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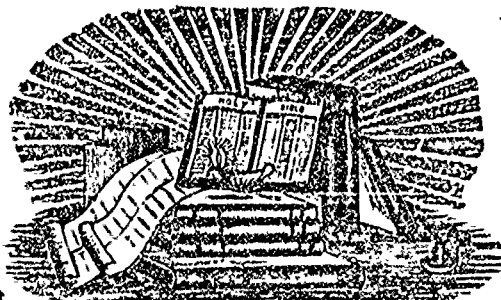
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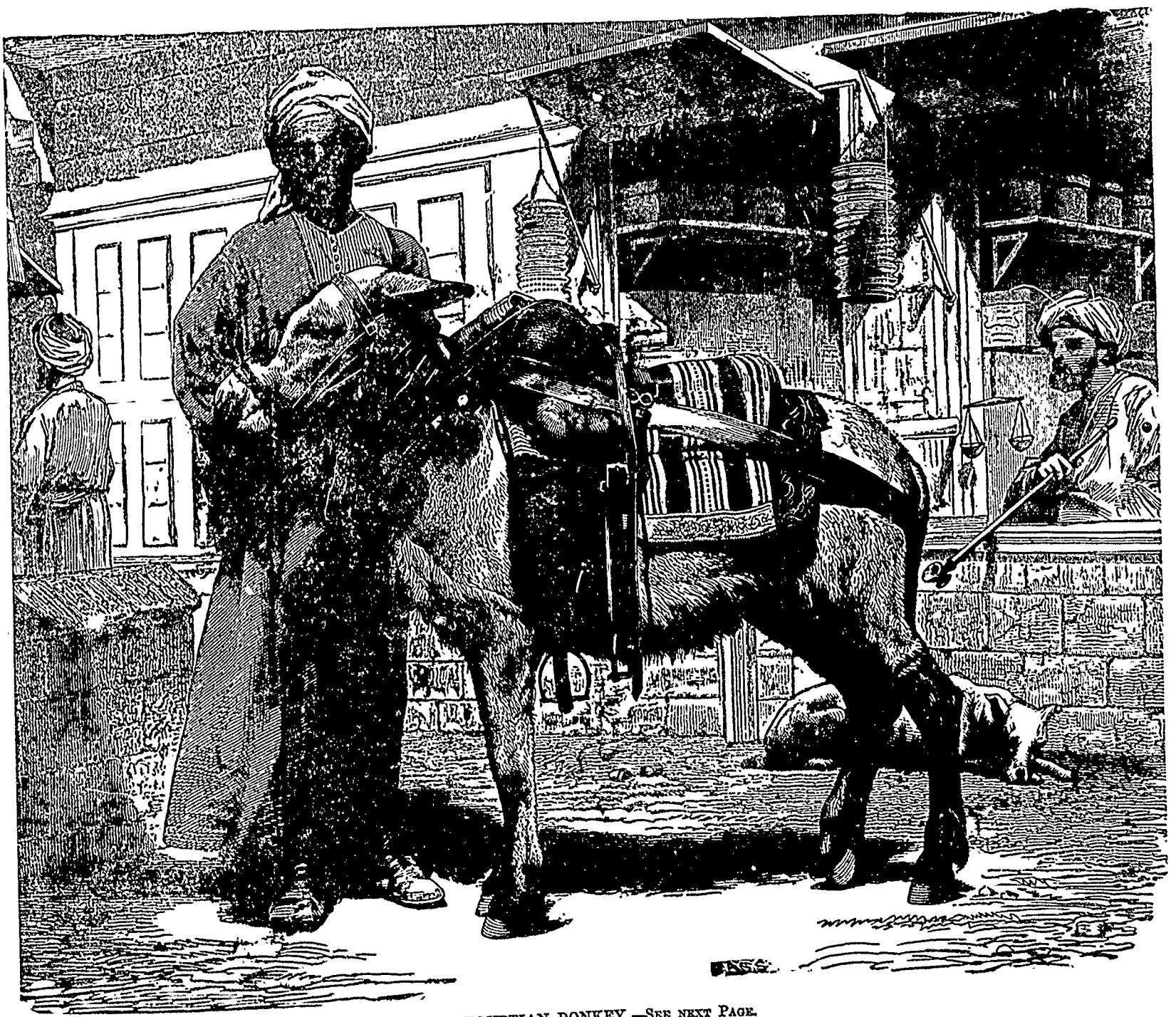
HOME SCHOOLS



Vol. III.]

TORONTO NOVEMBER 7, 1885.

[No. 23.



AN EGYPTIAN DONKEY.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

How Can They Bear it up in Heaven?

How can they bear it up in heaven,
They who so loved and love us yet,
If they can see us still, and know
The heavy hours that come and go,
The fears that sting, the cares that fret,
The hopes belied, the helps ungiven?

Can they sit watching us all day,
Measure our tears, and count our sighs,
And mark each throb and stab of pain,
The ungranted wish, the longing vain,
And still smile on with happy eyes,
Content on golden harps to play?

Ah, no! we will not so them wrong!
When mothers hear their babies cry
For broken toy or trivial woe,
They smile, for all their love—they know
Laughter shall follow presently,
And sighing turn to merry song.

They are not cruel that they smile;
Their eyes, grown old, can farther see,
Weighing the large thing and the less
With wise, experienced tenderness—
The moment's grief with joy to be
In such a little, little while.

Just so the angels, starry-eyed,
With vision cleared, and made all-wise,
Look past the storm-rack and the rain
And shifting mists of mortal pain
To where the steadfast sunshine lies,
And everlasting Summer-tide.

They see, beyond the pang, the strife,
(To us how long, to them how brief!)
The compensation and the balm,
The victor's wreath, the conqueror's palm;
They see the healing laid to grief,
They see unfold the perfect life.

For all our blind, impatient pain,
Our desolate and sore estate,
They see the door that open is
Of heaven's abundant treasures,
The comforts and the cures that wait
The bow of promise in the rain.

And even as they watch, they smile,
With eyes of love, as mothers may,
Nor grieve too much, although we cry,
Because joy cometh presently,
And sunshine, and the fair new day,
When we have wept a little while.

The Donkey.

M. L. C.

He is a patient little fellow, and resembles an English donkey very much; but his surroundings tell us that his home is in Turkey. That load on his back is arranged so that his master may ride behind it.

The donkey is a very useful animal in that country, and is compelled to do all the drudgery, while the horse gets along with the easier part of the work.

That man in the picture who is holding the long-stemmed pipe, is an opium dealer. He has several jars of the vile drug, and the little balances that hang by his side show us that he sells it in small quantities. Perhaps the donkey's master has bought some of it. If he uses opium he is worse off than the donkey, although the little animal does work so hard. Ah, yes! an opium slave is as badly off as a slave to drink. But the former destroys only himself, while the latter seeks to destroy others as well. Better would it be if all intoxicants were forever banished from every country. How many hearts would be made lighter, and how many homes would be brightened! Who would not rejoice to see such a happy time?

For four years Dr. D. H. Wheeler held the position of consul to Genoa. During this time he was a close observer of Italian life and customs. His notes on this interesting country have never been published until now. He is furnishing for *The Charlatan* a serial on Modern Italy which, if we are to judge from the paper in the October issue, will be very good reading.

Archdeacon Farrar's Sermon in Toronto.

AN ELOQUENT APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.

VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR, of Westminster, preached a special sermon to young men in St. James' Cathedral. The great church was crowded to its utmost capacity.

The sermon was a powerful one. Archdeacon Farrar's utterance is rather rapid, but exceedingly clear. He took for his text the words, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet."—Psalm xci. 13.

There are lions in the path of life which the slothful man will not encounter, but which the brave man fights, and in the end slays. There are perils which come to us from the world, the flesh, and the devil; perils from lives of outward and public wickedness which we have to face as citizens and as men. In his struggles against the varied forms of sin and vice which are without and around him the brave man may often be, or seem to be, defeated, for in such a cause his every defeat carries with it the germs of future and of certain victory. When the good man seems to be conquered the powers of evil have still to serve their short-lived triumph, and to say as Pyrrhus said when he defeated the Romans, "Three such victories would utterly ruin me." To-day, however, we have to speak of a different slaying of lions and of

A CONTEST WITHIN US,

not without us; of a contest in which, if we would not be lost, we must, God helping us, win the victory—a personal, an assured, and, if not in this life, an absolute and final victory. It is a subject which we may make intensely practical, a subject which directly affects every one of us, whatever our age or our circumstances. For upon the issue of this contest the strength and majesty and blessedness in every other contest must depend. May the Holy Spirit above, who sendeth forth His seraph with a live coal from the altar, touch the lips of whom He will, and so teach me to speak and so open your ears and touch your hearts to hear, that by His mercy every one of us may leave this church awakened and solemnized, more resolute, more hopeful, more determined to make his stand against the powers of evil, and work out his own salvation with fear, indeed, and trembling, yet with indomitable energy and the strongest concentration of every power of his will. We learn from Scripture and from experience that

A PICTURE, AN ALLEGORY,

especially if it be unhackneyed, may sometimes bring a great truth, or a pressing duty home to the heart and conscience when a more unimaginative inculcation of it may fail to furrow the trodden ground of our familiarity. Such an allegory is found in the words of my text, and in many other passages of Scripture. The definite promise, "Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the dragon," was a reference not only to reptiles and wild beasts of outward evil, but to evils in which the deadliness of vice is concentrated in our individual hearts—evil thoughts and deeds and habits which assail and hurt the soul. When the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews says of some of the Old Testament characters that they stopped the mouths of lions, he

doubtless meant his words to be understood metaphorically as well as literally. So, too, does St. Paul, when he says that he fought the beasts at Ephesus, and that God delivered him out of the mouths of lions. So, too, St. Ignatius, when he says that on his way to martyrdom he was fighting with wild beasts all the way, and describes the Roman soldiers as ten leopards with whom he was travelling. So when David speaks of the jawbones of the lion he is not thinking of actual lions but of human and spiritual enemies. If, therefore, we can adopt the metaphor, we are no more guilty than these of using language which is fantastical or sensational language, and the fitness of the metaphor is shown by the fact that we find it also in the heathen mythology. Let us not follow the ignorant prejudice which would regard the

THOUGHTS OF THE HEATHEN

as if they were not worthy of our Christian interest. We have learned more and more in our own day that there is an ethnic as well as a Hebrew inspiration. The noble study of comparative religions is widening the horizon of our thoughts, and revealing to us that God spoke in old times to the Greek and the Roman and the Persian and the Hindoo, as well as to the Jew. All wisdom is not hid in Moses' law. Now in the old and uncorrupted springs of Greek mythology we find the purest moral intuitions of that wonderfully gifted race. If there was one virtue which the ancient Greeks admired above all others it was sober-mindedness, which is also earnestly impressed upon all, especially upon young men, by St. Paul and St. Peter. Now, if Paul, even on the Scripture page, quotes the Greek poets, why should we not also refer to the pure lessons of Greek mythology, and the Greek type of this noble

VIRTUE OF SOBER-MINDEDNESS,

the ideal type which they set before themselves, of a life strong in self-control and almost divine in its self-sacrifice? The type of a deliverer of the world is their hero Hercules. Grossly as that idea was dwarfed and stunted by the polluted imaginations of the later poets, the hero stands in the old mythology as the grand representative of toiling, suffering, persecuted, victorious manhood, the embodied conception of a life raised to immortality by mighty toil for the good of others. And they saw, as we see, that he who would indeed conquer evil in the world must first conquer it in his own heart. To him it must never be said, as to the Pharisee of old, "Thou, therefore, that teachest others, teachest thou not thyself?" This is the meaning of that fine apologue of the choice of Hercules. The young hero, in his opening manhood, makes his choice of self-denying virtue, and not for unlawful pleasure. But the moral is yet more finely conveyed in that legend of his conquest of the Nemean lion, which is the first of his great labours. The great hero in his adolescence is always represented as arrayed in the pelt of this conquered wild beast. Doubtless the slaying of an actual lion is something. The Scriptures deem it worthy of record that lions were slain by the youth Samson and the youth David. But neither Samson nor David wore the lion's skin in memory of their victory all the rest

of their lives. The skin of the lion which the Greek hero wore was held to make him invulnerable and well-nigh invincible. It was difficult to get this hide. The lion must be fought in the darkness and dealt upon without weapons, but by the grip of the throat. What is the meaning of that? It means that the Nemean lion is the first great adversary. Whatever that may be to Hercules or to any one of us, then or now, the first monster we have to struggle with and strangle, or be destroyed, is to be fought in the dark with no man helping us, for

EVERY MAN'S NEMEAN LION

lies in the way for him somewhere. All future victories depend upon that. Kill it, and through all the rest of your lives what was once terrible becomes your armour; you are clothed with the virtue of that conquest. In the first place 'his lion is to be fought in the darkness and in the cavern, and with no earthly weapons. It is not the stout club, it is not the keen arrows which can slay it. You must block up the entrance to its cave, you must plunge through the murky gloom, and there by sheer force of arm and by resolute might, by that will which God has given to every one of you, and which makes it your chief human privilege to say I ought, I can, I will, strengthened as you will be by the grace of Christ, you must fearlessly and pitilessly meet and strangle this lion. The lion is that inward sin, that special impulse and temptation to evil which is most directed against your individual heart. Are you at this time willing, or are you not, to conquer the sin, whatever it may be, which doth most easily beset you? Remember that God will have no reservations. Remember that His law is that you must keep all His commandments. Not all but one. Do not deceive yourself with the fancy that

THERE IS ONE SIN

which you may cherish for yourself; one law to be violated with impunity. On the tree of death, as on the tree of life, there are twelve manner of fruits; but God will not suffer you so much as one of them, because in each one of these fatal fruits is infused the deathliness of all. Millions of men would be saved almost without an effort but for one sin—the drunkard, but for his drink; the envious man, but for his inworking malice; the unclean, but for his guilty love or desecrating vice. And the man who does not struggle and overcome is losing himself more and more helplessly in the pathless morass; he is sinking deeper and deeper in the unfathomable sea; he is fettering himself with heavier and heavier chains. Therefore, my brethren, as you love your lives, enter with resolution the dark caverns of your hearts and face the lion who is lurking there. Lay aside the fancy that he can lie there undisturbed without destroying, that you can fence yourself round against him by reason or philosophy, or by prudential reserve, or by any procrastination of the struggle. Nothing will save you but a resolute effort, putting forth the gathered force of your life, intensified with grace and prayer. Give that lion but one fatal wound, and though its flaming eye may glare upon you, and its relaxing claw may have power to rend you, each subsequent blow, each tightening grip on its throat, will find it weaker,

and you growing from strength to strength, until at last you will sling out of his lair

THE HUGE AND HIDEOUS CARABAS,

and turn the cavern into a holy temple, and Christ shall enter there. Further, observe the infinite superiority which Christ has granted to us in those days. The Greeks had noble ideals, but their conduct fell as far short of those ideals as ours does. But often their ideals are as grievously corrupt. Human strength and knowledge is at the best but perfect weakness. But it is the mercy of God that He has given us in the life of our Lord Jesus Christ an ideal not human, but divine. Pay notice, that the more early this battle is undertaken, the more surely it is won. Hercules, while yet an infant, strangles the serpents sent to slay him. Efo who strangles serpents in his youth will slay monsters in his manhood. He who has early had strength to conquer temptations will not be so likely later to lose his self-reverence and his self-control. If in the flush of youth he has sat at the feet of law, he is little likely to rebel afterwards. And these were the truths which the Greeks succinctly expressed by representing their hero in the skin of the lion he has slain. Thus in early life men can best win this victory while yet they are not dominated by a corrupt present, and are still unhampered by a faithless past. Victory is won more easily at fifteen than at twenty; more easily at twenty than at twenty-five; and ten thousand times more easily at thirty than at sixty. Samson, while he is young, while yet the sunny locks of his obedience to the moral law lay in waves upon his illustrious shoulders, could meet the young lion that rose against him as easily as if it were a kid. He could do so no longer after his locks were shorn, after his life was sullied, after he had yielded to sensual temptations. When his heart had been corrupted, his will made offensive, his hopes depraved, you will see him rending lions no longer, but toiling as the drudge of his enemies, the companion of slaves in turning the mill at Gaza. And David, while he is the pure and ruddy shepherd, while his heart was white as the lilies he twined round his harp-strings, and his thoughts as pure as the dew upon their leaves; when a young man, unconquered by the life of cities, he could fight for his lambs, and with unaided arm overcome

THE LION AND THE BEAR,

he could not do it after that sin with Uriah and with Bathsheba. Then the rustle of a shaking leaf was enough to terrify him, and the crown fell from his head; he became weak as water, and fled before his own worthless son, sobbing, barefooted, cursed by his enemies, and followed by those dark spirits of lust and murder. Which of us has not been in one way or other defeated as Samson or David was? Which of us can encounter that poison-breathing lion in the dark caverns of his heart, and strangle it as fearlessly as he might have done? How grandly has Milton expressed this idea that sin is weakness, when in "Paradise Lost" he gives Ithuriel's rebuke to Satan, and proceeds:—

"So spake the cherub, and his grave rebuke
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible. Abashed the devil stood

And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Virtue in her shape, how lovely; saw and
pined
His loss, but chiefly to find here observed
His lustre visibly impaired"

And again, in the case of our first parents and their unrest and weakness after their first sin. An American writer of genius describes the first transgression which he can remember. "Time," he says, "has led me to look upon my offence more leniently. I do not believe it or any other childish wrong is infinite, as some think, but infinitely finite, but often think—had I but won that battle!" Oh, my brothers, we may be unable to recall the first time we do wrong; the memory of your first transgression may be clouded over by time, but is there one here who does not from his heart regret that he did not win that battle? But let us not despair. It is never too late to fight, never impossible to slay that lion, or to feel that you should tread the young lion and the dragon under foot. If the grace of God shows exquisitely in some soul, pure from its youth upwards, growing, like the Lord Jesus, in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man, that grace of God shows yet more mightily in the case of those who have been in the fight, those who have lain prostrate in the bloody contest, who have felt the fierce lion's merciless teeth and merciless claws, yet have sprung up again and gathering their strength have turned rout into resistance, and resistance into victory. Who are the special proofs of the irresistible love of Christ and of the irresistible power of God's grace? In whose cases is the grace best shown? Not in Enoch, the Immaculate; not in Abraham, the friend of God; not in John, the hermit of the desert; not in John, the exile of Patmos; not in Stephen, with his face like the face of an angel; no, but in the Son who was lost and is found, who is

RESCUED FROM THE RAGS

and the far land and the husks and the swine and returned to the pure, rejoicing home; in the Magdalen out of whom He cast seven devils; in the harlot who washed His feet with her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head; in the publican whom He transformed into an apostle; in the demoniac sitting at His feet clothed and in his right mind. These are the products of His grace, these are the lost, torn sheep over whom the Good Shepherd, rejoices; these are the repentant sons for whom the angels strike their harps. You may be weak, you may be bad, you may be corrupt, you may be

A DEFEATED MAN,

all your life may hitherto have been wasted. You may have sunk deeper and deeper into the awful abyss and mire of sin. Yet I would give you hope. I would fain kindle your courage. I would fain awaken a spark and rouse it to a glow and then into a clear and leaping flame. Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow. Do not allow the devil to make you listen to those words as though to you they meant nothing. They are God's words to you, they are Christ's message to you, they are the Spirit's appeal even to you. Are you a drunkard? There is not a drunkard here who may not die a forgiven and a temperate man. Are you dishonest? Have you for years been making profits

by the lies and base conventionalities of this or that profession? You can this very day smash your balance; you can melt your unjust weights, and abandon your unfair practices. Is your heart burning with bad passions? Are you a profane person, or a fornicator? or are you laying waste by any sin the inner sanctuaries of your being? There is not one but may become strong and pure in Christ. To some it may be there are

SINS LIKE DAVA

smouldering by day, lurid by night. But if you will put away the evil thing and seek God on your knees; if you will summon the shamed and routed and scattered forces of your being to the great battle of God, He will so help you that far as the east is from the west, so far from you will be the sin which burns your heart. My brethren, because Satan knows that despair is fatal, he will try hard to keep you cynically indifferent or to drive you to despair. He will whisper to you that you are too far gone, that these hopes, these promises, are for others, not for you. But O, my brethren, they are for you. If you will not put them from you, then you, even you, can still strangle that full-fed lion, whose claw is in your heart. It is a true saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ came into the world to save sinners. To save sinners, and therefore to save you; to save the guilty, and therefore to save you; to save the bad, and therefore to save you; and if you will take no words but His very own, take it in these: "I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the House of Israel; I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

At the close of the service the following beautiful hymn was sung:

"FORWARD BE OUR WATCHWORD."

Forward be our watchword, steps and voices
join'd;
Seek the things before us, not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar at our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking, by Jehovah
led?
Forward through the desert, through the
toil and fight:
Jordan flows before us, Zion beams with
light.
Forward when in childhood buds the infant
mind;
All through youth and manhood, not a
thought behind;
Speed through realms of nature, climb the
steps of grace:
Faint not, till around us gleams the Father's
face.
Forward, all the life-time, climb from height
to height;
Till the head be hoary, till the eye be light.
Forward, flock of Jesus, salt of all the
earth,
Till each yearning purpose spring to glorious
birth:
Sick, they ask for healing; blind, they
grope for day:
Pour upon the nations wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error; leave behind the
night;
Forward through the darkness, forward into
light.
Glories upon glories hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him one day to be
shared;
Eye hath not beheld them, ear hath never
heard;
Nor of these hath utter'd, thought or speech
a word;
Forward, marching eastward, where the
heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted, till our faith be sight.
Far o'er yon horizon rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth; that fair home is
ours;
Flash the streets with jasper, shine the
gates with gold;

flows the gladdening river as if joy
untold.
Thither, onward thither, in Jehovah's might:
Pilgrims to your country, forward into
light.

To the Father's glory loudest anthems raise;
To the Son and Spirit, echo songs of praise;
To the Lord Jehovah, blessed Three in One,
Be by men and angels endless honour done.
Weak are earthly praises, dull the songs of
night;
Forward into triumph, forward into light.

Training for Sunday-School Teachers.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL teachers and senior scholars who desire to understand the Bible, and to know how to teach, should send for the circulars of *The Assembly Normal Union*. This is a course of study contained in outlines and text-books, of which the purpose is to give to Bible students and Sunday-school workers general views of the word and the work. It may be taken by individual students, or in normal classes, the lessons being contained in the leaflets. Every Sunday-school should have a class for the training of teachers, and every teachers' meeting for the study of the Sunday-school lesson might profitably employ a part of each session in normal study. All who desire further information may address Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, D.D., 805 Broadway, New York.

REV. DR. SUTHERLAND, General Missionary Secretary, reached home on Tuesday, September 8th. During his absence he visited all the Indian missions of British Columbia and all the white missions, with the exception of two or three which lie east of the cascades, and which the limited time at his disposal did not admit of his reaching. At Port Essington he ordained Rev. D. Jennings, resident missionary, under commission, as provided by Discipline. At Victoria he found the Chinese school and mission in very successful operation under the labours of Mr. Vrooman, who is temporarily in charge of the mission under the superintendence of the Victoria minister. Before leaving the country Dr. Sutherland had the pleasure and privilege of administering baptism to eleven Chinamen of from eighteen to thirty-five years of age. It is gratifying to learn that the missions generally, both white and Indian, of that part of the Dominion are in a healthy condition. The journey occupied two months and two days, involving eight thousand miles of travel and the delivery of thirty-four sermons, lectures, and public addresses, besides sundry Indian councils, baptisms, etc., etc. Dr. Sutherland was accompanied throughout the tour by ex-Alderman Moore, who rendered excellent service both on pulpit and platform.—*Guardian*.

DR. S. G. SMITH, of Milwaukee, has written a very readable paper on John Bright, for the October number of *The Chautauquan*. Comparing him with Gladstone and Beaconsfield, he says: "In varied accomplishments, and wide ranging achievement, Mr. Gladstone is far his superior, and in versatility of gifts, audacity of action, and power over the motives of men, he cannot for a moment share the honours of that exceptional genius, Lord Beaconsfield. Yet John Bright has far more courage than the one, and far more conscience than the other."

Faithful in Little.

"He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."—Luko xvi. 10.

I CANNOT do great things for Him, Who did so much for me; But I would like to show my love, Dear Jesus, unto Thee; Faithful in very little things, O Saviour, may I be.

There are small things in daily life In which I may obey, And thus may show my love to Thee; And always, every day, There are some loving little words Which I for Thee might say.

There are small crosses I may take, Small burdens I may bear, Small acts of faith, and deeds of love, Small sorrows I may share, And little bits of work for Thee I may do everywhere.

And so I ask Thee, give me grace My little place to fill, That I may ever walk with Thee, And ever do Thy will; And in each duty, great or small, I may be faithful still.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and Home & School.

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, 78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto.

Home & School:

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 7, 1885.

"Happy Days."

OUR NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPER.

We are glad to announce that we will shortly issue specimen numbers of our new Sunday-school paper, "HAPPY DAYS." It will be of the same grade and same size and price as the Sunbeam, and will be issued on alternate weeks, so that, with our four papers, schools will have one for every Sunday, both senior and primary classes.

A STUDENT at the University of Texas, being short of funds, wrote to his father in Galveston: "Send me a hundred dollars by return mail. He who gives quickly gives double."

Prize Offered.

A PRIZE of \$20 is offered for what may be deemed the best method in any one of the following plans for arresting the attention of the thoughtless and unconverted so as to lead them to enquire earnestly for the way of salvation, viz.:-

- 1. The best Leaflet of not over 600 words.
2. The best Tract not to exceed four pages of 300 words each.
3. The best method other than Leaflet or Tract.

Communications enclosing stamp, if to be returned, addressed to Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto, up to December 1st, 1885.

Contributions to have motto, with name of contributor in letter. Prize will be awarded on December 15th.

Should the above plan lead to valuable contributions to the many excellent existing mediums, subsequent prizes will be offered in the same direction.

"Come."

It is said that in the deserts, when the caravans are in want of water, they are accustomed to send on a camel with its rider some distance in advance; then, after a little space, follows another, and then at a short interval another. As soon as the first man finds water, almost before he stoops down to drink, he shouts aloud, "Come!" The next, hearing his voice, repeats the word "Come!" while the nearest again takes up the cry "Come!" until the whole wilderness echoes with the word "Come!"

Falling Leaves.

I CANNOT say with the poet when I see the falling leaves: "The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year," for I love especially to stand in the heart of some wood and hear the rustling of the leaves as they fall. There is never anything bare or disagreeable to me in a tree stripped of its foliage.

"The wild-flower and the violet, they perished long ago, And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer's glow; But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood, And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn beauty stood, Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,



FALLING LEAVES.

And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade, and glen. The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore, And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more." M. K. H.

Archdeacon Farrar in Canada.

THE visit to Canada of this famous divine has given great pleasure to multitudes who have derived delight and profit from his books. No "Life of Christ" has ever been so widely read as that in which with singular grace and beauty he tells that inimitable story. Of scarcely less interest are his "Life of St. Paul" and his "Early Days of Christianity," all of which have been translated into many languages, and read by untold multitudes of people.

modesty. We have pleasure in re-printing on another page the substance of his eloquent sermon at St. James' Cathedral.

"We take the opportunity," says the Wesleyan, of Halifax, N.S., "of expressing satisfaction with the work being done by our Sabbath-school Committee, under the guidance of the indefatigable Secretary, the Rev. Dr. Withrow. Our wonderfully cheap and most attractive Sunday-school papers are steadily finding their way into our villages and country districts, but other work is also being done. Our readers would scarcely believe how many needy schools are being supplied with libraries and other helps by means of a wise and economical use of the sums gathered by the annual Sunday-school collection for this purpose. One thinks, as he hears of the grants made from time to time, that there must be a 'widow's cruse' somewhere. But there is no such unfailling store, unless it be provided by our wealthier congregations and schools."

PRAISE waiteth for Thee, O God, in Sion; and unto Thee shall the vow be performed. O Thou that hearest prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come.



HOWE'S CAVE.

Coming By-and-Bye.

A BETTER day is coming,
A morning promised long,
When girded Right, with holy Might,
Will overthrow the Wrong;
When God the Lord will listen
To every plaintive sigh,
And stretch His hand o'er every land
With justice by-and-bye.

CHORUS.

Coming by-and-bye, coming by-and-bye!
The better day is coming, the morning
draweth nigh;
Coming by-and-bye, coming by-and-bye!
The welcome dawn will hasten on, 'tis
coming by-and-bye.

The boast of haughty Error
No more will fill the air,
But Age and Youth will love the Truth,
And spread it everywhere;
No more from Want or Sorrow
Will come the helpless cry;
And strife will cease, and perfect peace
Will flourish by-and-bye.

Oh! for that holy dawning
We watch, and wait, and pray,
Till o'er the height the morning light
Shall drive the gloom away;
And when the heav'nly glory
Shall flood the earth and sky,
We'll bless the Lord for all His word,
And praise Him by-and-bye.

—R. Lowry.

Howe's Cave.

BY THE EDITOR.

HOWE'S CAVE is forty miles from Albany, on the Susquehanna division of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company's Railway. The scenery on the route is exceedingly picturesque. My chance of seeing this famous cave at first seemed doubtful. It had been raining for several days, and the guide said that the lower part was flooded. But I resolved to attempt it, and the courteous proprietor equipped me in long India-rubber boots, a blouse and overalls, and a slouch hat. I did not think I could look so much like a brigand. Taking a lantern and torch, we started. Sure enough we found the water knee-deep, and rushing with a strong current. I was in for it, however, and kept on. Pretty soon I shipped a quantity of water in each boot, and then there was no use in

turning back. I was surprised at the great extent and remarkable character of this cave. It reaches three miles into the heart of the earth, and is not yet fully explored.

It is second in size only to the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. The pathway for a time is tolerably straight and level, not unlike the corridors of the Catacombs.

At irregular intervals the passage expands into vaulted spaces, which receive such names as Reception Hall, Giant's Chapel, Music Hall, Bridal Chamber, etc. In the Narrow Way the walls approach so close that there is just room for the head to pass. A striking feature is the number of stalactites, which hang like icicles of marble from the roof. Corresponding to these are stalagmites, formed by the dripping of water, surcharged with carbonate of lime, upon the floor, as the Organ, the Pulpit, the Tower of Pisa. What untold ages of time must have been required for the water to wear away, as it has, the vast space of this cave, and then to form these great masses of pure marble by such slow deposits.

The winding corridor is haunted with exquisite echoes. The guide sings a few notes and they are caught up and repeated in softened cadence adown the hollow vaults like the weird ghosts of sound. A plank let fall upon the clay floor resounds like a clap of thunder, whose echoes roll and rumble away in the dark like the voices of angry gnomes. So the tiny waterfall of four or five feet roars like a young Niagara. At Crystal Lake we embark in boat, which suggests that of Charon in the underworld, and are ferried a quarter of a mile to its further end, beneath a rocky roof festooned with fantastic stalactites. In places the path climbs high above the rushing stream, which roars along its rocky bed far beneath. One of the most curious places is the Winding Way, a narrow passage forming a series of S's, so crooked that we can hardly see a yard ahead. Here the guide took both lights away and left me alone, that I

might see how dark it was. The darkness might almost be felt. The silence, as I stood there hundreds of feet below the surface, and two miles from the mouth of the cave, was almost appalling. The ticking of my watch and beating of my heart became painfully audible; all else was silent as the grave. I never experienced anything like it, except the silence and gloom of the lower dungeons of the Ducal Prison at Venice. A very narrow passage is well named the Fat Man's Misery, and creeping through another so low that one has to crawl on hands and knees, one enters the grandest hall of all, the Rotund, twenty-five feet in diameter and 300 feet high. The height was measured by sending up a rocket which explodes at 300 feet. It just reached the roof.

Mission Notes.

MISS KNIGHT, who recently left Halifax for mission work in British Columbia, has sent a very interesting letter from Victoria respecting the Chinese school in that place. There are about 4,000 Chinese in Victoria, and the school in question is the only institution established on their behalf. She strongly appeals for a missionary and a teacher to be sent to labour among these "celestials," and surely it is desirable that the request should meet with a liberal response. Dr. Sutherland's visit is very opportune.

THE McDougall Orphanage, in the North-West, has now 15 children, some of whom have neither father nor mother, and but for the institution would be destitute. They are taught the English language, and are being trained so as to be useful in after life. If funds were forthcoming a much larger number of children could be accommodated at the Orphanage.

THE annual meeting of ministers' children and grandchildren is always held in the Mission House, London. A tea was generously provided this year by Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Perks, of which a large company partook. A pleasant evening was spent, and addresses were delivered by Mr. J. Beauchamp, Revs. F. L. Wiseman, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. J. Beaumont, late Chief-Justice of British Guiana. All these gentlemen are sons of well known ministers who have gone to their reward. All members of the association contribute a small sum annually, which constitutes a fund from which assistance is rendered to such ministers' children as are known to need relief. Much good has thus been done.

The Chautauqua Salute.

THE story of the "Chautauqua Salute" is interesting. It well illustrates the vast and popular sympathy that makes Dr. Vincent so successful a public leader. A deaf and dumb man was years ago delivering a lecture at Chautauqua. This he did to the immense satisfaction of his audience by sign language, accompanied with inimitable pantomime in gesture and facial expression. A speaker proceeded with, for example, the remark: "The lecturer will now give you the story of Christ's Stilling of the Tempest." With so much hint supplied, the spectators could follow the novel public speaking delightedly. At the close they broke out in applause with clapping of the hands. Instantly Dr. Vincent reminded them that their lecturer could

not hear the cheering, and suggested that they should applaud with handkerchief waving. This form of testimonial brought grateful tears to the lecturer's eyes. From that circumstance sprang the unique and beautiful "Chautauqua Salute."

THE *New York Fashion Bazar*, published by George Munro, New York, will meet with favour in the eyes of every lady who examines it. The latest modes in every portion of a lady's wardrobe are fully illustrated; there are, besides, an excellent department of fancy work and some pleasant reading. \$2.50 per year.

God Bless our Cause.

God bless our sacred cause!
We plead for righteous laws,
Our homes to shield.
Our land has suffered long
From an accursed wrong,
Whose roots are deep and strong,
Nor do they yield.

Now let the people come,
And vote for God and home
And temperance laws!
We'll be no more deceived;
Our land must be retrieved,
And from this curse relieved!
God bless our cause!

WILL it be believed that 800 Japanese are this day, in their own native tongue, reading the C. L. S. C. books? Such is the case. At least, the "Required Readings" from *The Chautauquan* (monthly magazine) are translated for the purpose into the Japanese language, as also is the "Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation," and Bushnell's "Character of Jesus." For this purpose, I say, it is expressly and exclusively the C. L. S. C. propagating itself in Japan. Other books of the House are dictated in translation by a teacher, an American missionary woman, herself graduate of the O. L. S. C., from whose lips the Japanese members take down notes in writing for subsequent study. Is this not almost miracle? South Africa, too, reports a C. L. S. C. assembly, that held a session of several days, and sent a message of greeting to Chautauqua this year.

In the Oarmarsten Street Mission Sunday-school, St. John, N.B., two Sundays every quarter are called "Missionary Sundays," when the missionary cause is brought prominently before the school, with the result that the scholars are becoming much interested in missionary work. When, a few weeks ago, it was proposed that they get subscriptions towards the debt on the *Glad Tidings*, they gladly responded. Cards were given to several, who collected \$11.52. With this they wish to buy and own for themselves a "plank" in that noble little vessel. This amount has been paid, with the other missionary money, to the financial secretary for that district.—*Outlook*.

HEROISM in combating disease was conspicuously shown by Mr. E. C. Thompson, M.B., surgeon of the Tyrone Infirmary, in his endeavour to save the life of a child dying of diphtheria. The Queen has just conferred upon him the Albert Medal. About the time when Mr. Thompson made his attempt a similar one was made by a young surgeon in the hospital near King's-cross, London. The result was distressing. He lost his own life and failed to save the child's.

The Brink of the River.

I HAVE been to the brink of the river,
The cold, dark river of Death,
And still in the valley I shiver
Where my child yielded up his breath.
Chill, chill was the touch of the billow
As it closed o'er my darling's head,
Then left him asleep on his pillow—
My beautiful, beautiful dead.

Oh! dark was the day when the token
Was sent from the palace on high,
That sweet silver cord must be broken,
And the pitcher all shattered must lie.
Oh! that midnight was starless and dreary
When our child had to fight the last foe;
At length, of the conflict weary,
Love loosed him, and sobbed: "Let him
go."

"Great Father, revive the sweet spirit
That is bursting its fetters of clay!"
He slept—he was gone to inherit
The crown and the kingdom of day.
That smile, like an infant's escaping
From danger to mother's own breast,
Told the moment the angels were taking
Our weary one home to his rest.

We pressed to the edge of the river,
And caught but one vanishing gleam,
As he entered the portals forever
That opened the bright city to him.
And still on the borders we linger
And gaze up the pathways he trod,
We hear not the voice of the singer,
But we know him at home with his God.

And silently, ill though I wander
Mid wrecks that are left by the tide,
Repeating the tearful surrender
Of the life that with Christ must abide,
I hear a soft whisper of pardon,
And promise of wiping all tears;
A meeting, beyond this dark Jordan,
To last through unchangeable years.

And oft in my solitude musing,
Sweet breezes my soul seem to stir:
Such balm and such fragrance diffusing
As come from the mountains of myrrh:
The hills, past all sin and all weeping,
When our lost ones are watching for day,
Soon, soon, in Immanuel's safe keeping,
We shall meet—where e'en Death's fled
away.

Green, green are the pastures though lowly,
Where the mourners are led by their
Guide;

And the ground wet with tears should be
holy,
Where we, for awhile must abide.
Oh! green be the fruits from such sowing
Of patience, of faith, and of love!
Thrice precious this season for growing,
More meet for the kingdom above!

Temperance Notes.

A GREAT Temperance Convention was held in Toronto during September, from the report of which we clip a few notes.

Rev. O. R. Morrow, Strathallan, said that except in Woodstock and Norwich, there was very little violation of the Act in Oxford. The Mayors of both these towns had certified that open drinking had been reduced to one-twentieth of what it was. The temperance people waited upon the Dominion-officials to ask them to enforce the Act, but they were met with the objection that there were no funds. The temperance people had done something themselves in the way of enforcing the Act, and some people were fined. He expected that in a day or two one man would have to pay \$450, which would be a little more than a license would have cost him. The liquor sellers were beginning to find that the Scott Act meant something. There could be no doubt whatever that the Act was a great improvement on a license law. (Applause.) The treating system was broken down. They had not seen a drunken man in the county since May last, and he had been out and had kept his eyes open.

Rev. Mr. Ross, of Tilsonburg, spoke of the difficulty caused in Oxford by the

WRONGFUL GRANTING OF CERTIFICATES

for the purchase of liquor. Tilsonburg was near the border of other counties and men sometimes went away from home and came home drunk and brought liquor with them. It was all nonsense to say, as some did, that the Scott Act interfered with business, for Tilsonburg was still prosperous, and he had the word of one merchant in the millinery business that he had sold 300 more hats than last year, showing that that number of women and girls had been furnished with new hats more than last year. (Applause). Not a person had been arrested for drunkenness in Tilsonburg since last May.

A report of Mr. Will E. Smallfield, of Renfrew, was read showing that there were many convictions in that town and a strong effort being made to carry out the Act. There was less drinking than before and less rowdiness. Many who formerly opposed the Act were now prepared to admit that it would do good. The shantymen used to come into the town, get drunk, and defy the law, but since the Scott Act came into force there had only been one such outbreak and that was instigated by the angry hotelkeepers, and was directed against Mr. Smallfield and another Scott Act worker, both of whom were roughly handled.

He was assured by a gentleman whose word he could trust, and who knew the facts, that in the rural districts and small villages the Act was a grand success. Not only was treating done away with, but drinking had been reduced to a minimum. Liquor sellers had assured his informant that the Act reduced their sales by sixty-six per cent. People said there was more drinking under the Scott Act before it was enforced. But the fact was people did not notice the enormous amount of drinking, so long as the open sale of liquor was allowed, but when it was made illegal and selling on anything like the former scale, people jumped to the conclusion that there was more drinking than ever, simply because it was called to their attention.

The following resolutions were then moved and adopted:—

1. That notwithstanding the great opposition in the counties to the operation of the Act, arising chiefly from those engaged in the liquor trade, and the lack of sufficient and loyal officers to enforce the law, it has resulted in almost totally destroying the treating system, in largely decreasing the volume of drinking, and also in decidedly decreasing crime.

2. That the counties reporting the Act as successfully observed are those in which the officers zealously perform their duties and in which the temperance people have efficient organization.

3. This committee furthermore deprecate the reckless manner in which a few physicians make use of their power to grant certificates for medicinal use.

Rev. Peter Addison thought a Temperance Convention should be called before the time of an election, every point thoroughly canvassed, and placed before the practical candidates for an expression of their intentions as they accepted or rejected the Prohibitionist platform. The Prohibitionists would know how to deal with them. He was also in favour of requiring some candidates for honours in the gift of the people, not verbal assent merely to the principles of prohibition, but their written signature of acquiescence.

The Hon. Mr. Vidal said:—

This matter of prohibitory legislation did not rest with legislative bodies, but with the people of the country. The change in favour of temperance which is so noticeable during the last few years, was, under the blessing of God, due to the action of the Christian Churches more than to any other agency, and in the same agency they must put their trust for the future. He further expressed his conviction that at the next general election the question of Prohibition would be the leading question of the day.

THE GUELPH PROTESTING MINISTERS.

Rev. Mr. Ross then moved the following resolution, which was carried unanimously:—

Resolved.—That this Convention records its warmest approval of the action of the Guelph ministers, for their manly, straightforward, consistent action in retiring from a recent banquet where wine was placed upon the table; and we recommend their example to all temperance workers.

On this subject the *Daily News* says:—

A lot of snobbish newspapers are blaming the Guelph ministers who left the banquet-room at the Ontario model farm on the occasion of Governor Lansdowne's visit to the institution as soon as they saw that wine was placed on the table. Now these ministers, as pronounced temperance men and prohibitionists, did just exactly right, and ought to be commended for their pluck and consistency, instead of being abused by a set of supple-jointed dough-faces. The model farm is in a Scott Act constituency. These clergymen had worked and prayed and voted for the Scott Act, and rejoiced over its passage. How the same people who are now condemning them for putting conscience and principle before social amenities, would have jeered and sneered and held them up to scorn as sneaks and hypocrites, had they, out of a weak compliance with custom and fashion, participated in the banquet!

How are the enthralling tyrannies of social observances, which tend to keep up the drinking habit, ever to be broken through unless someone has backbone enough to make a beginning? What is the use of would-be social reformers always whining and moaning over the despotism of fashion and the bondage of conventionalism, if they have not courage enough to make a break and take a firm stand themselves for what they believe to be right when the occasion offers?

The Guelph clergymen did the only manly, straightforward, consistent thing that was open to them. The fact that Governor Lansdowne was present, obviously could not make a particle of difference so far as the principle of the thing was concerned. If a minister thinks it wrong to lend his countenance to drinking by being present at a banquet where liquor is passed, the presence of all the princes and potentates of the earth won't make it a bit more right for him to violate his conscientious scruples on the point.

All honour, therefore, to the prohibition clergymen of Guelph! If there were more men like them in the ranks of temperance reformers, who would stand to their guns on all occasions, their cause would progress more rapidly and be less retarded by popular suspicions of the sincerity and singleness of purpose of its advocates.

"The Dark Arches of the Adelpi."

YEARS ago, before the Thames Embankment was made, and when the steep lanes that ran from the Strand down to the river ended in rickety wharves, and taverns to which coal-heavers resorted after their work was done in unloading the barges that were then moored alongside, a great deal was said and written about "the dark arches of the Adelpi." The arches that supported the neat, aristocratic-looking streets of that neighbourhood formed a series of subterranean caverns, where the unaccustomed visitor might very easily miss his way, and find himself wandering amidst a gloom that was somewhat appalling, and with strange distant rumbles and booming echoes, and sitting shadows on the black walls, and sometimes voices that sounded strangely unnatural close beside him, and the sound of fugitive feet, set flying by a warning whistle. It was a dangerous place to be lost in by day, and still more dangerous by night. Strange stories were told of the horde of homeless and lawless men and boys who made it their refuge, sleeping in the vans and coal-waggons that were drawn up there after dark, or on sacks of straw and shavings collected there no one could tell how. A gang of young desperadoes were said to have banded themselves together there, in nightly orgies, making fires with pieces of coal scraped from the waggons, or picked up on the wharves or in the mud upon the shore when the tide was down. By these they sat, shivering too, in their rags, and amidst the damp and heavy atmosphere of those dark caverns, but provided with candle-ends that were stuck in lumps of mud or in pieces of stick or old bottles, and making a feast of the food filched from market carts, shop-doors, or hucksters' stalls. That the "dark arches" became not only a public scandal, but a public danger, a good many people still remember, and the fraternity of poverty and crime which infested them was routed out. It would, perhaps, be too much to say that in some of those remote recesses which still remain here may not be found, on any night in the year, a few homeless creatures who strive to hide themselves—to shrink into holes and corners, and keep out of the eye of the wind and of the police; but the place is not essentially a resort of the criminal class, and there is little opportunity there for making it a place of permanent concealment.—*Cassell's Family Magazine for August.*

It is said that John Wesley was once walking with a brother, who related to him his troubles, saying he did not know what he should do. They were at that moment passing a stone fence to a meadow over which a cow was looking. "Do you know," asked Wesley, "why the cow looks over the wall?" "No," replied the one in trouble. "I will tell you," said Wesley, "because she cannot look through it; and that is what you must do with your troubles: look over and above them."

A BUDDHIST temple, burnt twenty years ago, is being rebuilt in Cloto, Japan. It is of most expensive wood and will cost \$3,000,000. More than a ton of large ropes, made of their own hair, contributed by the women of Japan, will be used to haul the timbers for the temple to their places. This temple is to be a Mecca for the faithful all over the Empire.

Ring it Out!

RING it out! ring it out on ev'ry hand!
Reformation has begun!
Ring it out! ring it out through all the land!
Victory is almost won!
'Tis war to the death 'gainst wine and beer,
With ale and gin and whiskey, too;
Then join in our union, never fear—
Be earnest, faithful, firm, and true.

CHORUS.

Ring it out! Ring it out!
Let the reign of peace begin!
Ring it out with a shout!
Temperance is bound to win!

Ring the bells in the east and in the west,
Reformation has begun!
All unite in the war-cry—do your best!
Let the work be grandly done.
Then raise up the standard, swell the song!
And press the foe on every field!
Full justice shall triumph over wrong,
And all the hosts of evil yield.

Ring it out! ring it out in every home!
Reformation has begun!
Let the young hear the call, let old age come,
Every heart should join as one.
Then labour at morn and work at noon,
Nor rest when evening shadows fall;
For victory grand shall crown us soon,
And truth and right shall reign o'er all.
—E. P. Hakes.

The Quiver's First Hero.

THE first arrow shot from *The Quiver* this month, is an account of the winner of *The Quiver's* first silver medal offered for heroic conduct. The design of this new medal, of which a reproduction is given, was made by Mrs. Clausen, and represents a brave young man bearing a fainting brother from a watery grave, while Death, deprived of his prey, is skulking off in the background. James Nolans, the young Irishman who fought the fierce battle in a mining catastrophe near the village of Niddry, is the first *Quiver* hero, and he was a hero indeed.

About two o'clock on Friday, October 12, 1883, the rumour was spread that the pits were filling with water. It was confirmed by a gush and fall of waters from a height of 180 fathoms, with a din which struck despair into the hearts of the weary miners. They were just about to ascend the shaft, and the man at the pit head discovered that something had gone wrong. There were sixty-three men and boys at work, of whom thirty-eight escaped to a neighbouring pit, while twenty-five, who were on the opposite side of the torrent remained. These ran through a portion of the workings as yet free from the flood, but found their escape cut off, turn where they would, and exhaustion took the place of despair. At last they awaited their fate in a level communicating with another pit, measuring only 5 feet broad and five feet high. The shaft was nearly filled with water, and a volume of water was rushing down upon them; but here they waited two mortal hours, until seeing no change of the flood diminishing so as to give hope of escape, seven of them dashed under the water, and through the hole whence it came, leaving their companions in the belief that they were lost. They were, however, mercifully saved, reaching the shaft where anxious friends were awaiting them, after battling in the dark with the seething waters. But what of the eighteen that remained? One by one twelve of them adventured; their lives as their comrades had done, braved the waters and the dark hole, and were similarly rescued. But four men and two boys were still left behind. Three more hours passed, while friends above were vainly signalling and calling to them to follow their comrades' example. They were the more hopeless because they believed their mates had

perished, and that such signals as reached them, from the roof, were warnings to remain where they were. Their lamps were kept burning with difficulty.

Three more hours passed, and the rescuing party saw that something must be done to draw them from their living grave. Some one must force a passage through the water, but who?

"I will go if some one will push me through, for the current is so strong," volunteered our young Irish hero, James Nolans; and a mate named Smollie put his feet against his back, and he forced himself through the water. He reached his imprisoned comrades, spoke to them cheerfully, bade them follow him, and, placing the boy Kerr, aged thirteen, on his back, dashed back again. Saved! All but one! Where was the lad Walker? Nolans did not pause to consider, but ventured again through the waters. He found the boy in the dark alone, abandoned to death. "Eh! and may God bless you!" were the words breathed into his ear as he took him also on his back, and bore him safely through the torrent. It was eleven o'clock at night when this daring deed was accomplished, and cheers of welcome greeted our collier hero. *The Quiver's* first silver medal has been awarded to brave James Nolans. Will it not look well on his broad chest?—*The Quiver* for August.

The Secret of a Happy Day.

Just to let thy Father do
What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
And be still;
Just to follow hour by hour,
As it needeth;
Just to trust Him—that is all.
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, and what'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to let Him speak to thee
Through His word;
Watching that His voice may be
Clearly heard.
Just to tell Him everything
As it rises;
And at once to Him to bring
All surprises;
Just to listen and to stay
Where you cannot miss His voice—
This is all; and thus to-day
Communing, you shall rejoice.

Freedmen's Love-Feast.

REV. S. L. HAMILTON.

THE place is Simpson Methodist Episcopal Church, New Orleans. The time, Monday, 8 p.m., May 11; a week-night, and during summer (for it is no longer spring here but summer). About 400 are present. The presiding elder, Rev. L. P. Oubrian, has charge, and in the introductory services gives the meeting a good send-off. Tennessee Jackson is on hand, and his hand is on the helm. He is the pastor. A slave once, and driven by the lash; but now himself driving the chariot of God's salvation like a John, so eager is he to have the wheels roll round and the kingdom come. Following the singing, and opening prayer is the collection. The coloured churches are thoroughly orthodox and Methodist in this respect; they take collections on all occasions when it is admissible. While the collection is being taken several pieces are sung, among them the following.

"Oh, it makes me to tremble, tremble,
When I see how de billows roll;
Yes, it makes me to tremble, tremble,
When I see how de billows roll."

Following the collection comes the passing of the emblems of good-fellowship—"memorials of our love," the pastor said. Song and testimony, testimony and song, now follow in quick succession. What singing! Tongues already touched with the finger of God; lips that have been in contact with live coals from off God's altar,—how they pour forth the old melodies with a weird tremulousness which seems to vibrate through all the secret chambers of the soul, and to awaken on the part of the old veterans memories of the long ago, and to inspire hopes of the better times which await them in the coming kingdom.

"Come along my brothers, come along,
For do time is drawing nigh
When de angels say dere is nuffin to do
But to ring dem charming bells.

Chorus.—

O ring dem charming bells,
O ring dem charming bells,
For de angels say dere is nuffin to do
But to ring dem charming bells."

"We'll end dis wah, we'll end dis wah,
Down by de ribber side."

"Dis good ole 'ligion
Is good enuff for me."

"My elders, I come to tell you,
To tell you who I am;
My elders, I come to tell you
What Jesus have done for me. [slowly;
I weep, I moan, I am getting along but
I am one of Zicu's travellers,
I am on my journey home."

These were some of the songs which were poured forth from rejoicing hearts. And then the testimonies! Some of them were gems that sparkled and scintillated like diamonds. They spoke because the love of God was like fire shut up in their bones. "Ise got a steady wheel turnin' in my heart, and I must talk;" "I never found anything better than religion." A sister, true to her colours, like a loyal soldier, said: "I'm a stranger far from home, but I'm a Methodist Christian wherever I go. I am a stranger to you, but I'm not a stranger to God." An old grandma, who had seen eighty-two summers, thrilled the audiences by testifying her joy at what the Lord had wrought for her race. She remembered the time when they had to hold love-feasts in dark corners, and sing and speak in hushed voices; but now her race was free, and people from the north, of whom she felt proud, were trying to lift them up. Then a little girl spoke, and gave as clear and sweet a testimony as ever fell from the lips of child or man. Said a brother: "How my heart does burn to think what a friend I have in Jesus. O, bless the Lord! O, bless the Lord!" The words were uttered with wonderful pathos, and while the brother stood on his feet, his frame heaving with emotion, the very flood-gates of heaven seemed to open, and wave after wave of salvation to be poured into the hearts of the gathered multitude.

I cannot speak at length of the "bodily exercises," which at times were quite general and very violent, so much so that it seemed as though some of them, in jumping up and down and throwing their hands and arms about, would fairly unjoint themselves. I remembered the declaration of the Book: "Bodily exercise profiteth little," and thought possibly "the times of this ignorance," as with others aforesaid. "God winks at."

THE world notices the company we keep,

Consecrated.

DURING the autumn of 1884 large audiences gathered in Boston, New York, and Chicago, to listen to the lectures of Mr. and Mrs. H. Grattan Guinness, upon the new missions on the Congo. The story of the interior of Africa, as told in these lectures, seemed almost like Arabian fiction or fairy tale. They presented the necessity of a mission to fifty millions of people; to a population as large, or nearly as large, as that of the United States; to cities as large in area as New York, Chicago, and Boston, the existence of all of which only a few years ago was unknown to the world.

The story of the work of Mr. and Mrs. Guinness in London is of itself remarkable. Years ago, impelled by a conviction of the claim of the heathen world on the Christian Church, and up-civilized nations, Mr. and Mrs. Guinness founded the East London Institute for Home and Foreign Missions, with a view of training young men as missionaries.

It was a school of provincial languages as well as of faith and piety. It offered a practical education to any young man in the United Kingdom who thought himself called to do religious work among uncivilized people, and who was willing to make a sacrifice of himself and all that he had for the cause.

The Institute opened in 1873. It received young men of all evangelical denominations. It made a test of these by giving them home mission work to do in the parishes of London.

Out of it have grown other training schools and colleges. More than three hundred missionaries are now labouring in the heathen world who were prepared for their work in these practical schools.

In 1877 it began its mission enterprises in the basin of the Upper Congo—a country nine hundred thousand square miles in extent. Young men offered themselves for this work, knowing that they were going to almost certain death. It was in the interest of this mission that Mr. and Mrs. Guinness visited this country.

The *New York Herald*, at the time, gave an account of the sailing of a number of young men from that city for this mission-field. As malaria in a few months or years usually consumes by its fevers the workers in these newly-discovered countries, this act shows that the spirit of the martyrs is not dead in the Christian Church, and that the world still produces heroes who value a cause more than life, the future more than the present, the harvest more than the seed, and the good of God more than any temporal gains.

At a collection made at a church-fair on the west side an evening or two since, a lady offered the plate to a wealthy man, well noted for his stinginess. "I have nothing to give," was his surly reply. "Then take something," she resumed; "I am begging for the poor."

Not long ago the King of Uganda, Africa, wishing to impress the first explorers with his skill in the use of firearms, took some of his women to serve as targets! Since then two of King Mtesa's daughters have been received into the mission church in Uganda, and are engaged in giving religious instructions to others in the royal harem. Nothing but the Gospel could have effected such a radical change.

LESSON NOTES FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE KINGS AND PROPHETS.
B.C. 800.] LESSON VII. [Nov. 15.
EFFECT OF JONAH'S PREACHING.
Jonah 3, 1-10. Commit to mem. vs. 5, 6.
GOLDEN TEXT.

The men of Nineveh shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for they repented at the preaching of Jonas; and behold a greater than Jonas is here.—Luke 11. 32.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

"I believe in the forgiveness of sins."

DAILY READINGS.

M. *Jonah 3, 1-10. Th. Ezek. 31, 3-17.*
Tu. *Jonah 4, 1-11. F. Acts 10, 34-45.*
W. *Matt. 12, 35-50. Sa. Acts 11, 1-18.*
Su. *Isaiah 55, 1-13.*

TIME AND AUTHOR.—See Lesson 6.

PLACE.—Nineveh, the capital of Assyria, was on the Tigris, some 600 miles from Jerusalem. It was the Asiatic centre of luxury and wickedness, as several Israelitish writers testify. Its fall, late in the seventh century, B.C., was followed by complete oblivion, until its ruins were explored by Mr. Layard, forty years ago, and most interesting history recovered from its inscriptions, its libraries of clay tablets, and the vast ruins themselves. The city seems to have lain within an irregular area 18 x 12 miles, and to have been composed of several fortified palaces surrounded by villages and pastures. The religion was a sort of sun-god worship, very degraded.

INTRODUCTION.—Of all Jonah's thoughts and purposes in his three days and nights of darkness, God has singled out this one point for our instruction: Jonah thanked God, and when Jonah thanked God, God delivered him.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—3. *Of three days' journey*—In circumference, probably. Tradition, confirmed by the mounds, sets the journey about the city at 60 miles. 4. *Nineveh shall be overthrown*—This was probably only the text of his sermon. 5. *Believed God*—Believed in God as the true God, able to destroy, yet willing to save. *Proclaimed a fast*—A natural expression of sorrow for sin. *Sackcloth*—A coarse, dark cloth, used for mourning. 6. *His throne*—See description of Solomon's (1 Kings 10, 18-20). *Robe*—Rich and highly ornamented. *Sat in ashes*—An oriental sign of deepest humiliation. 7. *And his nobles*—It was voluntary on his part to associate his great men's names with his own, a possible fruit of his repentance. *Beast*—Of burden, horses, mules, etc. *Herd nor flock*—Cattle nor sheep. *Let them not feed*—They were not driven to pasture, nor fed until evening. 8. *Cry and turn*—Prayer and reformation belong together. *Every one from his evil way*—Public repentance would be attained by each person forsaking his habitual, favourite sins, one by one. *The violence*—The special sin of Nineveh. *In their hands*—The ill-gotten gain must be restored. 9. *Who can tell?*—They had heard of God's justice; they were not yet assured of his mercy. 10. *God repented*—God changed not his purpose, but his outward act. *This Nineveh* was not the wicked Nineveh which had been threatened.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Jonah's prayer.—Compare Jonah's restoration with the apostle Peter's.—Nineveh from the Bible.—Nineveh from the inscriptions.—Repentance.—Forgiveness on condition of repentance.—Repentance ascribed to God.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What do we know of Jonah during his imprisonment? What do you know of Assyria's importance? What Assyrian kings are mentioned in the Bible? Where was Nineveh? What was the character of its people? Why has it been of special interest during the last forty years?

SUBJECT: REPENTANCE AND REMISSION OF SINS.

I. THE PROPHET RESTORED (vs. 1-4).—What was Jonah's sin? (chap. 1.) What were its evil consequences? How did he show his penitence? (1. 12; 2. 7, 9.) What deliverances were granted him? Is relief from punishment all that a penitent man desires? How fully does God forgive? (Hosea 14. 4.) Need forgiven sinners despair of usefulness? (John 21. 15-17; Acts 22. 19-21; Rev. 5. 9, 10.) What is the

special duty of those who have ever yielded to grievous temptation? (Psa. 51. 12, 13; Luke 22. 31, 32.) May we then sin in expectation of deeper repentance? (Rom. 3. 8.) To what was Jonah restored? (v. 2.) Does God generally give us a second call to the same work? What evidence of Jonah's new obedience? (vs. 3, 4.) The perils of his mission? What was his subject? Do all sinners have as long warning as he gave? What does every sin deserve?

II. THE PEOPLE REPENTANT (vs. 5-9).—How was Jonah's preaching received? What evidence of its truth had the hearers? (Rom. 2. 15.) What proof of sincerity did the king give? His proclamation? What shows that God regarded the animals? (4. 11.) Does he expect us to remember their comfort? (Prov. 12. 10.) The special sins of Nineveh? (Nahum 3. 1.) What five elements of true repentance entered into this great revival? Why do natural sins receive their deserts in this world?

III. THE PUNISHMENT REMITTED (v. 10).—Does God change his purposes? (Mal. 3. 6.) Under what circumstances does he change his acts? (Jer. 18. 8.) What name is here given to that change? How did Jonah express the Central Truth? (2. 9, l.c.) Was God's justice shown in forgiveness? (1 John 1. 9.) If the city fell into further sin was it safe? (Ezek. 18. 24.) Make personal application of the Golden Text.

PRACTICAL.

1. We never receive exactly the same command or invitation from God twice.
2. Take sides openly, firmly, against whatever you believe to be bad.
3. A good man is known, not only when he stands, but when he rises after falling.
4. A cracked conscience is not easily soldered.
5. It is not enough to fast for sin; we must fast from it.
6. Keep the winning, keep the sinning.
7. We are not justified by hope; that is not the ground of pardon.
8. Belief in God, sorrow felt and expressed, prayer, the putting away of sin, reparation, permanently and persistently, enter into true repentance.

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole school in concert.)

Did Jonah heed God's second call? **ANS.** He arose and went unto Nineveh. What message did he take? **ANS.** Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown. How was it received? **ANS.** The whole city repented, and cried mightily to God. What did God see? **ANS.** That they turned from their evil way. Did he destroy the city? **ANS.** He did not.

B.C. 726.] LESSON VIII. [Nov. 22.
HEZEKIAH'S GOOD REIGN.
2 Kings 18, 1-12. Commit to mem. vs. 5-7.
GOLDEN TEXT.

He did that which was right in the sight of the Lord.—2 Kings 18. 3.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

True religion is the basis of a nation's prosperity.

DAILY READINGS.

M. *2 Kings 17, 1-14. Th. 2 Chron. 30, 1-27.*
Tu. *2 Kings 18, 1-12. F. 2 Chron. 31, 1-21.*
W. *2 Chron. 29, 1-36. Sa. Isa. 5, 1-14.*
Su. *Prov. 1, 20-33.*

TIME.—Hezekiah began to reign B. C. 726, more than a century after the death of Elisha, our last lesson in Kings.

PLACE.—The kingdom of Judah, especially Jerusalem.

INTRODUCTION.—We pass over at least 75 years since the era of Josiah. The kingdom of Israel was growing worse and worse; that of Judah had varied fortunes. The last king, Ahaz, the father of Hezekiah, did all he could to ruin Judah, religiously and politically.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Hezekiah*—Son of Ahaz; a good son of a bad father. He was the 13th king of Judah. 2. *Daughter of Zachariah*—Probably the prophet who helped Uzziah (2 Chron. 26. 5). *High places*—See Lev. 3, 4th Qur. *Groves*—Rather, wooden pillars of Ashtoreth. *The brazen serpent*—Num. 21. 4-9. *He called it*—They called it: its popular name had been *Nehushtan*—a piece of brass. 8. *Gaza*—A city in south-west Palestine, towards Egypt. 9. *Shalmaneser came up*—B.C. 723. He began the siege. His successor, Sargon, took

it in B.C. 721; hence it is said in v. 10, "they (not Shalmaneser, but the Assyrians) took it." 11. *Halah, Gozan*—Regions in Mesopotamia, beyond the river Euphrates. *Haber*—Is the river of Gozan. This was the end of the kingdom of Israel.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Hezekiah.—The kingdom as Ahaz left it.—The evils destroyed by the great revival.—The methods and instrumentalities of the revival (2 Chron. chs. 29-31).—The prosperity following the revival.—The end of the kingdom of Israel. Light on this period from the Assyrian inscriptions.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How much time intervenes between this lesson and the last? Who are now reigning in Israel and Judah? What was the general state of the kingdoms? In what books of the Bible is the reign of Hezekiah recorded?

SUBJECT: A GREAT REVIVAL.

I. KING HEZEKIAH (vs. 1-3).—Who were the parents of Hezekiah? What kind of a man was his father? (2 Kings 16. 2-4.) Why is his mother's name mentioned? How long did he reign? What was the character of Hezekiah? What prophets lived in his time?

II. THE STATE OF THE KINGDOM WHEN HE BEGAN TO REIGN.—In what state had Ahaz left the kingdom to his son? (2 Kings 16. 3, 8, 17; 2 Chron. 28. 4-6, 17-25; 29. 6-9.) What was the cause of this sad state of affairs?

III. THE GREAT REVIVAL (vs. 4-6).—When did Hezekiah begin to reform the kingdom? (2 Chron. 29. 3.) What great meeting did he hold? (2 Chron. 30. 1, 5, 21-23.) What was done at this meeting? (2 Chron. 30. 21, 22, 27.) What were the people aroused to do? (v. 4; 2 Chron. 31. 1.) What were the high places? The groves? Give an account of the brazen serpent. (Num. 21. 4-9.) Why was it destroyed? Meaning of "Nehushtan"? What was done to the house of God? (2 Chron. 29. 4, 5.) As to the services of the temple? (2 Chron. 31. 2.) What as to singing? (2 Chron. 29. 25-28.) What as to prayer? (2 Chron. 29. 30; 30. 27.) What as to instruction? (2 Chron. 30. 22; 31. 21.) What as to benevolent contributions? (2 Chron. 31. 4, 5.) How are these things always affected by a revival of religion? What is said of Hezekiah's own character? (vs. 5, 6.)

IV. THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION FOLLOWED BY NATIONAL PROSPERITY (vs. 7, 8).—What is said of Hezekiah's prosperity? (2 Chron. 32. 27-30.) What was the source of this prosperity? (v. 7.) What had Hezekiah to do with it? (vs. 6, 7.) Is religion and morality the true foundation of prosperity? What promise does Christ give us? (Matt. 6. 33.)

V. THE END OF INCORRIGIBLE SINNERS (vs. 9-12).—When did the kingdom of Israel come to an end? By whose means? Did these captives ever return? Why was this destruction sent upon them? Name over the various things God had done to make them good and prevent their ruin? Does God do all he can to lead men to himself? Why do any perish?

LESSONS FROM THE GREAT REVIVAL.

1. A young man may be good even if his circumstances are bad.
2. The first need of men and of nations is a revival of religion.
3. There is a divine and a human instrumentality in every work of grace.
4. There are two processes in a revival,—destroying the evil, and building up the good.
5. God does all he can to prevent the destruction of men, by his word, his providence, his Spirit, his discipline, his blessings, his people.
6. Those who will not repent will finally be cut off, and that without remedy.

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole school in concert.)

1. Who was one of the best kings of Judah? **ANS.** Hezekiah, who reigned from 728-698 B.C. 2. What was the state of the kingdom when he ascended the throne? **ANS.** It was very low in both its religious and its worldly condition. 3. What took place under this pious king? **ANS.** There was a great revival of religion. 4. What was the state of the kingdom at his death? **ANS.** It was victorious, rich, and prosperous. 5. What became of the kingdom of Israel? **ANS.** It was totally destroyed B.C. 721.

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