struggle in savage Ituru to the last staggering rush into Embomma, they had rallied to my voice like veterans, and in the hour of need they had never failed me. And thus, aided by their willing hands and by their loyal hearts, the expedition had been successful, and the three great problems of the Dark Continent's geography had been fairly solved.

LAUS DEO.

NOTE.—From the *New York Christian Advocate* we quote the following on the present state of the results of Stanley's great discovery, recorded in previous numbers of HOME AND SCHOOL:—

"When Stanley descended the great Congo, which he re-christened the Livingstone, a few years ago, it was considered the greatest feat ever accomplished by an African traveller. Now, a pathway, extending nearly fifteen hundred miles across the continent, is open to travel and trade. Four steamers, under the auspices of the African International Association of Belgium, ply on the river. Three occupy the navigable waters between the cataracts around which Mr. Stanley has built good roads, below Stanley Pool, which is about three hundred and fifty miles from the coast; and one is for the navigation of the stream above the Pool—a magnificent stretch of one thousand miles being open to it. From Stanley Pool to the coast, many trading and missionary stations have been established, and colonies are growing up around them: and the journey to the Pool, which the English Baptist missionaries made a year or two ago, with the greatest danger and difficulty, will soon become as common as the trip up the Nile to the Second Cataract.

"Mr. Stanley's mission is an international one. He is opening the way to the interior, not for Belgium, whose sovereign has generously assisted the enterprise from his own private purse to the extent of one hundred thousand dollars; not for Germany, not for England, but for the world. It is a noble, a humane, a generous undertaking; designed to develop trade, introduce civilization, advance science, let Christianity into the heart of savage heathendom, and relieve human oppression and degradation."

On the Congo, Bishop Taylor has established his "Self-supporting Mission." A vast region has been created the Free State of the Congo.—Stanley's noblest monument.

THE END.

How to Succeed.

BY ERASTUS WIMAN.*

THE boy who reads these lines can make or unmake his future. He wants to be a useful, successful, honourable man? He does not want to be a failure. How can he accomplish the first? How can he avoid the last?

Each boy when he begins to consider questions like these, may just as well come to the conclusion that the serious period of life is beginning. It won't do to trifle. All through life we need to shake ourselves up now and again, and ask, "Whither are we drifting?" And boys especially need to do so.

Their great misfortune is that they drift too easily, too unconsciously. There are millions of boys in this great land who do not know what they are going to be. Time glides by, and nothing is done to prepare for the great struggle that is impending. True, the school is in a measure a train-

* Mr. Wiman was a Canadian boy who has become very successful in business.

ing; the learning acquired is a great help, and the discipline is useful. But everybody ought to have some special fitness for the future, other than that which the school affords.

An over-educated boy is generally a great nuisance. He relies too much on school lore, and too little on the knowledge which a school cannot give him. A boy that is not sufficiently educated, however, is always at fault. But whether he be over-educated, or under-educated, he must if he is to succeed at all, have perseverance, industry and energy. These are things that cannot be bought, however rich his father may be. He must develop them by practising them, and if he persists they will come to him.

"Stick to it" should be the motto of every lad who would conquer in the world. Every boy has this virtue in his grasp whether he is high or low, rich or poor. Getting easily discouraged is the weakest sign a boy can have. It is a fault, not a misfortune, and he should overcome it. He should learn that an ounce of pluck is better than a ton of luck.

As to industry, it is a homely virtue. It does not consist in undertaking spasmodically and irregularly some great task, but in doing something useful all the time.

"Well, now, Mr. Wiman," the boy who reads this, perhaps, asks, "What would you have me do?" I would have you peg away all the time at something. To dawdle, to loaf, to waste precious time is a high crime and misdemeanor. There are tens of thousands of things you can do that will beget a love for work.

Sometimes I think rich fathers are the greatest misfortune the boys of this country have. The spur of necessity is the spur that enables the poor boy to win the spur of knighthood among men.

But it need not follow that because a boy has a comfortable home and no actual necessity for work, that he should be a lazy boy. On the contrary the very danger that he runs should spur him into the cultivation of habits that would save him from a fate so disastrous. To learn to be industrious requires about the same effort as to learn to play ball or row a boat.

Every day of his life a boy should do some work in a creditable way, no matter how humble it is; the more humble the greater the honour to him if he does it well. Work, useful, practical, steady work of some kind is the truest basis of character, and there is no success without it.

The boy who wants to make his way among men must have some steam. Unless he shows that he has energy he will be left behind. He can get this virtue only by an effort of his own, and this effort he must make.

Near Relations.

ONE day little Albert came running into the house to tell his mother and sisters about something he had witnessed. He was much in earnest, and began to speak with a loud voice.

"Mother," said he, "I heard a man saying naughty words to a horse—he swore."

And then little Albert went on repeating the bad words he had heard. His mother tried to quiet him, but on he went for a moment.

When the little fellow was at length controlled, his mother reminded him that he must not speak the bad words he may have happened to hear. She said that good and polite people always feel that the uttering of such language after bad people is very nearly akin to the sin of those who are in the habit of using profane and foul language.

Children, remember this lesson. Surely you would not steal, or cheat, or lie, in order to show

how some other person had stolen, cheated, or lied. Why, then, repeat the bad words of wicked tongues? Good people refuse to do this, and they shrink from hearing others doing it. They feel that using bad words, and repeating bad words, are very near relations.

The Great Famine Cry.

BY MISS M. A. WEST, OF SYRIA.

"Tell your people how fast we are dying; and ask if they cannot send the Gospel a little faster."—*Words of a Heathen Woman.*

HARK! the wail of heathen nations;
List! the cry comes back again,
With its solemn, sad reproaching,
With its piteous refrain:
"We are dying fast of hunger,
Starving for the Bread of Life!
Haste, oh, hasten! ere we perish,
Send the messengers of life!"

"Send the Gospel faster, swifter,
Ye who dwell in Christian lands;
Reek ye not we're dying, dying,
More in number than the sands?
Heed ye not his words—your Master:
'Go ye forth to all the world!'
Send the Gospel faster, faster—
Let its banner be unfurled!"

Christian! can you sit in silence
While this cry fills all the air?
Or content yourself with giving
Merely what you "well can spare"?
Will you make your God a beggar,
When he asks but for "his own"?
Will you dole him, from your treasure,
A poor pittance as a loan?

Shame, oh, shame! for very blushing
E'en the sun might veil his face:
"Robbing God"—ay, of his honour,
While presuming on his grace!
Keeping back his richest blessing
By withholding half the "price"
Consecrated to his service:
Perjured, perjured, perjured thrice!

While you dwell in peace and plenty,
"Store and basket" running o'er,
Will you cast to these poor pleaders
Only crumbs upon your floor?
Can you sleep upon your pillow
With a heart and soul at rest,
While, upon the treacherous billow,
Souls you might have saved are lost?

Hear ye not the tramp of nations
Marching on to day of doom?
See them falling, dropping swiftly,
Like the leaves, into the tomb!
Souls for whom Christ died are dying,
While the ceaseless tramp goes by;
Can you shut your ears, O Christian,
To their ceaseless moan and cry?

Harken! hush your own heart-beating,
While the death-march passeth by—
Tramp, tramp, tramp! the beat of nations,
Never ceasing, yet they die—
Die unheeded, while they slumber,
Millions strewing all the way;
Victims of your sloth and "selfness"—
Ay, of mine and thine to-day!

When the Master comes to meet us,
For this loss what will he say?
"I was hungered; did ye feed me?
I asked bread; ye turned away!
I was dying in my prison,
Ye never came to visit me!"
And swift witnesses those victims,
Standing by, will surely be.

Sound the trumpet! wake God's people!
"Walks" not Christ amid his flock?
Sits he not "against the treasury"?
Shall he stand without and knock—
Knock in vain to come and feast us?
Open, open, heart and hands!
And as surely his best blessings
Shall o'erflow all hearts, all lauds.

Be on the Watch for Jesus.

Be on the watch for Jesus!
Hear what he hath to say
From hour to hour; and he will shed
His light upon thy way.
For every swift-winged moment,
His messenger shall be,
Beating within its narrow bounds
Some word from him to thee.

Be on the watch for Jesus,
And thou shalt learn to trace
His faithfulness, when clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.
And in the humble path assigned
By his dear hand to thee,
Shall room be found to know thy Lord,
And serve acceptably.

Be on the watch for Jesus!
Be careful lest thou miss
One tiny token of his love,
His presence or his grace.
He toucheth thee at every point,
In common things or rare;
Go forth to meet him, dearest heart!
Thou'lt find him everywhere.

Be on the watch for Jesus!
Until thy vision keen
Grow quick to recognize his form
To other eyes unseen,
Oh! keep thy heart for him alone,
And so shalt thou abide
Beneath his shadow, with his love
Forever satisfied.



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Home and School.

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 30, 1889.

A Sunday Afternoon Talk.

"Come unto Me" - MATT. XI. 28.

Some folks think that Jesus is far away, in a place called heaven; but that if we pray to him a good deal, and try very hard to be good, he will send his Spirit once in a while to cheer us up, and to make us hope that we are going to get safe to heaven after all. Of course, people do not talk that way, but a great many feel it in their hearts.

Now, Jesus says to each one of us to day, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." That means rest in our hearts—rest from all our wicked, wayward, sinful thoughts and feelings. All the unrest and trouble that we have comes from sin, and Jesus offers to take all this away, and to give us rest, if we will only come to him.

What can it be that keeps us from going to him

as soon as we hear his sweet invitation? It is always the one thing—unbelief—but it likes to call itself by other names. Sometimes it wants to be ignorance, and says, "I do not know how to come to Jesus." Sometimes it is timidity, and says, "I am afraid he will not look at me." Sometimes it is caution, and says, "I am afraid I shall not stay with Jesus, if I come to him."

Do not let Satan keep you away by any of these excuses! Jesus gave his life that you might live. He shed his blood that your heart might be washed pure and white. Now he says to you, "Come, my child, and believe in me enough to do as I tell you, and I will give you a new heart, and fill you with gladness and peace."

A little blind girl had been away at school for six months. One day her mother came to see her. She went into the room, and did not speak at first. By-and-by she went up softly, and laid her hand on her child's head! The little girl started, seized the hand, pulled the dear face down to hers, and cried, "Oh, I know you! I know you!" So Jesus stands by every child. His hand of blessing rests on every head. Seize it; and you, too, will cry out, "I know thee, my Lord and my God."

"She Was a Stranger."

A MISSIONARY was requested to go out to a new settlement to address a Sabbath-school. He noticed a little girl, shabbily dressed and barefooted, slinking in a corner, her little, sunburnt face buried in her hands, and tears trickling between her small, brown fingers. Soon, however, another little girl, about eleven years old, got up and went to her, and led her towards a brook, then seated her on a log, and, kneeling beside her, she took off her ragged sun bonnet, and dipping her hand into the water, bathed her hot eyes and tearstained face, talking in a cheery manner all the while.

The little one brightened up—the tears all went, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth.

The missionary stepped forward, and said, "Is that your little sister, my dear?"

"No, sir," answered the child, with tender, earnest eyes. "I have no sister, sir."

"Oh! one of the neighbour's children?" replied the missionary; "a little schoolmate, perhaps?"

"No, sir; she is a stranger. I do not know where she came from. I never saw her before."

"Then how came you to take her out, and have such care of her, if you do not know her?"

"Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone, and she needed somebody to be kind to her."

"Ah!" said the missionary to himself, "here is a text for me to preach from: 'Because she was a stranger, and seemed to be all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her.'" The words came to him: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."—Exchange.

A Great Vessel Wrecked.

A LIGHT-HOUSE keeper, looking out one stormy night over the raging waters, saw one sudden flash of light cleave the dense darkness. Then followed a great noise. That was all. In vain he waited for some other manifestation to his ear or eye. All through that night there was only the moaning of the wind and the surging of the waves.

Next morning the whole shore was strewn with wreckage. A great American vessel had been lost, and many people hurled into eternity—some of them, doubtless, unprepared. They were near home—they thought themselves in safety; but, in the midst of their fancied security, death overtook them.

We should ever bear in mind that in the surging ocean of life around us, unconverted sinners are never safe. The old and the young alike are liable to be suddenly called to die. The only place of safety, in life or in death, is the Rock of Ages; and it becomes a sublime reality, to those who are saved from eternal shipwreck, and find salvation and peace in Christ.

SEVEN writers—clergymen, college professors, and public men, some of them specialists of acknowledged standing—have associated themselves to discuss special questions of social interest and import, and to prepare papers to be afterwards given to the public, from time to time, in the pages of *The Century*. The writers include the Rev. Professor Shields, of Princeton; Bishop Potter, of New York; the Rev. Dr. T. T. Munger, of New Haven, the Hon. Seth Low, of Brooklyn, and Professor Ely, of the Johns Hopkins University. For each paper the author will be responsible, but he will have had the benefit of the criticism of the other members of the group before giving it final form. The opening paper will be printed in the November *Century*.



AT REST: MY QUARTERS AT KAMINDA BY THE SEA.

The Sweet Old Story.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

READ me some message of comfort
While the sunset's tender light
Is paling away in the Westward
And heralding coming night.
I am a-weary, a-weary,
And I long for a word of peace
That shall bid all these vexing worries
And fretting cares to cease.

Read to me of the Master,
Of the gracious truths he taught,
Of his mighty works of healing,
With love and mercy fraught,
Of his never-wearied patience,
His compassion and his care,
That never turned unheeding
From the poorest suppliant's prayer.

Yes, read to me of the Master,
For the story grows more dear
As the clouds grow dark above me
And life seems bleak and drear.
When my heart is sore and wounded
It comes like a healing balm,
And over its griefs and tempests
It breathes a peaceful calm.

Now read me the dear old story
Of the love that is mighty to save,
And the never-failing forgiveness,
That I may grow strong and brave;
For how I have sinned and fallen
No one but Jesus knows,
And I long to taste the sweetness
That from his pardon flows.

Then I know that his love and mercy
Are still as strong and near,
And that my feeblest whisper
Will reach his listening ear.
And when I am sorely tempted
Or sorrow doth befall,
I know that the loving Saviour
Knoweth and pitieth all.

—American Messenger.

The Emperor and the Child.

A story is told of a certain Indian monarch, many years ago, who took a great interest in his people, but who made very strict laws, and severely punished those of his subjects who broke them. He was fond of going about in all parts of the country dressed in rough clothes like a workman, to see whether his people were well or ill-treated, and how his laws were observed. Although he was very kind, there were many persons who hated him bitterly, and thought him unjust and cruel.

On one occasion, as he was walking through the city, there was a terrible uproar—men, women, and children running about in all directions, and screaming as if well-nigh frightened to death. An enormous elephant had broken loose in a fit of rage from one of the great bazaars, and was tearing through the streets, destroying all before it.

A poor, little half-starved child had slipped, and fallen in the elephant's track; and in another

moment would have been crushed to death. But a man, dressed as a laborer, sprang out in front of the furious beast, caught up the child, and leaped back just in time to escape the charge of the elephant. As the man jumped back, his turban fell off; and every one saw that he who had risked his life to save a little child was none other than the emperor himself.

But we read in the Scriptures of the King of kings, who became poor that poverty-stricken rebels might be made rich. (2 Cor. viii. 9.) And the Saviour not only risked his life to rescue poor, perishing man, but deliberately offered himself a sacrifice for sins; became a substitute for the sinner, and "bare our sins in his own body on the tree." (1 Pet. ii. 24.)

Have you, my friend, received the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour? "As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name" (John i. 12.) "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him" (John iii. 36).

Musical Kites.

THE art of constructing kites is much cultivated in the East, especially among the Chinese, who have at hand the bamboo, Indian-paper, and thin silk. In China, Annam, and Tonkin it reaches a form of artistic and scientific industry quite unknown in other countries. Musical kites, kites simulating the forms of various animals, real or imaginary, and scientific kites, in which the stress and tension caused by the wind on different parts of the surface afford most interesting illustrations of physical laws, are among the cleverest trophies of the art.

The musical kites are provided with a bamboo resonator containing three apertures, one in the centre and one at each extremity. When the kite is flying, the air in rushing into the resonator produces a somewhat intense and plaintive sound, which can be heard at a great distance. The transverse rods of the frame of this kite are connected at the extremities, and give the kite the aspect of two birds'-wings affixed to a central axis. This kite sometimes reaches large dimensions—say, ten feet in width. There are often three or four resonators, placed one above another over the kite; and in this case a very pronounced grave sound is produced.

The musical kite is very common in China and Tonkin; hundreds of them are sometimes seen hovering in the air in the vicinity of Hanoi. It is believed among the superstitious to have the power

of charming evil spirits away, and with this object it is often tied to the roofs of houses during the prevalence of winds, where, during the whole night, it emits plaintive murmurs after the manner of Æolian harps.

Hang On.

WHEN our Tom was six years old he went into the forest one afternoon to meet the hired man, who was coming home with a load of wood. The man placed Master Tommy on the top of the load, and drove homeward. Just before reaching the farm the team went pretty briskly down a pretty steep hill. When Tommy entered the house his mother said:

"Tommy, my dear, were you not frightened when the horses were trotting so swiftly down Crow Hill?"

"Yes, mother, a little," replied Tom, honestly; "but I asked the Lord to help me, and hung on like a beaver."

Sensible Tommy. Why sensible? Because he joined working to praying. Let his words teach this life lesson: In all troubles, pray and hang on like a beaver; by which I mean while you ask God to help you, you help yourself with all your might.

Littell's Living Age. The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending October 5th and 12th, have the following contents: Italy Drifting, by the Marchese Alferi de Sostegno, *Nineteenth Century*; Russian Characteristics, *Fortnightly Review*; Wordsworth and the Quantock Hills, *National Review*; Elephant Kraals, *Murray's Magazine*; Spanish and Portuguese Bull-Fighting, *Fortnightly*; The Court of Vienna in the Eighteenth Century, *Temple Bar*. The Origin of Modern Occultism, *National Review*, Parallels to Irish Home Rule, by Edward A. Freeman, *Fortnightly*; Eucalyptus, Pine, and Camphor Forests, *Gentleman's Magazine*; Lepers at the Cape; Wanted, a Father Damien, *Blackwood's Magazine*, A Real Working Man, *Macmillan's Magazine*, together with instalments of "Sir Charles Danvers" and "The Minister of Kindrach," and poetry and miscellany.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8.00) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4.00 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both post paid.

Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.



"Nearer to Thee."

BY MINNIE POOLE.

'Twas a June evening. On the night express
A bridal party gay, with jest and song
Wiled the long hours away, while down the slope
The cars with click and rumble rushed along.
Inside was life and light; outside the sky
Sparkled with starlight, while the crescent moon
Just tipped with gold the western horizon,
Then sank behind the fragrant woods of June.

Wearied with travel, some have sunk to rest:
But one has asked the sweet young bride, that ere
They sleep, she'd sing, as 'twere, a good-night benison,
And they will join the song, "Sweet Hour of Prayer."
At first her voice in trembling cadence rose,
But swelled in power and beauty as the song
Carried the singer from the present scene,
And she, in fancy, saw the loved home throng.

The song rings out in triumph, as the crowd
Roused from their slumber swell the sweet home-song:
While toward its fate—Ah! little could they guess—
The great train rushed along.
An aged man, whose feet have neared the brink,
And whose strong faith his Saviour's face can see,
Leans forward on his staff and asks his song—
His trustful prayer—"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

The massive bridge, o'er which the train must pass,
Has taken fire, and 'neath the stream rolls on
O'er crags that soon must dash to death the souls
That, all unconscious of their fate, sing on.
Ah! faster speeds the engine down the grade;
And sweeter rings out on the listening even—

"There let the way appear,
Steps up to Heaven."

They've swept the curve, and now upon their view
The ruined bridge, the falling beams appear:
"Down brakes!" has hushed the song on trembling lips
That now are white with fear.
The faithless engine has betrayed its trust,
No longer heeding of its chief's command;
But rushing forward, bears its helpless freight
Straight in the jaws of death so near at hand!

Hark! how that shriek rings on the quivering air,
As hope gives way among the breathless throng;
Could they have known how near was death to each,
Would they have said, "Thy will be done" in song?
Trusting, though tremulous, is breathed the prayer
From lips a moment since flushed fair to see—

"So, by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Then, like a bolt of Jove, the cars crash through:
The engine scalds and grinds, as round it thrown
Are heaped the cars, broken and splintered all;
While hiss of steam mingles with dying groan.
Pinned down by timbers—crushed beneath their weight:
Longing for death to come and set her free;
Almost in whispers, from those childish lips,
Comes still her prayer, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."

"Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly—
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer to Thee."

Teachers' Department.

Ways of Working.

WE have received a very interesting report of the Dundas Methodist Sunday-school. An admirable feature is a Thanksgiving card, prepared by the Superintendent, with blank spaces for "echoes of thankfulness." Invitation cards and certificates of membership are also prepared as follows:—

DUNDAS METHODIST SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

The officers and teachers of the above school extend to the reader and friends a sincere and cordial invitation to attend the services each Sabbath, at 2.30 p.m. Bible-class

conducted by the Pastor. A hearty welcome to all—old and young.

W. A. DAVIDSON, Superintendent.
R. C. MARTIN, Assist. Superintendent.
JOHN T. BURROWS, Secretary.

METHODIST SABBATH-SCHOOL, DUNDAS.

This is to certify that _____ has been a member of the Methodist Sabbath-school, in Dundas, Ontario, since _____ and being about to remove to _____ we warmly commend _____ to the loving sympathy and care of the Church and Sabbath school in _____ now home.
_____ Secretary. _____ Superintendent.

The Superintendent writes: "By liberal use of the invitation cards—which we furnished to all teachers and officers, also the church ushers—we have increased the average attendance of visitors over two hundred per cent.

"Every school should keep on hand cards of removal, as they assist greatly in keeping the bearer of such faithful."

The Light in the Knocker.

ATTACHED to an old church door is a knocker, a venerable relic of those far-away days when men fled to that sacred inclosure—the church—as a place of refuge.

The knocker is a bulky one, and inside, it is said, a lamp was set at night. There are the holes through which the friendly light flashed out a guiding ray to some poor, perplexed fellow, as if saying: "This way, friend; this way! Here I am!" As we look, we seem to be in the dim, distant days when men fled to this spot for seclusion from some pursuing hand—and hark! You seem to hear the sound of hurrying feet in the darkness. Some one looks anxiously toward the shadowy pile, wondering how he may enter. Lo! as he lifts his eyes, he sees the light in the knocker, and now how joyfully the echoes of his appeal ring out in the night!

A light in the knocker! In our instruction of the children, did we ever think that we may need to be more explicit on the subject of religion?

We say: "Religion is free. You can have it. A door will open for you. Be a Christian." "Yes," is the answering thought of some child's heart. "Any one can be a Christian, but *how?* *How?*" Religion so free is yet a mystery. Just what must one do to be a Christian? Make plain what seem to you simple steps—prayer, repentance, submission, faith. Put a light in the knocker.—*S. S. Journal.*

Black Diamonds.

ONE of the most interesting chapters in the history of the earth is that relating to the formation of coal. In the gradual unfolding of the plan of creation, there came a period when the atmosphere was hot and moist and stilling, and heavily laden with carbonic acid. Large quantities of this noxious gas are often found nowadays at the bottom of old wells and mines, where the air cannot circulate freely. Such an atmosphere would not sustain animal life, but was just suited to the rapid and abundant growth of vegetable matter. The earth was thickly covered with vegetation. In the silent forests the trees grew and withered away. Newer growths sprang up, and in their turn decayed. In time, layer after layer of this dead vegetable matter covered the ground.

While this gradual process of growth and decay was going on, the crust of the earth itself was slowly changing form. The steady contraction of the earth, caused by its cooling, created an enormous pressure, which acted on all parts of the surface, so that the parts of the earth which were dry

land slowly sank beneath the waters, and other parts became land.

In other words, the world did not contract from a large-sized sphere to a smaller sized one, perfectly rounded in outline, but under the pressure its surface wrinkled and formed itself into ridges and hollows, just as a dried and withered apple will show wrinkles and ridges on its shrunken surface. This powerful pressure, aided by heat and the pressure of water, acting on this mass of submerged vegetable matter, slowly changed it into coal.

This process of change required time—long periods of time—and all the while it was going on particles of the earth's surface, washed away by the action of the waves, settled down over the new-made coal, so that when another upheaval of the earth sent that portion of the crust above the surface of the water, the coal was completely covered by the overlying sediment.

In order to get at these layers or seams of coal, which for ages have lain hidden in the earth, the miner digs a 'hole—or "sinks a shaft," as it is called—through the overlying soil and rocks. When he reaches the "seam," he begins to dig horizontally into the coal itself, until he has made a passage-way, or "gallery." The coal thus dug from the seam is loaded in small cars, which run along the gallery to the bottom of the shaft. From this point the coal is lifted by machinery to the surface, where it is made ready for use.

So far as appearance goes, a lump of coal and a brilliant diamond have nothing in common. And yet, in composition, there is enough similarity to warrant us in calling the lump of coal a "black diamond."

The diamond is composed of pure carbon. The coal is made up very largely of carbon, but contains other ingredients—one of which is a pitchy substance, called "bitumen." When this bitumen is present in considerable quantity, the coal is called "soft," or bituminous. This coal burns with a bright flame, and is the kind that is used in making illuminating gas. Anthracite, or hard coal, contains little bitumen, and burns without much flame.—*Selected.*

A Patient Elephant.

"TELL my grandchildren," writes the Bishop of Calcutta, "that an elephant here had a disease in his eyes. For three days he was completely blind. His owner, an English officer, asked my dear Dr. Webb if he could do anything to relieve the poor animal. The doctor said he would try the nitrate of silver, which was a remedy commonly applied to similar diseases in the human eye. The large animal was ordered to lie down, and at first, on the application of the remedy, raised a most extraordinary roar at the acute pain which it occasioned. The effect, however, was wonderful. The eye was in a manner restored, and the animal could partially see. The next day, when he was brought and heard the doctor's voice, he lay down of himself, placed his enormous head on one side, curled up his trunk, and drew in his breath—just like a man about to endure an operation—gave a sigh of relief when it was over, and then, by trunk and gesture, evidently wished to express his gratitude. What sagacity! What a lesson of patience!"

"WHY!" exclaimed little Johnny, when he heard his father telling about somebody who was looking after the loaves and fishes, "that's just what mamma says about Uncle Henry." "Says about Uncle Henry!" repeated his father in astonishment; "what do you mean?" "Why, pa, don't you know?" said Johnny. "Mamma says Uncle Henry only loafs and fishes!"

Thoughts Suggested by a Song Sung at a Temperance Meeting.

BY ALEX. A. B. HERR.

"RISE! O rise! to noble manhood,"
Sang the voice so rich and clear;
Like a trumpet-call to action,
Rang the words upon the ear.

Rise! O rise! thou faint and fallen,
From thy every failure rise;
God has grace the more abounding,
Where thy greatest weakness lies.

Rise! O rise! to new endeavour,
Courage get, oh faltering soul;
Every step, or swift or slowly,
Brings thee nearer to the goal.

Rise! O rise! thou idle dreamer,
Live not ever in the thought;
Be thy vague and shadowy purpose
Into nobler action wrought.

Rise! O victor! rise, and rest not
On the laurels thou hast won;
There are greater deeds for doing,
Than any yet thou'st done.

Rise! O weary spirit! cheer thee;
Still thine ease and pleasure scorn;
Rest at last, thy rest remaineth,
Who the toil and heat hast borne.

Rise! O rise! thou selfish sorrower,
Help some other's greater need;
Thine own burden will grow lighter
By each loving word and deed.

Rise! O rise! though friends are falling,
Linger not where loved ones lie;
Onward! duty's voice is calling—
Rest, and greet them by-and-by.

Rise! To all the message cometh,
Never in the present rest;
Seek a higher life and holier—
Then and only truly blest.

Rise! O rise! before thee ever
All that's worth attaining lies;
Be thy watchword "Up and forward,"
In the strength of God arise!

Rise! O rise! the fair young singer
May have thought her message lost;
But we know not in our sowing
Where will fall the seed we cast.

Somenos, Brit. Col.

The Sailor's Grave.*

BY THE HON. JOHN MACDONALD.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee,
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mountain, stream, and sea.

One 'mid the forests of the west,
By a dark stream was laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the forest shade.

—Mrs. Hemans.

THE G. W. Elder has cast her anchor in Fresh-water Bay. The day was lovely, the water of the bay smooth as a mirror and as highly reflective. Close to its margin was the deep, thick, rich border of the unbroken forest; and behind this, and completely encircling the bay, was a range of lofty mountains, some of which were snow-clad.

The bay reflected with great sharpness the belt of trees which reached the tide-water-mark; and behind these, with equal distinctness, the darker and deeper shadows of the lofty mountain range, Occasionally a salmon, sportively leaping from the water, disturbed its glassy stillness, adding addi-

tional interest to the picture, the bay soon re-suming its perfect, mirror-like appearance.

I was much impressed with the marvellous beauty of the scene; and in speaking to our pilot, Captain W. E. George, of Victoria, B.C., of its loveliness, he said to me—pointing to a particular part of the forest: "Eighteen years ago, a young Englishman, serving on board the admiral's ship—the U. S. steamship *Saramac*—was killed, and buried with military honours in that spot."

How wondrous must have been the sight in this bay! How quiet the resting-place in the unbroken forest, where, in all probability, the foot of white man had never trod! How grand the mountains! How far from his home! were thoughts which, in quick succession, rushed through my mind.

I found myself unconsciously weaving the story in the following simple lines:—

What mean those sounds of music,
And the dip of the muffled oar,
As these boats, in long procession,
Move slowly toward the shore?

And why are these men armed,
Who are not bent on fray?
Why this imposing pageant
In the waters of this bay?

See! The Admiral's ship is flying
Its flag at half-mast head;
And that boat, with its mournful draping,
It bears a sailor—dead.

See! His comrades gently bear him
To his lonely place of rest,
So far from his home of childhood—
From the land which he loved best.

Hear the echo of the volleys
As they fire them o'er his head,
Ere with measured step they leave him
To slumber with the dead.

Where the wild, unbroken forest
Throws its shadows o'er the bay,
Its stillness broken only
By the salmon's sportive play.

In a land whose snow-clad mountains
Guard as sentinels his grave;
Fit resting-place for England's son—
For one so young and brave.

O England! Dear Old England!
Thy sons lie scattered wide:
Some sleep 'neath palms, in tropic lands—
Some by the glacier's side.

But dear is every spot to thee,
Where'er their ashes be;
And dear to thee is this lone grave
By this Alaskan sea.

On my return from Sitka, the *Elder* again cast anchor in the bay, and I determined, if possible, to find the grave. I was unable to make the Indian whose aid I sought understand what I wanted; but through the aid of Mr. Kastromitinoff, the Government translator, and a Russian—as his name implies—I succeeded in getting an Indian who, with two squaws, paddled me to the place.

Mr. Kastromitinoff was anxious to accompany me. He had never heard of the circumstances, and was somewhat doubtful. The Indian, going into the forest, and before us, led us to the spot, for—

The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the forest shade.

How well the memory of Captain George had served him, not only as to the spot but as to the date, may be gathered from the lettering upon the head-board, which reads as follows:

W. H. NEIL,
SEAMAN,
U. S. SS. "SARAMAC,"

DIED JULY 1, 1871. AGED 27 YEARS.

I found the grave in a perfect state of preservation. Nature had lovingly covered it over with the most delicate lichens, mosses, ferns, and wild flowers, with a profusion which seemed to mock man's efforts in bedecking the resting-places of the dead. I gathered specimens of these; and our pilot, who had been on board the admiral's ship at the time, was glad to have one of the ferns as a memento.

I found the lettering, also, on the head-board, in an excellent state of preservation, and could only account for this by supposing that loving hands from ships subsequently visiting the bay had carefully retouched it, so that time, apparently, had had no hurtful effect upon it.

A King's Dream.

A LEGEND.

ONCE upon a time there lived a great and famous king, who, although he had everything he possibly could desire, still found a cause for dissatisfaction and unhappiness. He was not content with possessing the love and admiration of his people in the present, but wished to be remembered by them long after, when he should be dead.

"'Tis true," said he, "just now my subjects love me, and my name is known and feared in many lands; but in a few short years I shall be gone, and who will then remember me?"

At last he joyfully thought of a plan by which his memory would always remain fresh and green. He would build a church—a church so magnificent and vast that in all the world there would be none to equal it. In order, therefore, that the glory should be all his own, he gave strict commands that no one should contribute toward the erection of the building.

So, in time, a splendid cathedral arose, and the king looked upon it with feelings of pride and pleasure; for was not it a fitting monument?

When the gorgeous edifice was completed, he caused his name to be inscribed upon its walls in golden letters upon a marble tablet; and that night he laid his head upon his pillow, contented at last.

As the king slept he had a strange dream. He dreamed that he saw an angel come and rub out his name upon the marble, and write another in its stead. Three times that night he had the same dream. When morning came he summoned his court, and bid them seek throughout the kingdom for the owner of the name the angel had written.

Very soon the messengers returned, having found a poor widow of that name, who awaited in fear the king's commands.

"Bid her enter."

The trembling woman was brought before the throne.

"Now," said the monarch, "what hast thou given toward the building of my church? Speak the truth."

"Most gracious king," was the reply, "I gave nothing; for I am poor, and have naught to give except my prayers, else I would have offered more. Each night, indeed, I asked a blessing for thee and for thy work; and once—but once—I gave a wisp of hay to one of the poor horses who drew the stones along the road."

The king was silent awhile, then he spoke. "Go," said he, "erase my name from the marble tablet, and place thereon the name of this good woman. Rightly am I rebuked. Self-glory was my aim; what she hath done was done for love of God alone."

As thinking is the act of an embodied spirit, playing upon a set of material keys, it is not strange that the soul can make but ill music when her instrument is out of tune.

* The Hon. Senator Macdonald, who has just returned from Alaska, contributes this interesting sketch to *The Week*.

The Prisoned Angel.

A block of marble caught the glance
Of Buonarroti's eyes,
Which brightened in their solemn depths
Like meteor-lighted skies
Listening, there stood beside him one
Who smiled the while he heard
"I'll hew an angel from the stone!"
Such was the sculptor's word.
Soon mallet deft and chisel keen
The stubborn block assailed;
And blow by blow, and pang by pang,
The prisoner stood unveiled.
A brow was lifted, high and pure;
The waking eyes outshone;
And as the master sharply wrought
A smile broke through the stone.
Beneath the chisel's edge the hair
Escaped in floating rings,
And plume by plume was slowly freed
The sweep of half-furled wings.
The stately bust and graceful limbs
Their marble fetters shed,
And where the shapeless block had been
An angel stood instead.
Oh, blows that smite, oh wounds that pierce
This shrinking heart of mine!
What are ye but the Master's tools,
Forming a work divine?
Oh, hope that crumbles at my feet!
Oh, joy that mocks and flies!
What are ye but the clogs that bind
My spirit from the skies?
Sculptor of souls! I lift to thee
Encumbered heart and hands:
Spare not the chisel—set me free,
However dear the hands,
How blest if all these seeming ills
Which draw my thoughts to thee,
Should only prove that thou wilt make
An angel out of me!

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 992] **LESSON X.** [Dec 8
SOLOMON AND THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.

1 Kings 10. 1-13. Memory verses, 6-8.
GOLDEN TEXT.

She came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and behold, a greater than Solomon is here. Matt. 12. 42.

OUTLINE.

1. The Queen, v. 1-5.
2. Her Wonder, v. 6-9.
3. Her Gifts, v. 10-13.

TIME.—992 B. C.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The reign of Solomon was magnificent. He not only governed justly, but he made his kingdom one of the wonders of the earth. The years following the dedication of the temple were spent in the erection of public buildings and private places, and in fortifications on his country's outposts. His fame spread among the nations, and caused the incident of the lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Concerning the name of the Lord.* Doubtless this means the report of his name abroad. *Hard questions.* Enigmas or riddles, which were a delight to the Orientals. They were accustomed to test wisdom by one's ability to answer. *A cryspat train.*—Or, as we should now say, "a caravan." *Gobb, precious stones.* These constituted the native product of that country. *His ascent by which he went up.*—Solomon's palace was below the platform of the temple, and he constructed a subterranean passage 250 feet long and 42 feet wide to join them. *No more spirit in her.*—Perhaps, her own feeling of pride and wisdom was all gone. One commentator says "she fainted away." *One hundred and twenty talents of gold.*—A very large sum of money, not absolutely reckonable, but said by scholars to be more than three millions of our money. *Almy trees.*—Wood of some aromatic tree, highly prized; some say sandal wood, and others, fragrant fir.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Queen.*
Who was the Queen of Sheba?
In what quarter of the world did Jesus say she lived? Matt. 12. 42.

What custom common among Orientals is suggested by verse 1?
What does this visit show in regard to Solomon's fame?
What act of the king might have brought her into her notice? Chap. 9. 26.
What was the character of her country? Verse 2.
What were the things which she saw?
What was the ascent to the house of the Lord?

2. *Her Wonder.*

What was the effect of her observations on herself?
What was the character of her words to Solomon?
What commentary was only a few years later furnished on verse 8? 1 Kings 12. 4.
Did this queen understand the nature of the worship of the true God?
Would not such a worship as Solomon's, in offerings and sacrifices, seem like a magnificent idolatry?
What corroboration of the magnificence of the temple equipment does later history give? Ezra 1. 7-11.

3. *Her Gifts.*

What Oriental custom still remaining is suggested by verses 10 and 13?
What illustration of the prodigality of kings in giving was once afterward given in Israel's history? 2 Kings 5. 5.
What was the condition of the people in these Oriental monarchies?
What light on the causes of their condition do such incidents give?
What is always the effect of concentration of wealth in the hands of the few?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Here is illustration of the lesson of Jesus: "To him that hath shall be given." There were many lepers in Israel; no gifts for them.

Jesus taught the great lesson from this visit:
"The queen visited Solomon, and revered him.
"I am greater than Solomon." Do you reverence him?
Homage for the king! But let the king be Jesus.

The queen saw Solomon's riches.
Have you seen the riches of Christ?
She saw the power of Solomon.
Have you felt the power of Christ's love?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. To understand Solomon's power, read the story of his life in 2 Chron. If you can get Stanley's *History of the Jewish Church*, read about Solomon in vol. 2, pp. 184-287, or in Leake's *Hours with the Bible*, vol. 3, pp. 337-455.
2. Do not fail to read the remainder of chapter 10.
3. Write from your study a brief story of Solomon's life.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. From whence did Jesus say the Queen of Sheba came? "From the uttermost parts of the earth." 2. For what did she come? "To test Solomon's wisdom." 3. What was her own testimony of him and his kingdom? "The half has not been told." 4. How does Jesus say she will appear in the judgment? "In condemnation of her generation." 5. What will be the basis of that condemnation? "She came from the uttermost," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Accountability.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

56. Does God care for you?
I know that he cares for me, and watches over me always by his providence.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.—Psalm 23. 6.

B.C. 984] **LESSON XI.** [Dec. 15

SOLOMON'S FALL.

1 Kings 11. 4-13. Memory verses, 9, 11.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.—1 Cor. 10. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. The King's Folly, v. 4-8.
2. The Lord's Anger, v. 9-13.

TIME.—984 B. C.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The honours conferred upon Solomon, the great wealth that flowed into his kingdom, and his power

among the nations, proved sources fruitful of temptation. His court became a centre of sensual pleasure and indulgence of every kind, and the worship of Jehovah was defiled by abominations copied from the idolatrous peoples around. Solomon himself gave way to his pride and lust, and his last years were disgraced by debauchery and profligacy. It is this story of his fall to which our lesson brings us.

EXPLANATIONS.—*When Solomon was old.*—He was not more than fifty-two years old, but his life had been very eventful. *Turned away his heart.*—Incredible almost, he became an idolater. *The hill before Jerusalem.* This is still called the Mount of Offence. *Will rend the kingdom.*—A prophecy of the divided monarchy which came to pass very soon after Solomon's death.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The King's Folly.*
What was the natural effect of Solomon's luxurious life?
How did his court differ from that of other Oriental monarchs?
How did his court differ from that of David?
To what sins did he become addicted?
What was the cause of his lapse from righteousness?
Had this sin ever been forbidden? Deut. 7. 3, 4; 23. 3-6.
In what visible forms did he show his idolatry?
What name remained to mark the site of his folly?

2. *The Lord's Anger.*

- What is meant by the Lord being angry with him?
On what two occasions had the Lord appeared unto him? Chap. 3. 5; 9. 2
By what command had God given him warning concerning this sin? Chap. 9. 6, 7.
What punishment was he to be made to suffer?
What would Solomon know that division must mean for his kingdom?
What was the one saving feature in the coming doom?
How was this prophecy fulfilled? Chap. 12. 16, 19, 20.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Solomon did not become wicked in his old age suddenly. He had been growing so for forty years.

Solomon tried to serve God and mammon. He failed. Men are still trying and still failing.

David sinned, and bitterly repented. Solomon sinned, and never thought of repentance.

Had it not been for David's credit, his son's account would have been far overdrawn. It was David's account that saved his kingdom.

Worldliness ruined Solomon. It will ruin every one on whom it fastens.

"Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Study out the causes of Solomon's fall.
2. Find what particular commandments there were against connection with the Ammonites, and the reasons therefore.
3. Locate the Hill of Offence, or Mount of Corruption, as it was called.
4. Learn the character of the worship of Ashtoreth.
5. Find instances in after history of kings who followed Solomon's example.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the occasion of Solomon's fall? "His heart was not perfect with God." 2. What form did his sins assume? "He worshipped false gods." 3. What was the effect on his character? "It corrupted and debased him." 4. What was the effect on his kingdom? "It caused its division." 5. Why did this come upon him? "He had broken God's covenant." 6. How does our Golden Text warn us? "Wherefore let him," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Apostasy.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

57. What is the Providence of God?
The Providence of God is his preservation of all his creatures, his care for all their wants, and his rule over all their actions.

In him we live; and move, and have our being—Acts 17. 28.

Hebrews 1. 3; Nehemiah 9. 6; Psalm 103. 19; Psalm 145. 15, 16; 1 Timothy 6. 15.

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