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HOME AND SCHOOL

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

ROLPH, MITH - CO. TORONTO

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TORONTO, NOVEMBER 2, 1889.

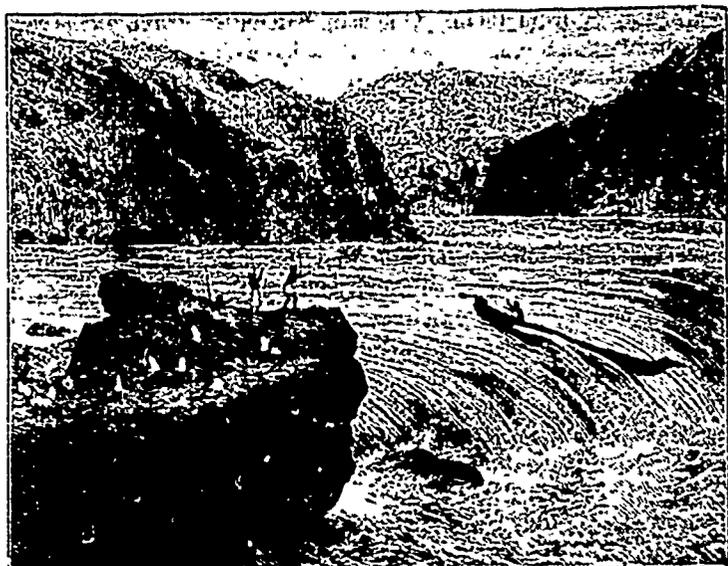
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A NATIVE OF RUA, WHO WAS A VISITOR AT UJJI.

were extremely depressed, rueful of face, and, apparently, sunk in despair. The full story of the sufferings I have undergone cannot be written, but is locked up in a breast that feels the misery in which I am plunged neck-deep. Oh, Frank, Frank! you are happy, my friend! Nothing can now harrow your mind or fatigue your body. You are at rest for ever and ever. Would that I were also!

"June 13, 14. Sick of a fever; but, in the meantime, I am gratified to hear that Manwa Sera has been successful in



THE CHIEF CARPENTER CARRIED OVER ZINGA FALLS.

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

XXII.

"JUNE 4, 1877.—My troubles increase. A messenger came this morning from Manwa Sera, bearing the terrible news that the people have mutinied, and refuse to work. They say they would prefer hoeing for the heathen to following me longer, for, they say, that the end of all will be death. But I have not myself recovered from the shock, and I judge their feelings by my own, therefore, it is better they should rest where they are. The men

bringing all the canoes down to Massassa, and that all the people have finally left Mowa.

"June 18.—The last three days have witnessed some hard work. To the astonishment of the aborigines, Massassa Point has been covered from end to end—a distance of six hundred yards—with brushwood, in some places forty feet thick, and three canoes have been hauled successfully past the falls, and dropped into Pooock Basin. Leaving instructions with Manwa Sera, I manned the canoes, and proceeded to Zinga by water. Midway, as we skirted the base of the lofty cliffs, we came to a fine fall of the Edward Arnold River,

three hundred feet deep. The cliff walls are so perpendicular, and the rush of water so great from the cascades above, that the river drops on the boulders below fully thirty feet from the cliff's base.

"June 19.—The canoes have all, thank Heaven! passed the dread Massassa, and are safe at Zinga, about two hundred yards above the Zinga Fall.

"June 20.—As we began to lay brushwood along the tracks this morning, by which we are to haul our canoes from the Pooock Basin past the Zinga point into the basin below, the people stirred about so languidly and sullenly, that I asked what was the matter. One fellow remarkable for nothing



VIEW FROM THE TABLE-LAND NEAR MOWA.



CAMP AT KILOLO.

but his great size and strength—turned round and said, sharply: 'We are tired, and that's what's the matter;' which opinion one third did not hesitate to confirm. Such a spirit being most serious in these days of scant food and hard toil—men, like beasts of prey, being governed by the stomach—I invited the people together, to rehearse their grievances and to describe their wrongs. They could say nothing, except that they were tired, and were not going to work any more. Death was in the river—a wearisome repetition of frightful labour waiting for them each day on the rocks—their stomachs were hungry—they had no strength. Said I: 'And I have none, my friends, I assure you. I am as hungry as any of you. I could get meat to make me strong, but it would be robbing you. I am so tired and sorry that I could lie down smiling, and die. My white brother, who was lost the other day, is happier than I. While you stay with me, I follow this river until I come to the point where it is known. If you don't stay with me, I still will cling to the river, and will die in it.' I walked away from them. One man, Safeni, the coxswain at Bumbirch, on being asked by a disaffected body of men what was to be done, said: 'Let us pack up, and be gone! We shall die, anyhow—whether we stay here or whether we travel.' They were not long in following his counsel, and filed up the steep ascent to the table-land, thirty-one in number. One of the tent-boys came to announce the fact. On ascertaining that the infection was not general, I then resolved that they should not endanger their own lives, or the lives of the faithful, and called Kacheche and Manwa Sera to follow and plead with them. They overtook them five miles from here, but only received a determined refusal to return, and they persisted in continuing their journey. Meanwhile the faithful are at work.

"June 21.—Despatched Kacheche and Manwa Sera again, early this morning, to cut off the fugitives; to inform the chiefs in advance that my people were not to be permitted to pass them; but, if they persisted in going beyond them, to lay hands on them, and bind them, until I could arrive on the scene. The chiefs seconded me so well, that they beat their war-drum; and the mock excitement was so great, that the mutineers were halted; and I learn, by my two men, that they already regret having left their camp.

"June 22.—Again Kacheche and Manwa Sera returned to the mutineers, who were fifteen miles away from here, and, promising them pardon and complete absolution of the offence, succeeded, with the aid of the friendly chiefs, in inducing them to return—saider and wiser men—to resume their duties, and so to enable me to triumph over these obstacles.

"June 23.—We commenced our work this morning, assisted by one hundred and fifty Zinga natives, and by 10 a.m. had succeeded in drawing three canoes up the two hundred feet steep to the level of the rocky point. The fourth canoe was the new *Livingstone*, which weighed about three tons. It was already twenty feet out of the water, and we were quite confident we should be able, with two hundred men, to haul her up. But suddenly the rattan cables snapped, and, with the rapidity of lightning, the heavy boat darted down the steep slopes into the depths. The chief carpenter of the expedition, who had superintended its construction, clung to it, under the idea that his single strength was sufficient to stay its rapid downward descent, and he was dragged down into the river, and, unable to swim, scrambled into the canoe. Uledi sprang after the carpenter—as the men remembered that he could not swim—and, reaching the canoe, cried out to him to jump into the river, and he

would save him. 'Ah, my brother,' the unfortunate man replied, 'I cannot swim.' 'Jump, man, before it is too late! You are drifting towards the cataract!' 'I am afraid.' 'Well, then, good-bye, my brother. Nothing can save you!' said Uledi, as he swam ashore—reaching it only fifty feet above the cataract. A second more, and the great canoe, with Salaam Allah in it, was swept down over the cataract, and was tossed up and down the huge waves until finally a whirlpool received it, I reckoned fifty-four during the time it was under the water; and then it rose high and straight out of the depths, the man still in it. Again it was sucked down, revolving as it disappeared, and in a few seconds was ejected a second time, the man still in it. A third time it was drawn in, and when it emerged again, Salaam Allah had disappeared. The fleet-footed natives and the boat's crew had started overland to Mbelo Ferry, and shouted out the warning cries to the ferrymen, who were at once on the alert to save the canoe. After riding high on the crests of the waves of the rapids, the *Livingstone* canoe entered the calmer waters of the crossing-place, and, in view of all gathered to witness the scene, wheeled round five times over the edge of a large whirlpool, and disappeared forever! It was supposed that she was swept against the submerged rocks beneath, and got jammed, for though there is a stretch of a mile of quiet water below the pool, nothing was seen of her up to sunset—five hours after the catastrophe. Two of the new canoes are thus lost, and another good man has perished. The Wangwana take this fatal accident as another indication of the general doom impending over us. They think the night of woe approaching, and even now, as I write by the camp-fires, they are counting up the lost and dead. Poor people! Poor me!

"June 24.—We were five hours engaged in hauling the *Glasgow*, our largest canoe, up a hill two hundred feet, with over two hundred men. Of the smaller canoes we ran up three. It has been my policy to excite the people with whatever tends to keep them from brooding over our losses, with wine, drums, and music, which I purchased liberally, because, though apparently extravagant at such a period, it is the most economical.

"June 25.—At dawn of day we were up, and began to lower the boat and canoes into the basin below Zinga. By night, thank God, all our flotilla was below the cataract. The Zingese say there are only three more falls!—and the last, I hope. Then, with bowed heads, we will travel for the sea as only hungry men can travel. A month ago we descended Upper Mowa Falls. It is still in sight of me—being only three miles off. Three miles in thirty days, and four persons drowned in this short distance! At 1 p.m. I descended the cliff again, by means of ladders of rattan cane, and embarked. Cautiously we moved along—ten men to the canoes at bow and stern—and step by step, with a prudence born of perfect knowledge of its dangers, we approached the Mbelo Falls. As we neared it, the faithless stern-cable parted, the river just then gave an uneasy heave, which snapped the bow-cable, and again were we borne, on the crests of the wild waves, into mid-channel—rocks, boulders, and cliffs flying past us with incredible rapidity. There were six men in the boat besides myself, and Uledi was at the helm—cool and confident. Our feelings are, however, different to those which filled us during a similar period of danger. There are certain voices whispering: 'What will be, will be;' 'One cannot escape the inevitable;' and such like—so that the sense of danger is somewhat blunted. Those lively fears which once oppressed us we know no more. Nerve and soul have alike been deadened by oft-seen woes—oft-felt strokes of misfortune!

We have wept so often, we can weep no more; we have suffered so much, we cannot suffer more. Away down stream we dart, racing amid noise and waves and foam, and finally emerge in Nguru basin; and it is then we sigh, and murmur 'Saved again!' With nothing of triumph, nothing of the flashing glitter of proud eyes, but subdued and grateful, we seek the sandy beach of Kikunga.

"Leaving four men in charge of the boat, I proceeded to meet the terror-stricken multitude, who could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw me advancing towards them. I was like one risen from the dead to them. 'Yes, we shall reach the sea, please God!' said they. 'We see the hand of God, now. But you must not attempt the wicked river any more, master. We shall do it ourselves. Better far that we die than you. You shall not go to the river again until we are beyond the falls' Poor, dear souls, they made me forgive them all! How bitter had my thoughts been lately! But this genuine expression of love and devotion healed the sickened soul, and infused new vigour into it, until I felt again that old belief that success would finally reward us."

The above, faithfully transcribed from my notebook, convey, more truly than any amount of after-written descriptions, the full sense of the miserable scenes we endured during that fatal month of June, 1877.

Strongly impressed with the knowledge that nothing but a persevering, persistent, even impetuous advance towards the sea could now save us from the pangs of famine, we only halted two days at Kikunga. We were one hundred and thirty-one days effecting a journey of only ninety-five miles.

The Wangwana, weakened by scant fare, and suffering from pining vitals, were intensely affected when I announced to them that we were not far from the sea. Indeed, one poor fellow was so intoxicated with joy, that he became outrageous in his behaviour. Still, I did not suspect that this was madness; and when he advanced to me, and embraced my feet, saying: "Ah, master! El hand ul Allah! We have reached the sea! We are home! We are home! We shall no more be tormented by empty stomachs and accursed savages! I am about to run all the way to the sea, to tell your brothers you are coming!" the idea of his lunacy was far from my mind. I attributed his tears and wildness simply to excess of emotion and nervous excitement. I replied to him soothingly, but he plunged into the woods.

After a few seconds' reflection, it occurred to me that the man was a lunatic, and I sent three men instantly to bring him back, and to recover him by force, if necessary; but, after four hours' search, they returned unsuccessful, and I never saw the sage Safeni more. We probably might have been able to recover him after several days' search; but, valuable as he had been, and dear as he was, death by starvation threatened us all, and we were compelled to haste—haste away from the baleful region to kinder lands.

The freshness and ardour of feeling with which I had set out from the Indian Ocean, had by this time been quite worn away. Fevers had sapped the frame; over-much trouble had strained the spirit; hunger had debilitated the body; anxiety preyed upon the mind. My people were groaning aloud; the sunken eyes and unfleshed bodies were a living reproach to me; their vigour was now gone, though their fidelity was unquestionable; their knees were bent with weakness, and their backs were no longer rigid with the vigour of youth, and life, and strength, and fire of devotion. Hollow-eyed, sallow, and gaunt; unspeakably miserable in aspect, we yielded at length to imperious

nature, and had but one thought only—to tread on for one look more at the blue ocean.

Rounding, after a long stretch of tolerably calm water, a picturesque point, we view another long reach, and half way on the left bank we camp. Maddened by sharp pangs of hunger, the people soon scatter about the district of Kilolo. What occurred I know not. Likely enough the wretched creatures, tormented by the insufferable insolence of the aborigines, and goaded by a gnawing emptiness, assisted themselves with the wanton recklessness of necessity, and appropriated food unpaid for. While I am seated on the right bank, I hear shots on the cultivated uplands; and though I pretend to take no interest in them, yet a bitter, restless instinct informs me that those shots have reference to myself; and presently the people return, some with streaming wounds, from oxide of copper pellets and iron fragments, which have been fired at them. Uledi comes also, bearing a mere skeleton on his back, whom, with his usual daring, he has rescued from the power of the men who would shortly have made a prisoner of him; and he and the rest have all a horrible tale to tell.

"Several men have been captured by the natives for stealing cassava and beans."

"Why did you do it?"

"We could not help it," said one. "Master, we are dying of hunger. We left our beads and moneys—all we had—on the ground, and began to eat, and they began shooting."

In a very short time, while they are yet speaking, a large force of natives appears—lusty with life and hearty fare—and, being angered, dare us, with loaded guns, to fight them. A few of the men and chiefs hasten to their guns, and propose to assume the defensive, but I restrain them, and send my native friends from the right bank to talk to them; and, after two hours' patient entreaties, they relax their vindictiveness, and retire.

We received the good news that Embomma, on the Atlantic coast, was only five days' journey distant.

As the object of the expedition had now been attained, and the great river of Livingstone had been connected with the Congo of Tuckey, I saw no reason to follow it further, or to expend the little remaining vitality we possessed in toiling through the last four cataracts.

I announced, therefore, to the gallant but wearied Wangwana that we should abandon the river, and strike overland for Embomma. The delight of the people manifested itself in loud and fervid exclamations of gratitude to Allah! Quadruple ration-money was also distributed to each man, woman, and child; but owing to the excessive poverty of the country, and the keen trading instincts and avaricious spirit of the aborigines, little benefit did the long-enduring, famine-stricken Wangwana derive from my liberality.

Fancy knick-knacks, iron spears, knives, axes, copper, brass wire, were then distributed to them; and I emptied the medicine out of thirty vials, and my private clothes-bags, blankets, water-proofs—every available article of property that might be dispensed with—were also given away, without distinction of rank or merit, to invest in whatever eatables they could procure.

At sunset we lifted the brave boat, *Lady Alice*, after her brave journey across Africa, and carried her to the summit of some rocks, about five hundred yards north of the fall, to be abandoned to her fate. After a journey of nearly seven thousand miles, up and down broad Africa, she was to bleach and to rot to dust!

(To be continued.)

Interesting Facts about Chautauqua.

The report of 1889, of Miss Kate Kimberley, secretary of the C.L.S.C., shows that 150,000 persons have entered the Circle, and begun the reading prescribed during the past eleven years. Notwithstanding many fluctuations, the number of graduates has been larger every year, and those of to-day bring the total graduate membership up to 21,000.

During the last year, one-tenth of all the graduates have been pursuing a second course of readings, or have taken up special studies alone, or in company with other graduates.

The higher orders of the C.L.S.C., known as the Order of the White Seal, League of the Round Table, and Guild of the Seven Seals—the membership of which involves the reading of special courses, or the filling out of special examination papers on the regular four years' course, have grown steadily during the year, the order now numbering 25,000 members, the league 850, and the guild 150.

Two thousand two hundred local circles, representing more than 20,000 active members, and about 10,000 local members, have been reported during the year. Twenty of these have continued their work, without a break, for ten years.

At the suggestion of the *Chautauquan*, which published last year a series of articles on philanthropy, many circles took up the study of local charities.

At a small town in Kansas, where the streets are not lighted, members of a local circle have found their way to the weekly gatherings with lanterns, and have not missed a single meeting, in spite of blizzards.

The Kansas Circles have founded a State union. At Queen Charlotte Island, in the North Pacific, there is a solitary reader. The Hawaiian Islands boast of five Circles; and in Micronesia, a member of the class of 1890 reads away diligently—his interest in the class being not at all lessened by the fact that it takes twelve months for the news of the class to reach him by mail. Wellington and Hawkes' Bay, in New Zealand, have many readers; and forty-one are enrolled from Dunedin.

Brisbane contains a circle; and Melbourne and New South Wales are also represented in the Australian membership.

The first Recognition Day in the Eastern Hemisphere was celebrated in South Africa on the 1st of July. Early in the year, members were enrolled in the Transvaal, at Kimberley, and at Natal; and the literary society of Durban is taking up the movement.

A woman missionary at Tabriz, Persia, has persevered to the end of the four years' course, and is now translating some of the books into Armenian. There is an Oriental Circle in India, where many missionaries read industriously, and it is likely that an assembly may be formed there.

In Siam, a circle of five members has been formed. The Japanese *Chautauquan*, issued every month, sends out three hundred copies to about two thousand readers.

The class of 1889 has more than one hundred members in Japan, and, in addition to the diplomas given to these students, special certificates are to be forwarded to several hundred others, who have pursued an elective course in political economy.

There are also students in Russia, at the Caucasus; and in Austria, Poland, Iceland, Sweden, and Bulgaria.

There are even readers in the penitentiaries; and in New Jersey, the State Charities Aid Association intends to adopt the plan in the State Prison at Trenton; while in the Massachusetts Reformatory, at Waverlyville, it has been tested with success.—*New York Tribune*.

The Little Maid's Sermon.

A LITTLE maid, in a pale blue hood,
In front of a large brick building stood.
As she passed along, her quick eye spied
Some words on a little box inscribed;
'Twas a box that hung in the vestibule,
Outside the door of the Charity school.

"REMEMBER THE POOR!" were the words she spelled,
Then looked at the dime her small hands held;
For chocolate creams were fresh that day,
In the store just only across the way!
But gleams of victory shone o'er her face,
As she raised her eyes to the "money place."
But her arm was short, and the box so high,
That a gentleman heard, who was passing by,
"Please, sir, will you lift me just so much?"
(For the tiny fingers could almost touch.)
The stranger stopped, and he quickly stood
By the sweet-faced child, in the pale blue hood.

As he lifted her, she gently said,
"Would you mind it, sir, if you turned your head?
For you know I do not want to be
Like a proud, stuck-up old Pharisee!"
He humored the little maid, but a smile
Played o'er his face, as he stood there the while.

"Excuse me, child; but what did you say?"
The gentleman asked in a courteous way,
As he took in his the wee, white hand,
"I believe I didn't quite understand."
"Oh! sir, don't you know? Have you never read,"
Said the child, amazed, "what our Saviour said?"

"We shouldn't give like those hypocrite men,
Who stood in the market places then,
And gave their alms, just for folks to tell,
Because they loved to be praised so well,
But give for Christ's sake, from our little store,
What only he sees, and nobody more."

"Good bye, kind sir, this is my way home;
I'm sorry you'll have to walk alone."
The gentleman passed along, and thought
Of large sums given for fame it brought.
And he said, "I never again will be,
In the market places, a Pharisee!
She preached me a sermon, true and good—
That dear little maid, in the pale blue hood!"

Tricks of a Pet Bear.

WHEN the Government light-house tender, *Manzanita*, returned from her Alaskan voyage, she brought one more passenger than she started with. The passenger was a little black bear cub, Sallie, which literally hugged her way to the hearts of all on board.

Being constantly with the men, and at the same time being allowed to roam at will all over the vessel, she very quickly became tame and gentle as a kitten, and quite as playful. The one place where she was not allowed was the engine-room, and this not because the chief did not like her, but because he was afraid she might get hurt.

One day Sallie was missing at dinner time, and one of the men volunteered to find her; when, after a long search, she was found perched on the walking-beam of the engine, which was in motion. There she clung; and at every movement of the great beam she was raised to within six inches of the ceiling, and her fat little body compressed to a corresponding thinness. But she never made a whimper—too much frightened to jump off, and knowing if she made a noise she would be whipped. So there she clung; alternately getting a good breath, and the next moment losing it in a violent manner. The moment she was safe in the man's arms she hugged him tight, and began to squeal and make a tremendous row.

Among the many tricks she plays is one of stealing quietly up to the cabin door, rising on her hind feet, giving the door a sounding whack with one of her paws, and, grabbing the knob, almost shaking it from its hinges. The moment she hears a footstep, away she goes scampering aft. A very cute bear is Sallie.—*Portland Oregonian*.

Wild Oats.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I SAW a fair youth, with brow broad and white,
And an eye that was burning with intellect's light;
And his face seemed to glow with the wealth of his mind,
And I said, "He will grace and canoble mankind;
He is nature's own king."

We met again. I saw the youth stand,
With bowl that was flowing and red in his hand,
He filled it again, and again did he quaff,
And his friends gathered round him, and said with a laugh,
"He is sowing his oats."

Ah! his eye was too bright, and his cheek was too red,
And I gazed on the youth with a feeling of dread,
And again as he laughingly lifted the bowl,
I turned from the scene with a shuddering soul—
It was terrible seed!

We met but once more I found in the street
A corpse half enveloped in mud and in sleet;
A foul, bloated thing; but I saw in the face
Something that told of his boyhood's grace—
He had reaped the due crop.

O, youths who are sowing wild oats! do you know
That the terrible seeds you are planting will grow?
Have you thought how your God will require some day
An account of the life you are throwing away?
Have you thought, O rash youth?

It will soon be too late, there is no time to waste;
Then throw down the cup! do not touch, do not taste!
It is filled with destruction, and sorrow, and pain:
Throw it down! throw it down! do not lift it again!
It will soon be too late!

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 2, 1889.

The Rev. Dr. Sutherland.

A CHAT WITH THE MISSIONARY SECRETARY AS TO HIS JAPAN TRIP

THE Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Secretary of the Methodist Missionary Society, returned a few days ago from a tour of inspection among the mission-fields of Japan. The trip was made at the repeated request of men in Japan, for an official visit from some one in connection with the Board. Last fall, it was decided by the General Board that a visit should be made before the next meeting of the General Conference. The choice fell on Dr. Sutherland to fulfil this commission, and it could hardly have fallen on an officer more painstaking or more conversant with missionary work.

The Rev. Dr. left Toronto on the evening of May 6, for Vancouver, where he remained a couple of days, during which he baptized six Chinese—five

men and one woman. He embarked per C. P. R. steamer *Abyssinia*, and after an uneventful run of fourteen days and seven hours, through a decidedly cool northern climate, he landed at Yokohama, now a city of 80,000 or 100,000, although at the time of the treaties with European nations, it was an obscure fishing village of 300 or 400 inhabitants.

One of the first things that strikes a stranger, he said, is, that everything is in a state of transition. In manufactures, public and private buildings, steamships, manufactures, commerce, education, dress, the old is giving place to the new. The upper classes are adopting European dress, while the common people adopt it partially, and public officials almost altogether.

Railway building has been actively prosecuted; and within the last month they celebrated the completion of the first thousand miles of track. The railways are built chiefly after the English model, with good stations, substantial road beds and platforms, but with inferior carriages. There is a proposition to hand the roads over to the nobles, who have advanced most of the money for construction, but others wish them retained by the Government, and to have the nobles repaid by money borrowed from foreign countries.

In the educational system, the American system is being replaced by the German. The country has a National University, maintains the public and secondary schools, and provides for the training of teachers at the Normal School. The University is on a par with that of many European countries.

In regard to missionary matters, Dr. Sutherland explained that the Presbyterian Church had formed a Mission Union for the island, which made it the strongest ecclesiastical body in the country. A similar body has been proposed, and almost completed, among the Methodists. The people seem ready and willing to adopt Christianity. The chief opponents are the Buddhist priests, but it is remarkable that all the temples show signs of decay and neglect.

Dr. Sutherland returned by the O. and O. Line, per steamship *Arabic*, to San Francisco, making the trip in fourteen days. After the new C. P. R. steamers are put on, it is expected, he says, to have the trip from Yokohama to Vancouver made in ten days.—*The Globe*.

Death of William Gooderham.

NEVER within our memory has the death of anyone caused such profound and heartfelt sorrow, throughout the community where he lived, as that of the late William Gooderham. It was not idle curiosity that drew thousands from all parts of the city to take a last look at a well-known face, and to pay the last tribute of respect. The moistened eyes of many a stalwart man, to whom the words of counsel or exhortation of the departed servant of God had been a savour of life unto life; the sobs of the orphaned children, whose lives he had brightened and cheered—these were a more touching tribute than even the eloquent words of those who spoke of his many virtues, or than the white flowers which symbolized his blameless life, fragrant with the incense of Christly service for his fellow-men.

What was the secret of this life, that so won the hearts of men, and made his death a personal loss to thousands? It was not that he was a rich man—for many far richer pass away, and leave few to mourn. It was not even that he was a benevolent man—though that counts for much. It was because he loved his fellow-men, and strove—with an unwearied zeal—to bring them to a knowledge of the like precious faith which he himself enjoyed. He did not do this by proxy, but by loving, personal effort.

To wide and enlightened schemes of beneficence, which he aided with large and liberal donations of money, he added the nobler consecration of his time, his talents, his public addresses, and private appeals, to bring men to God. In the wards of the hospital, in the cells of the prison, in the homes of the poor, by the bedside of the dying—he had ever the same old, old story to tell of Jesus and his love. How fitting that he should die as he lived, in active service for the Lord he loved—in seeking to reclaim the fallen, to remember the forgotten, to visit the forsaken! It was not death—it was translation. To live in the hearts of those we leave behind is not to die. He still lives in the memory of thousands, as an example of Christ-like zeal in doing good; as a monument of the transforming power of grace; as an inspiration to duty—to be a follower of him as he also was a follower of the Lord Jesus.

Since the above was written, the following princely bequests by Mr. Gooderham have been announced: To the Methodist Missionary Society, \$30,000; to the Superannuated Ministers' Fund, \$10,000; to Victoria College Building Fund, \$125,000; Endowment Fund for same, \$75,000; Home for Incurables, \$10,000; Salvation Army, \$15,000; Y. M. C. A., \$10,000; Wycliffe College, \$10,000; the Bible Society, \$10,000; the Boys' Home, \$10,000; the Girls' Home, \$10,000; Home for Incurables, \$10,000; Young Women's Christian Association, \$10,000; House of Industry, \$10,000; and other noble benefactions. Thus, though dead, he shall yet speak through the institutions and Christian agencies which are so largely benefited by his liberality.—*Methodist Magazine*.

The Silent Sermon.

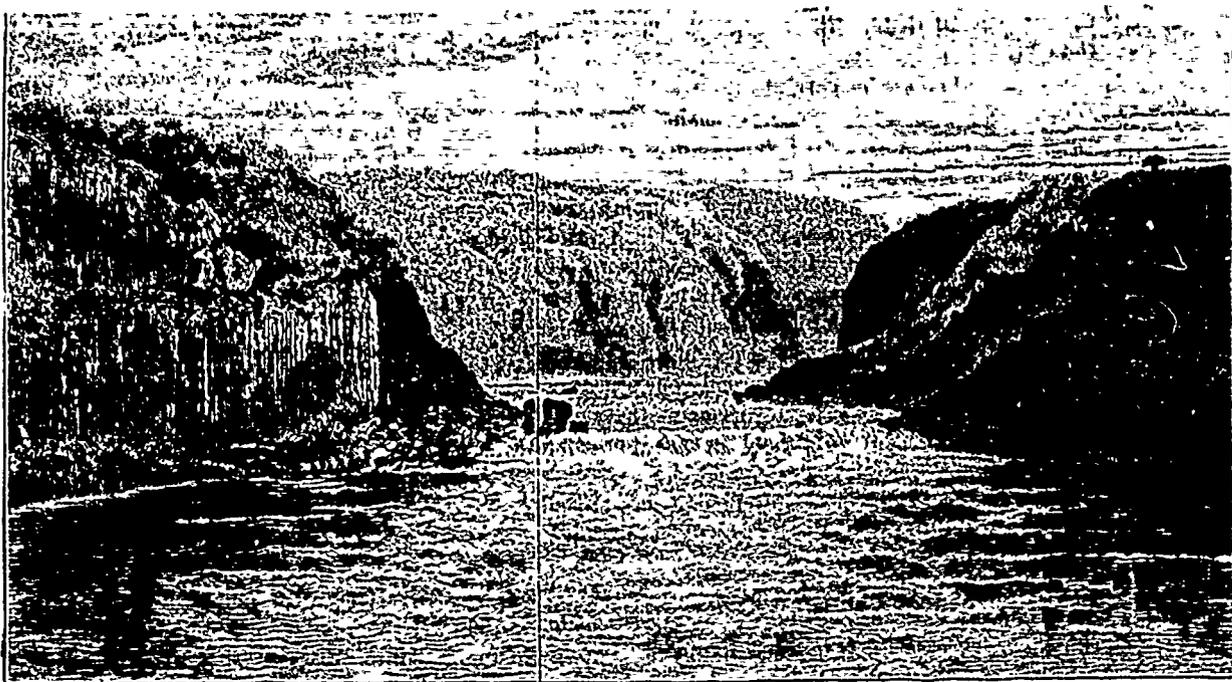
It has been truly said that a holy life is a continual sermon. Though it be silent in its speech, yet it speaks with a force that cannot be unheeded, even by the most careless—a force that pulpit oratory never can attain, however eloquent it may be. We may extol the name of Jesus from the pulpit in words of eloquence and elegance, and be listened to with indifference; but let the humblest disciple of Christ manifest holiness in his daily walk and conversation; let him be meek and lowly as our Saviour was; patient under difficulties; bold and fearless in danger; trusting and confident in the darkest hour, and he wields an influence for Christ which all the eloquence and wisdom of this world cannot equal. Best of all sermons is the silent sermon of a holy life; and, indeed, without it, all other preaching is useless and vain.—*J. S. Thorpe*.

More Dangerous than Cyclones.

PEOPLE talk with bated breath of the dangers of a tornado, and speak of the terrible accidents occurring in various sections, by which hundreds of lives have been lost, and yet the same men stand listless and inactive at the cry of sixty thousand men who are annually sacrificed by strong drink.

It is all well enough to dig cellars in which to hide from the fury of the storm, but who will deride the fathers and mothers who desire protection from the great scourge of intemperance sweeping broadcast through the earth, its hands red with murder, and its voice made up of curses! The man or woman who asks protection from such a monster iniquity should not be regarded as either a crank or a fanatic. There is no mistaking the fact, intemperance is the crime of the age.—*Inter-Ocean*.

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THE MASSASSA FALLS, AND THE ENTRANCE INTO POCOCK BASIN, OR ROLOBOLO POOL.

The Better Country.

BY LILIAN GREY.

NEVER a soul to care awaketh;
Never a plaint of woe is heard;
Never a moan from heart that breaketh,
Or cry of a wounded bird.

Never a child its mother misses;
Never white hands o'er a still heart laid;
Never is dashed a cup of blisses,
Or a debt of love unpaid.

Never a head with pain is throbbing;
No eyes grow heavy with sea-salt tears;
Never a voice is hoarse with sobbing,
Or a soul beset with fears.

Never a storm that fair land sweepeth;
Never doth frost its flowers blight;
And every flock its loved lambs keepeth,
Where gathers no chill of night.

No shoulder stoopeth its burden under;
No hearts grow careless, estranged, and cold;
No clasping hands shall drop asunder,
Nor youthful forms grow old.

Blest country, fairer than mortal telling!
Its wondrous pleasures like visions seem,
And yet its hope in our hearts indwelling,
Is the sum of our hope and dream.

We ne'er shall find it in long endeavour,
By journeying east or journeying west;
And if we are worthy to find it ever—
Its Ruler, he knoweth best!

This Canada of Ours.

An article of extraordinary interest on "Canada and its Resources" appears in the September number of the *Methuen's Magazine*. A few passages grouped together may enable us to form a more vivid impression of the magnificent heritage we in the Dominion possess. Some of the statements sound more like the wonderful things of the Arabian nights than as a sober reality. We have become accustomed to the statement, that excluding Alaska, Canada is a larger country than the United States. But we form a new conception of the magnitude of Canadian territory when it is stated that it comprises nearly forty per cent. of the British Empire, that, including encircling and penetrating lakes, and the rivers of enormous size and length by which it is permeated, Canada claims more than one-half of the fresh water of the entire globe.

Magnitude is not all that we can boast of. The Dominion has largely developed resources. It is

not easy to credit facts in regard to the growth of commerce on the Great Lakes. Can it be possible that the tonnage and value of products which passed through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, compressed within seven months of the season of navigation of 1889, equalled that which passed through the Suez Canal the entire year? "Here, in the northern part of North America, between two inland lakes, with only one shore of these developed, a commerce has been created which equals that between two oceans, whose traffic is almost as old as the universe, and contributions to which are made from every country of the globe."

The day is past for any one to speak of the northern territory with its vast area, as so many acres of snow and ice. Modern readers are better informed than the King of France who wasted no regrets on the country which he had ceded to the British crown. Still an impression prevails that a very large proportion of Canada, in consequence of unfavourable climatic conditions, must ever remain an inhospitable waste, valuable chiefly for its furs or perhaps for its fishing. But here we have the startling statement, made upon presumably reliable data, that Canada possesses a greater wheat-producing area than does the United States; that the soil of this wheat area is richer and will produce a higher average of better wheat than any other part of the continent or of the world, and that it is practically inexhaustible. This fact alone indicates a purpose of Providence that this northern territory should be the home of uncounted millions of people. Bread is the staff of life. Wheat-growing area is the natural homestead of the human race. Even the severity of the climate in the extreme north has its compensations. "What would be thought of a device that should provide a well-spring of moisture that should continually exude and feed the delicate tendrils of roots that the wheat plant sends unto the earth for sustenance?" Yet this is the very provision that nature makes. A frost line in the earth is full of force. Thawed out in the summer months, it supplies a needed and unfailing element of moisture.

But other conditions are favourable to the production of wheat, grains, and roots. "Climate is more the result of altitude than latitude." It is stated as a significant circumstance that while Europe has a mean elevation of 671 feet and North America of 748 feet, the Canadian portion of the continent has an altitude of only 300 feet. The falling off is shown from the fact that the great

rivers run to the north. Marine currents are said to be extremely favourable to Canada, as also the moderating influences of great bodies of fresh water.

But there is still another advantage in these northern wheat-fields of Canada; and that is that while these latitudes imply long winter days, they imply equally the longest days in summer. There is said to be an average of two hours more each day of sun during the period of growing wheat in Canada than in any other country capable of producing wheat to advantage. Thus conditions unite to make the northern wheat lands the most valuable on the continent or of the globe.

Reference is made to rivers and bays as a means of judging of the vast expanse of Canada; the St. John, N.B., five hundred miles in length, the largest river on the Atlantic Coast; the St. Lawrence, one of the noblest rivers in the world, with the Ottawa

as an affluent; the Winnipeg River in the centre of the continent, "one of nature's most delightful miracles;" the great Red River of the north, the equally great Assiniboine, and the noble Saskatchewan, "the gateway of the North-west;" and beyond the range of these, the Athabasca and the Mackenzie Rivers; while Frazer river flows through British Columbia.

In their forests, mines, fisheries, gateways of commerce, the valuable resources of the Lower Provinces are indicated. A few facts and statements only on this subject have been summarized. They abundantly illustrate the magnitude of Canada, and the magnificence of its varied resources. We close the perusal of such a paper with a deepening impression of the grand possibilities of Canada in all that pertains to the material greatness of a country. Our young men should think well of the advantages which the Dominion possesses, before crossing the lines to the more crowded communities of the United States.—*The Wesleyan*.

Dying at Their Post.

WHEN Mount Vesuvius was pouring down its torrents of destruction upon the city of Pompeii, there was a sentinel whose post of duty was the chief entrance to the city. When, in the general panic, all who could, fled for their lives, he stood unmoved, and perished faithful to his high trust; and when sixteen centuries had rolled away, there his remains were found in full armour—a monument of fidelity to duty, a faithful soldier dying at his post.

And when, at a critical moment in the battle of Waterloo, a courier dashed into the presence of the Duke of Wellington, stating that unless the troops at an important point could be reinforced, they must soon yield, the duke sent back the words, "Stand firm!" "But we shall all perish," said the officer. "Stand firm!" again thundered out the iron duke. "You will find us there," said the officer as he galloped away, and the result proved the truth of the remark, for nearly every man of that brigade fell at his post.

ETERNITY is crying out to you louder and louder as you near its brink. Rise, be going! Count your resources; learn what you are not fit for, and give up wishing for it; learn what you can do, and do it with the energy of a man.

Song of the Old-Fashioned Churn.

Bessie, Bessie, waken pray! you forget 'tis churning day,
Bring your apron clean and white; take the churn here to
the light:

Tie a kerchief round your curls, mother's very best of
girls:

Here's the cream so fresh and sweet; mother's praise
makes nimble feet.

Bessie with the sunny hair put back deftly, white arm
bare,

Cheeks where roses love to bloom, blue eyes lighting all
the room.

While the early birds are singing, while the morning
breezes winging.

Deftly makes the dasher go, singing just for gladness, oh!

Dash away, splash away, come, butter, come;
Spatter, spatter, what's the matter? butter, butter, come!

Now she lifts the top a minute, just to see what there is
in it.

Cream is but little thicker—now she churneth all the
quicker:

See the roses change to red: while the bluebird overhead
Faster, as she faster churns, sings the tune he quickly
learns.

Dash away, splash away, come, butter, come;
Spatter, spatter, what's the matter? butter, butter, come!

Now the curls are peeping out from the kerchief round
about,

Faster the white arm goes, and faster. Cream, or Bessie,
which is master?

Faster still the bluebird swinging in the vine o'er-head is
singing.

Watching slyly all the while, just to see the matter, mile.

Dash away, splash away, come, butter, come;
Spatter, spatter, what's the matter? butter, butter, come!

Fly away now, little rover, for the churning all is over.
Bessie, with the sweet blue eyes, taketh out her golden
prize:

And now quickly she doth bring fresh, cool water from the
spring.

Lo! the toil with magic fraught, health, and butter she
had wrought.

Cheeks with health and youth aglow; mother's toil doth
lighter grow.

In the early morning hours, while the dew is on the
flowers,

In the pleasant path of duty, Bessie gathers health and
beauty,—

Bessie with the sunny curls. Heaven loves the farmers'
girls!

Teachers' Department.

Scientific Study of the Bible.

DR. T. T. MUNGER thinks that the Bible should be regularly taught in our universities. In an article in *The Century* for September, he says: "There is now no public sentiment, that needs to be regarded, which complains of the scientific study of any subject.

"If in some regions, and from some sources, there should be complaint at treating sacred themes in a scientific way, it is a complaint that the university must be ready to meet and to endure. It will lessen as the conception, now rapidly growing, gains ground, that all education is conducted in the scientific or inductive method.

"The teacher who now wages a warfare in his class-room in behalf of free-trade, or protection, or evolution, is behind his age. The true teacher is one who gives the facts, the principles, and the laws of his subject. If it be said that such a theory of education reduces it to a cold and colourless thing, it may be replied that the true teacher puts the warmth and colour into the facts and laws. He may hide as much conviction as he sees fit within such teaching, but he must not contra-

dict the very law of education—namely, teaching the student to think, and giving him matter for thought.

"This method can be carried into a study of the Bible. Objection might come from three sources: strict sectarians, who regard the Bible as a fetish too sacred to be touched except in their own way; atheists and infidels, who nourish a contempt for the Bible as an antiquated piece of rubbish; and the devotees of culture, who vary the monotony of their agnosticism by temporary zeal for Classicism, Buddhism, and, of late, Mohammedanism.

"To the first it may be said: We do not propose to undermine your sect, but to send your students back to you with a better knowledge of the Book that you revere. To the second it may be said: This is still a Christian nation, and the Christian religion is a real factor and power in the life of the people. We do not require your students to become believers, but we do require of them to become familiar with a fact and a force which they will meet at every turn in their future careers. To the third it may be said: It is not improbable that in your varying enthusiasms, you will soon come to take an interest in the Babylonian myths, or in the psychic element in the Hebrew prophet, or in a comparative study of Oriental and Western symbolism, in which case a thorough knowledge of the Book most intimately related to these subjects would not be amiss.

"In order not to leave the subject in a vague condition, I will indicate—or rather hint—the direction such scientific study of the Bible might take:—

"Genesis: The nature, source, and composition of the book.

"The Pentateuch: Its authorship and composition.

"The Hebrew Commonwealth: Its nature and growth.

"An outline of Jewish history.

"The nature and meaning of such books as the Song of Solomon and Jonah.

"The theism in the Psalms.

"The argument in the Book of Job, and its literary features.

"The Proverbs, and their relation to Oriental thought.

"The Captivity, and its effect upon the nation.

"An analysis of the Prophecy of Isaiah, and its literary features.

"An outline of the life of Jesus Christ.

"The source of the Christian Church, as found in the Acts.

"Christian Institutions: Their origin.

"The forces in Christianity which led to its reception and continuance."

Spiritual Tone.

THE aim of the Sunday-school is the aim of the Church—the turning of men to righteousness, through love of Christ. In securing this aim, it is of prime importance that the atmosphere—the tone—of the school be spiritual.

The present is an age of machinery in ecclesiastical work. The peril is, therefore, that the spiritual will become eliminated from the life of the Church. Not a few schools seem like vast machine-shops, in which processes and methods and tools are more manifest than the products—good and great as the products may be.

Schools should be a garden, in which the still atmosphere of love, the still shining of the sun of God's peace on the soil of human life, should each contribute to the growth and nurture of the Christian character.—*C. F. Thwing, D.D.*

Never Delay.

DELAY is dangerous, and it turns
To trouble in the end,
But chiefly in our souls' concerns
It must to ruin tend.

O, 'tis a folly and a crime
To put religion by,
For now is the accepted time,
To-morrow we may die.

Our hearts grow harder every day,
And more depraved the mind;
The longer we neglect to pray
The less we feel inclined.

Yet sinners trifle, young and old,
Until their dying day,
When they would give a world of gold
To have one hour to pray.

O, then, lest we should perish thus,
We should no longer wait,
For time will soon be past with us
And death must fix our state.

Africa and the Africans.

PERHAPS there is no portion of the world with a history so interesting as that of Africa. A few years ago this great continent was less known than any other part of the world. The interior had never been mapped out and settled by white men. The great desert of Sahara, with its wandering tribes of Arabs, and their camels and flocks; the great Egyptian plain and the Pyramids; the vast wealth of animal life abounding in forests and rivers; myriads of birds, beasts, and fishes, mingled together in confused ideas—these were the general notions of this third great continent of the world. Yet the history of the earliest ages of the world is laid in the north of Africa. After the confusion of Babel, Noah's son, Ham, went and settled in Egypt.

The history of the children of Israel in their bondage under Pharaoh, and passage across the Red Sea, under their leader, Moses, himself saved from the waters of the Nile, connects the history of Africa with the pages of the Bible.

Egypt was afterwards conquered by the Persians, and then by Alexander the Great, King of Macedon, in whose days—two thousand years ago—the great cities and wonderful buildings on the banks of the Nile were in ruins, so that they must have been built by Egyptian kings many hundreds of years before.

Ethiopia was another division of Africa. It was once called Sheba, the kingdom of that queen who went to visit Solomon, and whose dominions now form Nubia and Abyssinia.

Then there were the countries colonized by the ancient Phœnicians and Grecians, which are now the Barbary States.

The other regions of Africa have scarcely any history. The ancients contented themselves with very fanciful stories about the inhabitants of the unknown interior. These were said to be people without noses, and some with three or four eyes. Others were described as giants without heads, but an eye in their breasts.

One of the prettiest of these fables is of the Pigmies, a small people, about twelve inches in height, supposed to live in houses like birds' nests, built of clay and feathers and eggshells, on the banks of the Nile. Great battles are related as being fought between the Pigmies and the Cranes, one of whom, sometimes, would snatch up a Pigmy in his beak and fly away with him.

At the southern point of Africa is the large colony of "The Cape," as it is called; and north-east of this the different tracts of country—Natal, Zululand, and Transvaal—where, during the last year or two, there have been wars and continuous fighting, with little profit or prospect of a lasting peace.—*Sunday,*

Heroes.

BY E. MURRAY.

HAVE you heard the olden story,
How a dragon, fierce and fell,
Ranged across the ravaged country,
Lay at evening by the well;
Scales of iron, tongue of fire,
Blood-stained, terrible and grim,
Slaying mothers, murdering children,
In the twilight gray and dim?
All in vain the fathers fought him,
All in vain were wall and gate;
Horrible, relentless, sleepless,
Lay the deadly beast in wait.

Then the old-timed hero, bravely
Signed the cross and drew the sword,
Said, "I may not pause or falter,
I, the sworn knight of the Lord."
So St. George attacked the dragon;
Long the fight and terrible,—
Teeth and claws to sword and buckler,
Dead at length the monster fell.
So they cry, "St. George for England!"
So they praise the hero well.

Let me tell the newer story:
Dragon like across the land,
Slavery raged fierce and evil,
Soaked with tears and blood the land,
Fettered men and helpless women,
Crying children for its prey;
And the monster, grim and awful,
Grew in horror day by day;
Strong men trembled—wise men sadly
Gave the hideous thing its way.

Then the new time hero, calmly,
Coming from his quiet place,—
"Be it death or be it victory,
Christ my Saviour, lend me grace,"
Firmly faced the giant monster;
Conquered! God was by his side;
Freedom! freedom! cried the nation,
As the hateful dragon died.
But our hero,—well the angels
Took him to their holy care,
And the Lord, his warrior greeting,
Crowned him saint and hero there.

Heroes! answer from your heaven,
You have fought a goodly fight,
Who won your crown and saved your people
Strong in Christ, your leader's might.
Is there nothing we can conquer?
Is there nothing we can do?
In our land no dragon creepeth,
Yet we would be heroes too.

Every land must have its dragon,
Every age its hero bear,—
See! a monster, grim and deathful,
Crouches in our country fair;
Lurking in the glass of whiskey,
Growling from the dram-shop's till,—
Who upon the Lord's side standeth?
Who the dragon drink will kill?

By the vows our lips have plighted,
By the witnessed oath and word,
We are pledged to fight the dragon,
We, the sworn knights of the Lord.
Lift the banner! gird the armour!
Shout the battle cry again!
We will never cease the conflict
Till the dragon drink is slain.

Sabbath-School Jubilee Celebration at Thornhill.

THE Jubilee Services of the Thornhill Methodist Sabbath-school were brought to a close on the 16th of September, completing an event which will rank as historic in the annals of Sabbath-schools in Canada, and which will long be remembered by the thousands scattered throughout the world, who have kindly recollections of the old Thornhill school. The occasion for the celebration was no less an event than the jubilee of the school. The affair has aroused feelings of the pleasantest anticipation throughout the district, for Thornhill Methodist

Sabbath-school is an institution of first-class importance.

Fifty years ago, the Methodist Sabbath-school was organized. Mr. Thomas Harris was the leader in the movement, and was chosen superintendent.

The organizing of a Sabbath-school in those days was not by any means the easy task it is to-day. Now-a-days, the Sabbath-school seems to grow up naturally as part of the Church work, just as does the weekly prayer-meeting. The needed appliances can be had at a small cost, and with little trouble of choosing. Everybody, from the superintendent to the deputy assistant-librarian, has his work mapped out by the experience of others, as set forth in countless books upon Sabbath-school management. Lesson-helps, and text-books of all kinds, may be had almost for the asking. Given scholars and teachers willing to form a school, and everything else almost is ready-made.

But in those times Sabbath-schools were not numerous, and their requirements were not so sedulously cared for by the great publishing and manufacturing houses as they are now. The teachers were obliged to map out their own course, each one for himself, and to follow it as best he could, and that under grave difficulties, in the want of assistance which is now so freely afforded the teacher.

The school was the natural outcome of the growth of the Church. Thornhill, though now known only as a quiet little village, ten miles north of Toronto, on Yonge-Street, was at one time a pushing, bustling village, with a trade which would have been a source of pride to many a larger place.

Those were the days of the circuit-riders, and the people of Thornhill and vicinity listened to the exhortations of a succession of itinerant preachers—first among whom was Nathan Bangs, afterwards the celebrated Rev. Dr. Nathan Bangs, of New York. The work being carried on from the United States, it was characterized by the Church government of the Methodist Episcopal body. But, later on, Wesleyans came out from England and Ireland; and when the district, of which Thornhill formed a part, dissociated itself from the American Church, it naturally accepted the Wesleyan form of Church government. The man in charge when this separation came on was Henry Ryan, a man of great zeal and earnestness. Among members of the itineracy who had to do with the early days of Methodism in Thornhill were Elder Case, Father Hyland, Father Wright, and Mr. Carson. The formal amalgamation with the Wesleyan Methodists took place about 1840.

There were good men and true in the early Methodism of Thornhill, as those will acknowledge who know this section.

The pastors have included such men as the Rev. Dr. Rose, Rev. Dr. Jeffers (now of Belleville), Rev. Dr. Bredin (now of Colborne), Rev. Dr. Ryckman, and others. The present pastor, Rev. John Locke, formerly had charge of the Gerrard Street Church, Toronto, where he proved himself a man of more than ordinary power in the all-round work of the pastorate.

The fact that the Methodist Sabbath-school came into existence shortly after the troublous times of 1837-38, shows that the people recovered rapidly from the excitement into which that event threw this part of the country particularly.

The celebration of the jubilee brought a large number of people, among them many very prominent men, who were at one time connected with the Thornhill Methodist Sunday-school. The members of the committee had spared no pains to make the jubilee celebration a success, and even the smallest detail seemed to be looked after.

Care had been taken to find prominent places on the programme for prominent men who had been at

one time connected with the school, and the array of talent shown—every person on the programme, with one exception, having at sometime been connected with the school—does great credit to the institution.

In a conversation with Mr. James, the superintendent, that gentleman stated some interesting facts. The school is in a flourishing condition, as it has always been. He attributes this in part to the fact that the school has lived, not for its own support, but for the good of others. All the money collected goes to missions. Three other things he mentioned as contributing mainly to the success of the school: (1) A regular teachers' meeting is held; (2) Teachers are not allowed to bring lesson-helps into the class—in other words, they are expected to teach from the Bible; (3) Perfect order is insisted upon.

The series of services began Saturday evening, when an address was given by the Rev. W. M. Bailey, an old friend of the school. The address was pointed, practical, and full of interest. On Sunday, four distinct services were held, beginning with a meeting of testimony as to benefits received by attending Sabbath-school. Many were the witnesses of life long good received. At the regular hour for service, the Rev. J. A. Rankin, once a Thornhill boy, preached an earnest and eloquent sermon on the subject of God's unchangeable and eternal love.

The children's service in the afternoon was a live meeting from beginning to end. The young folk and their friends seemed to enjoy the proceedings thoroughly. Mr. John Lane, ex-M.P.P., presided; and addresses appropriate to the occasion were delivered by the Revs. W. M. Beilby and G. W. Calvert. In the evening, at seven o'clock, the Rev. G. W. Calvert was the preacher. He chose as his subject: "A plea for the children," which he founded on the words of Genesis xlii. 22, "Sin not against the child."

On Monday evening, a platform meeting was held in the church. Mr. John Ramsden, warden of the county, and once a scholar in the school, presided, performing his duties to the admiration of all. Mr. James, the superintendent, delivered the opening address, in which he welcomed, in kind and eloquent terms, all who had come to take a part in the celebration.

Dr. McLellan, Superintendent of Institutes and Normal Schools—also a former member of the school—was the next speaker; and though his subject, "The necessity for proper seating accommodation in the school-room," was not one to suggest flowery eloquence, he made it the theme of a wonderfully fine, practical, and even eloquent address. Others also spoke with good effect.

The following is a list of the superintendents of the school from its inception: Thomas Harris, from 1839 to 1841; John Reid, M.D., from 1842 to 1847; Josiah Purkiss, from 1848 to 1851; John W. Cook, during 1852; Josiah Purkiss, from 1853 to 1881; Johnson Wilson, from 1882 to 1884; David James, from 1885 to 1889.

Shortly after the organization of the school, and for some time thereafter, the meetings of the Sabbath-school were held in the old frame school-house, still in use, which was erected in 1811, and which is historically interesting as being one of the oldest public school-houses—if not the very oldest—in the Province.—*The Globe*.

In yielding to one temptation, the way is opened for so many. Nothing will serve us day by day, but a humble trust in him who is able to keep us from falling, and earnest striving to watch as well as pray.

Ministering.

WHAT though your feet are often over weary,

On ceaseless errands sent :
And tired shoulders ache and ache so sorely
'Neath heavy burdens bent .
Be patient, lest the ones whom you are serving
Be soon beyond your care ;
Lest little wayward feet that you are guiding
Slip past you unaware.

Ah, then, Lo joy would seem so dear and blessed,
As spending months and years
In ceaseless service for the vanished darlings
So vainly mourned with tears.
But while you have your dear ones still around you,
Do not regret your care ;
Far easier aching feet and arms and shoulders,
Than aching hearts to bear

And still beyond your household duties reaching
Stretch forth a helping hand .
So many stand in need of loving comfort
All over this wide land :
Perchance some soul you did to lay, to-morrow
May with the angels sing :
Some one may go straight from your earthly table
To banquet with the King.

-The Mothers' Magazine

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1023] LESSON VI. [Nov. 10

DAVID'S GRIEF FOR ABSALOM.

2 Sam. 18 18-33 Memory verses 32, 33.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him Prov 17. 25.

OUTLINE.

1. Evil Tidings, v. 18-32.
2. Great Grief, v. 33.

TIME.—1023 B.C.

PLACE.—Mahanaim, where David waited the issue of the battle.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Absalom's conspiracy was at the outset entirely successful. Large numbers of people, and some of the most prominent men of the realm, flocked to his standard. He advanced on Jerusalem, and David was compelled to precipitate flight beyond the Jordan. His rebellious son took possession of the city, and to his political crime against his father added a deed of shame. Delaying immediate pursuit, David escaped to the fastnesses beyond the Jordan, and issued summons to his faithful people. The people turned once more toward their hero king. Soldiers gathered to his standard. The armies approached each other, the decisive battle was fought, and David's army was victorious. The sequel forms our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*A pillar*—A monumental column inscribed with his own name. *In the king's dole*—Probably in the lower part of the valley of the Kedron, near the pool of Siloam. *Thou hast no tidings ready*—That is, no good tidings. He had always before been a messenger of good, and Joab seems to have hesitated to have him bear evil tidings. *Between the two gates*—Perhaps a city with a double wall, and at its main entrance an outer and an inner gate. *If he be alone*—If there were many running there would have been defeat, but only one runner meant news. *The chamber over the gate*—A room in the upper part of the watch-tower over one of the gates.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Evil Tidings.* What was the first result of Absalom's rebellion? Whither did the king flee?

By what device did he gain time for secure escape? Chap. 15. 32-37.
From what source did help come to the king? Chap. 17. 27-29.
After the first success of the rebellion, what did David and Joab accomplish? Chap. 18. 1, 2.
Where was the battle fought which ended the rebellion? ver. 6.
What trait of David's character was shown in ver. 5?
What was Absalom's end?
Can you justify Joab's action?
What messengers bore the tidings of the battle to David?
At what place did David await tidings?
Why did Ahimaaz not tell David the truth?

2. *Great Grief.* Who broke the news of Absalom's death to the king? What was the meaning of his message? Was there anything strange about David's forgetfulness of the numbers slain in the battle? How did he once before act when a child was dead? Chap. 12. 21-23. What circumstances could make the difference? Can you connect David's sin (chap. 11) with Amnon's sin (chap. 13) and Absalom's (chap. 13) as productive of this disastrous battle? Oh whom can the whole responsibility of these sorrows be laid? Does this view excuse Absalom from sin?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Here is a wonderful illustration of this truth, "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." David sowed to the flesh, from the flesh he reaped corruption. Here is another truth illustrated, "Lust bringeth forth sin: sin bringeth forth death."

Absalom lusted for power, with the lust of the eyes for the pride of life. It plunged him into sin against his father, his nation, his God; sin brought to him death, physical and spiritual.

Here is a momentous question, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" Are you?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Read all the chapters between this lesson and the preceding one.
2. Write the story of the battle, and its ending.
3. Give the reasons that led Joab to disobey the king.
4. Locate on the map of Palestine the place of the battle, and the city where David waited.
5. Think out the political causes of Absalom's rebellion, and the political results of it. Did it affect Joab's after life?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where was the decisive battle between the king and Absalom fought? "In the wood of Ephraim." 2. What was the result? "The triumph of the king." 3. What had been his command concerning his rebel son? "That his life be spared." 4. Was his command obeyed? "No; for Joab slew him." 5. What truth did David prove in his old age? "A foolish son is a grief," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Personal responsibility.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

50. In what part of man is the image of God? In his spirit or soul, which was breathed into him by the Creator. Gen. 2. 7.
51. Is, then, the soul of man created to live forever? It is immortal, and will not die as the body dies. Ecclesiastes 12. 7.

B.C. 1018] LESSON VII. [Nov. 17

DAVID'S LAST WORDS.

2 Sam. 23. 1-7. Memory verses, 3, 4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure.—2 Sam. 23. 5.

OUTLINE.

1. The Psalmist, v. 1, 2.
2. His Song, v. 3-7.

TIME.—1018 B. C.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The last years of David's reign were years of sorrow. Ere he was fairly returned to Jerusalem another rebellion broke forth, which was quelled by

Joab with characteristic vigour, and the policy of conciliation which the king adopted was utterly distasteful to the generals who had won his victories. Then followed the great pestilence from Jehovah, in return for his temerity in daring to order a census of the people, which originated in the king's unholly ambitions. In the midst of this period in decline in strength, we find the psalm of this lesson recorded as the last of the long series to which his fertile brain had given birth.

EXPLANATIONS.—*His word was in my tongue*—A direct avowal of inspiration by Jehovah. *Rock of Israel*—So called because God was the firm foundation of his people. Ver. 4 needs no special explanation, but careful attention to its beautiful smiles is urged. *My house is not so*—David's family had not begun in reference to the kingdom like the day described in ver. 1, and the history had been clouded with sin, yet he rejoiced in the covenant. *Thorns thrust away*—Even as men root up, cut down, and burn thorns, so will God destroy all opposition to his kingdom.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Psalmist.*

How long was David's reign?
In what sense were these David's last words?
To what three facts of his life is allusion made in ver. 1?
Where can the evidence of his literary power be found?
To whom does he ascribe all his worth as king and poet?
What doctrine of theology has been founded upon such expressions as this of ver. 2 and 2 Pet. 1. 21?

2. *The Song.*

What is the subject of this song?
What characteristics of a good ruler are here given?
In what respects is ver. 4 an illustration of a ruler's character?
From what origin had David's family arisen?
What was the covenant which God had made with David? 2 Sam. 7. 16
What desire of David's heart had not God allowed to grow?
To what are the wicked here likened?
What will be their end?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Last words are always noticeable. The Christian's are wonderful words of joy. The sinner's have many times been the wails of those without hope. Which will ours be?
How pretty ascribes everything to God! A beautiful character is like a morning without clouds.
God's covenant to us is surer than to David. Ours is in Christ—unalterable, eternal.
O the woe of perishing—thrust out of the way like thorns; burned with fire. So end the wicked.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Commit these verses to memory.
2. Repeat the story contained in the phrases "raised up on high," and "anointed of God."
3. Find proof that the covenant with David was kept.
4. Find the history of the word "Rock" used as a title of God, and all the passages that contain it.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the character of David's last words? "They were a psalm of praise." 2. For what principle of government does he praise God? "For justice that fears God." 3. To what does he liken such a ruler? "To a morning without clouds." 4. What does he say will be the end of those who oppose God's righteous ruler? "They shall be thrust away like thorns." 5. In what confident trust does the singer of this song rest? "He hath made with me," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Rock of Israel.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

52. What is the other part of man? His body, which is flesh and blood, and will die.
Be not afraid of them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul.—Matthew 10. 28.

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