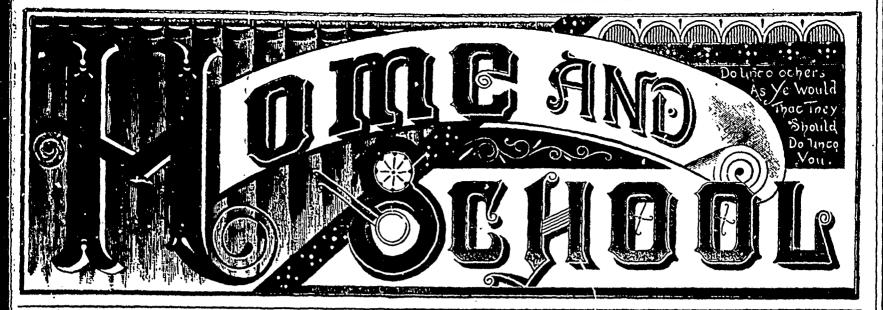
## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X		22X		24X	26×	(	28X	30×	32X		
This ite	Additional comn Commentaires su em is filmed at t cument est filmé	ipplémentai he reduction	n ratio che		- · · •	<b>.</b>										
•	Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.						Caption of issue/ Titre de départ de la livraison  Masthead/ Générique (périodiques) de la livraison									
10 11																
v t	Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/							Title page of issue/ Page de titre de la livraison								
ة لـــا <b>ا</b>		erior margin/ e serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la n le long de la marge intérieure						Т	Comprend un (des) index  Title on header taken from:/  Le titre de l'en-tête provient:							
	Relié avec d'autr Fight binding ma			Pagination continue  Includes index(es)/												
F	Planches et/ou ill	lustrations e					Ľ F	<b>∠</b> o	lualité	inégale d uous pagii	e l'imp					
E	Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Engre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)  Coloured plates and/or illustrations/							Showthrough/ Transparence  Quality of print varies/								
1 1	Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur						Pages detached/ Pages détachées									
1 1	Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque							Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées								
1 1	Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée							Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées								
1 1	Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée							Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées								
1 1	Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur							Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur								
may be of the signific	py available for filming. Features of this copy which ay be bibliographically unique, which may alter any the images in the reproduction, or which may inificantly change the usual method of filming, are ecked below.							lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.								



Vol. V.)

TORONTO, JULY 30, 1887.

No. 16.

#### Lumbering in Canada.

This picture represents one of the most characteristic Canadian scenes. lumbering industry of Canada is its most important one and engages the largest amount of capital. The following paragraphs describe the process of converting the living trees into the timber:-

"The air was cool and bracing, and fragrant with pine The stately Jalm. trunks rose like s pillared colonnade, each fit to be the mast of some high admiral.' The pine needles made an elastic carpet under foot, and the bright sunlight streamed down through the openings of the forest, flecking the ground with patches of gold.

"Soon we reached the assigned limit, and the stalwart axemen each solected his antagonist in this life and death duel with the ancient monarchs of the forest. The scanty brushwood was cleared. The axes gleamed brightly

thick and fast, awaking strange echoes in the dim and distant forest aisles. The white chips flew through the air, and ghastly wounds gaped in the trunks of the ancient pines. Now a venerable forest chief shivered through all his branches, swayed for a moment in incertitude, like blind Ajax fighting with his unseen foe, then, with a shuddering grown tottered and recled crashing down, skaking the earth and air in | followed in fancy its fate:

LUMBERING IN CANADA.

in the air. The measured strokes fell | his fall. As he lay there, a prostrate giant that had wrestled with the storms of a hundred winters, felled by the hand of man in a single hour, the act seemed like murder. As Lawrence stood with his foot on the fallen trunk of his first tree, but a moment before standing grand and majestic and lordly as a king's son, like Saul among the prophets, he seemed guilty of sacrilegeof slaying the Lord's anointed. Ho

"" Mid shouts and cheers The jaded steers. Panting beneath the good, Drag down the weary winding road Those captive kings so straight and tall, To be shown of their streaming hair And, naked and bare, To feel the stress and the strain Of the wind and the recling main, Whose rear Would remind them forevermore Of their native forests they should not see

again.

"But after a time his conscience be-

came seared and calloused to this tree murder, and as he swung his glittering axe through the air and it bit deep into the very heart of some grand old pine, stoicel beneath his blows as a forest sachem under the knife of his enemy, a stern joy filled his soul, as he felt that he with that tiny weapon was more than a match for the towering son of Anak, It realized the fairy tales of his boyhood, and he played the role of Jack the Giantkiller over agam."

#### The Arab.

THE Rev. H. M. Field, D.D., says: "The Arab knows the desert as the Indian knows the forest. He is made for the desert as truly as the camel. His very physique fits him for long marches. He does not carry a single ounce of superfluous flesh on his bones. In all my acquaintance with the Bedaween, I never saw one who was fat, like a negro. His only garments are a cotton

shirt and a sort of dressing gown of coarse haircloth, which serves tho double purpose of a cloak by day and a coverlid by night. Thus lightly clad, but with sinews of steel, he will march all day, and when night overtakes him wrap himself up like a bundle, and lie down and sleep under the open sky. The Arabs cat but little, because they have little to eat; but if a sheep be set before them, they will gorge themselves like anacondas."

#### A Word from Bermuda.

A conrespondent in these beautiful islands writes as follows:

I am in receipt of your beautiful Magazino for June, and it is even, if anything, handsomer than any other; and the articles are replete with loyalty to our Gracious Sovereign. As stated, we "Methodists" are a truly loyal people, and in this insular and "old colonial possession" of Great Britain remarkable for such sentiments as are so well expressed in the ably written articles in this current number. As regards the illustrations, I have not seen any to equal those in the Canadian Methodist Magazine for beauty. Our Church is flourishing in Bermuda, and we are steadily gaining ground, and our ministers take hold of the hearts of the people.

Copies of the Jubilce number of the Magazine can still be had at 20 cents each. Two beautifully illustrated articles, by Ludy Brassey, will appear in early numbers of the Magazine.

Our correspondent contributes the following Jubi.ce poem, which has just lifty lines, one for each year of the Queen's reign :-

#### FIFTY YEARS.

FIFTY YEARS! Fifty years of a noble life,-As Queen, as Empress! beloved wife Of one who parted with earth's strife In the bloom of manhood's prime. Hail Britain's monarch! Queen of hearts As well as subjects, -from all parts Of thy vast Empire, -from all marts Of Commerce, -ayo from every clime,

We yield obedience to thy sway,-Gladly thy sovereign will obey, And clebrate thy natal day-In the or distant island home. Tis the year of Jumleo ! ale harl Queen of car codrice islo, each vale And hill, and e'en the odorous gale That from the Isles West Indian come.

To join our glad thanks giving strain Even to the distant Scotian main, The Pastic mins in the refrain, From fac Vancouver's shore. that with the iron band which brings Thy distant fairne near, and sings Each, every one . - The whole world rings With the glad song, -- Encore! Encore!

FIITI YEARS! Fifty years of a well spent life, -A nation is a and tree from strife With happiness, -Trs due to thee Our gracious Sovereign and Queen Who half a century's reign has seen, Oh, may thy life be evergreen In the hearts of all who subjects be.

And oh, may choicest blessings rest From God the Father ever bless'd, Oh, may be grant our heart's request, In this our year of Jubilee,— From our old home,—from England dear, To distant lands,—from far and near We'll give one grand united cheer
For our loved Queen, -alone to thee.

And may God grant in coming years, When nature tires of earthly cares, When thy life the heavenly portal nears And thy domain is wrapped in gloom, That in that brighter, happier land, At his right hand forever stand, The chosen of that glorious band,-At rest in God's eternal home. A. Quishiidas, m.d. Flatte Village, Bermuda.

#### A Sermon to Girls.

. Ir shall be a short one. My pulpit shall be an easy chair. The sofa and cricket shall be my pews. You shall be my audience, my choir, my inspira

Come Bell, Eliza, Matt, and Delia, let me look into your enger eyes while I talk. Listen to my text.

"That our daughters be as cornerstones, polished after the similitude of a palace.

It is a precious text to me. I want! to make you love it also. It speaks to me of the Book I love, of the joys I have had, of the mistakes I have made, and it speaks in the gentle tones of my old semmary teacher. Let me tell you what it says.

Girls, I want you to be cornerstones.

Corner-stones are the most important part of a palace. Sometimes they we very beautiful. They ought always to be strong, and durable and polished.

Are you, my girls, polished, strong and durable !

Are you the coner-stones in the palace of Jesus ? .

Are you polished?

I do not mean: are you beautiful? have you bright eyes, or shiny hair? have you lily complexion, or rosy cheeks I have you pearly teeth, or bewitching smiles, or graceful form? It is not of these things I speak, when I ask, Are you polished?

Is your heart, polished?

Do your eyes sline with the thought of doing good to others? Do your cheeks flush with the consciousness of pleasure given to some one else?

Do you give your smiles to the nohappy, the unfortunate, the weak I

Does your whole face shine with the light of kindness and sympathy?

Are you strong?

Not, have you strong muscles I can you lift a heavy weight? can you practice octaves without weariness? can you walk a mile without aching limbs? can you sweep the carpets? can you wash? or can you churn the golden butter ?

To be strong physically is desirable, but this is not the strength Tam asking you about.

Are you strong to resist temptation as it pushes itself upon you?

Are you strong to walk the path of life? Are you willing to walk this, road though it may be rough, up hill; and thorny 1

Are you trying to induce others to walk with you, to give your strong arm to the weak one?

Are you willing to do not only that which is safe for you, but to walk always where it will be safe for your sister, your friend, your Sunday-school scholar, to follow your example?

Are you durable?

Not, have you firm health I do you inherit a strong constitution? do you expect to live a long life? Not, is

fugos your hair turn grays your eyes lose their sparkle? your manary anduring, do you remember the books you read, the gerpique you have heard, the songs you have sung, the pictures you linve geon? Health, beouty, and memory are flesimble, but I do not ask you of these to night,

Is your character enduring? your hope founded on solid rock!

Do your thoughts of heaven grow bright? Does your joy in the sorvice inorcase with the passing days? Do you fool eternál life spřinging up in your inmost soul? Are your words, your thoughts, your deeds filled with this principle of immortality?

Are my questions too lined? Is my sermon too personal?

Ah, my dear children, often I ask myself these same questions, and often I fear to answer.

Let . - together ask God to help us answer them truly .- J. H. M., in Golden Rule.

### Begin With God.

Brain the day with God! He is thy sun and day: He is the radiance of thy dawn, To him address thy lay.

Sing thy first song to God ! Not to thy fellow-man; Not to the creatures of his hand, But to the Glorious Onc.

Awake, cold lips, and sing! Arise, dull knees, and pray ! Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes; Brush slothfulness away!

Look up beyond these clouds: Thither thy pathway lies; Mount up, away, and linger not, Thy goal is yonder skies.

Cast every weight aside! Do buttle with each sin: Fight with the faithless world without, The faithless heart within.

Take thy first meal with God! He is thy heavenly food ! Feed with him, on him; he with thee . Will feast in brotherhood.

Takethy first walk with God! Let him go forth with thee; By stream, or sea, or mountain path, Seek still his company.

The first transaction be With God lumiself above; So shall thy business prosper well, And all thy days he love. -Bonar.

Surpose a man should establish a kery in which, by the infusion of a poisonous drug into the dough, he would endanger the public health, how long would society hesitate before dealing with him 2 Would his business be considered a proper subject of legislation? And a proposition to tax or regulate or license it would be received with devision. And if from the bakeries poisoned bread should go out for a single day, and it was suspected that there was a mutual understanding among the bakers of the city to carry on a trade of that kind, what a storm of indignation would be aroused! If your beauty enduring? will your cheeks | the command to stop that death-deal-

ding dualness word hot hashirtly con plied with, on authored community world divides upon overhiblicity in the unfield with according to the continuity if out And yet when we propose to prolific by they the safe of a poison that is destroying both the bodies and souls of mon by the thousand, some people hold up their liquids in horror and say that the Best thing we can do

Seeing the Queen A time gid, badly barned, was taken to the London Hospital. One day she said:

"If I could see the Queen I should -got-woll."\_

Shortly after, when the Queen wisited the hospital, this remark was repeated to Her Majesty, who deter mined to gratify the child's innocent wish.

"My darling," said the Queen, to the little girl, after she had seen her, "I hope you will be a little better

The pleasant thought of having seen the Queen might relieve the pain of a suffering child, but still no healing could really come from the sight.

But there is a King, the very sight of whom will heal disease and restore the failing life. And those who are fuithful shall behold his face." "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty, they shall behold the land that is very far off And the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick; and the people that dwell theroin shall be forgiven their inquity." Isaiah xxxiii. 17, 24.—Sel:!

What Jesus May Say.

Two young girls were walking leis urely home from school one planeaut day in early autumn, when one thus addressed the other: "Edith Williams, what will the girls say when they hear that you have invited Maggio Kelly to your party 1"

"Ella, when mamma told moi to invite Maggie, I asked her the same question. She told me it made no difference what the girls said who thought Maggio a great deal beneath them because she was poor and her school-bills were paid by my father, and, she asked me if I would like to hear what Jesus would say. So she took her Bible and read to me these words; And the King shall answer and say unto them, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, yo have done it unto me. Then I saw my great mistake."

Ah, dear readers! never ask what this and that one will say while you are doing what is right, but what Jesus, your King, will say on the glorious resurrection morning that will soon dawn upon us. Selected doubles

BLESSED, are they who go to Jesus and invite others to go with them.

Sti Th Of

10: ra. An

Int Jut

#### The Queen's Jubilee Prize Poem.

"In Hoc Signo Vinces."

FROM west to east,-from east to west,-The glad bells ring, doross the sea, They echo o'er the occan's breast,

ipo do son

nio nq

ror

ob.

.

2AY

oaC

uld

vis.

ter-

ent

ito

ıer,

ter

**£** a

ing

glıt

pro

are

ce."

for

hall

hall

off

, I vell

ini.

eis

ant

hus

cur

b.tu

to

me

210

vho

utl.

liei

er.

ŧο

she

esi

wer

ye

ast

zne

ent

141

310

us,

us

On

With sound of song and minstrelsy; Wide as our world-wide empire, swells The mellow music of the bella That ring Victoria's Jubilee !

Back through the mists of fifty years, They bid the lingering lancy, stray, Through all their changing hopes and fears, Through summers green and winters gray; And, looking both ways o'er the stream

Of Time, we see, as in a dream, The vision of a gala day 1

A chapel royal, through whose yaulted height Deep organ tones majestic music pour,
While, through emblazoned panes, the rainbow light

Falls, in soft colours, on the marble floor, On Britain's chivalry, or ladies bright-

And effigios of kings and knights of yore And a young princess, on whose sun y hair A crown imperial rests-too atom a weight of care I 2.5

In the dim splendour of that aucient shrine, Again the maiden stands,—but notalone; Love's snowy blossoms with her jewel's

twine;—
A dearer kingdom,—a more fitting throne, The crown of womanhood the most divine, This fairer pageant gives her for her own; And onward now, in love's sweet strength, af Hick

Shall-walls with firmer tread, -the' woman and the queen.

So ran fts course, through many a peaceful year.

The happy idyl of a royal love.

Rich with all blessings human hearts hold

dear;
Not set, in lonely majesty, above
All lowly lives,—but, with its radiance clear
Brooding o'er all the nation, like a dove,
Till fate canolsudden;—deaft to prayers and

And cut in twain the current of the tranquil years!

The woman's heart clung, mourning to the grave, The queen must brace herself alone to bear

The burden of her station, - and how brave The heart that bore so well its load of care Ind bitter grief -He knows alone who gave The balti to sorrow, and the strength to .prayen;-

Whose unseca guidance, through the light and dark.

Suides mon and nations to th' appointed · mariot ·

o must the stream of human progress flow Through tight and shadow to the brighter

day, Now seeming backward on its course to go, While lingering ovll smitterns with dismay, - Wrong? and oppression, -dumb beasts

helpless woe,

The Aurigns men upon their fellows lay,—
While yet, through all the turnings, all the
shrife!

Still through our Empire flows w tide of freshingdifol.

The adding Hindoo, 'néath' his sholtering palm Coases to maso on those dim shallowy days Of mystic contemplation, alreabilike calif

That brooded o'er the craile of our race,-The farring tones of conquest and disgrace, Till'ho, too, catell the nollier impalse high,

And hope and progress whatem his possive In the far islands neath the Alistral skies;

Where thedark, low-browed savage chased

his proyers agono,—great cities rise,

And a new empire, at the gates of day, Owns, as the moulder of its destines

The sea-queen isle, of not thern waters grey; While, - where the sun burns hot on Afric's sands,

Now peoples wake to life, and stretch to it their hands.

Our fair Dominion spreads, from sea to sea, Her pine-clad mountains, prairies, streams, and lakes;

Where late the hardy Indian wandered free The throbbing life of a young nation wakes,-

greater Britain of the West, to be,-While yet no link of happy concord breaks With the dear land from whence our fathers brought

Heir-looms of high tradition, poesy, and thought!

And when another fifty years have sped, May the old red-cross flag still float on high,-

The sacred sign of evil phantoms fled,-Of broken power, of wrong and tyranny,-Where'er its free-born standard-bearers tread,

Ne'er may the weak for rescue vainly cry, Novoice of brother's blood for vengeance rise, Nor smoke of ruined homes defile the clear

First in the files of Progress may it be, First in the march of Science, Freedom,

Bearing the truth that shall make all men free.

The brotherhood of man, whose blest incrèaso

Shall merge in it, as rivers in the sea All hearts in love, till every discord cease, And every warring symbol shall be furled Before the ensign of a Federated World!

So let the bells ring o'er the sea, From west to east, from east to west, Bearing the anthem of the free Across the ocean's azure breast;-

world-wide song of love and liberty; Victoria !—in this symbol bless the brighter age to be!

Agnes Maule Machar (Fidelis), in the Week.

#### Religious Scenes in China.

A PICTURESQUE CHURCH BEGGAR CARRYING OUT A DREAD! FUL THREAT.

"Chunch-ekaging" is very continon in China. The temples advertise their wants by posting on walls in the neighbourhood square pieces of yellow paper, whereon is the exact Chinese equivalent of the scriptural, "Ask and ye shall receive," together with the name and location of the Temple where prayers are always answered.

But' there are also more personal forms of begging. The writer of an article in The Youth's Companion lias seen in Peking a priest whose cheeks had been pierced, and the teeth knocked out so that an iron rod, as large as one's middle finger, could pass through, to project an inch or two beyond cither check. An iron half-circle was hinged to each end of this, and passed around the back of the priest's head! Attached to the half-circle was an iron chain, which was so long as to drag on the ground several feet behind him.

His business was to go from house to house, beating a small drum, asking help to repair a temple. Sympathy would be wasted on him. He was "professional church-debt lifter," who had monthly wages and a commission

on his collection's - and the rod and chain were his stock in trade.

There was another way, still more peculiar. A priest stands in a small box-like structure, placed in front of a temple, through the boards of which spikes had been driven, so that the imprisoned priest can move no part of his body, except his right arm, without being pricked by a spike. With his right hand he rings a bell to draw attention to his pitiable condition Charitable persons give so much for the privilege of drawing out a spike.

The highest-priced spikes are those

which point at the vital parts of the

body. The priest is supposed to stand in his kernel day and night until all the spikes are bought or drawn, but no one believes' that he really does so. A single incident will show how much hardship and self-inflicted suffer ing some of these heathen will under go to fulfil a religious vow. One tolerably hot and dusty afternoon in 1871 the writer was resting at a wayside tea house to the southwest of Peking and saw approaching a man and a woman. The man would first take one long step, then bring his other foot up and measure his whole length in the road,

Having knocked his head three times on the ground, he rose, took another step, and again prostrated himself. The woman was his wife, and was waiting upon him. In answer to questions, he said that he had made a vow that if Buddha would restore to health his son, who was desperately sick, he would make a pilgrimage to Wu-tai-shan and home again, a step and a prostration all the way.

Not more than three miles could be made in a day. He had travelled about 600 of the 2,000 miles of his double journey, and would be two years longer in completing his vow. As he was 78 years old, and almost worn out, it was easy to see that he would not live to fulfil it. A callous lump as large as an egg projected from his forehead, raised by his knocking his head upon the dusty road. Yet this man was shocked and angry at a suggestion that he should abandon his useless pilgrininge, and passed out of sight measuring the road with his infirm body.'

#### Methodist Jubilee Song.

"Awake! Arise!" The shout was heard "defiverance is nigh!"
When first the sour of Wesley flung their

banners to the sky

The world, for Christ their watchword, and this their battle cry;-

.. The Lord is marching on? Glory, glory, ballelujah, The Lord is marching on.

At once arose a shout of joy, from England's

That work the sleeping echoes all through Scotland's hills and vales,

And rangin stirring clarion tones, from all the peaks of Wales; .
The Lord is marching on.

The rugged Cornish miners licard the song of jubilco,
The Channel Islands caught the strain and

sang it glad and free,

It burst in pealing chorus from the toilers 

The sons of Erin started when they heard the joyful song, Across the ocean billows, on glad winds borno

And a thousand sturdy voices swelled the anthem clear and strong,

The Lord is marching on.

So swift to east and so swift to west, the Gospel signal sped,

Until a mighty army had risen from the dead, Shouting with glory in each soul, and joy upon each head,

The Lord is marching on.

Then with a start and with a cry, with blood red flag unfurled,

Upon the ranks of evil the bannered host was hurled

For the spreading of the Kingdom, for the conquest of the world, The Lord is marching on.

No more the sin cursed sons of me and! mourn the sories dearth,

For time has neveriblighted the hopes that then had birth,

A hundred years of victory and glory fills the earth.

The Lord is marching on.

Oh! brothers, while your hearts are swelling, start the old-time song, Sing it with a vigour that shall roll the world

along,

shig it as we ought to sing it, twenty millions strong:

The Lord is marching on.

The coming of the kingdom. Oh! the glory it will bring,

Oh! through the vaulted Heaven let our praises peal and ring, For a glorious day is dawning, 'tis the coming

of the King.

### The Queen's Thanks.

THE Home Secretary has received the following letter from the Queen :---"I am anxious to express to my people my warm thanks for the kind-more than kind—reception I met with going to and returning from Westminster Abbey with all-my children and grandchildren. The enthusiastic reception I met with then, as well as on all these eventful days in London, as well as nt Windsor, on the occasion of the Jubilee, touched me most deeply. It has shown that the labour and anxiety of 50 long years, 22 of which were spent in untroubled happiness, shared and cheered by my beleved husband, and while an equal mimber were full of sorrow and trials borne without his sheltering arm and wise help, have been appreciated by my people. This feeling and a sense of duty towards my dear country and my subjects who areso inseparably bound up with my life, will encourage me in my task, often a very difficult and arduous one, during the remainder of my life. The wonderful order preserved on this occasion, and the good behaviour of the enormous multitude assembled, merits my highest admiration. That God may protect and abundantly bless my country is my fervent prayer."

It'is estimated that nine hundred millions of the inhabitants of the globe are tobacco-users:

#### OUR S. S. PAPERS.

PER TRAB-POSTAGE FREE

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly
Methodist Magazine, 16pp, monthly, illustrated
Methodist Magazine and Guardian tokether.
The Wes evan, Halifax, weekly
Sunday-School Hanner, 32 pp. 8xo., monthly.
Berean Leat Quarterly, thip 8xo
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c, a
dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c, a doz.;
\$6c, per 100
Home and School, 8pp. 4to., fortnightly, single
cooles.

copies
Less than 20 copies.
Over 20 copies.
Pleasant Hours, 8pp. 4tc., fortnightly, single

copies

Less than 20 copies

Over 20 copies

Bunbeam, f. rinightly, less than 20 copies.

20 copies and upwards

Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 2 copies

20 c pies and upwards

Berean Leaf, monthly, forcopies per month

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toro 8 F. Buzatia, Wesleyan Book Ro

3 Bleury Street, Montreal.

## Home and School

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

TORONTO, JULY 30, 1887.

## \$250,000

FOR MISSIONS

FOR THE YEAR 1887.

Methodist Missions on the Blood Reserve, Alberta, N.W.T.

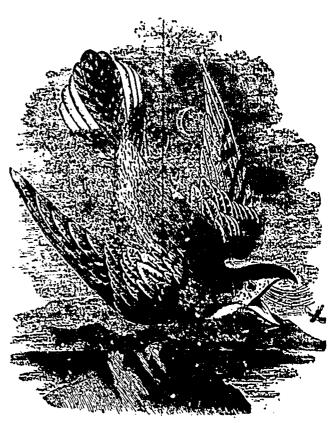
The following interesting letter is a reply from the Rev. J. McLean, to an inquiry from a member of University College Missionary Society. - Ep.]

MY DEAR SIR, -It affords me pleasure to comply with your request relative to missionary work among the Indians, especially when the information is desired for such a worthy object as enlisting the sympathies and arousing the enthusiasm of a noble band of students. Student life has charms for me, and the very name makes me one with every one of your fellow-students. Permit me, then, in jotting down a few things to throw aside formality, and address the members of your society as "fellow-students." The Blackfoot Confederacy comprises three tribes, namely the Bloods, Piegans and Blackfeet proper. The Bloods number 2,200 and are located on Belly River, south of Macleod; the Piegans, 800, have their reserve on the Old Man's River, west of Macleod; and the Blackfeet proper, between 1,500 and 1,800, who live at Blackfoot Crossing, on the Canadian Pacific Railroad. In the summer of 1880, I found the Bloods camped at Macleod, and at once, with the aid of an interpreter, began services for them in the Methodist church. These were the first regular services ever held amongst them, and I had the honour of being the first Protestant missionary sent to labour amongst them. The old chiefs sat in church with their people smoking their pipes, occasionally saying "That is good; that is good." My interpreter oftentimes got drunk, and I found it very difficult to labour successfully through

such an agency. In the autumn of that year the Indians removed to Belly River, where they now reside, and, being placed in peculiar circumstances, I was unable to remove my mission premises there. For fully a year I visited the reserve, conversing with the people in their lodges on religious matters and creeted two buildings used as school and house for a school teacher. Afterward I removed to the reserve where I now live. Our work has been carried on energetically, amid the difficulties consequent upon founding a new mission, the changed mode of living among the people, and their intense love for their native religion.

Having baptized a few children in the early stages of our work, and these unfortunately having sickened and died, the Indians concluded that the ceremonies of the praying man were injurious and none were baptized for a long time. Living in their lodges with only a few portable goods, they could not understand why the missionary required to have any furniture, or more than one suit of clothes, and oftentimes our red friends would gather around the mission-house and beg for everything they saw. We gave food to the sick, and then the healthy ones would beg incessantly. We gave them clothes, and when their friends died, they placed them in the graves with the corpses. The medicine-man's drum was the sounding death-knell of many of the red men.

My heart has been sad indeed as I have listened to their sad tales of suffering. Poorly clad and depressed in spirits, I have heard them tell that a few years ago they were rich, sound in body and contented in mind. Then the buffalo roamed the prairies in thousands, the millions of acres of land were theirs, but the happy days were gone. The buffalo had departed, the white men owned their country and these were their masters. The faithful warriors of former years were dead, and soon they too must pass away. The mother's sad wail for the departed was at times very affecting. With one finger cut off, her hair cut short, limbs mutilated with a knife until the blood ran down, the bereaved mother would go out at sunset and wail bitterly for the lost. Some of these things still happen amongst us, but not to such a degree as in former years. Our missionary duties are manifold. Religious teaching in the lodges at stated times on Sundays as the location of the camps permit, and visits made at other times, are continually attended to. The nomadic habits of the people uniterially increase our labour, as they travel from place to place on the reserve. From three to six services are held on Sabbath. Entering a camp, the lodge of the chief is sought out, an Indian steps to the centre of the camp and calls out that the missionary has come, and the people are to assemble for worship.



THE WHIP POOR WILL.

lodge is soon filled, and with deep sick. There is light beyond. It is attention they listen to the Gospel in their own tongue. Seated on the ground the missionary proclaims the great truths as revealed in the Divine

The pipes and tobacco are laid aside and reverently they bow their heads before the Great Father. We cannot point to names on a church register as notable conversions, but we notice the carnest countenance, and our hearts are cheered when we hear the confessions of men and women as they sometimes interrupt the service by saying, "That is true." "I was in trouble yesterday, but I prayed to God and he helped me. I know God hears and answers prayer." In their hours of sickness they send for the missionary or come to the mission-house for medicine, which we are enabled to give them through the kindness of friends. The heathen customs are losing their hold upon the people. The light from above is shining gently in their hearts, and the time is coming when the songs of Paganism shall be replaced by the noble songs of the kingdom of light. Our missionary platform is, "Fear God and honour the Queen," and we enjoy a measure of satisfaction in being able to state that the Blood Indians were loyal during the rebellion. We are "working and waiting." This is the Master's work. The missionary learns in his toil that he must inculcate the principles of self-help and thus aid the efforts of governments in elevating our brother in red.

Continually are we teaching tho Indians by precept and example, though on a very limited scale, the necessary, lessons in industrial arts, while my wife imparts lessons in domestic economy and materially re-Should the people be at home, the lieves the sufferings of those that are

not all sunshine, but the shadews lead us to God. Fellow students, pray for us!

Some of you may tread the lonely path of missionary toil, and already you may feel the missionary fire in your hearts, keep it burning. Seek the holy enthusiasm that comes from contact with noble hearts. Henry Martyn in Persia, Carey and Duff in India, Wm. C. Burns and Morrison in China, Bishop Patteson in the South Seas, and Bishop McLean in the Canadian North-west, are your forerunners. Study their lives; emulate their good deeds, and noble, indeed, shall be your career.

Pray, my brother, for the red men of the west.

May your Missionary Society be abundantly prospered, and University College rejoice in your toil.

Respectfully yours, JOHN McLean.

## The Whip-Poor-Will.

THE Whip-poor-will is so called from the words supposed to be uttered by it. To many of our readers the cry is familiar, breaking the stillness of the early summer evening with the demand that "poor Will" get his deserts. The picture here given of the Whippoor-will will give you some ides how the hird looks when out fly-catching; very much as though the jaws-or, bills, should I say !-were out of joint. Swallows have much the same kind of mouth, which I think you might see by watching carefully as they dark backward and forward over the river upon a summer day, catching flies, gnats, or smaller winged insects.

iŧ

w

inc

an

 $\rho_{LC}$ 

abo

pel

the

THE child is father of the man.



The Great Bell at Moscow.

 $\mathbf{a}\mathbf{d}$ 

dy

in

ek

om

ry

'n

ıth

rs.

od

ur

of

ba

mc

it.

Í\$

he

le-

ts.

p.

w

5;

or; it:

of

rt

er.

WE all, from our childhood, have heard of that great bell. I have a book at hand which tells of some of the great bells of Moscow. reader can form some idea of them when I state that the largest bells in the towers of our churches in this country rarely pass 6,000 pounds, while very large, bells only weigh from 2,800 to 3,500 pounds. The first big bell cast in Lloscow, 330 years ago, weighed 36,000 pounds. They tell of one which a Polish traveller saw in 1611, of which the clapper was moved by twenty-four men. In 1636 a great bell was cast, which in a fire fell to the ground and was broken. That bell weighed 288,000 pounds. The circumference of its mouth was fifty-four feet, and ito sides were two feet thick. 1706, in a fire, it fell to the ground. It was recast in 1733. The ladies of Moscow threw their jewels and their treasures into the liquid metal. This made an imperfection in the casting, so that a piece in the side of the bell was knocked out when the bell fell. It remained buried in the ground until 1836, when the Emperor Nicholas had it set upon a pedestal. The following are the dimensions of that Great Bell whose ringing, one would think, might shake the earth. It weighs 444,000 pounds! Its height is 26 feet and four inches, and its circumference 67 feet and 11 inches. The weight of the broken piece, which lies by its side is about 11 tons. But as large as that bell is, it is not big enough to hold the stump of a tree which I saw in

the Mariposa Grove, in California Tree No. 205, according to Prof. Whitney's table, in circumference at the ground is 87 feet and 8 inches, and that when it is much burned off on one side, and it was plainly formerly over 100 feet in circumference. Another tree I saw there was 67 feet two inches in circumference six feet above the ground.

#### A Strange Funeral.

One day a missionary lady, walking through the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, saw hundreds of people collected in one of the streets. As she drow nearer she found that the funeral of a wealthy Chinese merchant was in progress. A large canopy had been erected on the sidewalk extending into the street, and upon this were placed the offerings for the dead And what do you think these were? Three large roasted pigs, five pyramids of oranges, platters of rice and meat, cakes, con fections, wine and tea. At one end of this canopied platform were crouching upon their knees the three wives and the five children of the dead man; also five hired mourning-women who were weeping and wailing in pretended grief. A long line of carriages made up the procession, which at length started; but the wives and children were not permitted to ride in a carriage, but were stowed away in an old express-waggon. The idea was that their grief was too great to permit them to ride comfertably to the funeral. Children's Work for Children.

JESUS is the Bread of Life.

## THE DAYS OF WESLEY.

VII.

I THINK no one ever had so many kinds of happiness mixed together in their cup as I have.

I can hardly ever get beyond "adoration" and "thanksgiving" in my "acts of piety" now, except when I have to make "confession" of not having been half thankful enough.

Hugh is to be his father's curate, and Parson Spencer told mother that it has always been understood that, after him, the living will be given to Hugh, so that we are to have the great joy, Hugh and I, of having it for our business in life, to do all the good we can all our lives long to those who have known us from our childhood. All the good we can in every kind of way. Other people have it for their calling, the thing given them to do, to fight in the King's armies, or to make laws, or to make other people keep them, or to buy and sell, doing what good they can by the way, or after their work is done; but doing good is to be our business, profession, study, always, every day, Hugh's and mine. In the morning we are to think who there are around us to be helped or comforted, turned out of the wrong way, cheered on in the right. With others, maintenance, traffic, are necessary objects. We need not have one selfish object in life. The poorest must feel there is always one door in the parish from which they will not be turned away. Those who have sunk the lowest must feel that there is always one hand that will not fear to be polluted by touching them to lift them up.

And all this will not be a romantic enterprise for us, but simple, plain duty, which is so much sweeter.

I hope I shall not be a hindrance to Hugh. I must not grudge his going out in the evening on any summons of duty, on stormy nights, even though he may seem wearied already with the day's work. I must not let any womanish fears prevent his visiting the sick, even though the sickness be deadly contagious pestilence. Should I be less brave than a soldier's wife, or a poor fisherman's? Men are meant to peril their lives and to wear out their strength in work, Hugh says; and if the parson's calling were to be without its perils and toils, it would be less manly than the sailor's, or the shepherd's, or the miner's, or any other workingman's, and therefore less Christian.

Easy things for me to intend; but not so easy to do, when the peril or the trial comes! Yet if we are to have the true blessing of our calling, we must go forth to it, Hugh says, not as a paradise, but as a campaign. And then it will be us, always we! and that makes all the difference.

Yet how could I bear to take all this happiness if it were to bring loss to mother, if I caught her tender eyes every now and then watching ine wist-

fully, and filling with tears,—and she so feeble. But this will scarcely take me from her,—not at all at first, for we are to have our home under this dear old roof,—so that it will be all gain to mother and to father, too. And then I have some one to consult about everything. Because (and this is another especial blessing) Hugh knows already all about us all. He has watched mother as anxiously as I have; and we can plan together about the best way of helping Jack.

Hugh said the other day there is no doubt Mr. John Wesley would recognize mother to be a most saintly woman, if he knew her; and that he feels sure, if mother knew Mr. John Wesley, his life of labour, his entire devotion to God, his unlimited benevolence and beneficence to man, his attachment to the Church services, she would revere him as next to the Apostles. It is the greatest trial of Reformers, he thinks, that they have often to be blamed and misunderstood by the good men and women of their

He says if mother had lived in Martin Luther's time she might probably have prayed for him in her convent as a prodigal, whilst living by the very faith he spent his life to proclaim.

One evening, about a fortnight since, Betty, after removing the supper, announced her intention of joining the Methodist Society which met in the

Mother said gravely,—
"You can do as you like, Betty; indeed, I suppose you will do as you This new kind of religion seems like. to make that a necessity for every

Very severe words for mother; yet mother being the gentlest of beings, is nevertheless in her gentle way absolutely impenetrable when once her mind is made up.

"Once for all, however, Betty," she continued, laying down her scissors, and speaking in the low, quiet tone neither Jack nor I ever thought of resisting, "I think it is my duty faithfully to warn you. I do not understand this religion of violent excitement and determined self-will. The religion I believe in is one which enables us to control our feelings and yield up our self-will."

"Missis," said Betty, "I may as well speak my mind out at once, too. If you mean that I couldn't keep back my tears at the Sacrament yesterday, no more I couldn't, nor I scarce can now when I think of it. For the blessed Lord himself was there, and I felt as sure of it as that poor woman who washed his feet with her tears. I felt it was the Lord himself giving himself to me, and showing me he loved me, and had died for me, and that my sins were forgiven. Didn't old Widow Jennifer rouse up all the town with her crying and sobbing when her poor lost boy came back, that was thought to be wrecked; and didn't he sob, too, bearded man that he was? And is it any wonder I should cry at finding my God? Sure enough, Missis, I was shipwrecked worse than Jennifer's son, and sure enough my God is more to me than any mother and son to each other. O. Missis, if you only knew how lost I had been, you wouldn't wonder. You'd wonder I kept as quiet as I did."

Mother was silent some little time. Her kind, thoughtful eyes moistened. and then were east down, and she

offly shill very gently,—

"I know such assured peace and such joys have been given to some, Betty, but they were great saints, and I think it was generally just before their death.

"Well, Missis," said Betty, simply "I am sure I am no great saint, and I don't know that I am like to die, but I know that none but the Lord could give me joy like that, and if its for me, surely its for all. And John Nelson says our parsons say so every Sunday."

"The parsons say every Sunday, every one may know their sins are forgiven' exclaimed mother.

"Every one who repents and be lieves," said Betty. "Mr. John Nel son made me see how it says in the Prayer Book, 'He pardoneth and ab solveth all those who truly repent and unfergredly believe his Holy Gospel. And if I ever felt anything truly in my life, Missis, I've felt sorry for my sins, and hated them, and they say that is repentance. And if I believe anything in the world, it is that the blessed Lord or on the Cross for simners, and John Selson says that is

the Hely Gospel."
"Now, if the Prayer Book makes you so content, Betty, said mother, shifting her attack, "what do you want with those new-fangled meet

ings?"
"It's the meetings that make me understand the prayers, Missis," said

Betty, persisting.
"I hope you do understand them Betty, and are not deluding yourself, said mother, and having thus reserved her rights to the last word, she aban doned the contest, and Betty retired.

In the course of the evening, as we

were all gathered round the fire, father

"My dear, I would advise you to have no more theological discussions with Betty. She turned your position neatly with her quotations from the Prayer-Book."

Mother coloured a little.

"You know, my dear, we pray every Sunday against schism as well as against heresy, and I am very much afraid of people deluding themselves into a kind of religious insanity with this new religion."

"My dear," said father, "I have seen a good many religions, and not too much religion in the world with all of them together. I am not much afraid of a schism which sends people to church, nor of an insanity which makes them good servants. These are strange times. The Squire told me to-day that they have sent poor John Greenfield to prison, and when I asked him why (for though the poor fellow was a sail drunkard and ill liver in years past, since he has taken up with the Methodists he has been as steady as Old Time), he said, 'Why, the man is well enough in other things, but his impudence is not to be borne. Why, sir, he says he knows his sins are forgiven.' But," continued father, gravely, "there are some old soldiers who might think poor John Green field's penalty worth bearing, if they could share his crime."

When father and I were left alone

he said. -

"Kity, it is a strange world Here are men who set the whole ten coinmandments at deliance-imprisoning a good man for confessing his sins and bolieving they are forgiven. This

morning, when I was out before dawn looking for a stray sheep, I heard a sound of grave, sweet singing; and I found it was a company of poor tin-ners, waiting around John Wesley's lodging to get a sermon before they went to their work, and slitging hymns till be came out. And here's Betty, with a temper like the Euries, turbed sunt, and your mother, with a life like an angel's, bemoaning her sins. It's a very strange world, Kitty; but if John Nelson came this way again, I would go and hear him. I'm not clear the stout Yorkshireman mightn't preach as good a sermon as some other people we know."

"Hugh says John Nelson is a wonderful preacher, father," I said: "and some people think Hugh's own ser mons are beautiful."

"So, ho! Hugh a Methodist, too!" said father, patting my cheek. "But who said that Hugh's sermons were not beautiful?"

The Hall Farm is honoured at present by a most distinguished guest.

A few days since, Cousin Evelyn announced that it was her royal pleas ure to pay as a visit.

"I shall come without a maid," she wrote, "for Stubbs is persuaded that the Cornish people are heathens, who never offer a prayer except that ships may be wrecked on their coasts; that they tie lanterns to mare's tails, to bring about the same result, the poor sailors mistaking them for guiding lights; that when ships are thus wrecked, they murder the crew."

Father shook his head, and said there was too much truth in what the maid said about the Cornish wreckers. to make it a matter for a jest.

And now, Cousin Evelyn has been here only a week, and has conquered very heart in the house.

In the evening we had a long talk, Evelyn and I, in my chamber, before we went to bed.

Evelyn said, "I like you all very much, Kitty, but I am not sure that Betty is not the best and wisest among you, and the greatest friend to me. Aunt Trevylyan spoils me by her ten derness, and Uncle Trevylyan by his courteous deference, and you by your humility. But Betty knows better, and she has given me a bit of her mind, and I have given her a bit of mine. This morning I asked her to teach me to make butter, and she said, 'Mrs. Evelyn, my dear, I'll teach you what I can, although I half think you are after nothing but a bit of play. But before we begin, I must tell you what's been on my mind for some time. You may play, my dear, with Master about his battles, and with Missis at learning to sew, and with me at making butter, if you like, but I can't abide play about religion, and I can't think it's anything else when you talk about Parson Wesley and his wonderful words, with those lappets and feathers, and lace and curls flying about your face, and tripping on your high-heeled red shoes.
The Bible's plain; and I marked a text which you'll be pleased to read."

"She gave me her great Bible, and read: 'In that day the Lord will I read: take away the bravery of their tink-ling ornaments, etc. But, Betty, I said, I don't wear any tinkling ornaments, nor nose jewels, nor round tires like the moon, nor bells on my

toes."
"'You may smile, Mrs. Evelyn,"

said Betty, very gravely, but I think it's no laughing matter. If that had been written in our days, my dear, your lappets, and furbelows, and hoop petticoats would have come in, sure enough And it was written for you and me as sure as if had been written yesterday , so we've got to understand it. But Parson Wesley's sermons are no child's play, my dear,' she con-cluded, 'and if you'd felt them tearing at your heart as I have, you'd know it; and till you do, I'd rather not talk about them.

"And what did you say, Cousin Evelyn!" I asked.
"I was angry," said Evelyn, "for

I thought Betty harsh and uncharitable, and I said :

"I have felt Parson Wesley's words, Betty, and I have learned from him that pride and vanity can hide in other places besides lappets and furbelows. It's a great warfage wo're in, and the enemy has wiles as well as tiery darts; and it is not always so sure when we have driven the enemy out of sight that we have defeated him. We may have driven him further in; into the intailed of our hearts, Betty,! I said; and one foe in the citadel is worse than an enomy in the field.12

"And what did Betty answer !"

"She answered nothing," said Even. "She said; Young folks were lyn. ery wise in these days," and then she began to give me my lesson in making butter. But as I was leaving the dairy afterwards, she said, 'Mrs. Evelyn, my dear, I'm not going to say I've no pride or conceit of iny own. Maybe we'd better each look to our-selves.' I gave her hand a hearty shake, and I know we shall be go d friends."

(Marginal note, —I noticed after this that throughout her visit Cousin Evelyn wore the soberest and plainest dresses she had.)

Then, after a pause, Cousin Evelyn

ontinued, in a soft and deep tone: "Cousin Kitty, I no longer wonder at your being the dear little creature you are. I do not see how you could help growing up so good and sweet here, in such a home. I love you all so much! Aunt Trovylyan has just such a sweet, choice aromatic 'edour of sanctity' about her as old George Herbert would have delighted to enshrine in one of his quaint vases of perfume - those dear old hymns of iis; a kind of iragrance of fresh rose leaves and Oriental spices, all blended into a sacred incense. And dear Uncle Trevylyan and I, Kitty, have talks I am afraid your mother would think rather dangerous, during those long walks of ours over the cliffs and through the fields. He likes to hear about John Nelson and the Wesleys, and their strong, homely sayings, and their brave daring of mobs, and their patient endurance of toil and weari-He said one day he had been used to think of religion as a fair robe to make women such us your mother (how he loves her, Kitty!) even lovelier than they were by nature, to be reverently put on on Sundays and holy days and, it was to be hoped, hereafter in Heaven. But of a religion for every day and all day, here and now, to be worn by all and woven into the coarse stuff of every-day life—a religion to be girt about a man on the battle field, and at the mine, and in the ishing boat, he had scarcely thought till he met John Nelson."

We have had a charming little ex cursion round-part of the coast, father. and Evelyn, and E; and on our way home we were present at one of Mr Wesley's great field-pitachings at Gwennap Pit; and as it carry in our way, so that mother could not be grieved, I am so glad that we were thore. Because I would not go for The world anywhere to grieve mother, for a religious pleasure, more than for may other pleasure. And although Mr. Wesley's field-preachings are in finitely more than a religious pleasure to Betty and thousands of others, I do not see that they would be so to Cousin Evelyn and me

We started on two horses, I on a pillion bolind father; Evelyn dressed in as sober attire as she could find in her wardrobe, not to attract too much attention. This, as it happened, was a great comfort, as I should not at all have enjoyed her appearing in any dainty attire under Mr. Wesley's penetrating oyes at Gwennap.

How little the ancient miners thought, as they cut deep and wide into the lonely-billside of Carn Math, bow they were excavating a clivich for tens of thousands! While we arrived at the place, thousands of people were there already, standing about in groups conversing eagerly, or sitting on the rocks and turf in silence, waiting the arrival of the preagher Still, more and more continued to stream in—whole families from lonely cottages-on the moors, the mother carrying the baby, and the father leading the little ones, leaving the home empty; companies of miners, with grim faces and clothes, from the mines, fishermen, with rough, weatherbeaten faces from the shores. Few of the countenances were dull; many of them were wild, with dark, dishevelled hair; eager, dark eyes; and rugged, expressive features. Evelyn whis-

"If I were Mr. Wesley, I would infinitely rather preach to this wildlooking congregation than to a collection of the stony, stolid faces of the midland counties, or to a smooth-faced London audience. There is some fire to be struck out of these eyes. How historical the rugged faces are, Coasin Kitty! Dark stories, I think, written on some of them; but some story written on all. I should have thought John Nelson would have done better than Mr. John Wesley here.

He appeared in his blameless oferical black, with the large silver buckles on his shoes—the little, compact man, with the placid, benevolent face. As he stood, the object of the eager gaze of those untaught thousands, so self-possessed, and elerical, and calm, I almost agreed with Evelyn, and longed for the sturdy Yorkshireman, with this sta'wart frame, his ready wit, his plain, pointed sense, his rugged cloquence

But when he began to speak that wish immediately coased. The calmi, gentlemanly voice; the self-possessed dimensor, made every word come with the force of a word of command. In a few moments every stir was hushed throughout that great assem-bly. Before the prayer and preaching brean, I had been thinking flow small a space even these thousantly of little man beings occupied in the great sweep of hilly moorland: But when the sermon began, and I looked; round on But when the the amphitheatre of carnest, intent faces, not the great hills only, but the

1 121

. I

:-1<u>E</u>

118

r S

sky and earth seemed to grow insig-nificant indecomparison with my one of the listening, deathless spirits gathered there.

Boforo Mr. Wesley had--uttered many-contences I-ceased to look a tipe audience. My eyes also were riveted on his benevolent face.

at

ur

be

re

or

or

gh

in-

re

to

ed

in

ch

ıli

ny

ìe

rs

de

cli

NO.

of

ng

or

ce,

to

:ly

er

ıd-

ne

th

of

of

3

đ,

9.

d-

C-

d

·е

n

p

r

.1

And before I had thus looked and listing looked and listing I forgot Mr. Wesley hipself altogether in the overwhelming love and grade at the pardon the produing

cluimed.
It was the old, inexhaustible good news, that all men being lost and wundering sheep (and probably not one present needed to have this proved to them; the Good Shepherd had come to sook and to save that which was lost: that all nea being under sentence of death, he that might have claimed the forfeit bath paid the ransom; that the way to eternal joy, once closed by sin and the flaming sword of justice, was now and forever open, to all, the sword having legal buried in the heart of him who will ingly offered In himself, for us, the flames quenched in his precious blood The way was open to all; and most earnestly Mr. Wesley invited all to return back to God by this " new and living way? then and thore.

Soon the sound of subdued weeping directed iny attention ones more to the multified around me. The nost part were "listening with a close, ident abtention, with gravity and quietness, discovered by fixed looks, weighing eyes, or sorrowful or joyful countelfances;" others began to lift up their voices aloud—some softly some in piercing cries; at one time the whole multitude seemed to break into a flood of tears, when the preacher's voice could scarce be heard for the weeping around him. Many hid their faces and sobbed; others lifted up their voices in an eestasy, and praised God. At moments a deep spontaneous "Amen" arose from all those thou-ands as from one voice. One or two, not women only, but strong men, sank down as if smitten to the earth by lightning; and these were borne away -sometimes insensible, sometimes e nvulsed as if with inward agony.

There was a hyum after the sermon I shall never forget its power. -fine had wing spirits the slines gits had suffdealy been sprened, and the whole regit-up emotion throughout that great, algut, listening assembly burst forth it once in a flood of fervent singing.

Yield to me now, for I am weak, But confident in self-despair, Speak to my heart, in blessings speak, Ite idiquered by my instant prayer. Speak, of thou never heace shalt move, And tell me if thy name is love.

Tis love! thou diedst for me, I hear thy whisper in my heart;
The morning liveness the spidgives flee,
Pure, universal love thou art;
To not, to all, thy boydle move,
Thy inture aid thy hance's love.

"To hear that hymn so song by thou-ands, who, but for Mr. Wesley, might ever have known a joy higher than those of brutes that perish, was a joy uch as I would have walked barefoot hundred miles to share. And then terwords to see those whose feelings or creame their natural reserve, going to to Parson. Wesley for one shake of a hand, one word of encoungement out the grief of consciences awakened to see their sins, but not yet seeing the remedy; and to observe Mr. Wesley's kindly, patient, discriminating words for each! As father said, when in the gathering dusk we were riding away among the slowly dispersing multi-tudes (who seemed scarcely able to tear themselves away),-

"Men who do not know him may talk lightly of those multitudes, as a bragging boy at home may talk lightly of a battle. But, right or wrong, it is no light matter. There is power in these words, as there is in a battery or n thunder storm; and Kitty," he continued softly to me, as I sat on my pillion behind him, "I believe in my soul it is power from Heaven. So help me God, I will never say a word against thosé men again."

The next evening, when we sat around the fire, mother said gently, in answer to our description of the ecene.-

"I'm only afraid that all this excitement will pass away, and leave the poor people colder and harder than it found them."

Father replied,-

"Mother, you are as good a woman as there is in the world, and a very gentle touch would set you in the way to Heaven; but, I tell you, some people want a wrench enough to part soul from body to drag them out of the way to hell. Why, but for such preaching as this nine-tenths of those people would never have prayed excopt for a 'godsend' in the shape of wreck, and would scarcely have thought of a church except as a place

to be married in or buried near."
"Well, my dear," replied mother,
"we shall see. By their fruits ye shall know them."

"My dear," exclaimed father, becoming rather irritated, "I have seen. I do call it good fruit for ten thousand people to be weeping for their sins, as people commonly weep for their sor rows, and to feel, if it were only for that one hour, that sin is the worst sorrow, and the pardon of God and his love the greatest joy.'

"And if only ten of the ten thousand believe that truth and live by it for-ever, Aunt Trevylyan," said Evelyn, "is not that fruit?"

"Yes," said mother, gently, but not very hopefully. "I am very old-fashioned. But I confess I am afraid of conventicles.'

But afterwards when she was expressing the same dread of religious excitement, and these good feelings pass-

ing away, to Betty, Betty replied,—
"Bless you, Missis, of course it'll
pass away, ninety-nine hundredths of it. And so does the rain from Heaven, goes back to the sea, and down into the rocks, and no one knows where. But the few drops that don't pass away make the fields green, and bring the harvest."

Every other Sunday evening through the winter a few of our poor neighbours have long been used to gather round the fire in the hall, while mother reads parts of the evening service, especially the psalms and lessons, with such bits as she thinks they can understand out of the homilies, or some of our few

about the farm, but this evening he kept hovering in an unsettled way about the room, while mother, also in an unsettled and nervous way, turned over the leaves of the prayer-book. At last she called him to her, they spoke for a moment or two softly together, and when the poor old men and women came straggling in I saw a look of surprise on many faces as they whis

pered to each other,—
"The Captain's going to be parson to-night!"

There was a little tremor in his clear, deep, manly voice as he began,—
"Dearly be loved brethren;" but when he knelt down with us and

"Munighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep," the tremulousness had passed, and deep and firm came out the words of confession and

prayer,
When the evening hymn was sung (and I never enjoy the evening hymn as on those Sundays when those poor old quavering voices join us in it), and the neighbours had gone, no one made any remark on the change. Mother sat very quiet all the evening. But now and then her eyes were glistening. and when as she went to bed, Cousin Evelyn said, mischiovously,—
"Dear Aunt Trevylyan, I like your

little conventicle very much."

Mother did not defend herself; she

only said .-

I am not too old to learn, Evelyn, and, certainly, not too old to have much to learn. But God forbid I should be setting my feeble hand against any good work of his."

And from mother such words as these mean much.

Much as Cousin Evelyn admires our wild coast scenery, her favourite excursions are to the cottages of the fishermen and miners in the hamlets around us.

To day we went to see old Widow Treffry, Toby's mother. We found her in a very rare attitude for her, thrifty, stirring old creature that she is. She was crouching close to the fire, with her elbows on her knees, while from the chamber within came, every now and then, the sound of a low moan.

"Is it the rheumatism again, granny?" I said.

"Worse than that, worse than that, Mrs. Kitty," she moaned, scarce moving or noticing either of us. "Toby's gone mazed, clean mazed, all through the Methodists. He came home from one of their preachings last week like one out of his mind, and so he's been ever since; bellowing like a bull one hour, and moaning like a sick baby the next. He says it's all along of his sins. And what they be worse than other folks, I can't see at all! The Lord is merciful, and if he sends us a 'godsend' now and then, he surely means us to be the better of it. It was not us who raised the storm. And Toby never set a fulse light upon the rocks, nor gave any man a push back into the sea, like some other folks. And if, as he keeps crying out, he didn't take the pains he might always to bring the drowned to life, it can't be expected we should do the same for Is shind, one word of encoungement Sunday books.

I sat Sunday was the first day this our own lesh and blood. Would they repond by a sobbing, "The Lord bless winter our little congregation had up a stray bit of good luck now and at all "and others in for times to be busy then, we're we should do the same to reduce the same to th Indians and popish foreigners as for our own lesh and blood. Would they

dead, or for the folks from London who come prowling about where they've no business, with their pens and paper, to rob them who've got the natural right to what the Almighty sends on the shore? Yesterday I got Master Hugh to him, and he prayed like an angel, and did him a sight of good for the time, but to-day he's worse than ever, he's gone clean mazed, and swears he'll go and give up everything he ever got from a wreck to the justices. And that," continued the old woman, breaking into a wail, "that's what I call throwing the Almighty's gifts back in his face."

At this moment Toby's face appeared at the door of the inner chamber, pale and haggard, and wild. But his voice was quite calm and steady as he said,-

"Mrs. Kitty, I told Mas'er Hugh, and he said it was the right thing to lo, and Parson Wesley said the same, when I heard him on the moors. He aid the Bible speaks of 'the fire,' and of 'their worm,' and that that means that every sinner who is lost in hell will have his own torment made out of his own sins. And he said that worm begins to gnaw at our souls now when we are wakened up to feel our sins. And the words had scarcely left his mouth, Mrs. Kitty, when there was the knawing begun at my heart! And it has never stopped since. And if it has made mo faint away like a sick woman with the anguish, and has most driven me mazed in a week, what would it be forever? For Parson Wesley said there's no fainting away, and no going mazed in hell. We shall always, be wide awake to feel the torment. But, Mrs. Kitty, he said there is a way of escape now for all, and for me. He said there is a way to have our sins forgiven. He said the Almichty single his the Almighty gives his pardon as free as air, and the blood of the Lord can wash all the sins of the world whiter than snow. But he and Master Hugh both say, the Lord sees us through and through, and there's no way of making him believe we are sorry for our sins but by giving them up, and making up for them as far as we can. They say sin and hell go together, and can't be parted, nohow. So I've nought to do but to go to the

Evelyn was deeply moved, and when we reached home and told mother, she

wept many tears, and said at length as she wiped her eyes,—
"Kitty, my dear, I cannot make out about the rubrics and the canons. They were made by very holy men; and Mr. Wesley does not seem to mind them as one would wish, and I cannot think it wise to set ignorant men up to preach and teach. But his words are those of the prayer-book and Bible. And his works are those of an angel sent from God. And what can

we do but give God thanks."

"I used to be afraid," she continued, after a pause, "that Mr. Wesley's was blind, fanatical zeal, vill meant but misguided; but the zeal cannot surely be fanatical which spends itself in below the fanatical which spends itself in labours of love; nor blind since

it leads so many into the light."
"Mr. Wesley says," responded
Eyelyn, "that true zcal is but the flame of love, and that all zeal is false which is full of bitterness, or has not love for its inspiration."

And mother said, thoughtfully,—
"liszeal will certainly stand that
test. God forbid that ours should not."

(To be continued.)

#### The Widow's Mite.

BY MRS. M. B. CHICK.

THE Master sat in the temple Where the crowd before him passed Over against the treasury. Where the offerings were cast

The haughty priest and Pharisec, The rich and the poor were there. And the hearts of all like an open book Before his sight lay bare.

Like an open page before him He read each heart aright, No secret thought or motive Was hidden from his sight.

He knew who gave with grudging, And who with proud display, And who with willing heart and hand From out his store that day.

The widow from her scanty store Let one poor farthing fall, Yet in the loving Master's sight Her gift was more than all.

And I somehow think the Master Sits just as he did then Over against the treasury To weigh the gifts of men.

He knows who gives with gradging, And who with grand display, And he who gives his loving grace, Just as he did that day.

The poor from out their scanty store Still bring their offering small, Yet their humble gifts are counted much By him who weighs them all.

#### LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

LESSON VI. A.D. 27]

JENUS IN GALILBE.

Matt 4 17 25 Memory verses, 18 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The people which sat in darkness saw great light. Matt. 4, 16.

O'JTLINE

Calling the Disciples.
 Teaching the People.

TIME. 27 A.D.

PLACE - In Galilce.

RULERS. - Same as before

Connecting Links. - Several months pass Consecting links.—Severalmonths passed, the first year of Christ's ministry is over, tesus has been publicly proclaimed by John the Baptist at Bethabara. Andrew, Peter James, John, Philip, and Nathanael have a knowledged his claim as the Messiah, Cana has witnessed his first niracle. The Cana has witnessed his first miracle. The first passover, when he drove the traders from the temple, is over. Nicodemus has learned of the new birth; John has been east into prison; the Samaritan woman has found a well of living water; the sermon to his townsinen has been preached, and by them rejected, he has gone to Capernaum to live. The period of the early Galilean ministry has begun. Jesus is at the height of his popularity.

Explanations. -From that time -From the time when he came to Capernaum to live. The kingdom of heaven is at hand-A repetition of John's preaching. They were hishers. The phrase throws light on the occupations of men who lived about the Sea of Galilee. Fishers of men. A fine illustration of the tact of this wonderful reacher, who himself knew how to catch men. They immediately left.—But they had some months before accepted him, and probably had been dismissed to await his call. Synogogues.—The Jewish house of worship, which had become an institution since the captivity. Gospel of the kingdom.—The glad nows that the kingdom had come. Powessel with devils.—Some kind of spiritual possession by svil spirits which made the victim insane and violent. Explanations. - From that time - From and violent.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Calling the Disciples.

When did Jesus enter actively upon his

When did Jesus enter actively upon his work of preaching?
Where did he spend his time after the temptation, and before this lesson?
Had he any disciples before this? John 2. 2.
What fact can you name concerning his movements after the temptation?
When had he first seen Andrew and Peter:

Who is commonly believed to have been Andrew's companion at that time?

Why should these four men have been so

ready to fe low this simple call?

Had they ever had any teaching concerning Jesus before this call?

2. Teaching the People.

How long had Jesus now been teaching publicly!
Where was his teaching done!

Where was his teaching done?
What was the character of the teaching he was now doing? Luke 4, 16-31.
How did he support his claim that he was the promised Saviour?
How widely did his fame extend?
Among what classes were his earliest friends?

How widely did he travel in this Galilcan!

ministry?

Name the ten cities making the ten called

Decapolis.
Where was the most of his teaching done in this tour? ver. 23.
What was the Jewish synagogue?

#### PRACTICAL TRACHINGS.

Four men ready to follow Jesus at his

Four men ready to follow Jesus at his all They are an example to us What is it' What do their lives teach us? One word, one promise, "Follow," "I will make-you fishers of men." They were enough. But we have all his wondrous words, and the Bible full of promises, and they are not enough. Why? "He healed them," and to-day he is just the same tender, loving, compassionate healer.

same tender, loving, compassionate healer.

He called four that day. He calls you to day He healed multitudes then He will heal you to day, if !-

#### HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. If you have or can get a Bible, with Robinson's Harmony in it, study all the events of Christ's life from last lesson to

this as they occurred.

2 if you cannot get such a one, send to Philhps & Hunt for Chautauqua Text-Book, No. 38, "The Life of Christ," and study it.

3 Make a map of Palestine, and, with a red pencil, mark the pathway of Jesus up to this time.

his time.

4 Write the names of all the persons or
house of persons with whom Jesus had classes of persons with whom Jesus had talked of his kingdom up to this time.

5. Write the different places in which he had been, and in which he had wrought

DOCTRINAL SUGUESTION .- Effectual call-

#### CATECHISM QUESTION.

6 What do you call this wonderful

The Incarnation of the Son of God.
Where is the Redeemer called a Media

1 Timothy ii. 5. For there is one God on Mediator also between God and men Himself man, Christ Jesus.

LESSON VII. [August 14 A.D. 271 THE BEATITUDES.

Matt. 5. 1-16. Memory verses, 3-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Grace and truth came by Jesus Christ. John 1, 17. OUTLINE.

1. The Blessed One. 2. The Blessed Ones.

TIME. - 28 A.D. A year since last lesson. PLACE - Near Capernaum, as is commonly

RULERS. - Same as before.

RULERS.— Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The work of preaching the Gospel has been going through the mouths which have passed. Here and there wonderful miracles have been wrought. Lepers have been cleansed. Paralytics have been made to walk. Matthew, the tax gatherer, has been called to the spostleship. The Pharisces have begun to array themselves against Jesus. The cars of corn plucked on the Sabbath, and the "withered

hand" restored on the Sabbath, have given occasion to work up an opposing public sentiment. From Jerusalem, where he had kept the second passover, he has gone back teaching and healing, till he has reached Galilee, and there has publicly called and endowed, with a portion of his own power, the twelve apostles. Followed by great multitudes, he goes through Galilee preaching, and, in a mountain not far from Capernaum, preaches the wonderful sermon on our naum, preaches the wonderful sermon on our

EXPLANATIONS.—He went up.—That the who desired might follow and hear, those without special interest would stanway. Set—The ordinary posture for instruction. Taught them.—Not only the twelve apostles, but the whole company of disciples. Poor in spirit—Those who are humbly conscious of their own spiritual needs. Mourn—In sorrow for sin. Comjorted—By the knowledge of their forgiveness. Meek—The mild and gentle. Inherit the earth—Meaning "the land," that is, the enjoyments of Ghrist's kingdom. Hunger and thirst—Intense, carnest desire after the right. Filled—Every one obtains as much goodness as he really wants. Pure inheart—Those whose aim is to be holy. Peace-makers—Those who prevent and heal quarrels. Persecuted—Injured wronged, because they are followers of Jesus. Revile—Abuse, or speak contemptuously. Salt—As salt purifies and preserves, so do God's people in the world. Lost his saver—Lost its taste or poculiar quality of saltness, as sometimes happens with the salt of Palestine. Good for nothing—Of no use for any purpose. Light of the world—By possessing Christ, the true light. See your good works—Good deeds cannot be hid. Glorify your Father—Giving praise to EXPLANATIONS.—He went up.—That who desired might follow and hear No your good works Good deeds cannot be hid. Glorify your Father—Giving praise to him who inspires all our goodness.

#### QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Blessed One.

How long had Jesus been engaged in his public work when he spoke the Sermon on the Mount?

For whose benefit does it seem to have

been specially spoken?
What was the character of his audiences in these discourses? Luke 5. 17.

To what classes of people had he become specially dear?

Whom had he declared to be the objects

of his mission!

What acts had he performed which made in obnoxious to the high-churchmen of his

day?
What claim was he now publicly making as to his own nature and destiny? John 5. 19.47.

What is the character of the Sermon on the Mount, compared with the religious teaching of his day? the

2. The Blessed Ones.

Upon how many classes of society are dessings pronounced in this lesson? Why are these various classes blessed? What particular blessing was pronounced upon the Twelve?

pon the Twelve?
What is the full force of the metaphor of

What, then, is the great purpose of the

Christian disciple?

How is this work to be accomplished?

Can a person be a follower of Christ and

keep it a serect in his own heart!
What two reasons does Christ give why
this is not desirable? ver. 15, 16.

#### HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Commit all these Beatitudes to mem-ry. Repeat them every day for the whole

2. Study the incidents in the life of Jesus

2. Study the incidents in the life of Jesus to thoroughly that you can tell the story accurately.

3. Find another scene on a mountain where a great leader pronounced blessings, and note the differences.

4. Write twenty questions on the lesson such as you would ask were you a teacher, and give them to jour teacher.

5 Mark on your map the journeys of Jesus up to this point.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION .- The Light of

#### CATECHISM QUESTION.

8. Did the Redeemer give his life for all

1 Timothy ii. 6. Who gave himself a rausoin for all?

9. What was the course of our Saviour's history as Mediator?
First he humbled himself, and then he was exalted to glory.

### JUST OPENED OUT. A NEW LOT OF

# BEN-HUR;

DAYS OF THE MESSIAH. By LEW WALLACE.

Paper covers, 30cts.; cloth, 50 & 70cts.

## FAIR GOD

A tale of the Conquest of Mexico. By LEW WALLACE.

Paper covers, 50 cents; cloth, 70 cents; and larger edition \$1.75.

## Little Lord Fauntleroy.

By Frances H. Burnett.

Paper covers, 25 cents; cloth, 50 cents.

## Mark Guy Pearse's Books

12mo, cloth, gilt edges, price 90 cents each. Cheaper edition, plain edges, 50 cents each.

DANIEL QUORM AND HIS RELIGIOUS NOTIONS. First Series. 18 Illustrations. DANIEL QUORM AND HIS RELIGIOUS NOTIONS. Second Series. 14 Illustra-

tions. SERMONS FOR CHILDREN. 16 Illustra-

MISTER HORN AND HIS FRIENDS; OR, GIVERS AND GIVING. 14 Illus-trations.

SHORT STORIES, AND OTHER PAPERS. 36 Illustrations.
"GOOD-WILL": A Collection of Christmas Stories. 21 Illustrations.

SIMON JASPER. 14 Illustrations. CORNISH STORIES. 5 Illustrations. HOMELY TALKS.

JOHN TREGENOWETH, ROB RAT, AND THE OLD MILLER. 30 cents

0

000

4

1 4

Price 90 cents each; cheaper edition, 35 cents each.

PRAISE. Meditations in the 103rd Psalm. Royal 16mo, cloth, red edges. 90 cents

THOUGHTS ON HOLINESS. Royal 16mo, red line round page. 12mo; cloth, red edges.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE BLESSED LIFE Royal 16mo. (Uniform with "Thoughts on Holiness.")

TRACTY. At 3 cents and 2 cents each.

## JUST READY. "Humor, Pith and Pathos."

A new book of Readings and Recitations for Temperance Meetings, Sabbath-School Entertainments, etc.

By Rev. James Cooke Seymour, Author of "The Temperance Battle-field," Voices from the Throne," etc.

Paper covers, 185 pp., price 35 cents.

### WILLIAM BRIGGS. Publisher,

78 and 80 King St. East, Toronto; C. W. COATES, S Bicury Et., Mentreal, S. V. HUESTIS, Molthir, N.S.