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WOMEN AND SCHOOLS

Do unto others
As ye would
that they
should
do unto
you.

R. SMITH & CO. TORONTO

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

XIV.

INDUCED by the hope that I should secure the attachment to the cause of the expedition, I had purchased from Sultan Bin Kassim six loads of cloth, at an enormous price—three hundred and fifty pound—and had distributed them all among the people gratuitously. This wholesale desertion, at the very period when their services were about to be most needed, was my reward!

his people to desert. The consequence of his excessive mildness was, that he was left at last with only seven men out of nearly seventy. His noble character has won from us a tribute of affection and esteem, but it has had no lasting good effect on the African. At the same time, over severity is as bad as over-gentleness in dealing with these men. What is required is pure, simple justice between man and man.

Livingstone's uniform gentle treatment of all classes deserved a better return than to have his life attempted four times. His patience finally ex-

taste and neatness, and almost pathetic from the carefulness with which poor, wild nature has done its best to decorate itself. The Wahyeya are also partial to ochre, black paint, and a composition of black mud, which they mould into the form of a plate, and attach to the back part of the head. Their upper teeth are filed, "out of regard to custom," they say, and not from any taste for human flesh.

Travellers from Africa have often written about African villages, yet I am sure few of those at home have ever comprehended the reality. I now



CARAVAN CROSSING A STREAM.

I determined to recover some of the deserters. Francis Pocock and the detective of the expedition—the ever-faithful and gallant Kacheche—were therefore sent back with a squad to Ujiji, with instructions how to act; and one night Kacheche pounced upon six fellows, who, after a hard and tough resistance, were secured. These, along with a few others arrested in the act of desertion, received merited punishments, which put an end to misconduct and faithlessness, and prevented the wreck of the expedition.

Unless the traveller in Africa exerts himself to keep his force intact, he cannot hope to perform satisfactory service. Livingstone lost at least six years of time, and finally his life, by permitting

hausted, and his life in danger, he gave the order to his men. "Fire upon them—these men are wicked."

The conduct of the first natives whom we met after leaving Ujiji, pleased us all. They showed themselves in a very amiable light, sold their corn cheaply, and without fuss, behaved themselves decently, and with propriety. In these people we first saw the mild, amiable, unsophisticated innocence of this part of Central Africa. From our experience of them they appear to be the *dite* of the hair-dressed fashionables of Africa.

Hair-dressing is indeed carried to an absurd perfection throughout all this region, and among the various styles I have seen, some are surpassing in

propose to lay it before them in this sketch of a village in the district of Uhombo.

The village consists of a number of low, conical, grass huts, ranged round a circular common, in the centre of which are three or four fig-trees, kept for the double purpose of supplying shade to the community and bark-cloth to the chief. The doorways to the huts are very low—scarcely thirty inches high. On presenting myself in the common, I attracted out of doors the owners and ordinary inhabitants of each hut, until I found myself the centre of quite a promiscuous population of men, women, children, and infants. I saw before me over a hundred beings of the most degraded, unrepresentable type it is possible to conceive. I strive,

however, to interest myself in my gross and rudely-shaped brothers and sisters.

I turn toward an individual whose age marks him out as one to whom respect is due, and say to him, after the common manner of greeting: "My brother, sit you down by me on this mat, and let us be friendly and sociable;" and, as I say it, I thrust into his wide open hand twenty cowries, the currency of the land. One look at his hand, as he extended it, made me think I could carve a better looking hand out of a piece of rhinoceros hide. While speaking, I looked at his face—which is like an ugly and extravagant mask, clumsily manufactured from some strange, dark brown, coarse material. His nose was so flat that I inquired, in a perfectly innocent manner, as to the reason for such a feature. "Ah," said he, with a sly laugh, "it is the fault of my mother, who, when I was young, bound me too tight to her back." His hair had been compelled to obey the capricious fashion of his country, and was, therefore, worked up into furrows and ridges and central cones.

If the old chief appeared so unprepossessing, how can I paint, without offence, my humbler brothers and sisters who stood round us? As I looked at the array of faces, I could only comment to myself—ugly—uglier—ugliest. And what shall I say of the hideous and queer appendages that they wear about their waists—the tags of monkey-skin and bits of gorilla bone, goat horn, shells—strange tags to strange tackle?

It happened that one of the youthful innocents—a stirring fellow, more restless than his brothers—stumbled across a long, heavy pole, which was leaning insecurely against one of the trees. The pole fell, striking one of the men severely on the head. And all at once there went up from the women a genuine and unaffected cry of pity, and their faces expressed so lively a sense of tender sympathy with the wounded man, that my heart, keener than my eyes, saw through the disguise of filth, nakedness, and ochre, the human heart beating for another's suffering; and then I recognized and hailed them as indeed my own poor and degraded sisters.

On the 5th October, our march from Uhombo brought us to the frontier village of Manyema, which is called Ribi-Riba. It is noteworthy as the starting-point of another order of African architecture. The conical style of hut is exchanged for the square hut, with more gradually sloping roof, wattled, and sometimes neatly plastered with mud—especially those in Manyema. The grasses are coarse, and wound like knives and needles; the creepers and convolvuli are of cable thickness and length; the thorns are hooks of steel; the trees shoot up to a height of a hundred feet.

Even though this place had no other associations, it would be attractive and alluring for its innocent wildness; but, associated as it is with Livingstone's sufferings, and that self-sacrificing life he led here, I needed only to hear from Mwana Ngoy: "Yes; this is the place where the old white man stopped for many moons," to make up my mind to halt.

"Ah! he lived here, did he?"

"Yes. Did you know the old white man? Was he your father?"

"He was not my father; but I knew him well."

"Eh! Do you hear that?" he asked his people.

"He says he knew him. Was he not a good man?"

"Yes, very good."

"You say well. He was good to me, and he saved me from the Arabs many times. The Arabs are hard men, and often he would step between them and me when they were hard on me. He was a good man, and my children were fond of him. I hear he is dead!"

"Yes, he is dead."

"Where has he gone to?"

"Above, my friend," said I, pointing to the sky.

"Ah," said he breathlessly, and looking up; "did he come from above?"

"No; but good men like him go above when they die."

We had many conversations about Livingstone. The sons showed me the house he had lived in for a long time when prevented from further wandering by the ulcers in his feet. In the village his memory is cherished, and will be cherished forever.

The Manyema have several noteworthy peculiarities. Their arms are a short sword, scabbarded with wood, to which are hung small brass and iron bells; a light beautifully-balanced spear, probably—next to the spear of Uganda—the most perfect in the world. Their shields were veritable wooden doors. Their dress consists of a narrow apron of antelope skin, or finely-made grass cloth. They wore knobs, cones, and patches of mud attached to their beards, back hair, and behind the ears. Others, more ambitious, covered the entire head with a crown of mud.

The women, blessed with an abundance of hair, manufactured it, with a stiffening of light cane, into a bonnet-shaped head-dress—allowing the back hair to flow down to the waist in masses of ringlets. They seemed to do all the work of life; for at all hours they might be seen, with their large wicker-baskets behind them, setting out for the rivers and creeks to catch fish, or returning with their fuel-baskets strapped on across their foreheads.

Their villages consist of one or more broad streets, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet wide, flanked by low square huts, arranged in tolerably straight lines, and generally situated on swells of land to secure rapid drainage. At the end of one of these streets is the council and gossip-house, overlooking the length of the avenue. In the centre is a platform of stamped clay, with a heavy tree-trunk sunk into it, and in the wood have been scooped out a number of troughs, so that several women may pound grain at once. It is a substitute for the village mill.

The houses are separated into two or more apartments, and, on account of the compact nature of the clay and tamped floor, are easily kept clean. The roofs are slimy with the reek of smoke, as though they had been painted with coal-tar. The household chattels or furniture are limited to food-baskets, earthenware pots, an assortment of wicker-work dishes, the family shields, spears, knives, swords, and tools, and the fish-baskets lying outside.

At Kabungwe, I was alarmed at an insufferable odour that pervaded the air we breathed, for—whether in the house or without—the atmosphere seemed loaded with an intolerable stench. On enquiring of the natives whether there was any dead animal putrefying in the neighbourhood, they pointed to the firewood that was burning, and to a tree—a species of laurel—as that which emitted the smell. Upon examination, I found it was indeed due to this strange wood, which, however, only becomes offensive under the action of fire.

Skirting the range of hills which bounds the Luama valley on the north, we marched to Mpungu, which is fifteen miles west of Mtuyu. Kitete, its chief, is remarkable for a plaited beard, twenty inches long, decorated at the tips with a number of blue glass beads. His hair was also trussed up on the crown of his head in a shapely mass. His village was neat, and the architecture of the huts peculiar.

From Mpungu we travelled through an interesting country—a distance of four miles—and sud-

denly, from the crest of a low ridge, saw the confluence of the Luama with the majestic Luabala. The former appeared to have a breadth of four hundred yards at the mouth; the latter was about one thousand four hundred yards wide—a broad river of a pale gray colour, winding slowly from south and by east.

We hailed its appearance with shouts of joy, and rested on the spot to enjoy the view. In the bed of the great river are two or three small islands, green with the verdure of trees and sedge. I likened it even here to the Mississippi, as it appears before the impetuous, full-volume Missouri pours its rusty-brown water into it.

A secret rapture filled my soul as I gazed upon the majestic stream. The great mystery that for all these centuries Nature had kept hidden away from the world of science, was waiting to be solved. For two hundred and twenty miles I had followed one of the sources of the Livingstone to the confluence, and now before me lay the superb river itself! My task was to follow it to the ocean.

(To be continued.)

A Japanese National Anthem—God Save the Emperor.

BY REV. A. HARDIK (late of Canada).

God save the Emperor,
And be his Counsellor;
Give happy times.

Upon his ancient name,
Of Constitution fame,
Let glory great remain,
In these fair climes.

Long live the Emperor,
The Lord's Executor
Of righteous will.
May right the wrong assail;
May truth and peace prevail;
May plenty never fail
The land to fill.

God bless the Emperor,
And be his Comforter.
O guard these shores
From storms, and shocks, and fire;
From traitors who conspire;
From foes and evils dire—
Japan implores.

God save the Emperor,
The true Inheritor
Of royal throne.
The Lord has crowned with might
Our King to rule aright,
O'er all these isles of light,
God's will be done.

NOMES' COLLEGE, TOKYO.

How to Form a Library.

A WELL-KNOWN author recently commended the following rules to be observed by youthful readers who are beginning the collecting of books:

1. Set apart a fixed sum, weekly or monthly, as the case may be, in proportion to your income, and spend that and no more for books.
2. Always devote a portion of your money to acquiring works of reference.
3. Never buy a worthless book or edition.
4. Take care not to buy too many books of one class.
5. Do not, at least until you have a fair show of books, be deluded into buying sets of an author.
6. Do not spend too much on magazines.
7. Be particular as to the binding of your books.
8. Keep a catalogue of your books, entering in pencil inside each the date of purchase and the cost, and in the catalogue all particulars as to loans.
9. Take care to read what you buy, and buy only what you will read.

Brother John and Brother Jim.

He was a little beggar boy, a child not twelve years old,
With sunken cheeks and eyes so blue and hair of faded
gold,

And thus he did accost me as I wandered down the street,
"O please, sir, give me summat for to get a bite to eat."

He had but scanty clothing on, his breeches had a tear;
He had no hat, he had no boots, his little feet were bare;
And when he asked for help in need I answered with a
frown,

"Go, get away, you little cur, you nomad of the town."

I am a tender-hearted man—at least I think I am—

As pitiful as a woman and as quiet as a lamb.

And if there is a thing that I abhor it is to bring
A grief to any mortal man or child or creeping thing.

That little boy he wept and wailed until his sobs o'ercame
My clearer judgment, and I said, "Cheer up, now; fie, for
shame!

Close up the torrent of your tears and be a little man,
And tell me all your troubles, and I'll help you if I can."

He told me all his story, and how his father drank,
And of how, through sad ill-usage, his noble mother sank;
And that now they'd left their father, his brother Jim and
he,
And lived alone, "and now," he said, "you've got my pedi-
gree."

His grammar wasn't quite the thing, his words were very
wild,

But yet I took a liking to that humble, starving child,
And from my pocket's dim recesses I took a sovereign bright;
Betwixt my finger and my thumb I held it to the light.

"I am not rich, my little man, except in ruddy health;
This coin I hold within my hand is all I have of wealth.
Now, if I give you this to change, you will not use me ill,
But bring me back the change again?" He said "You bet
I will."

He took the coin and vanished, and I waited on and on,
Until at last the day began a dusky garb to don;
And bitterly did I regret the being "done so brown"—
Deceived through simple cunning by a nomad of the town.

But lo! from out the gathering gloom a form upon me
broke,
And then a voice, a weakly voice, "Oh, sir, be you the
bloke

As give that 'shiv' to brother John?"—the youth was very
slim,
And very young—"for if you be, why, I'm his brother Jim.

"I've brought you back the money, sir," so said the little
elf,

"For brother John he's badly hurt and couldn't come
hissself,

A waggon run'd him over, sir"—he here began to cry--
"A waggon run'd him over and—the—doctor—says—he'll
—die."

You see an honest heart may beat beneath a ragged coat;
It follows not that he who hath the Scriptures all by rote,
Or he who drones the longest prayers, or uses grammar
right

Will show the clearest manifest in God Almighty's sight.

For he, who, spite of deadly hurt, or spite of temptings
dire,

Still holds to sterling honesty through want's allicting fire—
Though poor and barren be his lot, though lowly be his
name—

Is still the God-made gentleman, that prts the knave to
shame.

"Forgot for a Minute."

BY W. N. BURR.

"WHE-E-RW!"

The miller stepped out into the open air, rubbing
his eyes.

"Boys must be boys, I s'pose, and boys wouldn't
be boys, I s'pose, if they wasn't kicking up some
kind of dust or other most of the time; but I can't
have them bags of flour tumbled downstairs in
that way. Halloa, up there!" he called, turning
about and going to the foot of the stairway leading
to the upper part of the mill.

The faces of two mischievous but half-scared
boys appeared from behind the bags of flour that

had been piled up on the upper floor near the
stairway.

"If you want to look about and see what's going
on here in the mill, and how we do it, you're wel-
come to stay as long as you want to," said the
miller; but if you want to clinch and scuffle, I
guess you'd better go out on the common to do it,
hadn't you?"

"All right," said Ned Brown, rather sheepishly;
and he and his companion, Bert Thomas, came
quietly down the stairs and left the mill, glad to
escape so easily. They had feared a more severe
reprimand for their carelessness; but the miller
was a kind-hearted man, who, when he was tried,
as in this case, endeavoured to keep his temper,
and speak only such words as would be helpful to
the culprit.

"It don't pay to speak sharp words that only
make people uncomfortable, and raise their ill-will,"
I once heard him say.

"I must have a little talk with those boys the
next time they come in," he said to himself that
day, as he raised the sack of flour and carried it
back up the stairs. "Mebbe, if I'd just pay a
little attention to them, and show them about, and
explain things to them, I might put something into
their heads that would help to crowd out some of
the foolishness there. They'll be in again, if I
have to catch them after Sunday-school next Sun-
day, and give 'em a special invitation."

There seemed to be an attraction about the old
mill for these two boys, and a day or two later in
they came again. The miller was busy as they
went up the stairs, but he saw them, and remem-
bered the "little talk" he had promised to have
with them.

"I'll be through with this in a few minutes,"
ran his thought; "and then I'll go up and chat
with them."

But before he had an opportunity to go to them
they came to him.

"We are very sorry, sir," said Ned, twitching
his fingers, and looking straight down at the floor.
"We didn't mean to do it, after you let us off so
easy the other day; but we forgot for a minute,
and got to scuffling, and tumbled another bag of
flour downstairs. If you'll let us, we'll carry it
back, and promise to keep away from here after
this."

"No! you won't promise anything of the kind,"
said the miller, cheerily, "for I won't let you. I
don't want you to keep away from here. Come
as often as you like, and, perhaps, if you keep
your eyes open, you can learn something. But I
tell you, boys, I want you to try and conquer that
'forgot-for-a-minute' enemy of yours, or he may
lead you into a hard place some day that you
can't get out of so easily. Do you see that one
of my men has gone out and left that gas-jet
burning? And do you know there is danger of
an explosion when a cloud of flour-dust is raised
and comes in contact with a flame? I was read-
ing only the other day of an instance in Germany,
where a sack of flour, falling downstairs, burst
open, and scattered the flour about, and the cloud
of dust reaching a gas-flame was set on fire, and,
bang! came an explosion which lifted the roof and
broke the windows. Something of that kind *might*
have happened here, boys, when you knocked
that sack of flour downstairs. But it didn't
happen, and we'll all be thankful. And you'll not
let 'forgot-for-a-minute' lead you toward such
dangerous ground again, will you?"

The miller took them over the mill before they
left him that day—upstairs and down—and ex-
plained to them many of the mysteries of the
machinery which is used in turning wheat into

flour. And Ned and Bert never "forgot for a
minute" again when they visited the mill, and they
came very often after that day, for they and the
miller became fast friends.

"It helps a fellow to *think* to be good just to
see him," Ned sometimes says, in praise of the
miller.

"It pays to get boys to studying into things;
it keeps them out of mischief, and starts them on
a solid track," says the miller, with a fond look at
Ned and Bert.

The Beginning of a Great Painter.

ONE morning, something like a hundred years
ago, there might have been seen coming from a
barber's shop near Covent Garden, a man and a
little boy. They were father and son, and the
father was proprietor of the shop. He was going
to the house of one of his customers, to dress his
wig, for at that period it was the fashion of all
men above the poorer classes to wear wigs, and
these required frequent attention—brushing, comb-
ing, curling, and so on. So the two went hand in
hand to one of the fine houses in the neighbourhood,
which was at that time a fashionable quarter of
London, many of the nobility and gentry living
there. Arrived at the house, the father leaves the
boy in the hall, the panelled walls of which are
adorned with beautiful carving; and shortly, having
completed his business, they return together to the
shop. After a time Joseph—for that was the boy's
name—is missing, and his father calls out to know
what he is doing. The boy comes timidly into the
shop, a sheet of paper in one hand and a pencil in
the other, and the delighted father, looking at the
paper, sees a very careful and accurate drawing of
one of the coats-of-arms carved upon the panelling
in the hall where he waited.

Of course every customer who comes into the
shop must see this specimen of little Joseph's skill.
And the boy, as he grew up, improved the talent
that God had given him by studying hard from
Nature, so that he became the greatest landscape
painter England—some say the world—has ever
produced; and if you go to the National Gallery
you will see a whole room devoted to the exhibition
of his pictures. His name was Joseph Mallard
William Turner.—*English Paper.*

Curious Customs Among the Chinese.

WHEN boys fall sick, there are two very curious
customs. Sometimes the little fellow is made a
priest, and dressed in priest's clothes. His parents
think the gods will not make him die when he is
dedicated to their service. But they may not want
him to be a priest, as he would have to change his
name and leave his family. After a time they take
him to a temple, and get the priest to burn incense
to the idols and chant prayers. When he has
finished, he takes a besom and chases the boy out
of the temple, who comes home and puts on ordi-
nary clothes. Others try to cheat the gods. They
put a silver wire round the boy's neck, and leave
off mentioning his name, calling him a pig or dog.
They imagine the god who is looking for the boy
will not search there for one when he hears them
speaking only to a dog. All the children have old
coins and charms tied to their clothes to keep off
the evil eye and drive away wicked spirits.—*Church
of Scotland Mission Record.*

"I FORGOT a great many things which happened
last year," said a little girl, the tears running down
her cheeks; "but I can't forget the angry words I
spoke to my dear mother, who is now dead."

One Mediator.

BY REV. THOMAS CLEWORTH.

All praise to the Lamb on his heavenly throne,
Who trod for our race the dread wine-press alone;
Whose person, all stained with his own precious blood,
Now speaketh for men in the presence of God!

He reigneth above in his lawful domain,
Acknowledged by all as "the Lamb who was slain!"
By angels, who sang at his wonderful birth,
By saints, whom his mercy redeemed from the earth.

All glory to God for the gift of his Son!
Who gladdens the world by his victories won;
Whose love among men shows the fruit of his grace,
And raises thanksgiving in every place.

The foes of his kingdom may rage for an hour,
But Jesus still triumphs in glorious power!
The flow of the ages he claims as his own,
And the world shall be blest at the foot of his throne.

By the brightness of truth he shines from on high!
The demons of hate and destruction must fly;
To the standard of grace let the nations repair,
For Jesus brings triumph o'er sin and despair!
THOMASBURG.

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Home and School.

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

TORONTO, JULY 13, 1889.

The Ryerson Statue Unveiled.

The number of truly great men is not large in any country.

Ontario is not old yet in its physical and intellectual development, and yet it is with pride her people recall the memory of a few great men who are now with the overwhelming majority.

Among the greatest of Canadian public men was the Rev. Dr. Egerton Ryerson, the founder of the Ontario Public School System of Education. Posterity recognizes this, and posterity seeks to perpetuate his memory in that loving manner which bespeaks gratitude, thankfulness, and patriotism. The generation that now is speaks affectionately and reverently of him, who, by sheer force of character, founded a system of education which places the child of the poor man on an equality with that of the rich, and who so admirably developed his system that every office in the State is open, through a complete system of elementary and secondary education, to all classes in the Province. But this generation has done more. It erected a monument to the great man, so that generations yet unborn may not be unmindful of the heritage which shall be theirs, as the result of the untiring zeal and ability displayed by the first Superintend-

ent of Education in Ontario for the moral and intellectual advancement of his country.

The unveiling of this monument, fittingly erected in a commanding position of the Normal School Grounds—which were the scene of the labours of the grand teacher—took place on the Queen's birthday, before a large concourse of people.

There were there statesmen and politicians, presidents of universities and eminent divines, men learned in the law, and merchant princes, manufacturers and agriculturists, teachers and pupils—all being assembled to do honour to the name of him whose monument was unveiled, and whose virtues were extolled.

The gathering was truly historical and unique in its character, there being seen representatives of the old class of teachers who presided over the school-houses of the country when there was no system of education in Ontario, and who, therefore, could the more appreciate the revolution wrought by the master-mind of Dr. Ryerson, when he undertook to mould into shape the heterogeneous elements of public instruction over forty years ago.

Then, again, it is seldom in the history of a nation that all classes, creeds, and colours, could be got together to do honour to the memory of one man, and seldom could there be seen such an array of intellectual leaders, in all the walks of life, as held seats on the platform when Her Majesty's representative unveiled the form of him whose memory is sought by it to be perpetuated.

The sky itself seemed to favour the auspicious occasion. The weather could not have been finer if it had been designed to gladden and rejoice the hearts of those who were present, and thereby to assist in making the proceedings pass off as pleasantly as possible.

THE STATUE UNVEILED.

After suitable addresses from leading men assembled on the platform, the Lieutenant-Governor was invited to unveil the statue, who, before doing so, turned to the audience, and said, in feeling terms:—

"Dr. Ryerson was known throughout the length and breadth of this Province. No representative of Her Majesty has had ever as pleasing a duty given to discharge as that which falls to my lot in unveiling the monument of that great man."

The Lieutenant-Governor, accompanied by the Minister of Education, proceeded then to the statue, and the work of unveiling it was only the question of a few moments. As soon as the Canadian flag, which aptly covered the massive form of the statue, was raised, the audience raised a cheer which is rarely heard within the Normal School grounds. It was the reflex of the inner gratitude of the sharers in a great heritage.

The sculptor, Mr. McCarthy, did his work well. The height of the bronze figure is nine feet six inches, and of the pedestal ten feet six inches. The statue faces Bond Street, and can be seen from Queen Street easily. Dr. Ryerson is represented in the pose of addressing the legislature in behalf of popular education, his right arm and leg being advanced, his lips slightly apart, and his face having that animation arising from the consciousness of pleading for a just cause. In his left hand is a book, and behind him stands a pedestal on which are the school laws of the Province.

The total cost of the statue was \$8,175. On



THE SPIRIT ISLAND.

the side of the pedestal facing the Normal School buildings is the inscription:

BORN
In Charlotteville, County of Norfolk, Ontario,
March 24, 1803.

DIED
At Toronto, February 19, 1882.

Facing Bond Street are the words:

EGERTON RYERSON,
Founder of
The School System of Ontario.

The statue having been exposed to full view, the song, "Hurrah for Canada," was sung by the city school children, led by Mr. Perrin, music teacher, city schools. The children acquitted themselves admirably.—*Globe*.

Treating.

ONE of the most absurd of all foolish customs is that of inviting a crowd of friends or strangers up to the bar, to "take something at my expense." Men do not buy other things—either useful or ornamental—in this way. Why should they make an exception in favour of this poisonous draught, which is the cause of most of the crimes which curse the land, and which fills the community with poverty, mourning, and woe? Some one has sensibly said:—

"Now, boys, if you want to be generous, and treat each other, why not select some other place besides the liquor-shop? Suppose as you go by the post-office you remark: 'I say, my dear fellow, come in and take some stamps.' These stamps will cost no more than drinks all round. Or, go to the clothier's, and say: 'Boys, come in, and take a box of collars.' Walk up to a grocer's, free and generous, and say: 'What kind of coffee will you have?' Why not treat to groceries by the pound as to liquors by the glass? Or, take your comrades to the cutler's, and say: 'I'll stand a good pocket-knife all around?'"

This would be thought a strange way of showing friendship; but would it not be better than to offer to friends a maddening, poisonous, deadly draught?

Suppose a man should keep a den of rattlesnakes, and allow men to come in and be bitten, at sixpence a bite, would it be a sensible thing for a man to invest his money for snake-bites? How many would do it? But all who drink whisky virtually do the same.—*Selected*.

Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God: for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few.

To pity distress is human; to relieve it is God-like.



JESUS TURNING WATER INTO WINE.

What Rules the World.

THEY say that man is mighty,
He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty sceptre
O'er lesser powers that be ;
But a mightier power, and stronger,
Man from his throne has hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

In deep, mysterious conclave,
Mid philosophic minds,
Unravelling knotty problems,
His native sphere man finds ;
Yet all his "isms" and "isms"
To heaven's four winds are hurled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Behold the brave commander,
Staunch 'mid the carnage stand,
Behold the gaudon dying,
With the colours in his hand ;
Brave men they be, yet craven
When this banner is unfurled ;
"The hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

Great statesmen govern nations,
Kings mould a people's fate,
But the unseen hands of velvet
These giants regulate,
The iron arms of fortune
With woman's charm is purled,
"For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world."

HAVE you ever noticed one of God's beautiful names for Sunday, "My Holy Day?" In his word he so plainly tells us how we may honour him in keeping his day. By "not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasures, nor speaking thine own words." But Sunday is not to be a day of gloom, for he says: "Then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord." And David says: "This is the day which the Lord hath made, we will rejoice and be glad in it."

Mr. Storey on Canada.

WE live in a land as fair and fertile as the hand of God has given to man. We are as free as the air we breathe, in all that makes men free. We have an abundance, and an inheritance in the North-West practically inexhaustible. We have a territory 18,000 square miles larger than the United States, with Alaska thrown in. We are the fourth shipping power on the earth, possessing 100,000 tons more than our neighbours across the line; and standing next to the German Empire. We are as little taxed—our privileges considered—as any people on earth.

We have peace and prosperity, and ought to be thankful when we consider that the United States pension-list for 1888 amounted to \$78,000,000, which, capitalized at five per cent., represents a funded investment of \$1,560,000,000! This vast sum annually spent is the result of a lamentable and fratricidal war. Let us congratulate ourselves that the debt of Canada has been contracted only in the interests of peaceful pursuits—the acquisition of the North-West, the construction of public works, the opening up of the country, and the building of a national highway belting the Dominion from sea to sea.

So much has been said respecting national progress and taxation, that I shall make one more comparison, and then conclude. The population of the United States in 1780 was 3,070,000, with a debt of \$75,000,000, irrespective of the various issues of Continental currency, amounting to \$359,000,000, showing a total debt at that time of \$434,000,000, incurred in the war of independence.

Canada's net debt to-day is about \$227,000,000, with a population of between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000. Our population is increasing in a greater ratio than that of the United States during the first twenty-five years of their independence. The rapid growth of our cities and towns bears testimony to this fact.

And last, but not least, the emigration from Dakota and Minnesota to Manitoba and the North-West, furnishes ample evidence of the fertility of Canadian farm lands.

Let us inculcate a spirit of patriotism and devotion to our country and her interests. Let us own no allegiance, save the allegiance we owe to that land that has covered us with the sheen of her glory, and thrown about us the mantle of her protection in the infant days of a grand nationality. Let us cultivate more of a national feeling and love of country in our young men, and teach the value of it to our children as a national characteristic.

A Few Words from the Dumb.

It is the glory of a true man to stand up for the defenceless, and to scorn the cowardly oppression of the weak. Surely, then, those who own and those who use ponies and donkeys, will be willing to give a fair hearing to a pleader for the helpless, dumb creatures.

If they could speak for themselves, would they not say: "Give us some rest one day in the week,

and we will do all the more for you the other six, and last the longer for it. You yourself work the better, and live the longer, for one day's rest.

"Don't beat our sore sides so hard and so often, and we shall be stronger and better servants to you. You know how oppression only makes you set up your back, but you will do anything for a kind master.

"Don't ride and race us about till we are ready to drop, and our wind is almost broken, and we are reeking with heat and rough usage.

"Pray, let us have a little more water, when we stand weary and thirsty, with our poor, dry tongues unable to ask for it. You have felt the suffering of thirst.

"And, for pity's sake," the ponies would say, "loosen this torturing bearing-rein. We toss and shake our heads, or we try to keep them still, and nothing gives us a moment's ease. You, master, would suffer severely if your head were held in such a position, and we could do more work, and much better, without it.

"Please remember we can always hear your voice, and shall understand what you want us to do so much more quickly if you speak to us quietly, than if you roar at us, and drag our tender, worn mouths about. We get so puzzled and frightened when you're in a rage with us that we only flounder and plunge, and make you more and more angry.

"Our last entreaty is, that when we get old and past our work, you will not let our poor, wasted bodies stagger along under some load, when our lives have been spent in your service, but that you will reward us by having us immediately put out of our pain."

Think how much you owe to mercy yourself, and remember, "The merciful man doeth good to his beast."

Patience.

I COMPARE patience to the most precious thing that the earth produces—a jewel. Pressed by sand and rocks, it reposes in the dark lap of the earth. Though no ray of light comes near it, it is radiant with imperishable beauty. Its brightness remains even in the deep night; but, when liberated from the dark prison, it forms—united to gold—the distinguishing mark and ornament of glory—the ring, the sceptre, and the crown, said the wise Hillel. Its end and reward is the crown of life.—*Krummacker.*

Wycliffe on Drunkenness.

THE older example of profuse beer-drinking, which the clergy of Europe had shown their flocks in the tenth century, was replaced by as liberal wine-drinking, and the monasteries became centres of propagandism of the evils of intemperance. The monks drank freely themselves, and as freely served wine and ale to strangers.

Wycliffe says of the clergy in the middle of the fourteenth century: "They haunt taverns out of measure, and stir up laymen to drunkenness, idleness and cursed swearing, chiding, and fighting.

They resort to plays at table, chess and hazard; and roar in the streets, and sit at taverns till they have lost their wits, and then chide and strive and fight sometimes. And sometimes they have neither eye, nor tongue, nor hand, nor foot to help themselves, for drunkenness.

"By this example the ignorant people suppose that drunkenness is no sin; but he that wasteth most of poor men's goods at taverns, making himself and other men drunken, is more praised for nobleness, courtesy, freeness, and worthiness."—*Broken Fetters.*

What They Did With Jesus.

BY LILLIAN A. MOULTON.

He sat in his elegant parlour,
With his wife and daughters, three,
A man that the world highly honoured,
And a son of wealth was he.
He had reached the top of the ladder
That men on this earth call Fame,
He had made for himself and children
A great, illustrious name.

But although his face shone with gladness,
Beneath it all one could read
That down in the heart of its owner
Was a deep and dreadful need.
For though he would never have owned it
To a living human soul,
He was sick, and he sorely needed
Christ Jesus to make him whole.

So he sat in his handsome parlour,
Apparently light and gay,
But while he chatted with those around,
All his thoughts seemed far away.
And at last with a desperate effort,
He rose from his velvet chair,
And said, in a voice firm and even,
As he stroked his thick gray hair:

"For weeks I've heard nothing in State street,
'Midst the business men, you know,
But the Moody and Sankey meetings,
And I've decided to go.
Though really I don't believe in them"
(Here in his words came a break),
"Yet I'm determined to go to-night,
Merely for courtesy's sake."

So he rang for his coloured coachman,
And his handsome span of bays,
And the honest eyes of his servant
Stared at him in wild amaze,
As the master said, in mildest tones,
As he drew his warm gloves on,
"I want you to drive down Tremont street,
To the Tabernacle, John.

I've heard of Sankey's wonderful songs,
And of Moody's thrilling talks,
I want to see and hear for myself—
My soul, how that right horse balks!
Just listen! Do you hear that singing?
We are surely almost there,"
Loudly and strong the grand old chorus
Swelled out on the frosty air:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all."
"You needn't stay out in the cold, John,
The air is quite sharp to-night;
You may as well come inside with me,
Just cover the horses tight."

Together they entered the building,
Of people there was no lack,
Together sat in that crowded hall,
One face white, the other black.
Which soul do you think, was worth the most?
Answer me this, if ye can—
The one 'neath the light or the coloured skin?
The master, or servant-man?

The choir again rose up and sang;
Then followed prayer, and next
The preacher stood up before the mass,
And read from God's word this text:
"Now what will ye do with Christ Jesus,
The Son of the living God?
Let this question go to every heart
In this congregation broad.

"Now what will ye do with Christ Jesus?
Will ye have him crucified?
Will you put him to an open shame,
Who to save your souls has died?
Or will you accept of his friendship,
And acknowledge him your King?
Will you take him now as your Saviour,
And henceforth his praises sing?

"Oh, what will ye do with this Jesus?
A question of import vast—
If you'll have him he's yours forever,
No matter how dark the past.

And he'll keep you safe in the shelter
Of his gentle, loving arms,
And you'll not fear the storms of life,
Nor the shock of earth's alarms.

"Oh, what will ye do with Christ Jesus?"
(The preacher loudly cried)
"Will you receive him, or reject him?
You must this night decide.
Receive him—you are saved forever,
In this world and for the next;
Reject him—you are lost and wretched;
What will you do with my text?"

If till to-morrow you put it off,
To-morrow may not be here;
Eternity, unto some of you,
May be very, very near.
Therefore this question I urge, my friends,
Through this congregation broad—
Oh, what will ye do with Christ Jesus,
The Son of the living God?"

"What did you think of the sermon, John?
What did you think of the man?"
"Sir," the coloured coachman made reply,
"I'll tell you as best I can.
I think," said he, with his eye upturned
To one particular star,
"Those as receive the Lord Jesus Christ
Are the wisest ones by far.

"So to-night while the man was talking,
Telling us all to decide
What we'd do about taking the One
Who suffered for us and died,
I said in my heart, Now, Lord Jesus,
I know I'm black as can be,
But I'll receive you as my Saviour,
That is, if you'll receive me."

"And, I, too, received him to-night, John,
The preacher's words cut like a knife,
I have always known there was something
That was lacking about my life."
Together they each had received him,
Together confessed him, too,
And what more does the Bible tell us
Any poor sinner can do?

What if one was white, the other black,
One high, and the other low,
Did it matter aught with the angels?
I tell you, my reader, No!
There will be no colour in heaven,
Sure of this great fact I am;
'Gainst the names of the saved 'tis written,
"Made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Teachers' Department.

A Good Teacher—but.

SHE is a good teacher, and one of the best in the school, but she is not often present. She stays away when she feels like it, and she feels like it very often. The girls in her class like her, and listen to her teaching of the lesson with interest and profit, but they never know when to expect her at the session. She may be there and she may not be, and the chances are even. She is as fickle as an April day.

If the weather is too warm she stays at home; and if it is too cold, home still has charms for her: If she has a headache, she nurses it under the roof of her dear home; and if she fears a headache, she will not venture out. She goes to school if she feels like it, and, of course, she cannot tell whether she will feel like it until the hour comes.

For that reason she neglects to provide a substitute. The class meets, and the superintendent casts an anxious glance, and says: "Will your teacher be here?" "Don't know," is the reply, given in chorus; while one pert voice continues: "She was here last Sunday, and so I do not think she will be here this Sunday."

The pert voice is logical and right.

What is to be done? The teacher wants to keep

her class, and would be hurt if she were asked to practise the virtue of—resignation. The class wants to keep the teacher—if she would only attend with regularity. But it is very discouraging for a scholar to study the lesson, and then come to school and find the teacher missing about half the time.

No wonder that, after a while, the class grows "small by degrees and beautifully less," until it is lost to sight, and then the teacher decides that it is best for her to resign.—*S. S. Journal.*

That Blue Hill.

It lies off there on the edge of the horizon, a wave of sapphire—pure, peaceful, steadfast—one of the hills of God. Clouds may veil it to-day, but it is still there, and will lift its shining head above the land to-morrow. It is such a steadfast friend, a watcher in the east, a throne for the royal sun, in our childhood as in our old age, ever there. It is such a restful friend.

Amid the vexing turmoil of daily life, we look off toward the old blue hill, and how its aspect rests us! The peace of the hills of God becomes ours. It is also such a pure friend. Clouds may assail and cover it, but they never leave a spot there. The rain may sweep upon it, but the storm does not stain its slopes. Grand old hill! you are a type of ideal character. This is steadfast in righteousness, stable, resting on the immutable foundations of correct principle. True character is peace giving! There is ever an atmosphere of calm and rest about it, since abiding in the presence of the peace-giving One. Such character wins our confidence and admiration. The contemplation of it gives us strength in all the relations of life.

Who will be such a hill of God to men? Who, though among the lowest in station, will yet strive after the accomplishment of the highest possession, character moulded after Christ's?—*S. S. Journal.*

Going Against Nature.

JACK was thirteen years old, and, consequently, thought himself a man—at least that he ought to do everything he pleased, whether he always pleased to do right or not. His uncle surprised him one morning by inquiring:

"Jack, did you ever see a fish trying to eat a cabbage?"

"Of course not, uncle," Jack replied indignantly.

"Why not?" pursued his uncle. "It might taste good to them."

"Because they are aqueous mammals," replied Jack, "and not nanny-goats."

"Because they find it does not agree with their stomachs, Jack," replied his uncle; "and it is just as silly for a boy to try to drink beer, when this he finds is the case, as it would be for a fish to taste cabbage-heads."

Jack was silent. His mother was a widow, and did not control him very well, but this old uncle had a way of finding out everything. He had seen Jack tasting the beer (just out of curiosity) when Jimmy (the man who jobbed for his mother) offered it to him, and heard him declare it to be good—though a few minutes afterwards it made him violently sick.

Jack made up his mind that there was nothing so manly after all in making believe, and resolved to let beer alone in the future.—*Temp. Banner.*

HOWEVER the winds may blow over the thrashing-floors of earth, and whatever their effect may be upon private or public hopes, let us remember that the fan is in God's hand.

Christ the Royal Son.

BY L. A. MORRISON.

O CHRIST! thou art the token
Of all the Father's thought;
By thee his love hath spoken;
Thou hast his pleasure wrought;
His will and purpose taught;
In thee the world may trace
All the brightness of his glory
And the fulness of his grace!

O Christ! thou art anointed
In majesty and love;
The Royal Heir; appointed
By him who reigns above,
To rule, by grace and love,
Till all their homage bring,
And for Cross and Pain and Passion
Crown thee Universal King.

O Christ! thou hast forever
The sceptre of the right!
Thy rule shall all as ever,
In thee, who find the light;
Thou hast the Shiloh might;
By thee shall all prevail:
Thou art "Jesus" still and changeless,
Thy compassions never fail.

O Christ! in all the glory
Of Love's exalted throne,
Teach thou redemption's story
Till thou, thyself, art known;
Till hearts are all thine own,
Till all thy freedom prove,
And the earth be like the Heavens
In the pureness of its love

A Heathen Convert's Surprise.

THOSE who often hear about Christ's love and Christ's commandments, and then do not love or obey him, are even worse than heathen. Read and think over the following little incident about a converted heathen, and no longer put off giving Christ your best love and obedience:—

"A convert from heathenism, on visiting our country and addressing a large assembly, assumed, in his remarks, that they were all Christians. On being informed of his mistake, with tearful surprise he assured his teacher, who accompanied him, that he supposed all the people in America loved the Saviour. He wondered how it was that they did not, since they had all of them so long ago heard of Jesus, and there were so many to teach them the Gospel."

The Faithful Teacher.

BY D. A. CATTON.

SHE was always in her place on time, and with a pleasant smile and bow, met every one who came into her class. She loved her work, and tried to do all the good she could to those who were under her influence.

I was seated with them one Sabbath, and heard her say to them, as nearly as I can recollect: "There is no study that compares with the study of the Bible. And why is it of so much worth? It is because it is God speaking to us. It is his revealed will to lost and fallen man. It tells us we are sinners—dead in trespasses and in sin; and it plainly tells us how we may come to God, and have all our guilt removed, and be adopted into the divine family, and be fully fitted for the abode of the blood-washed in heaven. The books you study in school, and the books you read, were written by men; but this Bible was written as God inspired holy men to write; and we should believe every word that is in it, and obey its teachings with all our hearts."

Then she took up the lesson of the day, and held the attention of the class until all was clearly explained in the portion of Scripture before them;

and as I look back on the hour I spent in that attentive class, I feel: "Happy are the young who are blessed with such a faithful teacher."

Letter from Japan.

[The following is part of a letter written by a little Japanese girl, to one of the Sunday scholars at Caistorville, Ont. It is kindly sent me by Mrs. Haney, of that place.—ED.]

"I WAS very glad to get your kind letter, and thank you for it, and for the pretty cards. You wanted me to tell you all about myself. Now I will begin to do so.

"I am fifteen years old, and began to study English when I was eleven years of age. Now I am studying grammar, geography, and mental arithmetic; and have just finished Natural History, in English; besides Bible, Chinese History, Japanese reading, drawing, music, and Japanese and Chinese writing; and I have to write English, Chinese, and Japanese compositions weekly.

"Every Friday afternoon we have to read, in turn, the English and Japanese compositions which we wrote during the week, in the presence of all the teachers and friends. After that we have sewing for two hours.

"As we have so many lessons, we are very busy all day, and have no time even to write letters to our homes and friends.

"My home is quite distant from the school; and although we have vacation now, and most of the girls have returned to their homes, I cannot go home, so I am staying at school.

"I have no father. He died of consumption when I was seven years of age; but I have mother, a brother, and two sisters. They are all older than I. I am the youngest at my home. My sisters are both married. My brother is a minister, and my mother lives at a school in Yokohama, near my school, and is studying the Bible there. She goes to the country to tell about God to the Christians and unbelievers. She is very old, so, when I have time, I visit her; but now she is absent, so I am very lonely.

"I have written to America quite often, and do not know which letter you saw in the *Witness*; but, I suppose, perhaps, you read in it that I have very dear teachers and friends, and do not need to say much about them; but I cannot stop talking, for they are so kind. I think of my teachers as dear parents, and my friends as dear sisters.

"We decided, about a week ago, that if the ninth day was very clear we might go to Sujita—a place where many plum-trees are planted—to see the plum-trees and to cheer the sick at heart. The day was quite clear, so we went there and had a nice time.

"O I like to get letters very much! I have no greater pleasure than receiving letters and cards. On quiet Sunday afternoons and evenings, when I feel lonely, I bring out the letters and cards which I have received, and they become my best friends, and comfort me.

"The school is full now, and we cannot admit many more girls; so Mr. Booth, our principal, went to America to get money to build a new building with. He returned long ago, and now we have a large, new building, almost finished. When it is completely finished, we shall have an opening exercise.

"Next time I write, I would like to tell you about it.

"Now I must close this letter here.

"With much love, yours truly,
"SADA HAYASHI."

"P. S.—Please give my love to your dear papa, mamma, Jessie, and Aunt Maude. Good bye."

Newfoundland.

HERE comes one of the most striking of our historic anomalies. While the oldest of Britain's colonies, Newfoundland is, for the best of reasons, one of the least populous and least developed. I say for the best of reasons; for while Britain was using every means to encourage emigration to her other North American colonies, she was absolutely prohibiting it in Newfoundland; and no longer than a century ago it was a penal offence to settle on her shores. She was regarded by the nation simply as a nursery for seamen, and the clique of merchant adventurers who grew rich by her fisheries, and desired to keep them as their own monopoly, were powerful enough with the government of the day to have laws enacted to suit their purposes. The country remained a mere fishing-station; and generations of merchants rejoiced in the rich preserves of her teeming waters, and left the land that enriched them, purposely, undeveloped and poor.

Upon this great island—larger than Ireland—lives a population of only two hundred thousand souls, for the most part in small and sparsely-settled communities, fringed along the shore. There is not a single inland town. There is not, I think, a settler's cabin twenty miles from the sea. The population is exclusively a fishing one. Its prairie is the ocean, and its plough is the keel. The whisper of the tide is the lullaby of the fisherman's babe, and the moan of the surge his requiem when his toilsome life has come to its close. Our people live on the sea, and many of them are buried beneath its bosom. Year in, year out, they ply their dangerous calling, and are subject to the privations incident to a means of livelihood peculiarly uncertain and precarious. One year there may be fish in plenty; the next a man may not only toil all night and catch nothing, but, alas! he may toil all the days and nights of the fishing season, and find himself at the close without the means of providing for his family in the long and unproductive days of winter.

A portion of our fishermen ply their calling in small craft, within row and sail of their homes; a proportion brave the fogs and storms off "the Banks;" while a further proportion sail away northwards, to the bleak and storm smitten shores of Labrador. In every case, however, the rule holds good—the mode of earning is terribly uncertain; and the effort of the people being confined to the one industry, failure in that means penury or pauperism.

During the past few years there has been a succession of bad fisheries, hence the universal depression of trade throughout the country; hence, too, the tales of famine in your newspapers, some, I am bound to say, grossly exaggerated, which have horrified many a kindly heart in these more favoured lands.

To these sparsely-settled communities of fishermen, widely apart, remote and isolated, the Methodist missionaries have been preaching the Gospel of the Christ for more than a century. Indeed, Newfoundland claims to be virtually the first mission-ground of Methodism, for our Church was founded there in 1765, by Laurence Coughlan, who, though a Church of England clergyman, was an avowed and enthusiastic Methodist, and, within a year of his arrival, originated the first Methodist class-meeting on this side of the Atlantic. Another little known fact I mention with pride. From my native city of St. John's was sent the first contribution to the great Wesleyan Missionary Fund outside of Britain—Ireland itself coming after Newfoundland.—REV. GEO. J. BOND, in *Outlook*.

A Song of Rest.

BY FLORENCE TYLER.

O WEARY HAND! that all the day,
Were set to labour hard and long,
Now softly fall the shadows gray,
The bells are rung for even song.
An hour ago, the golden sun
Sank slowly down into the west;
Poor, weary Hands, your toil is done;
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

O weary FEET! that many a mile
Have trudged along in a stony way,
At last ye reach the trusting stile;
No longer fear to go astray.
The gently bending rustling trees
Rock the young birds within the nest,
And softly sings the quiet breeze;
" 'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!"

O weary EYES! from which the tears
Fell many a time like thunder rain—
O weary HEART! that through the years
Beat with such bitter, restless pain,
To-night forget the stormy strife,
And know, what Heaven shall send is
best;
Lay down the tangled web of life;
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1141] **LESSON III.** [July 21
SAMUEL THE REFORMER.

1 Sam. 7. 1-12. Memory verses, 3, 4
GOLDEN TEXT.

Cease to do evil; learn to do well. Isa. 1. 16, 17.

OUTLINE.

1. Repentance, v. 1-6.
2. Victory, v. 7-12.

TIME.—1141-1120 B.C.

PLACE.—Gibeah, in the house of Abinadab; or, as also called, Kirjath-jearim. Mizpeh. Shen.

CONNECTING LINKS.—For seven months the ark remained in the country of the Philistines. It proved to be anything to them but a source of power. They carried it first to Ashdod, and there it caused Dagon's overthrow, and sore pestilence among the people. Then they sent it to Gath, and there also the same terrible pestilence broke out. At Ekron the same terrible calamities befell; and so, after seven months of suffering, they gave it to the chance carrying of two milch kine, who straightway took the road to Beth-shemesh, and at last stopped by a great stone in the field of one Joshua. Thence by the men of Kirjath-jearim it was carried, as told in the first verse of our lesson. And now an interval of twenty years passes, and the chief part of our lesson story is enacted.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Sanctified*—Set him apart by special consecration. *Lamented after the Lord*—That is, longed for him to appear once more in glory. *Drew water and poured*—Probably an act of high symbolic character, indicating self-surrender and humiliation. *Went up against*—That is, to attack and destroy them. *Thundered with a great thunder*—A storm at the opportune moment, doubtless in answer to Samuel's prayer, drove back the Philistines.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Repentance.*
How long was the ark in the country of the Philistines? 1 Sam. 6. 1.
Why was it sent back? Chaps. 5 and 6.
To what place was it returned?
How long did it remain there? 2 Sam. 6. 2. See chronology of David's reign.
What is meant by the statement in verse 2?
What was the final effect of their sorrows upon all Israel?
What had been the cause of their sorrows?
How did they show the genuineness of their repentance?
What principle is illustrated by the statements of ver. 6, and what follows? James 5. 16.

2. Victory.

What was caused by this convocation of the people at Mizpeh?
In what frame of mind were the people at this time?
What difference of spirit is shown by the statement of ver. 8 from the spirit which moved them at Aphek? 1 Sam. 4. 3.
What was the occasion of the victory?
How will you explain ver. 10; as recording a miracle, or a natural occurrence, which proved advantageous to Israel?
Give reasons for your answer to the last question?
How complete was the victory? vers. 13, 14.
To whom did Samuel ascribe the victory?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Twenty years was a long time for penitent sorrow; but the sin had been very heinous.
It brought true repentance. How good to come to love God before the awful sins begin. Have you come to him?
They put away their idolatry. Have you?
They asked God's servant to pray for them. Let us all do that, too.
Samuel was their mediator; but we have a better one—Christ Jesus, the Lord.
Their mediator grew older. Ours never changes.
Their mediator died. Ours ever liveth.
Their mediator was a man. Ours is very God of very God.
Their mediator God heard. Will he not much more hear ours?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Study the geography of this lesson.
2. Find five other instances of prayer for others that God answered.
3. For illustration, find in English history how fervent prayer before entering battle was crowned with victory.
4. Learn all you can about the worship of Baal and Astarte.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long a time passed before God once more showed mercy to his people? "The time was long; twenty years." 2. How did the people prove that their lamenting was sincere? "They put away Balaam and Ashtaroth." 3. For what did Samuel gather the people to Mizpeh? For a service of confession. 4. What was the great lesson which in substance Samuel here taught them? "Cease to do evil; learn to do well." 5. What was the result of this new consecration? A victory for Israel. 6. In what words did Samuel recognize this divine help? "Hitherto hath the Lord," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Conitration for sin.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

31. What do you call this mystery? The mystery of the Holy Trinity.
32. What do you mean by mystery? A truth which man's reason could not discover, and which God by degrees makes known.

B.C. 1095] **LESSON IV.** [July 28

ISRAEL ASKING FOR A KING.

1 Sam 8. 4-20. Memory verses, 4-7
GOLDEN TEXT.

Nevertheless the people refused to obey the voice of Samuel; and they said, Nay; but we will have a king over us. 1 Sam. 8. 19.

OUTLINE.

1. The People's Demand, v. 4-6.
2. The Lord's Consent, v. 7-9.
3. The Prophet's Protest, v. 10-20.

TIME.—1095 B. C.

PLACE.—Ramah.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Twenty-five years of Israel's history have passed since our last lesson. Samuel has grown old. He is probably now sixty-five years of age. The great work he had been doing for Israel in these years had given prosperity to the country, but his sons, who seemed likely to be his successors, were not upright like their father, and the people feared to be left without a leader. It was thus that they came with the demand which makes the subject of our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The elders of Israel*—These were probably the successors of that body which Moses had established to form a court to relieve him. They were doubt-

less the heads of families in the tribes. *Make us a king*—They put the choice into the prophet's hands without fear. *The manner of the king*—The power and privileges which he will exercise. *To ear his ground*—That is, to do all his agricultural work.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The People's Demand.*
What was the government under which Israel had lived for about four centuries?
What new order did Samuel seem desirous of effecting by making his sons judges?
Why did Israel object to this?
What does their demand of Samuel show concerning their regard for him?
What does it show as to their own increasing power in the nation?
On what custom was their plea based?
What was the one great defect in the philosophy of this plea?
2. *The Lord's Consent.*
What was the effect of this request on Samuel?
What trait of his character appears in his action?
How was his prayer answered by the Lord?
To what national trait did the Lord charge the request?
To what did their request virtually amount?
3. *The Prophet's Protest.*
Why did Samuel protest?
What glimpse of the future did his protest give?
Under what king was this prophecy fulfilled?
What does it show concerning the knowledge and statesmanship of Samuel?
What was the effect of the protest upon the people?
What choice of God for them does ver. 20 show that they deliberately refused? Deut. 14. 2.
How is God's peculiar love manifested by his consent to the request?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

"Like all the nations." How men dislike to be peculiar! To-day we act just like the world. We do not like to be known as Christians by our peculiarities. Is that like Christ?
See God's readiness to grant earthly favours to his people. They were rejecting him. Yet he allowed it. He could still govern through their king. But God never forces men to love him. We can choose him if we will. We can reject him if we will. Which have you done?
Samuel was Israel's preacher. He told them the truth. But they would not listen. How like to-day! Our preachers are faithful; and we refuse to be guided. We go our own way. Alas for us!
This is true everywhere. Parents and children, teacher and scholars, all show it. Fidelity on one side. Wilfulness on the other.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Study out the parts of the protest which were fulfilled. 1 Sam. 14. 52; 1 Kings 21. 7; 12. 4, etc.
2. Find the names and characters of some of the kings of the surrounding nations.
3. Study out the kind of government under which the people had heretofore lived. Was it a republic, a monarchy, a democracy, an oligarchy, or what?
4. Give three good reasons that led the people to this demand.
5. Find three reasons why they should not have made it.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who demanded from Samuel the appointment of a king? "All the elders of Israel." 2. Like what did they wish to become? "Like all the nations." 3. What did Samuel do when they had made this request? "He prayed unto the Lord." 4. What did God answer Samuel? Grant their request, but protest. 5. After the long protest, did the people hearken? "Nevertheless, the people refused," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Divine forbearance.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

33. What do you mean by the attributes of God?
All the perfections of his nature.
34. What do the Scriptures teach concerning God's attributes?
That he is omnipresent and almighty, that he is omniscient and all-wise.

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