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WELCOME AND MAGAZINE SCHOOL

ROLPH, SMITH - CO. TORONTO

TORONTO, JUNE 29, 1889.

[No. 13.]

Vol. VII.]

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

XIII.



THE CHIEF OF MPUNGU.

THE finest view of Ujiji is to be obtained from the flat roof of one of the Arab tembes, or houses. The annexed photograph represents a view north from my tembe, which fronted the market-place. Palms and papaws, pomegranates and plantains, raise graceful branch and frond, in pleasing contrast to the gray-brown walls, enclosures, and houses.

Both Frank Pocock and myself, having eagerly looked forward with certainty to receiving a bagful of letters at this place, were much disappointed at finding none. I was about to circumnavigate the Tanganika with

my boat, and would probably be absent for two or three months. Before departing on the voyage, many affairs had to be provided for; such as the well-being of the expedition during my absence, distribution of sufficient rations, provisioning for the cruise, the engagement of guides, etc

The saucy English-built boat, which had made the acquaintance of all the bays and inlets of the Victoria Nyanza; which had been borne on the shoulders of sturdy men across the plains and through the ravines of

Unyoro, is at last afloat upon the deep-blue waters of the Tanganika. She has a consort now—a lumbering, heavy, but staunch mate—a canoe cut out from an enormous teak-tree. The canoe is called *The Meofu*, and is the property of the governor of Ujiji, who had kindly lent it to me.

The boat and her consort are ready on the 11th June, 1876. The boat's crew have been most carefully selected. They are all young, agile, faithful creatures. There is much hand-shaking, many cries of "Take care of yourselves!" and then both boat and canoe hoist sail, turning their heads along the coast to the south.

Our voyage was along the bold mountain spurs of Kawendi, forming a steep, rock-bound coast, indented at frequent intervals with calm, pool-like bays, and their heights clothed with solemn woods. We coasted along land familiar to me from my journey, with Livingstone, to Urimba. I sallied out the next day over ground which I looked upon with reverence. The exact place covered by our little tent—only six feet square of land—was hallowed by associations of an intercourse which will never, never be repeated.

Though the mountains of Marungu are steep, rugged, and craggy, the district is surprisingly

populous. Though the chasms and great canons with which the mountains are sometimes cleft, we saw the summits of other high mountains fully 2,500 feet above the lake, occupied by villages. Mount Murumbi, 2,000 feet above the lake, is a striking feature of the coast.

The Waguba, along whose country we voyaged, are an unusually ceremonious people. The art of coiffeur is better known here than in any other portion of Africa east of Lake Tanganika. The "waterfall" and "back-hair" styles are superb, and the constructions are fastened with carved wooden or iron pins.

The mountains seem to be dissolving in tears, for through every ravine, or cleft, or gap, or chasm, or rift, streams roll with impetuous course to the lake. Wherever foothold is obtained on a square-browed hill, terrace, or slope, cultivated fields and villages are seen; while on either side of them the cliffs drop sheer to profound depths.

Coasting along the south-end of Burton Gulf, so named after Captain Richard Francis Burton, the commander of the Burton and Speke Expedition, which first discovered Lake Tanganika, we lowered our sail, and inquired the names of the various rivers, villages, points, and countries. On coming

near a village, we were warned away by the Wabembe, who are most inimical to strangers. Wishing to test how far this hostile spirit would proceed, we continued to advance upon the shore. From wild gestures—such as striking the ground with their spears—they took to throwing stones of such large size as might well be termed dangerous missiles.

Motioning a halt, we calmly surveyed the natives. Not a word, gesture, or movement on our part indicated either resentment or pleasure, until the natives



UJIFI LOOKING NORTH FROM THE MARKET-PLACE.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

ceased their furious demonstrations. We then informed them that we would have nothing to say to such wild people, who at the sight of strangers showed such foolish fury.

On the 31st we arrived at Ujiji, after an absence of fifty-one days, during which time we had sailed, without disaster or illness, a distance of over eight hundred and ten miles. The entire coast line of the Tanganika is about nine hundred and thirty miles.

The cheery view of the port lent strength to our arms. An animating boat-song was struck up, the sounds of which—carried far on the shore—announced that a proud, joyous crew was returning homeward. Our Wangwana hurry to the beach to welcome us. The usual congratulations follow—hand-shaking, smiles, and expressions. Frank, however, is pale and sickly; a muffer is round his neck, and he wears a greatcoat. He looks very different from the strong, hearty man, to whom I gave the charge of the camp during my absence. In a few words he informs me of his sufferings from the fever of Ujiji

"I am so glad you have come, sir. I was beginning to feel very depressed. I have been down several times with severe attacks of the horrible fever; and people are dying round me so fast that I was beginning to think I must soon die too. Now I am all right, and shall soon get strong again."

The news, when told to me in detail, was grievous. Five of our Wangwana were dead from small-pox. Among the Arab slaves—neither inoculated nor vaccinated—the mortality had been excessive from this fearful pest. At Rosako, I had foreseen some such event as this, and had vaccinated, as I had thought, all hands; but it transpired, on inquiry now, that there were several who had not responded to the call, through some silly prejudice against it. The Arabs were dismayed at the pest, and its dreadful havoc among their families and slaves. Every house was full of mourning and woe. The mortality was now from fifty to seventy-five daily, among a population of about three thousand. Frank had been assiduous in his assistance to our friends. He had elevated himself in their opinion by his devotion and sympathy, until sickness had laid its heavy hand on him.

To escape the effect of the epidemic, it was necessary to move and resume our journey westward. The Wangwana were therefore ordered to prepare, and my last letters were written; but, though I hoped to be ready on the 17th to strike camp, I was attacked by a serious fever. This delayed me until the evening of the 25th.

When on the morning of the 25th August, the drum and bugle announced that our travels were to be resumed, I had cause to congratulate myself that I had foreseen that many desertions would take place, and that I was prepared in a measure for it, having discarded many superfluities. But I was not prepared to hear that thirty-eight men had deserted. I was also told by some of the chiefs of the expedition, who were almost beside themselves with fear, that this wholesale desertion threatened an entire and complete dissolution of our force; that many more would desert *en route* to Kabogo, as the people were demoralized by the prospect of being eaten by Manyema cannibals. As neither Frank nor I relished the idea of being compelled to return to Zanzibar before we had obtained a view of the Lualaba, I mustered as many as would answer to their names, and, out of these, selecting such as appeared unstable and flighty, I secured thirty-two, and surrounded our house with guards.

After preparing the canoes, and getting the boat

ready, those who did not bear a good character for firmness and fidelity, were conducted under guard to the transport canoes. Out of the one hundred and thirty-two men of whom the expedition now consisted, only thirty were entrusted with guns, as my faith in the stability of the Wangwana was utterly destroyed, despite their protestations to the contrary. I could afford to lose weak, fearful, and unworthy men, but I could not afford to lose one gun. Though we had such a show of strength left, I was only too conscious that there were barely forty reliable and effective in a crisis, or in the presence of danger; the rest were merely useful as bearers of burdens, or porters. Four others soon after also deserted.

(To be continued.)

Every Eye Shall See Him.

THE Bible tells about the request of Moses to see the glory of God. It gives also his reply: "Thou canst not see my face; for there shall no man see me and live."

The glory of God is so great that no man could look upon it. And yet there are many people who speak very lightly of him; using his name profanely, or irreverently—even blaspheming in the most daring manner. If they realized the solemn truth which God declared to Moses, surely they would not speak and act in this manner.

The Emperor Trajan once said to Rabbi Joshua: "You say that your God is everywhere, and you boast that he dwells especially in your nation (the Jews). Show me your God."

"God is everywhere," answered the rabbi, "but he cannot be seen. No mortal eye can behold his glory."

The Emperor still insisted that the rabbi show him his God.

"Well, come and look first on one of his ambassadors."

The Emperor assented.

Out, under the noonday sun—which was shining very brightly—the rabbi led the Emperor, and bade him look upon the sun.

"I cannot," said the Emperor; "it blinds my eyes."

"Thou canst not bear the light of one of God's creations and servants; how, now, couldest thou behold his face and live?"

When you are next inclined to speak lightly or profanely of God, I ask you to go forth and look upon the face of the sun, and remember this is only one of the ten thousand servants of this kind which he has created by the word of his power. Remember, too, that you shall one day behold their Creator, and shall answer for all your words and deeds. Every word you speak is in the hearing of his excellent majesty. Every act you perform is under his eye. Should not our words and deeds, therefore, be carefully ordered before him?

This thought has a most joyous, as well as a solemn side, to his own children. The Lord Jesus wants to prepare us for an eternal dwelling in the presence of God. We cannot now see him and live. But if we have faith in him, and are faithful to him; if his grace is at work in our hearts—then he is preparing us for standing forever in his presence. "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

A CERTAIN little fellow has a very lively tongue, and recently, when guests were to be at the table, his elder brother bribed him with a nickel to be still. After ten minutes of silence, the little boy whispered: "Arthur—Arthur—mayn't I talk a cent's worth?"

Bridget McFlinn in the Alley.

BY FANNIE BOLTON.

"I wint down the alley," said Bridget McFlinn, "And a poor place it was for me fate to be in; For the glimpse that I got of the people's back doors, Of the ashes and palens and babes on the floor, Of the men wid the pipes sending up sich a smoke, Ye'd think that the pigs and the poultry might choke. And the smell of the place, and the oaths and the din, Sure the angels would never be made to come in, Since it even disgusted poor Bridget McFlinn."

"Oh! the looks of thim windows, wid niver a blind To kape out the glances of eyes too unkind. Sure I saw at one window, forgivin' the dirt, A woman and child weepin' there wid a hurt, And a scared face it was pressed so close to the pane, Wid the tears streamin' down like the thick drops of rain; And a man wid a face all discoloured and big, Wid not more intelligence there than a pig."

"And the cries of the childer, and looks of thim all— Sure there's nothing more certain to me than the fall. Ough! even the childer were stained, and so wild Wid the sin of the fathers, the looks of a child Was gone from each brow, and a bad look instead Jist fell on me heart like a piece of hot lead. And I thought, perhaps, to wash thim within and without Wid some pure running water, would change thim about; Wid the filth is so deep that I prayed in despair, While me tears began falling to ease me heart's care."

"But at last up the alley I saw the saloon— The plague of the alley—I thought I should swoon. The odours breathed out like the hot mouth of hell And the childer went dipping their jugs in its well, And coming and running, and sipping and blinking, I saw the whole alley were given to drinking. And out of that reservoir, filthy with sin, Flowed the rivers of fire that entered widin Every home, every heart, every soul in the place, And I pointed and cried, 'There's the fount of disgrace!'"

"Ough! the laughter, and wailing, and cursing rose up, As they drank the vile dregs of each sin-poisoned cup. There were tears of mad hearts in thim sobs of despair, There was even the blood of poor souls mingled there; And they roared and they cursed, and they laughed, as I know

The demons of murder and hate laugh at woe, And I ran from the alley and the hot breath of sin, As if demons were after," said Bridget McFlinn.

To Boys Concerning Business.

BE on hand promptly in the morning at your place of business, and make it a point never to be late, and perform cheerfully every duty.

Be respectful to your employers, and to all in authority over you; and be polite to everyone. Politeness costs nothing, and it will help you wonderfully in getting on in the world.

And, above all, be honest and truthful. The boy who starts in life with a sound mind in a sound body; who falls into no bad habits; who is honest, truthful, and industrious; who remembers with grateful love his father and mother; and who does not grow away from his church and Sabbath-school, has qualities of mind and heart that will insure him success to a remarkable degree, even though he is endowed with only ordinary mental capacity; for honour, truth, and industry are more than genius.

Don't be foppish in your dress, and don't buy anything before you have the money to pay for it; and do not buy what you CAN pay for but do not need.

Shun billiard saloons and bad company; and be careful how you spend the evenings.

Cultivate a taste for reading, and read only good books. With a love for reading, you will find in books friends ever true, and full of cheer in time of gloom, and sweet companionship for lonely hours. Other friends may grow cold, and forsake you, but books are always the same.

And in closing, boys, I would say again, that with truth, honesty, and industry, and a living faith in God, you will succeed.—Selected.

Canada—Present and Future.

BY ROBERT AWDE.

FAIR CANADA, thou Queen of Lands! a vision comes to me,
A dream of future glory of thy greatness yet to be,
When thou within thy amplitudes of Forest, Prairie, Plain,
Shalt hold a hundred millions of our Anglo-Saxon strain;
Thy Mineral Lands in precious ores are rich beyond compare;
Thy matchless Lakes, with Islands gemmed, yield scenes surpassing fair;
Thy Forests vast of wealth untold exceed man's fondest dream;
And all thy Lakes and Streams and Shores with Fish abundant teem.

Sleek Cattle graze in pastures green, or rest beneath the shade
Of lovely Trees whose sheltering arms form bowers by Nature made;
Rich Fruits of almost every kind mature beneath thy sky:
And grateful Flora lends her charms to please the cultured eye.
Rich fields of Golden Grain now wave, where erst was prairie land,
And grateful Nature freely yields her wealth on every hand;
Eager to show how she enjoys the stirring of the soil,
She fills the barns of him who gives the needed care and toil.

I see vast trains of Emigrants, with keen and anxious gaze,
Look on thy thriving husbandmen, and hope for happier days—
When they, like thousands they behold, shall own fair, fertile Farms,
And multiply, by skill and care, the landscape's thousand charms.
Here trees shall fall; there others grow, now strangers to the clime;
Their Mills and Factories shall yield their fabrics in due time.
A thousand busy Industries shall flourish in thy vales;
And Goods from these, to foreign lands, shall go in ponderous bales.

Thou hast for these and kindred Arts resources yet untold,
Thousands of miles of Anthracite, as precious e'en as gold.
Blest Country—blessed People—thine with such vast mines of wealth;
A climate, too, that gives thy sons a manhood crowned with health.
Wise men and great shall boast of thee, and bless thee for their birth;
I see their names enrolled among the highest of the earth.
Proud Nations that have heard thy fame shall send their sons to thee—
Thou land of Britain's noblest sons—fair CANADA, the free!

I see thee with one language, from east to western sea,
Thy citizens united all in love and loyalty;
All race distinctions blended in a grand harmonious whole—
A self-dependent people that rejects outside control;
That does their own deep thinking, and seeks the common good;
That holds the patriotic tie as dear as that of blood;
That guards and keeps the heritage our fathers won, e'en these
Freedom of Worship, Speech, and Vote—our British liberties.

I see vast Halls of Commerce rise, and Art her temples rear;
Thine handmaid Education, win her noblest trophies here.
Great Colleges of learning shine with lustre all their own—
And thou as now still lovingly attached to England's throne.
I see thee in the coming years—no timid maiden thou—
Enriched by Art and Science, with their chaplet on thy brow,
Amongst the nations shining, like a bright and northern star,
Attracting millions to thy shores who see thy light afar.

There's naught in Federation to impede thy onward course,
But much to help the promptings of a mighty, inward force;
Inspiring and uniting all the best traits of our race,
And bringing in the golden age—the crowning year of grace:
I see thy mighty Cities, and I fancy I can hear
The music of the millions, in an anthem loud and clear,
As it fills thy sacred temples, as its echoes roll and rise
To the ear of the Eternal, in the temple of the skies.

In rich and deep thanksgiving for our fair and fruitful fields;
For the blessings out of number this fair Dominion yields;
For the Christ and His salvation! Heaven's greatest, richest boon;

For our glorious British Empire, having reached its golden noon.

I see thee with majestic mien thy Southern brother greet,
As one in heart ye lay the palm of victory at the feet
Of Him whose right it is to reign; and this I hear you say—
"In His name, Federation with Great Britain—hail the day!"

Toronto, April 17th, 1889.

A Boy's Sacrifice.

BY M. V. M.

HE gave all he had! Did ever a saint do more?
And yet Mortimer was not a saint; he was only a healthy, right-minded boy, with a conscience in good working order.

Mortimer was a minister's son, who had listened to his father's sermons to some effect. You see there was the quiet preaching of every-day life, the tender, loving thoughtfulness in little things: the always putting God first, which means so much more than the most eloquent sermons can ever mean; and so it was not at all strange that the thoughtful boy very early in life put himself over into the hands of his father's and mother's God. Not that he was ever out of those merciful hands. Oh, no! but he chose for himself to live as though he knew and believed in his relationship to the great Father.

Now, while Mortimer was a conscientious, obedient boy, he had one trait in his character which often troubled his parents very much. With every year of life this trait was growing stronger and stronger; and the watchful mother—who had faithfully warned and taught her boy—could only watch and pray and wait for the Lord himself to cure her darling's fault.

Do you wonder what the fault was? He loved money. He loved it dearly! From a very small child he had hoarded up his pennies; and as soon as he was able to earn small sums, he was ready to leave his play at any time, and to do anything, so that he might add a few pennies to his store.

Spend his money for candies? Not Mortimer! It was all he could bear to give a cent of his hard-won money to the Lord; and he used to wonder in his secret heart why the Lord, who owned every thing—"the gold and the silver, and the cattle on a thousand hills," his mother said—couldn't let a poor little boy keep his money until he grew rich enough to give something worth while!

Mortimer was about fourteen years of age when he gave his heart to the Lord, and it was nearly two years later when he began to listen with his heart to what he heard about giving up his own plans and ways of life, and just depending wholly upon the heavenly Father's love and care and direction. Perhaps you think that is all very well for old people or sick people, but that for a boy to just give himself up to the Lord in that wholesale way would be a strange and unnatural thing.

But the truth is, there is no other right and natural way of life, and Mortimer was just beginning to see this. He had his plans and ambitions in life, and when he looked the matter of belonging entirely to the Lord full in the face, he saw that his darling plan in life was to be a rich man. He thought he could see just how to do it; and as he thought how much good he could do with his money he said, "It cannot be the Lord wants me to give this up!"

But light kept coming to him more and more clear, until he was able to see that this love of money was a worm eating; at the very roots of his life, and with a great effort Mortimer gave it all

up, and said, "Here, Lord, I love thee more than I love my money or my plans. Thou shalt have all, and I give myself to thee to be guided in all things."

Then a great peace came into his boy-heart.

When the prayer-meeting came, Mortimer was in his place. At the right time he rose, and told the story simply of his struggle and the peace that followed, and then he said:

"Now I have given myself and my money to the Lord, and I have brought the money with me to-night to pass it over to the church to use for the Lord's work. I do this gladly, because I love my Lord more than I love my money."

When the treasurer of the church came to count Mortimer's store, he found it amounted to a little more than one hundred dollars! Mortimer had given his all to the Lord!

If he had been a millionaire, and had given all, how the world would have wondered! But was the sacrifice any less than if the sum had been far greater?

And now Mortimer is preparing to do the Lord's work, and is proving how the Lord can care for those who give all to him.

The Little Wheedler.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

"THERE never was a grandma half so good!"

He whispered, while beside her chair he stood!

And laid his rosy cheek

With manner very meek,

Against her dear old face, in loving mood.

"There never was a nicer grandma born!

I know some little boys must be forlorn

Because they've none like you;

I wonder what I'd do

Without a grandma's kisses night and morn?

"There never was a dearer grandma—there!

He kissed her and he smoothed her snow-white hair.

Then fixed her ruffled cap

And nestled in her lap,

While grandma, smiling, rocked her old arm-chair.

"When I'm a man, what lots to you I'll bring,

A horse and carriage and a watch and ring.

All grandmas are so nice!

(Just here he kissed her twice,)

All grandmas give a boy most everything!"

Before his dear old grandma could reply,

This boy looked up, and with a roguish eye,

Then whispered in her ear,

That nobody might hear:

"Say, grandma, have you any more mince pie?"

He Would Not Use it for Toothache.

LITTLE Johnnie, a boy of only seven years, was troubled a great deal with toothache. His mother told him to stand by the fire and heat a rag very hot, and put it often to his face, which helped to stop the pain. When the ache was very bad he used toothache drops. One day in the fall, when the weather was very dull and damp, Johnny got cold, and a severe spell of toothache came on. His face swelled, and for several days he was very unhappy. He was visiting his grandmother at the time, who felt very sorry for the little boy. She wanted to help him, so one day she took a piece of soft cotton, and, dipping it in the brandy bottle, was about to put in the little boy's tooth; but he spied the label on the bottle, he smelled the stuff in it, and became quite excited, crying out: "Oh! no, grandma! I cannot put that in my mouth. I'd rather suffer with the toothache awhile longer. I will not break my pledge, for I have often said, with the other boys and girls in our school:

"Into my mouth shall never come
Gin, brandy, whiskey, wine, or rum."

Was he not a very honest and a very brave little boy?—*Water Lily.*

Child's Ministry.

"AND a little child shall lead them,"
Oh, the sweetness of a word!
In the grand millennial glory,
Ere the coming of our Lord.

Little children shall be helpers,
Sharers, too, in all the joy;
Gracious words their lips shall utter,
Gracious deeds their hands employ.

In those latter days of splendour,
As of old in Galilee,
Christ, the Lord, will welcome children,
Love's sweet ministers to be.

Work there is for old disciples,
"Feed my lambs," Christ says to them:
But the little ones he'll cherish,
Childish love he'll ne'er contemn.

Welcome, then, dear little workers,
Bringing Christ your youth's rich dew.
If, till death, you're true and faithful,
Crowns unfading wait for you.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 29, 1889.

What "Six Sermons Did."

If a good deed shines in this wicked world like a candle in the darkness, a good book shines as a light-house.

When Dr. Lyman Beecher published his "Six Sermons on Intemperance," he thought they might do a little good work in Connecticut; but the "Sermons" have wrought great deeds among all English-speaking peoples.

A copy of the "Sermons" found their way into the house of a drunken Scotch cobbler—James Stirling, of Milngavie. One Saturday night, on returning home from the public-house, where he had been carousing, he overheard his wife reading, as her custom was, a chapter of the New Testament, to the children.

The chapter was the twenty-fifth of Matthew, in which is the parable of our Lord concerning the separating the sheep from the goats.

"Will father be a goat, mother?" asked the youngest boy, looking up into his mother's face. The poor woman was bewildered by the boy's question; but the drunken father, who had overheard it, was struck with shame and remorse.

He tossed upon his bed that night, and slept but little, for his heart was troubled. The next day, being ashamed to go to church, he stayed at home. Seeking for some book to read, that he might get

away from himself, he discovered the "Six Sermons on Intemperance." He read them; they seemed to have been written for him alone. Then and there he formed the resolution to drink neither beer nor spirits.

He attended a temperance meeting a few nights later, and publicly signed the pledge. Off ran one of his sons as fast as his legs could carry him, to his sick mother, with the news.

"Mother!" he shouted, as he rushed to the bed-side, "father has just put down his name, and the minister has put down his name, and they are all putting down their names!"

"Thank God!" exclaimed the mother. Her tears stopped her doxology. "If he has signed, he'll keep it," she added.

"Yes, he'll keep it," and her face flushed with the dawn of better days. "I'll sign it, too, and ye must all sign it, for the set time to favour us has come."

It had come. From that evening Stirling worked with diligence at his trade, and with enthusiasm to promote the cause of temperance and religion.

A Night and a Day at Bella Bella.

THE night referred to was last Christmas Eve. The missionary steamer, *Glad Tidings*, in charge of Captain Oliver, with his crew, and passengers on board from Victoria, steamed into the harbour at eleven p.m. As soon as they hove in view of the village they were cheered by a sight which is not to be seen anywhere in British Columbia, perhaps, but at the mission stations of the Port Simpson District. The whole village—which skirts the shore of the bay—was illuminated. Every house belonging to the Indians had its windows lighted up—and in some cases lanterns were hung outside the doors.

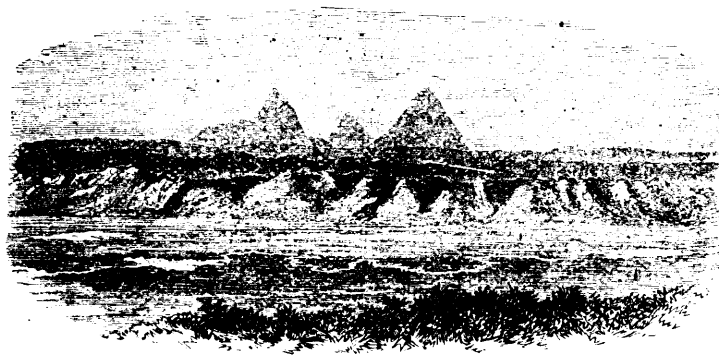
A band of carol-singers, who had learnt several hymns and Gospel songs during the previous weeks from their missionary, were going from door to door throughout the entire village, singing their inspired pieces, aided partially by a brass band, the performers having only been in practice for about a month, and without the luxury of a teacher or the knowledge of musical notation.

As Captain Oliver afterwards said, to hear the strains of those Christian songs wafted across the harbour, as they cast anchor, was enough to fill one's heart with joy—especially when the character of both singers and songs were taken into account.

It might be of interest to mention the title or first line of the pieces sung. They were as follows: "My heart and voice I raise to spread Messiah's praise," "Are you coming home, ye wanderers?" "Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?" "Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?" "Why do you wait, dear brother?" etc.; and another, which they had learnt before, "How beautiful upon the mountains," etc.

The night being fine and clear, formed a fitting prelude to the religious services of next day, when Brothers Oliver and Robinson preached to large congregations. To witness such a scene brought forcibly to one's mind Charles Wesley's beautiful rendering of Isaiah xxxv. 1:

"Hark! the wastes have found a voice,
Lonely deserts now rejoice;
Glad some hallelujahs sing,
All around with praises ring."



VIEW OF UFUMBIRO MOUNTAINS.

Short Sermons for Boys.

Most boys and girls do not like sermons—they say they are too long for their highnesses. Perhaps they may like these short sermons. They will give food to think over, and must not be read too hastily:—

A Swedish boy fell out of a window, and was badly hurt, but, with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The King—Gustavus Adolphus—who saw him fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's house, in Tyrol, with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist, Titian.

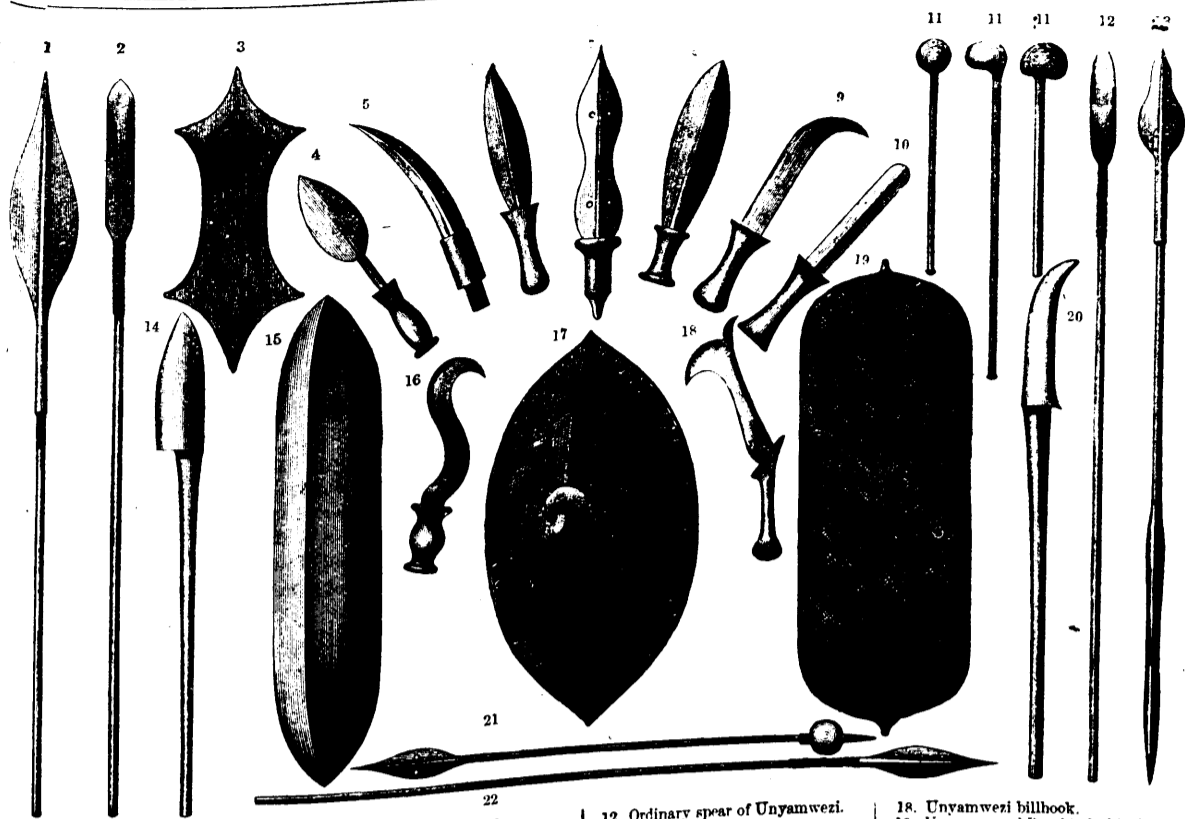
An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings on his pots and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

Do you know what these little sermons mean? Why simply this: That in boyhood and girlhood are shown the traits for good or evil, that make the man or woman good or not.

CHATHAM STREET and Sydenham Street, Kingston, report Boys' Mission Bands. We note this as a most promising result of the missionary work in our churches. The boys waked up to an interest in missions! It may be some of these dear boys are to be called to the foreign field, or to do valiant work in our own beloved land. And, if not to be in that sense—missionaries or preachers—they are to take their places in the ranks of Christian citizenship to work for God, as merchants, lawyers, doctors, legislators, or else. How much the country needs men of God to carry the principles of the precious Gospel of Christ into every sphere of life! Dear boys and girls of our churches, Sunday-schools, and mission-bands! What an army of Christian workers for the future! May we awake to the full importance of moulding these tender minds and hearts into sympathy and love for every good word and work, that the nation we are helping to build may indeed be one "whose God is the Lord."—*Outlook*.

ONE does not need to try hard to be good. Simply do not, in the least degree, let yourselves be bad. That is sometimes hard to do, for there are a great many things that tempt children and grown people to do wrong; then both grown people and children must ask God to fight the battle, and he will surely do it and win, if they will stand "on the Lord's side."



1. East Manyema spear.
2. Urundi, Karagwe, and Uhha spear.
3. Unyoro shield.
4. Uregga knife.
5. Rua knife.

6. Unyama and Usoga knife.
7. Manyema knife.
8. Uregga knife.
9. Uganda knife.
10. Ukerewé knife.
11. Clubs and walking stick.

12. Ordinary spear of Unyamwezi.
13. Uregga spear.
14. Uganda machete.
15. Manyema shield.
16. Uhyeya billhook.
17. Uganda shield.

18. Unyamwezi billhook.
19. Usongora and Bumbireh shield.
20. Usongora and Bumbireh machete.
21. Manyema spear.
22. Uganda spear.

A Jewish Legend.

WHEN the first passover drew near,
Which darkened Egypt's land with fear,
A young and gentle Hebrew maid
Was on a bed of sickness laid,
And to her hot and fevered brain
An anxious thought gave added pain.

And oft in restless tones she cried:
"Oh, father, is the blood applied
Upon the door and lintel high,
That bids the angel pass us by?
I am the eldest born you know;
On me would fall the fatal blow."

They tried to soothe her troubled thought,
With the assurance that she sought;
And strove with every tender art,
To calm and ease her frightened heart;
But still her cry came like a prayer,
"Say, are you sure the blood is there?"

Her father lifted her at last,
And o'er the threshold with her passed,
That she herself the door might view.
No blood was there! Her fears were true!
The midnight hour was passing by,
And death's stern messenger drew nigh.

"Bring me the blood!" the sick girl said.
Her childish voice rang sharp with dread.
They brought it at her quick command;
She dipped in it her thin white hand,
And stroked the lintel and the door
Just as the angel passed before.

A moment there in doubt he stood,
And looked upon the undried blood;
Then passed along his death-marked way,
While safe, though weak, the maiden lay.
Held closely to her father's breast,
And smiled her thanks for peace and rest.

Oh, careless children of to-day!
How many of you all can say,
You know the saving blood is there?
How many strive in anxious prayer,
Till doubt and fear and deep distress
Give place to peace and blessedness.

If you would lift me, you must be on higher ground. If you would liberate me, you must be free. If you would correct my false views of facts, hold up to me the same facts in the true order of thought.

"The Saloon Has No Rights."

THE time has not come when a just and wholesome law will be permitted to remain as a dead letter; but the time is fast approaching when the insolence and lawlessness of the saloon will be effectually suppressed. A sentiment in that direction is rapidly developing, and nothing has done more to quicken it than the saloon itself.

Its disregard for law, its arrogance, its lobbying in legislative halls, and dictating to conventions and caucuses, have done more than all else to create a sentiment against it that will control or suppress it altogether. It should consider that it has no claim on the public at all. It has no part of legitimate industry; it has no place in commercial prosperity. It exists in opposition to all principles of industrial and commercial interests. The people have the highest right recognizable to suppress it entirely—the right of self-protection. For the saloon to talk of its rights is foolish. It has none. It exists by sufferance, and there is nothing on which it can base a claim for protection.

It is an industry which weakens everything it touches; one that adds nothing to individual or national prosperity, but is a heavy burden upon both. The revenue it yields is too insignificant, compared to the tax it makes necessary, to speak of.—*Chicago Current.*

A True Gentleman.

WHEN you have in truth found a man, you have not far to go to find a gentleman. You cannot make a gold ring out of brass; you cannot change a Cape May crystal to a diamond; you cannot make a gentleman till you first find a man.

To be a gentleman, it is not sufficient to have had a grandfather; to be a gentleman, does not depend on the tailor or the toilet. Blood will degenerate; good clothes are not good habits. The Prince Lee Boo concluded that the hog was the only gentleman in England, as being the only thing that did not labour.

A gentleman is just a gentleman—no more, no less—a diamond polished, that was first a diamond in the rough. A gentleman is gentle; a gentleman is modest; a gentleman is courteous; a gentleman

is slow to take offence, as being one that never gives it; a gentleman is slow to surmise evil, as being one that never thinks it; a gentleman subjects his appetites; a gentleman refines his taste; a gentleman subdues his feelings; a gentleman controls his speech; a gentleman deems every other better than himself.

Sir Philip Sydney was never so much of a gentleman—mirror though he was of English knighthood—as when, upon the field of Zutphen, as he lay in his own blood, he waived the draught of cold spring water, that was to quench his mortal thirst, in favour of a dying soldier.

St. Paul described a gentleman when he exhorted the Philippian Christians "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think of these things."

And Dr. Isaac Barrow, in his admirable sermon "On the Callings of a Gentleman," says: "He should labour and study to be a leader unto virtue, and a noble promoter thereof; directing and exciting men thereto by his exemplary conversation, encouraging them by his countenance and authority,

rewarding the goodness of meaner people by his bounty and favour. He should be such a gentleman as Noah, who preached righteousness by his words and works before a profane world."—*Bishop Doane.*

"I Go to Sunday-School."

An old lady, being very poor, thought she would go and live with her daughter, hoping that she was better off and could help her. On her way, a boy begged to carry her box, for two pennies, saying that his folks were starving at home. When they arrived at her daughter's it was quite dark, and she, through mistake, gave the boy a half-crown, and had only two pennies left. She found her daughter and children in a state of starvation, and she gave her the two pennies to get something for the children to eat, and went to bed without supper, hoping that God would provide for the morrow.

In the early morning, a tap was heard at the door, which the daughter opened, and a boy rather bluntly said:—

"Didn't I bring a box here last night for an old woman?"

"Yes, you did."

"Where is she?"

"Upstairs."

"Tell her to come down—I want to see her."

The old woman soon made her appearance, when the boy said:

"Missus, do you know you gave me a half-crown instead of a penny last night? Because you did, and I have brought it back. Here it is."

"Yes, my lad, I did, and I am very much obliged to you for bringing it back. But I want to know how you came to do so, for I thought you told me you were starving at home."

"Yes; we are very bad off," said the boy, brightening up as he spoke; "but I go to Sunday-school, and I love Jesus, and I could not be dishonest."

OUR best actions are often those of which we are unconscious. But this can never be unless we are always yearning to do good.

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Canada.*

HURRAH! hurrah! for Canada,
Her woods and valleys green;
Hurrah for dear Old England!
Hurrah for England's Queen!
Good ships be on her waters,
Firm friends upon her shores,
Peace, peace within her borders,
And plenty in her stores.
Then hurrah! hurrah! for Canada,
Her woods and valleys green;
Hurrah for dear Old England,
Hurrah for England's Queen!

Right loyally we're singing,
To all nations make it known,
That we love the land we live in,
And our Queen upon the throne!
Long may the sons of Canada
Continue as they've been,
True to their native country,
And faithful to their Queen!
Then hurrah! hurrah! for Canada, etc.

The Maple Leaf Forever!*

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag,
On Canada's fair domain;
Here may it wave our boast—our pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwined,
The Maple Leaf forever!
The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever!

On Merry England's far-famed land
May kind Heaven sweetly smile;
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle.
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forests quiver,
God save our Queen, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!
The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf forever!

Teachers' Department.**That Word—"Power."**

BY LILIAN PAYSON.

THE subject of the chapel-meeting was effectual prayer, and one of the Bible illustrations read was found in the thirty-second chapter of Genesis. The reader paused as he finished the sentence, "As a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." After a moment, he added, with great earnestness in his tones:

"The word 'power,' brethren, means a great deal to me. You know I am a machinist, working at the factory all day. We have plenty of good machinery, all in fine order, well oiled, and men enough to guide it. But what do you suppose we could accomplish without the power—without the steam—which enables us to set all the bands and wheels in motion? Yes, 'power' is a great word with us machinists. We're always comparing notes with each other, when we meet, about the 'power' which we use. Now, as I look at it, if prayer is the power which we Christians are to use in our work for the Master, it is a very important matter that we should be much in prayer. The more prayer, the larger results, it seems to me.

"There's another thought, brethren. You know we often put up a sign like this: 'Room to let, with power.' We are willing to share our steam-engine with others, provided it is powerful enough. Now, that seems to me, in one view of it, like an

illustration of social prayer. There is a loss of power unless we meet often, and stir up each other's minds and hearts by united prayer."

As I passed on my way home from the chapel, thinking over these and other earnest words which had been said, I saw a long train move out of the railway station. Power again, I thought. Everything about that train might be in perfect order—not a screw loose. Yet of what avail, if there were no steam? The locomotive itself is utterly helpless to perform its herculean task unless the power be there to press upon the piston.

May not these thoughts have special application to Sunday-school workers? It is hardly possible that any Christian should undertake to teach a class in Sunday-school without prayer. Yet are there many who are so burdened as to rise in the night to pray for their scholars? I knew one such, and she lived to see every member of a very large class brought to the Saviour at length—although it was many years before the last one yielded.

But the answer will not always come in this wise. I heard, not long ago, of a young teacher who took as her motto, "My whole class for Jesus." Her prayers were a power, indeed. But God, in answering, took her home to heaven, and thus brought an influence to bear upon the class which resulted in the conversion of every individual.

No doubt there is in reality much prayer offered in secret by Sunday-school teachers. But is there enough social prayer? Is there not a loss of "power" here?

A pastor, not long ago, was talking with several prominent Sunday-school workers from different parts of the country. He mentioned to them that it was the custom in his church to hold monthly meetings in the chapel, to pray for the Sunday-school. The teachers of his school also had been in the habit of gathering under the lead of the superintendent, at the close of the school session, and spending fifteen minutes in prayer for God's blessing upon the seed which they had been trying to sow. The results were seen in additions to the church from the members of the school.

These were new ideas to those who listened. They were interested at once, and said they had never before heard of any church where such plans had been carried out.

Might there not be an augmentation of power, and so larger and more blessed results in conversion of souls, if other churches should follow the example of this one? An incident, which occurred not far from Boston, may prove significant in this connection, carrying its own application with it.

Three little girls, while playing in a large, unoccupied room, entered a closet, the door of which accidentally shut fast. They could not open it from within. For a moment they were alarmed, till one of them said:

"I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll all pray, and then we'll all push."

They repeated the Lord's Prayer together; then all pushed, and the door flew open.

Here was united prayer and united effort. Who shall say that the pushing would have been effectual without the prayer? The children, at least, would not have received such a suggestion with approval. And did not our Lord himself set a little child in the midst of his disciples as an example to them?

GRANDMOTHER was eating some berries from a saucer, and walked about, holding them so high that baby could not tell what they were. Finally she brought a chair, saying, "Grandma, you are tired; sit down."

The King's Daughter.

SHE wears no jewels upon hand or brow;
No badge by which she may be known of men;
But, though she walk in plain attire now,
She is a daughter of the King, and when
Her Father calls her at his throne to wait
She will be clothed as doth befit her state.

Her Father sent her in his land to dwell,
Giving to her a work that must be done;
And since the King loves all his people well,
Therefore she, too, cares for them, every one.
Thus when she stoops to lift from want and sin,
The brighter shines her royalty therein.

She walks erect through dangers manifold,
While many sink and fall on either hand;
She heeds not summer's heat nor winter's cold,
For both are subject to the King's command;
She need not be afraid of anything
Because she is the daughter of the King!

Even where the angel comes that men call Death—
And name with terror—it appals not her;
She turns to look at him with quickened breath,
Thinking, "It is the royal messenger!"
Her heart rejoices that her Father calls
Her back to live within the palace walls.

For though the land she dwells in is most fair,
Set round with streams, like pictures in a frame,
Yet often in her heart deep longings are
For that "imperial palace" whence she came;
Not perfect quite seems any earthly thing,
Because—she is a daughter of the King!

What it Costs.

THE *Belleville Intelligencer* says: "Few drinking men appreciate the amount they spend annually. One Saturday night lately, a carpenter was complaining of 'hard times.' Being a moderate drinker, he was asked if he had any idea what liquor and tobacco cost him annually, to which he replied that he had no idea; but it did not cost him much, as he was a moderate drinker. Being pinned down to the sum paid by him during the past week, he replied that, having been working, the week was lighter than usual. On Monday he expended 15 cents in tobacco. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, he did not drink. On Thursday he expended 25 cents. Friday 30 cents, and on Saturday 50 cents, in liquor; laying in another 15 cent supply of tobacco. A computation on the above basis shows that the money thus uselessly spent would, if saved, purchase at the end of the year: Three barrels of flour, 100 pounds sugar, 10 pounds tea, 1 box raisins, 13 pounds currants, 50 pounds oatmeal, 5 gallons syrup, 40 bars soap, 10 pounds starch, 4 boxes biscuits, 1 bushel dried apples, 25 pound prunes (best) 1 jar mustard, 4 pounds assorted spices, baking-powder, and cream tartar; 50 pounds granulated sugar, 5 bags potatoes, 1 barrel apples, 2 quarters beef, 1 ham, 2 pounds coffee. Besides which, he could treat his family to a daily paper every day in the year, and have 85 cents left with which to purchase candies for the children."

THE Rev. Thomas Crosby and wife left for their North-West home, on the Pacific Coast, in the early part of April. Bro. Crosby goes to resume charge of the *Glad Tidings*, in which he will sail up and down the Coast, and among the islands, proclaiming "The old, old story" to the scattered bands of Indians. This is a new departure on the part of the Missionary Society, in order to reach many who are not favoured with a resident missionary. If the venture depends upon the push and devotion of the missionary its success is a foregone conclusion. Their two daughters remain in Toronto, and are attending school.—*Outlook*.

*Patriotic Songs sung by the City School Children at the unveiling of the Ryerson Statue, Toronto, on the Queen's Birthday.

A Child's Tear.

"My home—yes, it's bright and clean, sir,
And I'll tell how it came to pass;
It was'n't my work or doing at all—
It's all due to that little lass.

"I was going straight down to hell, sir,
And all through the curse of the drink;
How I treated poor Mary, my wife, sir,
God knows I can't bear to think.

"I didn't know as I loved her
Till the wild dark night she died,
When I found her lying so cold and still,
And that new-born child by her side.

"The little lass, she has grown, sir—
Last June she was eight years old;
And what she has been to me, sir,
Can never on earth be told.

"When a kid, there was no one to mind her
But a woman as lived next door;
And she being given to drink, too,
Let her fall one day on the floor.

"And ever since, the poor creatur'
Has been lame with a crooked knee;
So I'd often lift her up in my arms
To take her about with me.

"For I really loved the poor mite, sir,
And her sweet little eyes of blue
Were as blue and as bright as her mother's were,
And they looked me through and through.

"One night I was off to the 'public'—
I'd been drinking already—'twas late,
And I took little May to carry her,
But I couldn't walk quite straight.

"Oh, daddy, don't go!" she whispered,
But I quickened my drunken pace,
And I said, 'Not another word, young 'un,
Or I'll give you a slap in the face.'

"I was brutal, sir—I know it;
But the devil was in me then,
And when he gets hold of us with the drink
We are only brutes—not men.

"And the little lass, she wor quiet,
And I felt a hot tear fall;
And it seemed to burn right into my hand,
Though she wiped it off with her shawl.

"Straight into my soul it entered—
It melted my hardened heart;
So I said 'I'll go home, lassie,'
That night I made a new star.

"Now every morning and evening,
I kneel and with heart sincere
I bless my God for saving a soul
By the touch of a little one's tear.

The Old Sexton's Views.

In childhood it was my lot to dwell for many years beside an old churchyard. The vicissitudes of life have frequently obliged me to change my dwelling-place since then, but it has been my peculiar privilege at times to live near the quiet resting-places of the dead. This proximity has led to many hours of profitable meditation; for a peaceful frame of mind may be educed from the contemplation of the green hillocks beneath which lie the dust of those who have entered upon "true existence."

Mundane affairs must ever be attended by uncertainty and disappointment; but how momentary will be the vexation consequent upon failure, when we remember that it is the common lot of monarch and lowliest subject to die, and in the great hereafter be judged by One who cannot err! This consideration must impress the mind with the total insignificance of the things of time, compared with those of eternity.

Each successive season clothes the silent cities of the dead with new beauties, that fill the soul of the reflective observer with love to God, and adoration of his power as Creator.

Beautiful analogies are traced upon Nature. In autumn, when early frost has changed the sumach leaves from green to gold and scarlet; when the cricket sings her last mournful little song;—then come the saddest days of all the year, for on every hand may be seen the emblems of death. Sere leaves silently fall; distant objects appear to be receding from view—they assume shadows and indistinct outlines, scarcely discernible through the purple haze that sits upon the hillside. The soul acknowledges a silent pathos, for now all Nature, verging towards decay, reminds the young, as well as the old, of the shortness of life.

Through winter nights, when the earth lies wrapped in a winding-sheet of snow; when pallid moon and twinkling stars "their great Original proclaim"—the tall, white gravestones stand like monitors, unmoved by the fitful gusts of wind that sway the leafless trees. Shall not we, too, stand firm against the stinging blasts of persecution—of adversity—assured that "he that endureth to the end shall be saved?"

Joyous springtime presents to us, by analogy, a hope that animates the future with the promise of an eternal spring. Under the revivifying power of the sun, what an awakening takes place! Buried beneath mounds of fallen leaves, the indigenous plants have been quietly awaiting the time for their appearing. Gladly they greet the light and warmth—lifting towards the sky their pretty star-like faces. Through the grass the insects dart, clad in new suits of green and gold. Nature has been quickened, and is alive again.

"Then, O my soul, though summer be gone,
Take courage, nor bate of thy hope one jot;
Shall the grass, and the flower of the grass, live on,
And thou, in thy winter, be all forgot?"

Rest in thy faith, for on the glorious resurrection morn thou shalt be clothed anew. Then shalt thou be satisfied.

In the drowsy noontide of summer, when fleecy clouds sail o'er the blue sky—when zephyrs are lulled, and birds retire for a *siesta*—no sound disturbs the repose of Nature. External influences lead the mind into the expansive field of speculation, there to compare the vast probable glories and joys of heaven with the glorious sunshine and serene air which make the earth so delightful to sojourners.

But, as time rolls on, it carries us hither and thither; and to-day I find myself, after an absence of twenty years, once more beside the old churchyard, endeared to my heart by recollections of childhood. The wicket creaks, and the paling is moss-covered and bending with age. Near the entrance stands a large, gray stone, so timeworn that the inscription cannot be read. The paths have been changed, and so many graves made, that I am at a loss to discover spots I was once familiar with. Hearing sounds in another part of the enclosure, and drawing near, I come upon "Uncle Andrew" and drawing near, I come upon "Uncle Andrew" and drawing near, I come upon "Uncle Andrew"—the old sexton. A few minutes' conversation suffices to show that, in this case, more information may be got by quietly listening than by inquiring.

"Do you see that marble pillar over yonder?" he asks.

I turn, and read: "Sacred to the memory of Walter T—, who died and was buried at sea, August —, 18—, aged twenty-four."

"Epytaps don't count for much, generally speakin'," continues the sexton; "but every word on that pillar is true. It was always a mystery to me why that God-fearing, airnest young man, was called away! It is about fifty-five years since I first helped my father dig graves in this here lot, and I guess I have helped to lay away every one and I guess I have helped here sence. That plot in the

east corner, with five headstones, is where the Shelby family lays. They were a very high and towerin' sort of folks; that couldn't find anything scarcely good enough to eat, drink, or wear. They had lots of this world's goods, them days; but they never did no work; just lived on, and died out of the way after a while. G— was the last one to go. He squandered everything. When poverty overtook him he was humbled. He says to me: 'Lost opportunities leave terrible regrets, Uncle Andrew.'

"Riches seems to be a terrible drawback to them that has 'em. They git so took up a countin' what they've got down here, that they forgit to lay anything up in the bank up yonder. I ha'nt dug but two graves in four months."

"For whom is this one?" I venture to ask. Before replying, he removes a large, round stone, out of its bed of clay.

"It is for Aunt Christina. You remember her. Well, she lived to be eighty-one; and I do suppose she had her share of tribulation. But she was provided for in a remarkable way these last few years. 'Peared like as if the Lord put it into people's hearts to take keer of that old body."

"That monyment there was just put up yistirday to the memory of G— —, aged twenty-one. O what a property he had come into! His grand-father had it all tied up in sich a shape that he couldn't git through with it. Besides, he had health and strength; but he was drowned in the bay, as he was skatin'. That's the way it goes. Too many is striving to git riches for their poor, dyin' bodies, while their souls is purpers. I hear a good many say of one who h'aint made much purfession, 'that he died as he lived;' but, as fur as I kin see, that ought to be said of everybody. Death finds every man sarvin' either the Lord or the devil."

Uncle Andrew prepares to leave, saying to me: "I do suppose everything seems turned around to you, there's been so many changes; but the pints of the compass aint no great help in a place like this."

Uncle Andrew hobbles away, and I walk slowly to the wicket, thinking of God's goodness in sparing my life, when he has seen proper to call so many of my schoolmates. I pass the pillar sacred to W—, whose requiem was sung by the sad sea waves, and out through the gate to the highway. Earthly cares break in upon my meditations, and I lay them aside sadly.

DEMORISTVILLE, ONT.

Turning On the Light.

In connection with certain excavations among buried homes of the past, a very brilliant room was suddenly found. Like a treasure-house of rare stones it was most brilliant in colour. For a brief instant it flashed. As the light of day, though, flooded the room, that brightness was strangely dulled, and the glowing colours paled. The turning on of the light injured the beauty it revealed.

When we go into eternity we carry with us these hidden chambers of character that we have been furnishing and filling in the years behind us. Will there be any dimming of detail, though, as the light of eternity floods every nook, every corner of character? That light, on the other hand, will bring out into greater distinctness all that is within. If we have been doing right, we need not fear to have our hearts laid bare. If doing wrong, we may shrink from the sharp, searching, intensifying light of eternity, as God may turn it on. The best way to make sure of an eternity that we will not fear is to do right to-day.

Make Home Happy.

THOUGH we may not change the cottage
For a mansion tall and grand,
Or exchange a little grass plot
For a boundless stretch of land,
Yet there's something brighter, nearer
Than the wealth we'd thus command.

Though we have no means to purchase
Costly pictures, rich and rare;
Though we have no silken hangings
For the walls so cold and bare,
We can hang them o'er with garlands,
For flowers bloom everywhere.

We can always make home cheerful
If the right course we begin;
We can make its inmates happy
And their truest blessings win;
It will make the small room brighter
If we let the sunshine in.

When we gather round the fireside
When the evening hours are long,
We can blend our hearts or voices
In a happy, social song;
We can guide some erring brother,
Lead him from the path of wrong.

We may fill our home with music
And with sunshine brimming o'er,
If against all dark intruders
We will firmly shut the door;
Yet should evil's shadow enter,
We must love each other more.

There are treasures for the lowly
Which the grandest fail to find;
There's a chain of sweet affection
Binding friends of kindred mind;
We may reap the choicest blessings
From the poorest lot assigned.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1151] **LESSON I.** [July 7

SAMUEL CALLED OF GOD.

1 Sam. 3. 1-14. Memory verses, 8-10

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth. 1. Sam. 3. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. The Call, v. 1-10.
2. The Message, v. 11-14.

TIME.—1151 B.C.

PLACE.—Shiloh.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Ministered*—Probably lighting the lamps and opening the doors: such things as a child could do. *The word was precious*—This means the word of God was very rare because of the people's sins. *No open vision*—That is, no divine communication was widely spread. If there were such they were private. *In his place*—In his sleeping apartment. *Eyes began to wax dim*—Eli was growing blind from old age. *Ere the lamp went out*—Before day-break, when the lamps were put out. *The temple*—That is, the tabernacle; the temple was not yet built. *The ark of God*—The ark of the covenant, which stood in the innermost sanctuary. *Did not yet know the Lord*—That is, did not know him in the way of receiving divine communications. *Ears shall tingle*—That is, it should be such a matter of alarm that men should feel as they do when some sudden discordant noise strikes on their ears.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Call.

Who was Samuel? Read chap. 1.
How came he to be ministering unto the Lord?
Where was the tabernacle of Israel at this time located?
Why was it that God seemed to be so distant from men at this time?
What is meant by the assertion that Samuel did not know the Lord?
How did God call Samuel?
Do you believe that God calls men now as certainly as then? Give a reason for your answer.
How does God call men now?

What is essential now to hearing God's call? Why were not other boys in Israel called as well as Samuel?

What had led to this special call?

2. The Message.

To whom did this message relate? Why was not the message given directly to Eli?

What two parental courses are brought into strong contrast by this message?

What does one of the commandments say about visiting iniquity of fathers upon children? Exod. 20. 5.

How was the visitation of iniquity in this case?

What law concerning parental duty is here implicitly stated?

Was the message new?

Why was not the manner of the punishment revealed?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

No open vision: in times of spiritual dearth and spiritual death in the Church, in society, in human life.

Nothing to see, because nothing to see with. The boy's eyes were the only two eyes in all Israel.

He did not know God. But he heard his voice. He needed only one lesson from Eli: But we?

The lesson of God's nearness is told us a hundred times, and we heed not. Faithful mother: her boy became God's channel for revelation. Unfaithful Eli: his sons became the channels of God's wrath.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Learn all about Samuel's parentage and previous history?
2. Learn about the tabernacle; where it was stationed, etc.
3. Who was Eli? Search all the references concerning him in the Scriptures.
4. Find indications of the beginning of the prophetic order previous to this. See chap. 2.
5. Write a parallel, or a contrast, between yourself and Samuel.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Samuel first receive a revelation from Jehovah? In the tabernacle at Shiloh. 2. Under what circumstances was Samuel at the tabernacle? He was ministering unto the Lord. 3. What was peculiar about this first revelation? God called, and Samuel knew it not. 4. What was Samuel's answer when he learned that the voice was God's? "Then Samuel answered, Speak," etc. 5. What reason did God assign for his punishment of Eli? Infidelity to parental responsibility. 6. When Eli heard the message what did he say? "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine call.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

29. Are there more gods than one? There is one God only, the living and true God. Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord. Deuteronomy, 6. 4.

B.C. 1141] **LESSON II.** [July 14

THE SORROWFUL DEATH OF ELI.

1 Sam. 1-18. Memory verses 17, 18

GOLDEN TEXT.

His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. 1 Sam. 3. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. The Army Smitten, v. 1, 2.
2. The Ark Taken, v. 3-11.
3. The Priest Dead, v. 12-18.

TIME.—1141 B.C.

PLACES.—Ebenezer. Apeh. Shiloh.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The child Samuel had become recognized, in the years that had gone, as a special messenger of God to Israel. He had received his midnight message from God, and at Eli's command had repeated it to him. He had continued his ministrations in the tabernacle, and now at last God is ready to bring to pass the fearful thing which God had foretold. Our lesson tells the story.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Let us fetch the ark*—The ark of the covenant had been carried at the head of the army around Jericho, and so they now send for it with hope that it will help against these foes. *Every man into his tent*—That is, unto his own home, not to his tent or camp. "It was an utter rout. *His clothes rent*—These were the Oriental signs of grief: the rending of the garment by

tearing down in front toward the border was common.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Army Smitten.

What foe troubled Israel through many years of her history?

Where was the territory of this people?

What was their character?

What was the effect of the battle described in vers. 1, 2.

2. The Ark Taken.

How did Israel purpose to recover the prestige lost in this first battle?

What was the character of the nation at this time?

Why should the elders think there was virtue in the ark for winning victories? Josh. 6.

In what did the power of the ark consist?

By whom was it brought into the camp?

What was their record before God? 1 Sam. 2. 12-17.

What was the effect of the arrival on the Israelites?

What on the enemy?

What was the sequel?

3. The Priest Dead.

Whither was the news of the disaster carried?

What was the effect of the news—on the city? on the priest?

Which thing of the three parts of this message affected Eli most?

What prophecy had been literally fulfilled by this day's events?

What part did Samuel have in this disaster? What lesson concerning ritualism can be learned from this incident?

What was the lesson taught many centuries after in this same line? Zech. 4. 6.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

See this nation after disaster turn to a semblance of godliness. They sent for the ark, not because they revered God, but because they had met with defeat.

How many times we send for "arks," after trouble comes. We are very willing to have God's help, but we never want to serve. The ark was no fetish.

The ark came. God did not. The ark was carried into the fight. God was not. The ark was taken. God was not. Sin may triumph on earth for awhile, but God lives and rules.

Poor Eli: his last hours bitter because of weakness and sin. His bitterest thought must have been, "I might have changed all this, if I had done my duty." Remorse is the same to-day—bitter and pitiless.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Study from Exodus 25. 10-22 about the structure of the ark.

2. Learn concerning everything that was captured with it. 2 Chron. 6. 11; Heb. 9. 4.

3. Study the sequel to the ark's capture. What happened where it was carried, etc.

4. Learn what you can about the Philistine people. 1 Chron. 1. 8, 12; Gen. 26. 12-14; Josh. 13. 1, 2; Judg. 3. 1-3; 3. 13; 14, etc.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What disaster to Israel does our lesson record? Defeat by the Philistines. 2. How did the Israelites think to recover lost ground? By bringing the ark of God. 3. What was the effect of this action? The ark of God was taken. 4. Why did God allow these troubles? Because of Israel's sin. 5. What was the last effect of this calamity? The sorrowful death of Eli. 6. Why did such sorrow come upon him? "His sons made themselves," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Retribution.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

30. How many Persons are there in the Godhead?

In the Godhead there are three Persons, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; and these three are one God. Matt. 28. 19.

It is a curious fact that the honey-bee—"the white man's fly," the American Indians used to call it—was never known in the United States till brought from England; and, though it is now found in all parts of the country, it did not reach California until 1850, and South America until 1845.

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