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WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
That They
Should
Do unto
You.

ROBERT SMITH CO. TORONTO.

Vol. VII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 16, 1889.

[No. 23.



UIYEYA HEAD-DRESS.

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

XXIII.

A WAYWORN, feeble, and suffering column were we when, on the 1st of August, we filed across the rocky terrace of Isangila and sloping plain, and strode up the ascent to the tableland. Nearly forty men filled the sick-list. Yet withal I smiled proudly when I saw the brave hearts cheerily respond to my encouraging cries.

A few, however, would not believe that, within five or six days, they should see Europeans. They disdained to be considered so credulous; but, at the same time, they granted that the "master" was quite right to encourage his people with promises of speedy relief. "Mirambo," the riding-ass, managed to reach half-way up the tableland, but he also was too far exhausted, through the miserable attenuation which the poor grass of the western region had wrought in his frame, to struggle further. We could only pat him on the neck, and say, "Good-bye, old boy;

farewell, old hero! A bad world this for you and for us. We must part at last."

Ever and anon, as we rose above the ridged swells, we caught the glimpse of the wild river on whose bosom we had so long floated. Still white and foaming, it rushed on impetuously seaward through the sombre defile. An hour afterwards we were encamped on a bit of level plateau to the south of the villages of Mbongo.

The chiefs appeared, dressed in scarlet military coats of a past epoch. We conversed with them sociably enough, and obtained encouragement. A strong, healthy man would reach Embomma in three days. Three days! Only three days off from food—from comforts—luxuries even! Ah me!

The next day, when the morning was greying, we lifted our weakening limbs for another march. And such a march!—the path all thickly strewn with splinters of suet-coloured quartz, which increased the fatigue and pain. Two of the younger men assisted each of the old; and the husbands and fathers lifted their infants on their shoulders, and tenderly led their wives along. Up and down the desolate and sad land wound the poor, hungry

caravan. After we had erected our huts and lifted the tent into its usual place, the chief of Nsander appeared—a youngish, slightly-made man, much given to singing—being normally drunk from an excess of palm-wine. Of course he knew Embomma. Then I suddenly asked him if he would carry a letter to Embomma, and allow three of my men to accompany him. It was finally decided that I should write a letter, and two young natives would be ready next day. After my dinner, I wrote the following letter:—

"Village of Nsanda, August 4, 1887.

"To any gentleman that speaks English, at Embomma:

"DEAR SIR,—I have arrived at this place from Zanzibar, with one hundred and fifteen souls—men, women, and children. We are now in a state of imminent starvation. We can buy nothing from the natives, for they laugh at our kinds of cloth, beads, and wire. There are no provisions in the country that may be purchased, except on market days, and starving people cannot afford to wait for these markets. I, therefore, have made bold to despatch three of my young men—natives of Zan-

zibar—with a boy named Robert Foruzi, of the English Mission at Zanzibar, with this letter, craving relief from you. I do not know you; but I am told there is an Englishman at Embomma, and, as you are a Christian and a gentleman, I beg you not to disregard my request. The boy Robert will be better able to describe our lone condition than I can tell you in this letter. We are in a state of the greatest distress; but if your supplies arrive in time, I may be able to reach Embomma within four days. I want three hundred cloths, each four yards long, of such quality as you trade with,



THE RECOVERED AND RE-CLAD EXPEDITION AS IT APPEARED AT ADMIRALTY HOUSE, SIMON'S TOWN, AFTER OUR ARRIVAL ON H. M. S. "INDUSTRY."

which is very different from that we have. But, better than all, would be ten or fifteen manloads of rice or grain, to fill their pinched bellies, immediately as even with the cloths it would require time to purchase food—and starving people cannot wait. The supplies must arrive within two days, or I may have a fearful time of it among the dying. Of course I hold myself responsible for any expense you may incur in this business. What is wanted is immediate relief; and I pray you to use your utmost energies to forward it at once. For myself, if you have such little luxuries as tea, coffee, sugar, and biscuits by you, such as one man can easily carry, I beg you on my own behalf that you will send a small supply, and add to the great debt of gratitude due to you upon the timely arrival of the supplies for my people. Until that time I beg you to believe me,

"Yours sincerely,

"H. M. STANLEY,

"Commanding Anglo-American Expedition
for Exploration of Africa.

"P.S.—You may not know me by name; I therefore add, I am the person who discovered Livingstone in 1871.—H. M. S."

I also wrote a letter in French, and another in Spanish, as a substitute for Portuguese, as I heard that there was one Englishman, one Frenchman, and three Portuguese at Embomma.

The chiefs and boat's crew were called to my tent. I then told them that I had resolved to despatch four messengers to the white men at Embomma, with letters asking for food, and wished to know the names of those most likely to travel quickly, and through anything that interposed to prevent them.

The response was not long coming, for Uledi sprang up and said, "Oh, master, don't talk more! I am ready now. See, I will only buckle on my belt, and I shall start at once, and nothing will stop me. I will follow on the track like a leopard."

"And I am one," said Kacheche. "Leave us alone, master. If there are white men at Embomma we will find them out. We will walk—and walk—and when we cannot walk we will crawl."

"Leave off talking, men," said Muini Pembe, "and allow others to speak, won't you? Hear me, my master. I am your servant. I will outwalk the two. I will carry the letter, and plant it before the eyes of the white men."

"I will go, too, sir," said Robert.

"Good. It is just as I should wish it. But, Robert, you cannot follow these three men. You will break down, my boy."

"Oh, we will carry him if he breaks down," said Uledi. "Won't we, Kacheche?"

"Inshallah!" responded Kacheche, decisively. "We must have Robert along with us, otherwise the white men won't understand us."

Early the next morning the two guides appeared. Uledi waxed impatient, and buckled on his accoutrements, drawing his belt so tight about his waist that it was perfectly painful to watch him, and said: "Give us the letters, master; we will not wait for the pagans. Our people will be dead before we start." Finally, at noon, the guides and messengers departed in company.

Close to our camp was a cemetery of Mbinda. The grave mounds were neat, and, by their appearance, I should judge them to be not only the repositories of the dead, but also the depositories of all the articles that had belonged to the dead. Each grave was dressed out with the various mugs, pitchers, wash-basins, teapots, glasses; gin, brandy, and beer bottles; besides, iron skillets, kettles, tin watering-pots, and buckets. And above the mound thus curiously decorated were suspended to the

branch of a tree the various net haversacks of palm fibre, in which the deceased had carried his ground nuts, cassava bread, and eatables.

On the 6th we roused ourselves for a further effort, and after filing through several villages, separated from each other by intervals of waste land, we arrived, at 9 a.m., near Banza Mbuko, haggard, woe-begone invalids, with bloated faces, but terribly angular bodies. Yet not one word of reproach issued from the starving people. They threw themselves upon the ground with an indifference begotten of despair and misery. They did not fret, nor bewail aloud the tortures of famine, nor vent the anguish of their pinched bowels in cries, but, with stony resignation, surrendered themselves to rest, under the scant shade of some dwarf acacia or sparse bush. Now and then I caught the wail of an infant, and the thin voice of a starving mother, or the petulant remonstrance of an older child; but the adults remained still, and, apparently, lifeless—each contracted within the exclusiveness of individual suffering.

Suddenly the shrill voice was heard saying: "Oh! I see Uledi and Kacheche coming down the hill, and there are plenty of men following them!"

"What!—what!—what!" broke out eagerly from several voices; and dark forms were seen springing up from among the bleached grass, and from under the shade, and many eyes were directed at the whitened hill-slope.

"Yes; it is true! It is true! La il Allah! Yes! Yes, it is food! food! food at last! Ah, that Uledi! He is a lion, truly! We are saved, thank God!"

Before many minutes, Uledi and Kacheche were seen tearing through the grass, and approaching us with long, springing strides, holding a letter up to announce to us that they had been successful. And the gallant fellows, hurrying up, soon placed it in my hands, and, in the hearing of all who were gathered to hear the news, I translated the following letter:—

"BOMA, 6th August, 1877.

"Embomma, English Factory,

"H. M. STANLEY, Esq.

"DEAR SIR,—Your welcome letter came to hand yesterday, at 7 p.m. As soon as its contents were understood, we immediately arranged to despatch to you several articles as you requested, as much as our stock on hand would permit, and other things that we deemed would be suitable in that locality. You will see that we send fifty pieces of cloth, each twenty-four yards long, and some sacks containing sundries for yourself. Several sacks of rice, sweet potatoes; also a few bundles of fish, a bundle of tobacco, and one demi-john of rum. The carriers are all paid, so that you need not trouble yourself about them. That is all we need to say about business. We are exceedingly sorry to hear that you have arrived in such piteous condition; but we send our warmest congratulations to you, and hope that you will soon arrive in Boma (this place is called Boma by us, though on the map it is Embomma). Again hoping that you will soon arrive, and that you are not suffering in health,

"Believe us to remain,

"Your sincere friends,

"HATTON & COOKSON.

"A. DA MOTTA VEIGA.

"J. W. HARRISON."

Uledi and Kacheche then delivered their budget. Their guides had accompanied them half-way, when they deserted them. The four Wangwanna, however, undertook the journey alone. About an hour after sunset, after a fatiguing march, they reached Boma, and, asking a native for the house of the "Ingreza" (English), were shown to the factory of

Messrs. Hatton & Cookson. Kacheche then related that a short white man, wearing spectacles, opened the letter, and, after reading awhile, asked which was Robert Feruzi, who answered for himself in English, and, in answer to many questions, gave a summary of our travels and adventures, but not before the cooks were set to prepare an abundance of food, which they sadly needed, after a fast of over thirty hours.

By this time the procession of carriers from Messrs. Hatton & Cookson's factory had approached, and the provisions—rice, fish, and tobacco bundles were tossed on the ground. While the captains of the messes were ripping open the sacks, and distributing the provisions, Murabo, the boat-boy, struck up a glorious, loud-swelling chant of triumph and success, into which he deftly, and with a poet's license, interpolated verses laudatory of the white men of the second sea. The bard, extemporizing, sang much about the great cataracts, cannibals, and pagans, hunger, the wide wastes, great inland seas, and niggardly tribes; and wound up by declaring that the journey was over, that we were even then smelling the breezes of the western ocean, and his master's brothers had redeemed them from the "hell of hunger." And at the end of each verse the voices rose high and clear to the chorus:—

"Then sing, O friends, sing; the journey is ended;
Sing aloud, O friends; sing to the great sea!"

"Enough now; fall to," said Manwa Sera, at which the people nearly smothered him by their numbers. Into each apron, bowl, and utensil held out, the several captains expeditiously tossed full measures of rice, and generous quantities of sweet potatoes and portions of fish. The younger men and women hobbled after water, and others set about gathering fuel, and the camp was all animation, where, but half an hour previously, all had been listless despair. Many people were unable to wait for the food to be cooked, but ate the rice and the fish raw.

With profound tenderness, Kacheche handed to me the mysterious bottles, watching my face the while with his sharp, detective eyes, as I glanced at the labels, by which the cunning rogue read my pleasure. Pale ale! Sherry! Port wine! Champagne! Several loaves of bread—wheaten bread—sufficient for a week! Two pots of butter! A packet of tea! Coffee! White loaf sugar! Sardines and salmon! Plum-pudding! Currant, gooseberry, and raspberry jam!

The gracious God be praised forever! The long war we had maintained against famine and the siege of woe was over, and my people and I rejoiced in plenty! It was only an hour before we had been living on the recollections of the few pea-nuts and green bananas we had consumed in the morning, but now, in an instant, we were transported into the presence and the luxuries of civilization. Never did gaunt Africa appear so unworthy and so despicable before my eyes as now, when imperial Europe rose before my delighted eyes, and showed her boundless treasures of life, and blessed me with her stores.

When we felt refreshed, the cloth-bales were opened, and soon—instead of the venerable and tattered relics of Manchester, Salem, and Nashua manufacture, which were hastily consumed by the fire—the people were re-clad with white cloths and gay prints. The nakedness of want—the bare ribs, the sharp, protruding bones—were thus covered; but months must elapse before the hollow sunken cheeks and haggard faces would again resume the healthy bronze colour which distinguishes the well-fed African.

(To be continued.)

The Battle of Life.

BY JENNIE F. WILLING.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,
 While it is called to-day;
 For the years go out and the years go in,
 Regardless of those who may lose or win,
 Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
 To the army gone before;
 You may hear the sound of their falling feet
 Going down to the river where two worlds meet;
 They go, to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my boy,
 And duty, too, assigned,
 Step into the front with a cheerful face;
 Be quick, or another may take your place,
 And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my boy,
 That you never can tread again—
 Work for the loftiest, lowliest men—
 Work for the plow, plane, spindle and pen—
 Work for the hands and the brain.

The serpent will follow your steps, my boy,
 To lay for your feet a snare;
 And Pleasure sits in her fairy bowers,
 With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers
 Inwreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,
 Temptations without and within;
 And spirits of evil, with robes as fair
 As those which the angels in heaven might wear,
 Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armour of God, my boy,
 In the beautiful days of youth;
 Put on the helmet and breastplate and shield,
 And the sword the feeblest arm may wield
 In the cause of right and truth.

And go the battle of life, my boy,
 With the peace of gospel shod,
 And before high heaven do the best you can
 For the great reward and the good of man,
 For the kingdom and crown of God.

A Narrow Escape.

BY LILLIE B. DAY.

"Boys! there's Dutch Charley! Let's make him wild! You, Bob, open the door of the chicken-yard and scare the old hens out. Art, you just knock over the pail of water he's using for his celery-plants—accidentally, you know. I'll untie that stupid cow, and give her a fine send off toward Jericho. Won't he be jolly mad, though! He hates us boys like thistles, and he's crazy enough any time."

Dutch Charley was working busily in his master's garden, where row upon row of late vegetables bore witness to his industry. Bess was browsing contentedly in the warm October sunshine. The chickens clucked and crowed as only well-fed chickens can in their own cosy domain. Whoever would have suspected the spirit of mischief which was brewing in the heads of the three manly-looking boys who loitered about the garden gate?

Perhaps Dutch Charley did; for every now and then he would look up from his weeding, and scowl in the direction of the boys. He was a faithful workman—everyone acknowledged that—but he had such a temper! and when temper is in, reason is out. Besides, he knew just about what to expect when Bob and Arthur and Phil were together. Hadn't they bothered him, more than once, to such an extent that if his legs had not been so stiff and rheumatic that he could not run fast, he would have caught them; and given them each the sound thrashing he had earned.

"Now, boys, let's go in and talk to him. Ask him about his crops. He's just so conceited he'll blow over them by the hour, if you give him a

chance. When I give the signal, walk off easy, and work quick. Then cut and run."

Three well-dressed, intelligent, educated boys unlatched the garden-gate, and proceeded leisurely to the place where Dutch Charley stood with a hoe in his hand.

Remarks about the weather were in order. Then followed inquiries as to the best method of raising celery-seed, and young strawberry plants and onion sets. The evil look in Dutch Charley's eyes died away. "After all," thought he, "dese boys are goot fur sometings."

Presently, Phil coughed; the other boys looked startled for a moment, then, nodding pleasantly to Charley, the three moved off together.

"Hark! Vat vas der matter mit dese schickens? And vere vas dat Bess a-going up der road? Vat fur did dat vasser get schpillt on der grund? Dese good-fur-noting boys! I vill catch him dis time, so!"

Four agitated figures, besides the twenty fluttering, dismayed hens, were now scurrying over the orderly garden. Three active, runaway boys, and after them Dutch Charley, with a demoniac glare in his angry eyes, and a volley of frightful oaths pouring from his mouth.

"Quick, Bob, quick!—get in the barn! He's after us sharp! Climb up over into the feed-bin, one compartment's empty. We'll both hide in it until he's gone back to his work. He'll never think to look for us here, if we shut the cover half down on the cleat. It's lucky Art got such a start of us. He'd been a goner by this time. Isn't Charley fu-ri-ous! Hush! There he is now."

Two motionless boys crouched in the bottom of the empty feed-bin.

Four legs and four arms were cramped and twisted in an unaccustomed position. How uncomfortable it was, and what a stuffy odour pervaded the partly closed bin!

Dutch Charley rushed in the barn, stamping on the floor with his heavy boots—talking to himself between the ugly words which still fell from his lips.

"I see him run here. I find him soon. Dese goot-fur-noting boys. Tink he fool Charley! Ha! I got him!"

Down fell the heavy lid, and, with a triumphant yell, Dutch Charley placed his own solid body on top.

"Hero, Hans," cried he, to his little four-yearson, who had run in the barn, too, to find out what all the commotion meant, "gib me dat hammer and nails. I schut him up tight vere he no bodder me no more dis day."

It was of no avail for the inmates of the feed-bin to keep quiet any longer. They called and shouted and screamed—kicking, meanwhile, against their prison walls as much as the limited space would allow. Then they tried entreaty.

"Charley, we shall die here, and you will be a murderer. Come, let us out—please do. Do you mean to smother us!"

Sharp, determined blows from a hammer, wielded by an angry hand, were the only response.

Little Hans had not understood what it was all about, but he did as his father directed—then ran away, terrified towards the house.

"Bob," said Phil, sobbing, "it's no use; we may as well give up. No one can hear us, shut in here. We've got to die. Oh, Bob, it's all my fault! I don't want to die. I never knew what it meant before."

"There can't be enough air in this box to keep us much longer," answered Bob. "Do you remember the Black Hole of Calcutta? I wonder if any of those poor fellows were ready to be suffocated! Phil, Phil, why won't we ready?"

"Bob, I can't remember any good thing I ever did in all my life. I have done no end of mean, hateful, wicked acts. I see them all now. Oh, I feel as if my body were bound with iron, and my head will certainly burst! I can't think, not even to ask God to forgive me. Couldn't you pray for us both, Bob?"

A weak but very earnest prayer went up from the shut feed-bin. Dutch Charley heard never a word of it. Neither did the strong man who entered the barn breathlessly, with an iron pick in his hand, and in less time than it takes to tell, had forced the cover open, so God's pure, life-giving air could come again to the fainting, half-conscious boys huddled together in that strange place.

God's answer was sent before the prayer was spoken, else— But no; it is too dreadful to think what might have been.

Three unusually quiet, subdued boys could be seen the next morning talking to Dutch Charley's master, evidently making an urgent request of him. Did they ask that punishment should be meted to the ignorant man for the suffering two of them had endured?

Quite otherwise. They had heard that Charley's ungovernable temper would cost him his situation, and they were there to intercede for him.

"For you know," they said, "we tried to make him angry. We call him Crazy Charley when he's in a temper, and we thought it was fun to get him mad. It was all our fault."

Three thoughtful, Christian boys are working for their Master in that busy town. "God's mercy saved us from death that time," they said; "and Christ's love alone can save us from death everlasting."—*Sunday-school Times.*

Two for a Farthing.

Do you know that the chubby, bright-eyed, brave little English sparrows, that have lived in our American cities for the last dozen years, are exactly the same kind of sparrows that Christ spoke of so tenderly in Palestine? Whenever I think of that, I am always sorry to hear of shooting the little birds, or harming them in any way. Not long ago I saw in print a very earnest suggestion that a simple way to put sparrows to death would be to poison their crumbs!

I am glad that there was a kind-hearted man in Boston, a few days since, who was not ashamed to help even a sparrow.

One of these much abused birds got into the globe of an electric lamp, just before the hour for turning on the current, and didn't seem to know enough to get out. A little crowd assembled to see what would happen when the current was turned on; but before the catastrophe, an elegantly dressed man, accompanied by a lady, walked up. When he saw the situation, he handed his cane to his companion, pulled off his kid gloves, climbed the slippery pole—to the great detriment of his good clothes—and, putting his hand within the lamp, released the bird, which flew away. The crowd applauded, and the gentleman went home for more good clothes.—*Selected.*

Kind words are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home that the world can show. Use them, and especially round the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and more precious to heal the wounded heart, and make the weighed-down spirit glad, than all the other blessings the world can give.

Shall Your Boy Go?

You vote for license, sir, you say?
 Oh do you ever think
 Of the dreadful school your vote sustains,
 You who vote to license drink?

Have you ever stood by the gay saloon
 With its foully tainted air?
 Have you ever watched with curious gaze
 The feet that enter there?

Ah, sir, you know who enter there,
 Our brightest, fairest boys,
 The dearest thoughts of a mother's prayer,
 And the chief of a father's joys.

They are gone in for one harmless glass;
 Perchance for a friendly game;
 When men like you sustain the cause,
 Do you think the boys are to blame?

They are coming out with poisoned breath,
 And slow, unsteady tread;
 But not the boys who enter there—
 They have given us these instead.

They are hurrying on with quickened steps
 To lives of crime and woe;
 They are filing down to the drunkard's grave,
 Are you willing your boy should go?

Ah, sir, you know the picture true,
 You know the fatal end,
 You have seen the way the victims go;
 Have you boys you would like to send?

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 16, 1889.

Clean Money.

As a goodly merchant lay upon his dying-bed, he spoke to his children of the little property he had acquired and was leaving behind him. "It is not much," said he, "but there is *not a dirt shilling* in it."

There is such a thing as clean money. It may be earned by diligence in business, by honest labour of hand or mind, or by the severest toil in occupations which are not esteemed as either easy or genteel, but there is money in the purses and cofers of many who profess to be followers of Christ, which all the waters of Jordan could not make clean.

There are the wages of unrighteousness, the gains of ungodliness, the hard spoils wrung from the thin hands of the poor and needy, there are revenues from the traffic in strong drink, there are rents paid to church members for places that are used as traps and pitfalls to ensnare unwary men; there are gains, acquired in a thousand ways,

which are blackened with the stain of sin and with the curse of God.

Thousands on thousands have thus laid up wealth which shall curse them in life and in death; which shall ensnare their children, and beguile them to their ruin, and which shall finally eat their flesh as it were fire, when the Judge who standeth before the door shall come to make inquisition for blood and to punish the ungodly in the last great day. O man of earth, as you look upon your gains and treasures, as you count your hoards and estimate your possessions, ask yourself the question. "Is it clean money?" and decide that, as God shall give you grace and help, nothing which you possess shall deserve the curse that follows the wages of unrighteousness—the gains of those who know not and fear not God.

Self-Education.

BY BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT, D.D., LL.D.

WHAT educational machinery have we devised for the intellectual and moral improvement of the people? We have a public school system which supplies "the means of self-improvement," academies and fitting schools for secondary education, colleges and universities for general culture and special training. Yet these higher opportunities are beyond the reach of the vast majority, who, by stress of circumstances, cannot take up residence at established institutions. Shall those who have lived half their lives, or those who have reluctantly left the path of learning just when the way grow pleasant, abandon hope of growing? Shall they trudge apathetically along a tedious rut? Shall they shift to the more fortunate students who crowd college halls, the responsibility which rests upon all the citizens of the republic, to raise the average of public intelligence?

We are hampered by conventional ideas of education. We must look at it more broadly. We must conceive of it as a growth, a continuous growth, ending, as President Dwight says, "only with life itself." The so-called educated man is, in reality, simply being educated. The notion that there is any fixed limit to education, is fatal to real intellectual progress. The college graduate who thinks of his degree as a mark, and the girl who is "finished" when she leaves school, are objects of pity. "Life is not a dignified repose, but a noble unrest."

The principle which simplifies the relation of every man and woman to education may be broadly stated thus: In a true sense all education is self-education—i.e., the result of personal effort and will. The results of education vary with the will power and the opportunities of the self-educator. The college with its trained instructors, its library, collections, apparatus, etc., not only offers the widest opportunity, but by its system demands less persistent effort upon the part of the student. Therefore for economy of time and labour, as well as for a philosophical and systematic development of the faculties, the college and the universities are unrivalled. No individual student can expect to accomplish alone by his own efforts anything like the results he could attain within college walls. Any plan of so-called popular education which should claim to furnish in any sense a substitute for college opportunity would bear the mark of quackery upon the face of it.

But shall the self-educator, who spends a large part of the time in shop, or bank, in kitchen or nursery, be discouraged from attempts at systematic



SEROMBO HUTS.

education, the pursuit of certain definite courses in history, science and art? Most emphatically, no. On the contrary, every encouragement and assistance should be offered to men and women, young or old, who have the pluck and perseverance to accomplish self-set tasks.

During the past eleven years, the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle has given direction to the reading of more than one hundred and twenty-five thousand people. The average age of these readers is between thirty and forty years. Many of them have been associated in little companies known as "Local Circles," but the majority, perhaps, have studied alone in sitting-rooms, kitchens and work-shops. The course of reading gives what is called "The College Outlook." The classic literatures are presented in specially prepared volumes, in which selected passages and brief biographical notices are arranged in the usual sequence of the college curriculum. From books written by the best authorities, and adapted to the reader's needs, he learns something about all the studies usually pursued in college. To claim that by reading never so diligently for forty minutes a day, nine months in the year, a man or woman can in a quadrennium accomplish at home the work of a college course, is manifestly absurd; but such a student may feel the satisfaction which comes with intellectual quickening, may gain a broader outlook over the world, may find life more than mere existence, may become a true, well-rounded character, tracing in history and nature the hand of God. By such means, Chautauqua is trying to have a share in the intellectual advancement of our people, striving to read a deeper and nobler meaning into our *Magna Charta*, "Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

By virtue of its age and value and previous associations, this little prayer has become a classic. It must be very ancient; for who can tell when or by whom it was written? Thousands, from the silver-haired pilgrim to the lisping infant, sink to nightly slumber murmuring the simple petition. It has trembled on the lips of the dying. One instance was that of an old saint of eighty-six years, whose mind had so failed that he could not recognize his own daughter. "Very touching," says the relator, "was the scene one night after retiring, as he called his daughter, as if she was his mother, saying, like a little child, 'Mother, come here by my bed and hear me say my prayers before I go to sleep.' She came near. He clasped his white, withered hands, and reverently said:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
 I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
 If I should die before I wake,
 I pray the Lord my soul to take."

then quietly fell asleep and awoke in heaven."

A distinguished judge, who many years ago died in New York in extreme old age, said that his mother had taught the stanza to him in infancy, and that he never omitted it at night. John Quincy Adams made a similar assertion, and an old sea captain declared that even before he became a decided Christian, he never forgot it on turning in at night.



A NATIVE OF UHHA.

My Uninvited Guest.

ONE day there entered at my chamber door
A presence whose light footfall on the floor
No token gave; and, ere I could withstand,
Within her clasp she drew my trembling hand.

"Intrusive guest," I cried, "my palm I lend
But to the gracious pressure of a friend.
Why comest thou unbidden and in gloom,
Trailing thy cold gray garments in my room?"

"I know thee, Pain! Thou art the sullen foe
Of every sweet enjoyment here below;
Thou art the comrade and ally of Death,
And timid mortals shrink from thy cold breath.

"No fragrant balms grow in thy garden beds,
Nor slumb'rous poppies droop their crimson heads;
And well I know thou comest to me now
To bind thy burning chains upon my brow.

And though my puny will stood straightly up,
From that day forth I drank her pungent cup,
And ate her bitter bread—with leaves of rue
Which in her sunless garden rankly grew.

And now, so long it is, I scarce can tell
When Pain within my chamber came to dwell;
And though she is not fair of mien or face,
She hath attracted to my humble place

A company most gracious and refined,
Whose touches are like balm, whose voices kind;
Sweet Sympathy with box of ointment rare;
Courage, who sings while she sits weaving there.

Brave Patience, whom my heart esteemeth much,
And who hath wondrous virtue in her touch;
Such is the chaste and sweet society
Which Pain, my faithful foe, hath brought to me,

And now upon my threshold there she stands,
Reaching to me her rough yet kindly hands
In silent truce. Thus for a time we part,
And a great gladness overflows my heart;

For she is so ungentle in her way,
That no host welcomes her, or bids her stay;
Yet, though they bolt and bar their house from thee,
To every door, O Pain, thou hast a key!

—The Cosmopolitan.

Why we are Methodists.

BY REV. THEODORE W. HAVEN.

What it is to be a Methodist.

WE wish to talk a few minutes practically about being a Methodist. Many of us were born in the pale of this church. Some have become Methodists, having had beforehand no church predilections. Some have been in other churches, but have chosen to become Methodists. It impresses us that the question is a pertinent one to all—why are we Methodists? Of course, the reasons that I may give may not be exhaustive. You may have better ones. It is your part, then, to cherish them, and to use them in your legitimate work. I must give those reasons that appeal the strongest to myself, and will thus voice most distinctly, or will suggest the reasons, to use a Pauline expression, which constrain you to be in the Methodist fold.

Methodism was before you and I were born. We came into existence, and found it already long

aggressive upon the earth. After a time we came in contact with it. We met it in the conversation of some of its disciples. We attended one of its churches and came to know it and to love it. The questions arose, Ought we to be Methodists? Are we Methodists inside, so that we ought to be organically, visibly Methodists?

The First Historic Forerunner of Methodism we notice in the Holy Club that was formed at Oxford, in which Charles Wesley, and afterwards his brother John, were members. It was the laughing-stock of Oxford, for it was intensely in earnest in its religion. John Wesley was very punctilious in every religious observance. He was not a Methodist yet; still we notice that Methodism has as its subsoil and its preceding spirit men who are in earnest both to know the truth and to live the truth.

The second historic step occurs on the journey to Savannah from England, on what Green terms as his "quixotic mission to the Indians of Georgia." He was strongly impressed with the peace and even religious joy amid a storm that threatened certain destruction, as also the every-day piety, of some Moravian Christians. Later, when he visited Count Zinzendorf, the head of the later Moravian Brotherhood, and talked with the prominent religious leaders of this church of wonderful piety and unparalleled missionary zeal, he found his new Methodist life. "At a Moravian society meeting in Aldersgate Street, while one was reading Luther's statement of the change which God works in the heart through faith, Wesley says, 'I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation; and an assurance was given me that he had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the law of sin and death.'"

When Wesley returned to London, he could not obtain a church on account of his religious zeal. This impracticable and unpopular religious fervor has come to be regarded as an essential Methodist trait.

When Whitefield, who was addressing crowds in the open air, invited Wesley to visit him and to preach, Wesley conquered his high-church repugnance to such an informal proceeding. This was the inauguration of another Methodist characteristic, for Methodism became the church of the common people.

When a certain layman and others unordained began to preach, and John was determined to stop it, his mother rebuked him, saying that he was as much called to preach as John. This was an advance step in the same direction.

What was Methodism? Let us reproduce the age in which it came to be. With Walpole as the great political leader, it was a time of great political corruption. It was he who believed that every man had his price. Religion was stagnant and mostly dried up.

This shows the conditions about Methodism historically. It was

The New Birth of Piety in the World.

It touched hearts and made them new. It converted godless men into fearers and servers of God. It turned sinners from outbreking sinful lives of lasciviousness or stealing, into consecrated men and women, wholly given up to the work of the Lord. It made active men serviceable and lazy men energetic for righteousness' sake, and careless, reckless, indifferent, pleasure-loving persons into considerate seekers of God and his righteousness, into godly men and women, good citizens and lovers of pure and holy lives. That was Methodism in its in-



MBINDA CEMETERY.

ciency; it has been Methodism until the present day.

And so we read in Green the Methodists themselves were the least result of the Methodist revival. The words are ours. It Christianized the English Church, so that "In our own day no body of religious ministers surpasses them in piety, in philanthropic energy, or in popular regard." We add, however, the plant grows best in its native soil. The flower blooms in beauty from its native heath. Transported to another church as an exotic, it loses something of its perfume, its loveliness and worth. The natural flower of piety, the Methodist flower of piety is a unique flower, and it is my impression that where it blooms in its native natural loveliness it is the purest, the simplest, the most charming, the loveliest and of most priceless worth of any flower of religion upon this earth. In other soils it is an exotic; it never blooms with its own clear richness save at home. Now, if you ask me, "What is the secret of this beautiful piety?" we would answer, faith. The Methodist has faith. He is God's child, chosen through Christ, and he lives this simple faith here to his Heavenly Father, and abiding in him, working, and trusting, and praying day by day.

Methodism is not Primarily a Matter of the Mind

any more than it is primarily an activity of the body. The body has its place in life. It should be fed and kept in health. It should be kept active in life's business, behind the counter or the plow. But Methodism is not concerned primarily with the interests of the body. Her concern is not that it should be clothed in the choicest of raiment, cut according to the latest of fashion. Her care is not that the result of its activity should be a large bank account or an independent fortune, for her heart is not fixed on the things of earth.

It is not Methodism's concern that the culture of all the minds of her constituents should be profound. It is doubtless a matter of gratification that her followers are intelligent, and the more they cultivate the highest culture, the more she is pleased. Mind has undoubtedly its worth. Brilliant thinking is very entertaining, and universal and final truth has vast intrinsic value, but in religion heart is the goal aimed for, and not mind; character, and not wisdom, is the goal desired. The mind is loved, the mind is cherished, but it is not primarily desired. The primary end of Methodism is the conquest of the heart, and its loyal self-sacrificing service in the cause of Christ.

Methodism has many beautiful and salient features. We do not feel competent to calendar them all. They are like the tints of the rainbow, lovely in themselves, but are seen to best advantage in unison.

It is, for instance, *practical*. It is an every-day piety. Its energy is not spent sky-rocketing around among the pyrotechnics of acrobatic mental gymnastics. It lives upon this earth. It does the duty which lies right at hand. It does every duty on the ideal perfect standard, as it comes. It makes

the best pie that it can, starches the collar to the best stiffness, keeps the house dusted, and the meals prompt. It hangs the most tasteful pictures that can be procured upon the walls. It knows how to wear a perpetual smile and smooth away the coming frown. It gives moderate due attention to mind, to culture, to pleasure, to society; it is faithful to all the higher duties of life; it respects in all exactness and integrity the duties and privileges of higher spiritual living—that of which the world knows little, ridicules, and has not learned to prize. It makes some opportunities—makes many, it may be—but most generally it waits for the opportunities as they arise in this God's world, as the life of the community or church presents them; but when the opportunity is at hand, it always meets it, and does it according to the full standard of the Christ-rule.

I think that I ought to state as a special characteristic of Methodist piety, its *simplicity*. It is simply frank, ingenuous piety, without assumption, without hypocrisy, without adulteration. Methodism came into the lives of its first followers in the way of simply purifying and cleansing them. They did not change their trades, they did them as of yore, only they put into them the habit of simple, trustful piety. It was like a spring. It bubbled up all the day and night. It naturally flowed forth. These were men of piety, and simply acted the piety that they had within, at thinking about self.

A prominent characteristic of Methodism has always been that she believes in the "new birth." She believes that perverse, sinful men may become new creatures. Their evil natures may be rectified, and they may be saved to the higher life, and from the fate of the sinner in the next world. This can be done in a moment by the power of Almighty God. It is always done in God's own way to all those who submit themselves to him. Methodism backs this theory of hers with a long list of testimonies of men of every tongue, of every land almost; so that one can only doubt against facts. If ye have faith it shall be done unto you.

Thou who art a sinner, do not sweat, and struggle, and strive impotently to break the power of the sins that you cannot conquer! Stop sinning at once, and pray constantly to God to give you the victory, and he will. Strive on! Hold on!

Methodism is Earnest.

This is a characteristic without which men would never become true Methodists at all. It is, and always has been, religion in earnest. Who was it that termed it "Christianity with its sleeves rolled up"? Its spirit is to know the truth and to do the right—to stand by the truth and right, no matter what the consequences. Its spirit has ever been to stand by any reform that means the amelioration of human society, and to further to the utmost the saving of souls from sin and spiritual death.

For that reason, prayer-meetings and religious services have always been more frequent in Methodism than in any other faith. There is much attention paid to charities, with a long list of church collections. She keeps her sewing circles running, and is though she might herein improve—proportionate to her means, considerate for the poor. There is generally more visiting from house to house expected of Methodist preachers, and she keeps, so to speak, more spiritual irons in the fire.

The Methodist Church has always been a church of *devotion*. It believes in the devout, the pious spirit. This is noticeable in the spirit of reverence toward all things good and noble, the esteem of the Bible, but more especially relevant in the two important characteristics of her spirit of devotion. We state the less important first—regular and

spiritual, not formal, attendance on all church devotions; and especially the other—the maintenance of the individual, private habit and life of prayer and faith. Let the religious stream be ever flowing, consciously, actively flowing through the conscious life, washing the bank of sensation until it is often and almost always felt.

This is rather a peculiar tenet of our church. Religion is not so much a thing hoped for, or a thing believed to exist, or a creed, but a consciously present and an every-day-felt life.

Methodism inculcates rather a rigid type of piety. It is doubtless as well that she does. Religion is not irreligion. The saint and the sinner can scarcely expect to walk the same path.

Religion is, moreover, from its nature, self-denial. It is abstinence from evil. It is bearing the cross for Christ's sake. It is walking in the strait and narrow path of obedience to God's law. It is praying to the Heavenly Father, "Not my will, but thine, be done."

Yet pleasure and happiness are not excluded from life in Methodism or in any other church. God has not excluded joy and peace from the lives of those who keep his natural laws. In fact, the law-abiding man, like the law-abiding citizen, obtains the largest total of joy, the law-breaker ultimately the least. Christ directly declared, "My peace I leave with you." So, also, a joyous experience has been considered a fundamental evidence in Methodism of religious life—of whether one is converted at all. There are but two principles at the basis of Methodism's rule of pleasure: The first is, "Never do evil." The second, "Be considerate of your neighbour, that your example lead him not to offend unto his soul's defeat or loss."

After all, Methodism is only

Another Name for Christianity.

It was and is only a reformation of that which had practically ceased to be. Christianity was dead. It lived in name: it had almost ceased to be in fact in John Wesley's day. He simply re-introduced Christianity among men. Methodism is a minor name, it is only an echo. Its real name is Christianity. John Wesley is himself nothing but an echo of a real name, which is Christ. John Wesley simply replaced in the world that life which Jesus had placed first among his disciples, the fishermen and men of the common people, nearly eighteen hundred years before.

Reproduce that picture of Jesus preaching in Galilee, in and around Jerusalem, in Perea beyond Jordan, in Samaria, in Decaples, and the region about Tyre and Sidon. He is the teacher, and the people of the village or the city are coming to hear his teaching, and the multitude are going away to their homes to live in simplicity the doctrine that he taught. Put by its side John Wesley preaching to Cornish miners, or the people of the interior towns and cities of Great Britain, or the great London itself, it is the same essential picture. It is Christianity in its intrinsic purity. Methodism was a revival of primitive Christianity.

The disciples, the Marys, and Marthas, were the first Methodists. All these humbler ones of whom we hear nothing in the record who separated themselves from the world and lived entirely for Christ, were the first Methodists. All those citizens of Asia Minor and of Greece who left their idol-worship and its impure cult to be loyal, if need be, unto death to Jesus, their Saviour, were the first Methodists. Those of any age, who live Christianity, are Methodists. What John Wesley did, more than aught else, was to preach this truth. Quit this shamming! Be neither hypocritical nor half-hearted. Be Christian to the core. Methodism was the resurrection of an old life that was dead. It was Christianity revived.

And so Methodism, which is only unimpeded religious life,

May Exist in Every Man

who will have it. To be found, it needs only to be sought. Those who consecrate themselves to God and right, are its receivers; those who take the law of Christ as the ruling law of life, receive this higher life. Methodism simply offers the genuine article, religion, to all who will receive it. Methodism seems to say: "Here are we, a body of men in earnest in religion. Would you be in earnest, too? Then come with us! Work with us! We would gladly welcome you."

And now, may God, the Father of us all, with the help of Jesus the Christ, and the Holy Spirit, keep the Methodist Church, what it has ever been, a church of genuine piety, we pray, in Christ's name! Amen!

Days of the Week.

In the museum at Berlin, in the hall devoted to northern antiquities, they have representations of the idols from which the names of the days of the week are derived.

From the idol of the sun comes Sunday. This idol is represented with his face like the sun, holding a burning wheel, with both hands on his breast, signifying his course round the world.

The idol of the moon, from which comes Monday, is habited in a short coat, like a man, but holding the moon in his hands.

Tuisco, from which comes Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and popular gods of the Germans, and is represented in his garments of skin, according to their popular manner of clothing. The third day of the week was dedicated to his worship.

Woden, from which comes Wednesday, was a valiant prince among the Saxons. His image was prayed to for victory.

Thor, from which comes Thursday, is seated in a bed, with twelve stars over his head, holding a sceptre in his hand.

Friga, from which we have Friday, is represented with a drawn sword in his right hand and a bow in his left.

Sater, from which is Saturday, has the appearance of perfect wretchedness. He is thin-visaged, long-haired, with a long beard. He carried a pail of water in his right hand, wherein are fruits and flowers.—*Selected.*

The time has come for the reorganization of Chautauqua Circles. These local literary societies have accomplished a great work in the past, and there should be no diminishing of interest. If any members who have finished a part of the course feel like abandoning the ranks, let them take new courage, and continue at least until the end of the four years' course.

We have repeatedly urged the advisability, especially in cities or larger towns, of providing, in connection with every church, a reading-room, where young people, strangers, and especially the poorer portion of the congregation, could find the leading Church papers and magazines. Under proper supervision, this room could become quite a useful factor in Church economy; it would, at least during long winter evenings, take away the dungeon-like appearance from many church edifices, and be the means of keeping multitudes of young men out of bad places. There are endless varieties of suitable exercises that may be planned, and by means of which the thoughtless can be awakened and the cause of Christ be advanced.

What is His Name?

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

He sat within a crowded place,
And none guessed how his heart was stirred;
He lifted up a placid face,
And, wishful to learn, he heard
In patience every speaker's word.

And was it strife, or was it peace?
The man had faith in God and prayer;
His longing was, "Let discord cease,
Nor hate nor wrong be anywhere,"
And then he left with God the care.

For peace and love and righteousness
His voice was certain, if not loud;
His hand was raised all men to bless;
And, thankful for each lifted cloud,
He passed and vanished in the crowd.

His step was firm along the street,
Few recognized him as he went
Swiftly, as he sought retreat,
To where his daily life is spent;
And he lives on in glad content.

Who is he? You shall search in vain
Placards and newspapers to see
His name, a common one, and plain;
No man of public speech is he;
Few know all he can do and be.

And yet by this he may be known,
Serene and brave, gentle and strong
Is he, not for himself alone
He lives, but loves and suffers long,
And fights relentlessly with wrong.

All weak things give him perfect trust;
He understands their pleading eyes;
They know him tender, true and just,
With ears to hear the sad world's cries,
And a kind heart by love made wise.

All base things sink from him with fear;
Meanness and greed and calumny
Creep out of sight when he is near;
He stands confessed the enemy
Of selfishness and tyranny.

Lowly and meek, and pure in heart,
A peacemaker, and merciful,
He does in faithfulness his part,
To make the whole world beautiful,
And is to Jesus dutiful.

What is his name? It matters not;
Doings, not words, are his indeed.
He dignifies the common lot,
And meets the present deepest need,
Because he lives in faith and creed.

You know him now? No stranger he,
Although he be not known to fame,
A thousand voices happily
Him for their own dear kindred claim,
And give him some familiar name.

Teachers' Department.

Sunday Rest and Sunday Labour.

A good example was set by a miller. A Swiss newspaper contained, in September, 1863, the following advertisement:—

"Altorf, canton Uri. A miller wanted. In this mill, of the most modern German construction, no work is done on Sunday, or during the night."

A friend of Sunday observance wrote the mill-master, inquiring what had led him to adopt this arrangement, and received the following answer:—

"Although I am a young man, I have learned from the experience of the twelve years since I began to work, that the desecration of the Lord's day, besides being sinful, brings no worldly gain, but rather the opposite.

"For several years I was servant in a mill in which, under the excuse of the amount of business, work was carried on almost every Sunday. I

longed even then to have the Sunday to myself, though only for the sake of ease. When I became a mill-master, I resolved to try whether diligent working during the six days could not produce as much as labour continued through all the seven—especially as I had noticed that on Sundays the work went on very lamely. I was successful. With the six days' work I could show a greater result than my predecessor had been able to produce with the whole seven. This terminated Sunday work in our mill.

"Two years ago I became a mill-owner. In the beginning the mill was very small, but I did not allow it to go on the Sabbath. Night-work, however, I had not abandoned; but it became utterly unsatisfactory—for I had remarked that more was lost than gained by it, through waste and negligence. I abolished it.

"I now gain so much by restricting the work within the hours of the day, when I can have personal oversight of my men, that, by God's blessing, I realise very ample profit.

"I hold it as certain, that a man who rests one day in seven has both more willingness and more power for work, than another who labours through the seven, without intermission, like a machine.

"I entreat you to endeavour to persuade the workmen in your neighbourhood to make trial of this; for I believe that, like myself, they will soon find that more is lost than gained by Sunday labour."—*S. S. Magazine.*

Boys.

THE worst thing a parent can do to a boy is to pamper him. A boy can be fed to death and nursed to death. He can be killed by motherly kindness and fatherly guardianship. Boys are only young animals with minds—or with what will one day be minds.

The most essential part of a boy is his stomach. The next important members of his organism are his legs. Good, strong, sturdy legs, and a stomach able to digest anything in the way of food, and any amount of it, make an equation for boyhood.

Do not, then, keep your boy in the house, father, but give him a bat, a ball, a sled, a pair of skates, a rifle—anything he needs for out-door amusement, and send him out-doors. Go with him yourself, if possible. Skate with him, shoot with him, race with him; be a boy with him, that he may be a man with you, by-and-by.

How often have we seen birds scold and push their fledglings out of the nest, compelling them thus to rely on themselves. How they will flutter around with them, and make an occasional shoot into the upper air, to encourage the little things to try their wings, by showing them how easily it can be done. Can you not be as wise as the birds? Shall the dumb creatures beat you at the game of parentage?

Keep your boy out of doors, father. Let him mingle with other boys. It will do him good to be buffeted and abused a little by his playmates. It will teach him to stand up for his rights, and give him confidence in himself. It will make him cautious, and wary, and self-reliant. A dull boy is a fraud on nature.

A boy is like a whip lash—he is not worth a penny if he hasn't got the snap in him somewhere. What is it that has made you succeed in life? And how was it developed in you? You were not pampered much when a boy, eh? Well be as wise to your son as your father was to his. Give him a chance to be vigorous and plucky. Start him right. "I write unto you, young men, because you are strong."—*S. S. Magazine.*

What Shall Harm the Christian?

BY REV. W. TINDALL.

A LADY was the other day showing me some trees in her garden richly laden with fruit, which is very uncommon this season, when we came across a favourite plum tree "with nothing but leaves." She remarked, "I shall use plenty of hot water around this tree so that it may bear next year." "Hot water!" I replied. "Will not hot water kill the tree?" "No," was her answer. "A spiteful woman was determined to have revenge on a neighbour not long ago, when she thought of destroying a valuable plum tree by pouring scalding water on the roots in the spring season. To her great disappointment, instead of killing the tree the hot water killed the weeds around it, softened the soil and greatly enriched it, and that year's crop of plums on this tree was simply wonderful."

This reminded me of the anecdote of the very eloquent and somewhat eccentric William Dawson, who many years ago, announcing a hymn in a Wesleyan Chapel in England on a Sabbath morning, read the stanza:

"Engraved in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines."

Mr. Dawson motioned the choir to wait and added: "I knew a very naughty little boy who was very angry at a doctor, and so, determined, as he thought, to ruin his business, got a flannel rag and took some sand and tried to rub the doctor's name off his brass door-plate. The young urchin rubbed and rubbed and rubbed until he was all aswheat with the exertion, but the rubbing instead of defacing the name polished the plate until it fairly glittered and the black letters of the doctor's name and business were more distinct than for many years. Now," continued Mr. Dawson, "if you are faithful to God, all the opposition of the devil and his servants cannot harm you. The more you are persecuted the brighter will the image of Christ shine in your hearts, and the more faithful in holiness will be your lives." And then characteristically added in a defiant tone, "*Rub, Satan, Rub!*" after which the choir proceeded with the hymn.

A Word to the Boys.

IF we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys to whom I am now writing, and I ask you if you want to become one of them. No; of course you do not.

Well, I have a plan that is just as sure to save you from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow. It never failed; it never will fail; and it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. That is the plan, and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting into practice.

I know you do not drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it will probably come in this way: You will find yourself some time with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink, and offer it to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely will look upon you as a milksop if you do not indulge with them. Then, what will you do? Will you say, "No, no; none of that stuff for me?" or will you take the glass, with your common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so during all its life? Boys, do not become drunkards.

Keep Trying.

If boys should get discouraged
At lessons or at work,
And say "There's no use trying,"
And all hard tasks should slink,
And keep on shirking, shirking,
Till the boy becomes a man,
I wonder what the world would do
To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict
Gives up at first defeat,
If once repulsed, his courage
Lies shattered at his feet.
The brave heart wins the battle
Because, through thick and thin,
He'll not give up as conquered—
He fights and fights to win

So, boys, don't get disheartened
Because at first you fail;
If you but keep on trying,
At last you will prevail;
Try, try and try again;
The boys who keep on trying,
Have made the world's best men.

—The Advance.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1014] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 24

SOLOMON'S WISE CHOICE.

1 Kings 3. 5-15. Memory verses, 12, 13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wisdom is better than rubies. Prov. 8. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. Solomon's Request, v. 5-9.
2. God's Answer, v. 10-15.

TIME.—1014 B.C.

PLACE.—Gibeon.

CONNECTING LINKS.—David is at rest: his noble and enduring lifework ended, while yet he was pondering great things for Zion, and the burden of responsibility is transferred to the shoulders of his great son. There is a momentary uncertainty as to the succession, Adonijah, the oldest surviving son of the king, claiming the throne; but the king himself declares Solomon his heir to the throne, and the people reverence his will. Never made monarch a more notable beginning to a reign. Its manner our lesson describes.

EXPLANATIONS.—*In a dream by night*—The old and well-known method of God's appearance. *And Solomon said*—That is, he dreamed that he said. *A little child*—Not in age: he was at least twenty years of age, but he was raw and inexperienced. *Cannot be numbered*—Of course they could be numbered, but the expression denotes their great prosperity as a people. *The speech pleased the Lord*—Solomon had offered at Gibeon a sacrifice and prayer, and this, doubtless, was the cause of the dream. And the real speech of his uttered prayer was what pleased the Lord.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Solomon's request.*
To whose reign have we now come?
Who was Solomon?
How came he to be king instead of David's oldest son?
In what respect did his religious character differ from his father's? ver. 3.
What occurred to him at Gibeon?
What did our last lesson say should be the character of a king? 2 Sam. 23. 3.
What is the character that Solomon as king says he desires?
On what did Solomon base his plea?
For what particular reason did he desire wisdom?
2. *God's Answer.*
Was the nature of Solomon changed by this occurrence?
Was it a real occurrence? ver. 15.
What other instances can you find of God's revelation through dreams? Find five: two in Genesis, one in Judges, two in Matthew.
How much did God promise in the answer?
What should have been the effect in Solomon's life?

Solomon died aged about sixty. What commentary does the fact furnish on ver. 14?

What truth did Solomon experience as the result of his dream? James 1. 5.
What has been the common experience of men who have sought after God? Jer. 29. 12, 13.
What word of the Lord Jesus is like it? John 16. 24.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

God says, "Ask of me and I will give." The world says, "Prayer is only idle words."

God says, "Keep my statutes, I will lengthen thy days."

The world says, "Do what you will, you cannot die till your time comes."

Solomon began well, he was humble, devout, sincere.

Let us learn the value of right beginnings.

He showed his one weakness at the beginning—the love of display, ver. 4. It was the leak in the dyke.

Let us learn the lesson of self-examination: "for who can understand his errors?"

Let us pray, "Cleanse thou me from secret faults."

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Study carefully the close of David's life.
2. Study as carefully the beginning of Solomon's reign.
3. Study chapter 4 to see a proof of his wisdom in ruling.
4. Be careful to understand that this wisdom asked and promised was only in one direction, namely, that of government.
5. Find Solomon's age at accession, and such evidences as you are able concerning the number of inhabitants of his kingdom.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Under what circumstances did Solomon have his revelation from God? "While worshipping God at Gibeon." 2. How did God make his revelation? "In a dream by night." 3. What was his command to Solomon? "Ask what I shall give thee." 4. What was his request of God? "To have an understanding heart." 5. What was the effect of his request? "The speech pleased the Lord." 6. What testimony did Solomon give concerning wisdom in after years? "Wisdom is better than rubies."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—True wisdom

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

53. In what else is your soul different from your body?
My soul is that within me which thinks and knows, desires and wills, rejoices and is sorry, which my body cannot do.
54. Is not your soul then of great value? Yes; because it is myself.
What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose or forfeit his own self?—Luke ix. 25.

B.C. 1004] LESSON IX. [Dec. 1

THE TEMPLE DEDICATED.

1 Kings 8. 54-63. Memory verses, 62, 63.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him. Hab. 2. 20.

OUTLINE.

1. Thanksgiving, v. 54-56.
2. Prayer, v. 57-61.
3. Sacrifice, v. 62, 63.

TIME.—1004 B.C.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—As we have learned, David early in his reign desired to build a house for the worship of the Lord, but was forbidden by Nathan. In the last years of his reign he had, however, collected a vast store of material for the purpose, and had laid solemn injunctions on Solomon to carry out his plans. This work the new king had faithfully done, as detailed in the chapters since our last lesson, and now we come to the service of dedication.

EXPLANATIONS.—*All this prayer*—This is the prayer recorded in vers. 23-53 of this chapter. Vers. 55-61 seem to be a benediction upon the people at the close of the prayer. *The king . . . offered sacrifice*—This was the regular burnt-offering with its accompaniments. It was consumed by fire from heaven. 2 Chron. 7. 1. *A sacrifice of peace offerings*—These afforded the people opportunity for festive enjoyment. The vast number of animals strikes us with

wonder: but classical records furnish parallels on a great scale, though not equal to this.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Thanksgiving.*
What was the occasion of this prayer of thanksgiving?
What was the temple?
What had led Solomon to build it? 1 Kings 5. 5.
How long had he been occupied therewith? 1 Kings 6. 38.
To what historic facts did the king allude in his thanksgiving? Deut. 12. 10, 11.
What solemn services had already occurred this day? Chap. 8. 1-11, 12-21, 22-53.
In what quarter of Jerusalem had this temple been built? 2 Chron. 3. 1.
In what part of the city was the tabernacle of David which contained the ark? Chap. 8. 1.
2. *Prayer.*
What was the nature of this second prayer?
What does the first petition of this prayer mean?
On what condition only had God been with their fathers?
Does the prayer (ver. 58) open the way for escape from personal seeking after God?
In what way does the prayer throw the responsibility upon the people as well?
What must we be willing to do, when we offer prayer, if God is to answer?

3. *Sacrifice.*

- What tendency to display was shown in Solomon's first sacrifice? Chap. 3. 4.
How has this increased in the king, as here narrated?
What instances of a similar custom do classical literature furnish?
What was the nature of peace-offerings? See Lev. 7. 11, ff., and a commentary.
How much time do you think these festivities required? ver. 65.
What does this magnificence show concerning the wealth of the kingdom?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

The chief teaching here is of God's fidelity to his promises:

Men sin :	God remains pure.
Men forget :	God forgets nothing.
Men fail :	God fulfils every promise.
Men promise :	God receives and blesses.
Men break promises :	God is long-suffering and patient.

The secondary teaching is of man's duty:

Man ought to know that the Lord is God.
He ought to know that there is none else.
He ought to keep his heart pure.
He ought to walk as God orders.
He ought to keep God's laws.
How far short of it we all come! Let us pray Psa. 93. 12.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. As to the building of the temple, study chapter 6, and 2 Chron., chapters 3 and 4.
2. As to the wealth of the kingdom which made this possible, study 1 Kings 4. 22-28.
3. As to the preparation made by David for the temple, 1 Chron. 22. 1-5 and 11, and 1 Chron. 28. 11-21, and 29. 1-9.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For whom was the benediction in our lesson pronounced? "For the congregation of Israel." 2. What was its prayer? "That God should abide with them." 3. Why did the king make this prayer? "That the earth might know God." 4. What was the service in which king and people were engaged? "The dedication of the temple." 5. When the prayer of dedication was done, what happened? "The glory of God filled the house." 6. How does our Golden Text commemorate this fact? "The Lord is in his holy." etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Consecration.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

55. Did God create you?
Yes; he made me, both body and soul.
Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us.—Psalm 100. 3.
Job 10. 11; Numbers 16. 22; Hebrews 12. 9.

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