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# HOME AND SCHOOL

**The Victoria Falls—Zambesi River.**

WHEN Dr. Livingstone reached the Zambesi River in performing his celebrated feat of crossing the Continent of Africa from Loanda on the west to Tete on the east, he was often asked by the natives, "Have you smoke that sounds in your country?" and they assured him that some way off "smoke did sound."

He went in the direction pointed out by the natives, and came upon the most gigantic waterfall ever seen, it being much wider than the Falls of Niagara. He found that the smoky columns that sounded were vast masses of vapor and spray hurled upwards for hundreds of feet above the level of the water, and that the sound was caused by the deafening rush of a vast river over a great precipice. This immense rush of foaming water could find no stream in front and only an opening on one side.

Two bright rainbows were seen in the vapor, and the grandeur and sublimity of the scene were increased by the beauty of the surrounding country, for the everlasting spray fertilized the soil, and the forest trees, with their tropical underwood, clothed the banks for miles. Livingstone named this wonderful cataract the Victoria Falls.

They are said to nearly equal in height and volume the famous Falls of Niagara.

Their roar can be heard for many miles, and their columns of cloud be seen for a vast distance. A peculiarity of these Falls is that they fall into a narrow chasm, being confronted by a huge wall of rock. The river then makes its way sideways, turning abruptly at right angles to its previous course, and flowing in a narrow channel, as shown in the left foreground of the picture. Though the valley of the Zambesi is now almost a solitude, or peopled only by barbarous tribes, the time will come, and that, we think, before long, when a Christian civiliza-

tion shall fill its broad expanse with the results of Christian enterprize and industry, and the knowledge of the true God shall illumine these long-darkened lands.

**My Boy.**

JOHN NAGHTEN, my boy! for so I have called him these twenty-five years. When he was about ten his mother gave him to me to become and to do whatever I might think was best for him. He was of delicate constitution; loving, gentle, kind, and timid, as though he had the heart of a

told him of a ride on the upper Mississippi, ten years before, where I met a young man of barely twenty-one years, who was going to Minnesota to buy a farm with his own money, and that of his widowed mother and only sister. It was all they had in the world. Sharpers desired him to play in the saloon of the steamer, and he gained some little risks, and then he lost, and lost, and lost till every cent of his own and of theirs was gone. He had learned to use cards at home, felt safe with them anywhere; and there he was put off the steamer at the first landing, without money to see him home, or to buy

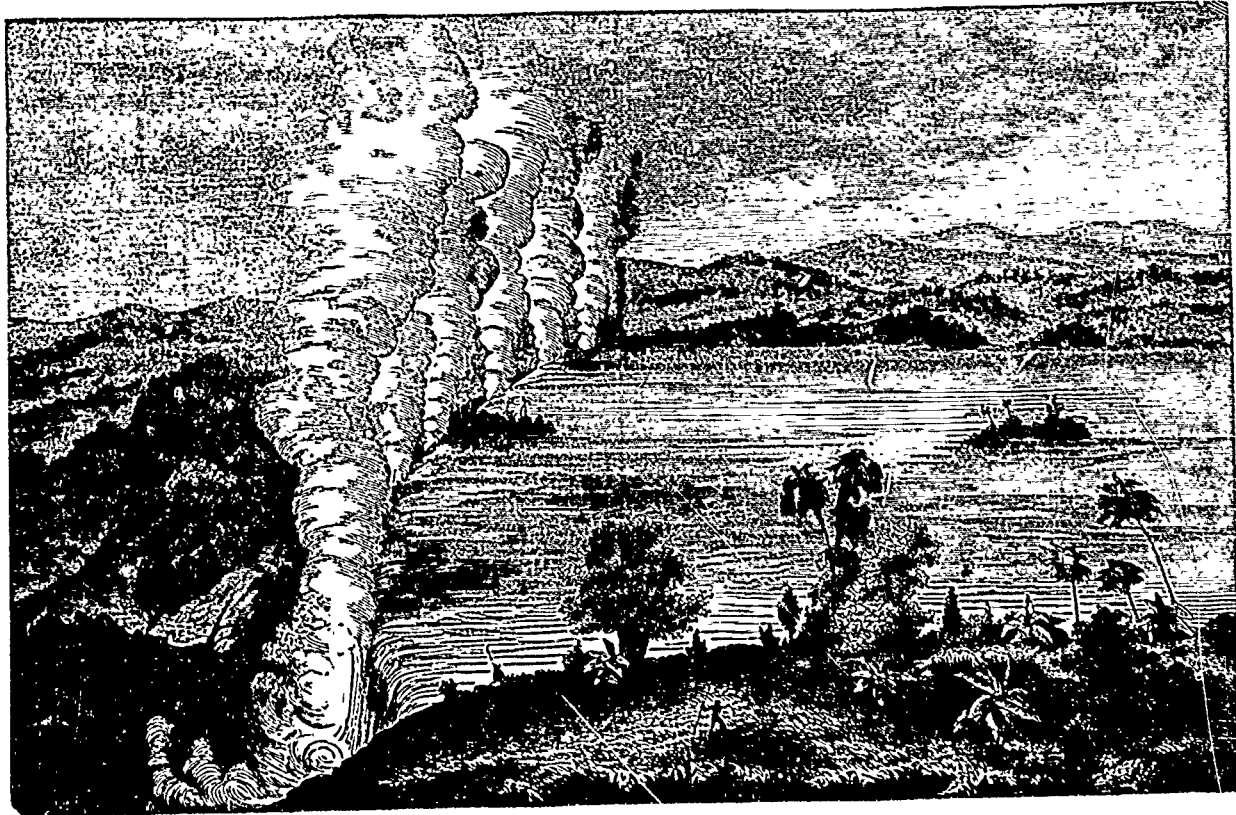
choirs. When the Spanish evangelical work was commenced there was no Spanish hymn and tune book. The hymns could be found, but where was the evangelical, musical editor! Here the young organist found rare work. He edited the music of the "Himnos Evangelicos," the first hymn and tune book ever published in any language south of the equator. His work tended to so popularize our American Sunday-school and social songs that everywhere you might hear Spanish children singing them in the streets. Few persons in the laity in that mission have given, for the last twenty years,

so faithful, efficient, unostentatious service as John Naghten. Yet, with all his excellencies, he was exactly where the young man stood who did all these things from his youth up; but a change came over him.

A year ago when Mrs. Hudson died, his playmate and friend from childhood, she gave him a message that he never forgot. It was, like the arrest of Saul of Tarsus, from heaven. John became a new creature.

The beautiful girl that became his wife is left with her lovely children the heirs of a name without a blemish. Sweet be thy rest, my boy, my John, my beloved! Oceans and mountains shall separate our dust, but we shall meet again. Thy youthful feet have gained the heights first. Later

arrived, and wearied with a longer journey, I hope again to join thee in the palace of angels and of God.—  
*William Goodfellow, D.D.*



THE VICTORIA FALLS—ZAMBESI RIVER.

little girl. The time soon came when he was better at school than with me, but out of school hours we were constantly together. This was in Buenos Ayres, South America, in the eighteen hundred and sixties. When John came to be sixteen he came to me to say that all the young men whom he knew played cards, and they desired him to join them. He said he observed that I never played, and he came to ask my advice about his learning to play. I told him I had no commands to lay upon him, but I would show him how it looked to me. Then I

a breakfast. I believe if he could have said he did not know the names of the cards that he would have escaped that calamity to himself and mother and sister. John said: "That settles the case. I shall live and die without knowing one card from another." I presume he did.

The time given by other boys to frivolity, John gave to the study of music. For over twenty years he has been the gifted organist and leader of the choir of the American Church in that great city, attending three services a day, and teaching many successive

"Stop that, mister! What would ye be after doing?" cried a native of Wicklow to an English gentleman who was tying his horse to a telegraph pole. "What's the matter, Pat?" "Why, jist this, yer honor; you've hitched yer animal to the magnetic telegraph, and it's in Dublin he'll be in two minutes if ye don't secure him somewhere's else."

He calleth to me out of Seir: Watchman, What of the Night?

"WHAT of the night?" the watchers said; "What of the night?" the echo sped Swift as the sound of a sentinel's call Answering back from wall to wall. Who are these with their lamps atrim, Waiting the Bridgroom's far-off hymn, Watching and waiting for the day, Who are the watchers, who, I pray?

Out from the heat of the torrid zone, From the buried heart of Livingstone; Out from the tropics far and wide, Over the land, and over the tide; Out from the frozen Arctic's reign, Quickly the answer came again, "We are the watchers: help, we pray, Lo, there are signs of coming day!"

Send them an answer deep and low, "We are watching and waiting too;" Send them an answer loud and long "We are coming a million strong,— Coming with lives, and coming with gold, Coming with treasures yet untold, Coming with shout, and coming with psalm, Coming to win the victor's palm."

Should we withhold a daughter's hand, If sought by the Seir of a far-famed land? Should we the strength of sons withhold, If the lead they followed was rich with gold? Would ease or pleasure our motto be, If a crown were waiting for you or me?

Lo, there are signs in the Eastern sky, And the hill-tops flame afar! See how the frightened shadows fly From the light of the Morning Star! But there are caverns deep and lone, Wild jungle and beasts of prey, Paths that are flinty, and pillows of stone, And no ladder adown the way.

But the path was trodden and made complete Full many a year ago; And the centuries followed with laggard feet, For the pulse of the world was low. But now it quickens; and into birth A nation springs in a day, And thought goes flashing round the earth And quick as the lightnings play.

The hearts of the nations are closer now, The serf is nearer the throne; And we at a common altar bow, For the children of God are one.

But the hosts of right, and the hosts of wrong, Are marshalling quick and sharp and strong; And though the battle is fierce and long, We shall yet join in the victor's song. For truth is mighty and truth will win; And the Son of the Highest shall enter in; And the world shall be ransomed from death and sin.

—Selected.

### Two Kingdoms.

AN ADDRESS BY WARRING KENNEDY, ESQ., OF TORONTO.

THE following is part of an excellent address delivered by Warring Kennedy, Esq., at the laying of the corner stone of the Methodist Church at Lucknow:

We are interested in the prosperity of two kingdoms—one that may be moved and shall finally pass away "amid the wreck of matter and crash of worlds," the other "that cannot be moved," but "abideth forever." As to the first, we rejoice in being subjects of the greatest empire on the face of the globe to-day. We bless God for our civil and religious liberty; truly "the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage." We have unequalled protection both to life and property under the mild reign of Queen Victoria.

"God bless our noble Queen,  
God save the Queen."

Queen Victoria sways a sceptre over 310,000,000 of a population, or six times that of the population of the United States. The area of her empire is ten millions of square miles, or four times that of the United States. Her Australian colonies alone have as large an area as that of the United

States. The English tonnage is more than sixty per cent. of the tonnage of the world, or three out of every five ships on the seas fly the "old red cross flag."

"Britannia rules the seas."

England spends for charitable and missionary purposes more than that contributed by all the rest of the world. London, with its five millions of people, is the greatest city in the world to-day, and is the greatest city the world has ever seen. As to our own Dominion, few have any conception of its vastness and grandeur. Newfoundland is as large as Denmark and Hanover; Nova Scotia is as large as Switzerland; New Brunswick is as large as Holland and Belgium; Quebec is as large as France, and Ontario is as large as Prussia proper; and what shall we say about the province of Manitoba and the North-West territory, embracing an area of 300 millions of acres. Our volunteers are to-day two thousand five hundred miles from where we are now assembled, and still they are an immense distance from the western boundary of that territory, and beyond that there is the province of British Columbia. The River St. Lawrence is celebrated for the purity and plenitude of its waters. It sweeps along for a distance of 2,390 miles, and at last gladly throws itself into the embrace of the ocean. Lake Superior covers 40,000 square miles, and is the largest fresh water sea in the world. Lake Huron covers 16,000 square miles, and is said to contain thirty thousand islands. Lake Ontario embraces a circuit of 600 miles, and Lake Erie a circuit of 700 miles, descends at the Falls of Niagara and empties into the River Niagara 700,000 tons of water every minute. The total area of fresh water lakes is 100,000 square miles.

So much for the earthly kingdom of which we are subjects. We shall now direct your attention to another—one "that cannot be moved."

### TRIUMPHS OF CHRISTIANITY.

Some say that the Church of God is in full retreat, and that the way is strewn with arms, haversacks, etc. We can bring before you overwhelming statistics accurately gathered to prove to the contrary. We know that one man leaving the ranks of Christianity and going over to infidelity can make a great noise and cause great attraction, just as a man who leaps overboard causes great commotion, when perhaps little notice is taken of the 500 passengers who keep to the good old ship, and reach the haven in safety whither they would be. Let us glance rapidly at the spread of Christianity. In the third century there were three millions of Christians; in the fifth, fifteen; in the seventh, twenty-four; in the tenth, fifty; in the twelfth, eight; in the fifteenth, 100; in the seventeenth, 155; in the eighteenth, 200; and when the nineteenth century is made up it will show 400 millions of Christians. "He must reign till all enemies are destroyed," and angels and redeemed men will again repeat the message brought to Joseph and Mary, but with a wider range of application, "For they are dead that sought the young child's life." At the beginning of this century there were of all evangelical denominations only 150 missionaries in the field, now there are 25,000. The Nazarene has prevailed. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." Archimedes

said, "Give me a fulcrum on which to rest my lever, and I will move the world." We have found the fulcrum and found the lever. "The cross on which He bowed His head shall lift us to the skies." Is the Bible an obsolete book? Wherever you find a judge's bench or a clerk's desk you find a Bible. What book is it that the mother puts in the trunk of the young man as he leaves the home of his childhood for city life? the Bible. What was that little book that my wife put into the knapsack of our boy the morning he left his home with his regiment for the North-West? a copy of the New Testament; as she added the words, "Read that, my son, and play the part of a man." What do we find in nine out of every ten houses in Christendom?—the Bible. Voltaire prophesied that the Bible in the nineteenth century would become extinct. The century is gone all but fifteen years, and there have been more Bibles published in the latter part than in the former. The room in which Voltaire wrote that prophecy, not very long ago, was crowded from floor to ceiling with Bibles for Switzerland. Sir Walter Scott, when dying, said, "Give me the Book." "What book?" was the enquiry. "There is only one Book," said he, "that is the Bible." Yes, mighty in its own strength, it stands forth the friend of universal man, the enemy of none. Uninjured and unobstructed, it pursues its sublime and glorious mission, throwing its shield over the nations, influencing the cabinet, cheering the spirit of the soldier by the silent watch fire, pointing him to nobler laurels, a more enduring crown and more permanent resting place than earth can afford, wiping the tears from the eyes of the widows and orphans, and assuring the bereaved of every country of a reunion "Where saints of all ages in harmony meet."

The erection of places of worship is an evidence of the spread of Christianity. The Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States erects a church for every day, or 365 in the year; and it is estimated that there are 1,000 new churches erected in the United States each year. What institution stands nearest the hearts of the people in village or church? Is it the city hall, the post-office, or the hotel? No, it is not. It is the Christian church. How appropriate are the lines of our poet:

"These temples of Thy grace,  
How beautiful they stand,  
The honours of our native place  
And bulwarks of our land."

When disease stalks abroad, and sweeps away our children one by one, whom do we send for? Is it the tavern-keeper? Is it the post-master? Is it the reeve? Is it the Attorney-General? No, no. You send for a minister of this Bible religion.

Colonel Allan, a famous infidel in his day, had a consecrated woman as his wife. The mother instructed her daughter in the truths of Christianity. The daughter sickened and died, but immediately before her death she said to her father, "Shall I take your instructions or mother's? I am going to die, and must have this matter settled." He replied, "My dear, you had better take your mother's religion."

### GROWTH OF METHODISM.

I may be pardoned, on such an occasion as this, for dwelling for a few minutes upon the success of Methodism:

We speak not by way of self-glorification as Methodists, but with thankfulness to Almighty God that He has owned the labours of Methodism in its efforts to bring men to Christ. We recognize the labours of other Christian Churches; and surrounded as I am here to-day by many who are members of the great Presbyterian Church, we thankfully call to mind their triumphs for Christ, both at home and in foreign fields. The grand galaxy of names that adorn the pages of Church history, from Knox down to Chalmers, Duff, Guthrie, Candlish, and Cook, with many others, are before us. You will not, therefore, consider me sectarian if I dwell for a little on Methodism.

As the work was of God, so the agents thereof were chosen and qualified by Himself. The profound convictions, the cheerful piety, the fearless courage, the glowing fervors, the disinterested benevolence and the restless spirit of the Wesleys and Whitefield wonderfully fitted them for that mighty movement which aroused the Church and the world in the 18th century, the vibrations of which are felt to the most distant parts of the world. Methodism was not born of faction or party, but was the result of the revival of primitive Christianity. Chalmers said, "Methodism is Christianity in earnest." Wesley said, "We are friends of all and enemies of none." Methodism partakes of the nature of both a revival and a reformation, but more of revival. It is rather truth vitalized and diffused than error exploded. It proposes not to reform existing creeds but to save men's souls and to reform their lives. From the moment John Wesley went out into the highways and hedges as an itinerant preacher he bade farewell to earthly fame. Few gave more away. When his income was £80 a year he lived on £28, and gave £2 for charity; when £60 he lived on £28, and gave £32 for charity; when £120 he lived on £28, and gave £92 for charity.

In the year 1775 the Accountant-General sent him a copy of the excise order for return of plate, etc., saying "the Commission cannot doubt, sir, that you have plate for which you have hitherto neglected to make an entry." Mr. Wesley replied, "I have two silver tea-spoons at Bristol and two at London, and I shall not buy any more while so many around me want bread." On one occasion, while dining with a friend near Blackfriars, London, an eminent artist offered him ten guineas as a bribe to induce him to allow a cast of his face to be taken. "No," said Wesley, "keep your money and don't urge me further." "Sir," said the artist, "I will not detain you more than three minutes." Wesley consented; the cast was taken, and so also was the money, but no sooner was Wesley out of doors than he saw an agitated crowd, surrounding an auctioneer, who was about to sell the furniture of a poor debtor, including bed and bedding. Wesley rushed into the throng, seized the arm of the auctioneer, and cried, "What's the debt?" "Ten guineas," was the answer. "Take it," said Wesley, "and let the poor man have his furniture." Then turning to John Broadbent, who was with him, he quietly observed, "I see why God sent me these ten guineas."

Mr. Wesley continued abundant in itinerant labours for over fifty years. Geo. Whitefield flew like a seraph through England and America with the everlasting Gospel. What results do



we witness to-day? Look back at the time when Philip Embury, the young Irish local preacher, landed in New York in 1770—then a city of only 20,000 inhabitants.

Methodism is the greatest fact in the history of the Church of Christ to-day. The most powerful religious organization on this continent, it has a recognized place and power in the great force of the country. Wesley's preachers came to America at a critical time in its history. Dr John Hall, the great Presbyterian divine of New York, stated on a Bible Society platform in Toronto that nearly all the men who signed the Declaration of Independence were avowed infidels, and that Wesley's preachers saved the country from absolute infidelity. In 1771 Paine brought the poison and Asbury brought the antidote. The late Abraham Lincoln acknowledged that Methodism did more than any other agency in preserving the national unity. Look at Methodism to-day. John Wesley was born in 1703 and died in 1791. At his death there were 511 preachers and 135,000 members in England and America. To-day we have in Canada 800,000 adherents, 1,700 ministers, 3,000 churches and 350 parsonages. The total value of churches and parsonages is over nine million dollars. In the United States there are ten million adherents, 15,000 ministers, and churches and parsonages valued at one hundred million dollars. Over the world Methodism has five million Church members, twenty million adherents, 34,000 preachers, 85,000 local preachers, 59,000 Sunday-schools, and five million scholars.

Look at the charitable and benevolent results of Methodism. What has Methodism done? A young Methodist lady, named Hanzah Ball, had a Methodist Sunday-school at High Wycombe, fourteen years before Raikes began his at Gloucester. Sophia Cooke, another Methodist, who afterwards became wife of Samuel Bradburn, was the first who suggested to Raikes the Sunday-school idea, and marched with him at the head of a 'troop' of ragged urchins, the first Sunday they were taken to the parish church. The first "British Bible Society" was organized by a small number of Methodists. The "London Missionary Society" originated in an appeal from Melville Horne, one of Wesley's preachers, and who afterwards became successor of Fletcher and Madelley. The Church Missionary Society was established by John Venn, son of Henry Venn, a Methodist clergyman. The first Tract Society was formed by John Wesley and Dr. Coke in 1781, seventeen years before the organization of the present religious Tract Society. The first Dispensary the world ever saw was formed by Wesley himself. The Strangers' Friend Society, paying every year from forty to fifty thousand visits to the sick poor in London, is an institution to which Methodism gave birth. Considering all this in connection with the growth of pulpit power and the widespread moral influence of our educational institutions, we exclaim, "What hath God wrought."

Our system is elastic, "commending itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God." Methodism is not an iron railing, but a rope fence. In baptism our ministers may either immerse or sprinkle, believing that the validity of baptism does not consist in either the quantity of water or the mode of its application. The Lord's

Supper will be administered to all who intend to lead a new life and are in love and charity with their neighbours. Our Hymnology is unequalled. Charles Wesley has set the world singing. In view of our privileges what is our duty? Has the world outgrown the need of the Gospel? No other agency can effect the regeneration of our race. Other means have been tried and signally failed. Socrates by his philosophy could not reform the inhabitants of a single village. Civilization cannot do it. What did civilization do for ancient Greece or Rome? The world is to be elevated by the "foolishness of preaching" by "the Gospel of Christ." Let us bear our part in this great work.

A few years ago the *Princess Alice*, with an immense number of excursionists, sank in the Thames, England. A noble youth, who was standing on the shore, plunged into the water, and commenced the rescue of the perishing ones. He swam to the shore with one, but only to return for a second and a third. When nearing the shore with the last one, he saw a bundle floating, which he caught in his teeth. It was a child. He brought it to his mother, and said, "Mother, I want you to take care of this babe, and I will reward you. I have saved it." Christ comes and finds sinners perishing in the dark waters of sin. He rescues them and commits them to the care of the Church, and like the good Samaritan, says, "Take care of them, and when I come again I will repay thee." Oh! what responsibility rests upon us! Oh! that we were faithful. Oh! ye shades of our departed fathers, look down upon us to-day. Wesley, Fletcher, Whitefield, Walsh, Collins, Bradburn, Coke, Asbury, Case, Watson, Clarke, Embury, Webb, Stinson, Wilkinson, Bishop, Green, Ryerson, Taylor, Carroll, Rice, "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

#### Storm the Fort.

Ho! my comrades! see the signal  
Jesus waves on high!  
Satan's battlements are reeling;  
Hear our Captain's cry.

CHO.—Storm the fort! for I am leading,  
I have shown you how!  
Shout the answer back to heaven,  
We are ready now!

See, the lofty walls are frowning,  
Held by Satan's power;  
Sin enshrouds the world in darkness,  
Now's the storming hour.—CHO.

See, the prophets now are showing  
How the fort must fall;  
There is no such thing as failing,  
Shout, my comrades all.—CHO.

Fierce and long the siege has lasted,  
But the end is near;  
Onward leads our great Commander,  
Cheer! my comrades, cheer!—CHO.

—J. B. Vinton.

A CHRISTIAN woman in Illinois recently followed a drinker, in whom she was deeply interested, into a saloon. Just as he was about to take the glass she tapped him gently on the shoulder and requested him to go with her. He complied, and as the two marched toward the door the saloon-keeper recovered, sufficiently from his amazement to ejaculate, "That beats the devil." The lady turned and emphatically retorted, "Yes, sir, it was my intention to beat the devil."

#### Discouragement

Discouraged little maiden,  
Because your sum is hard?  
A merry heart makes figures smile;  
They mock your sadness all this while  
With sunny face and purpose strong,  
The answer'll come ere long.

Discouraged, anxious mother?  
The child must be a child,  
Serious thoughts will come with years;  
With hopeful heart instead of tears  
Sow godly seed, ere youth be gone,  
The reaping comes anon.

Discouraged weary teacher?  
Call you your labour vain?  
The little hands that restless play,  
And rise before you day by day,  
In life's stern school may bear brave part;  
O, weary one, take heart!

Discouraged, faithful pastor?  
Hast toiled and waited long?  
Thou may'st not know the flames divine  
Kindled in hearts by words of thine;  
Waiting is weary, but—the crown!  
Brave soul, be not cast down!

Discouraged, Christian soldier,  
Because the fight goes hard?  
The more the need of your strong arm,  
Up! bravely sound the loud alarm!  
The watchword is "Eternal life!"  
On, to the mortal strife!

#### Button Chief.

A GRAND old man was Button Chief. He was known amongst the white settlers by this name, but amongst his own people—the Blood Indians—he was called Medicine Oalf.

He possessed a powerful frame, that must have made him in his youthful days a formidable antagonist. When upwards of three score and ten he could mount his horse and ride long distances. The stalwart warrior strode through the camps in dignified silence, looking with pleasure on the innocent sports of childhood, and giving advice to those who sought his counsel, and relied much upon his wisdom and grace. Feeling keenly the intrigues of many despotic white men when living with his people in Montana, he led the last attack made upon the whites by the Blood Indians.

In his subsequent travels he made many friends among the white people, and the longer he lived his influence amongst them was becoming very much greater. He was ever ready when any of the young men committed depredations to reprimand them severely, and to secure justice and compensation for his white friends. His word was law amongst those who were more closely related to him as members of his band. When he learned that there was stolen property in his camp, he has gone, and without any solicitation or promise of reward, has recovered it and given it to the owners. Often has he been heard, as he rode through the camp, shouting his orders to the people, and never have I known these to be disregarded. The women have gone out to perform some duty under his instructions; the men have refrained from engaging in petty annoyances or more serious strife; and the children have laid aside their wheels and arrows and hurried off to school when kindly urged by their worthy chief. He was keenly observant of the ways of the white man, and predicted the downfall of his people by extinction or absorption, and the final supremacy of the pale face.

In his warrior days he exercised great influence amongst the chiefs and over the young men. A council of chiefs had been held where it was decided to attack the Sioux camp a few miles distant. He was not present, and war could not be declared without his consent. At a subsequent meeting,

after the readings of the former council had been rehearsed, he was asked for his decision, when, with a deep sense of justice and true dignity, he answered their demands as follows: "What have the Sioux done?" he asked.

"They are coming too close to our camps," was the reply.

"Have they done you any harm, that you wish to fight with them?"

"No."

After a significant pause he uttered this sententious sentence, which closed the council and decided the whole, "I fight with my enemies."

There are some who could not penetrate the Indian skin and see underneath the emotions of a hero. Greed and glory were the impelling powers of the minds of many of the frontiersmen, and to them affection and heroism in an Indian were things unknown. Viewing this man's character after the lapse of years, I am compelled to say that he was a noble man. He had a keen intellect, which could be discerned when dealing with questions relating to his people. He desired that young and old should enjoy the benefits flowing from education and religion. He had a vast fund of traditional lore relating to his tribe, most of which has died with him. He was supposed to have been one of the few who knew anything concerning the Blackfeet historical song or poem. He was one of the first orators of his tribe. In simple and dignified language he could urge the claims of his people. When Lord Lorne travelled through the North-West he expressed his loyalty to the Government by taking off his handsome deerskin shirt and presenting it to the Governor-General.

He felt the cravings of a higher manhood within him, and therefore listened attentively to the story of the Cross. Gathering his children around him he would teach them to pray to God. When the missionary knelt by his side to pray he would join in the prayer and then utter his thanks. One Sunday morning early, just one year ago, as I was visiting the people in their lodges a few miles distant, a messenger rode toward me and said: "Your friend, Medicine Oalf, is dead; come quickly to his lodge." When he had delivered this message, he uttered a plaintive wail and left me. With a sad heart I rode off. I knelt beside the women, weeping bitterly, and prayed for grace to the bereaved. Only two days previous we talked about "the home over there," and just before he died he called me by name, and wished to see me once more. My dear, tried, and faithful Indian friend was no more, and deeply I mourned his loss. We raised a lodge on the prairie and laid him in all his martial glory to rest. The last sad rites performed, we turned away with heavy hearts. Over on the other side we shall meet again, when the red man shall no longer be doomed by his colour, but all shall be as the children of God.

ROBIN RUSTLER.

FORT McLEOD, N.W.T.

By falling from a waggon, a Chinaman in California, whose life was insured for a large amount, was seriously hurt. There was some doubt as to his ever getting better; and at length one of his friends wrote to the insurance company: "Charley half dead; likee half money."

**Hold the Fort.**

Ho! my comrades, see our banner  
Waving in the sky,  
Hear our rallying hosanna  
Echoing on high.

Chorus—Hold the fort for prohibition,  
Freedom signals still;  
Answer back to the petition,  
By our votes we will.

All our land the foe engages,  
Let no freeman lag,  
For the battle fiercely wages—  
Rally round the flag.

Hear the groans of thousands dying  
On the slaughter field;  
By the onsign o'er us flying  
We will never yield.

Hark! what shrieks of woe appalling  
Pierce through all the air;  
Hear the wretched veterans calling,  
"Save us from despair."

By the land our fathers bought us  
With their precious blood,  
By the birthrights they have brought us,  
Stem the battle flood.

By the right which freedom gave us  
With immortal souls,  
Crush the foe who dare enslave us;  
Forward to the polls!

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 24, 1885.

**No Hope Hereafter.**

A FRIEND of the English novelist, George Eliot, has just published his recollections of her and of her creed, which he takes the credit of having taught her. It was, that faith in immortality, in heaven, in any Being higher than man, or in any life higher than the present, enfeebles us and makes us less fit for our present duties.

She herself was equally indifferent, he states, to all religious beliefs. Her highest idea of duty was a calm, hopeless submission to the inevitable. If she had put her creed into words, it would have been the opposite of the Arab's, who lays his hand on his mouth and his mouth in the dust, crying, "Silence! Whatever is, is right! Beyond is God." She would have said, "Whatever is, is wrong. There is no hope, no hereafter! Therefore, silence!"

George Eliot is not the first philosopher who has tried to teach men to live without hope in God, or in a future life. Such persons invariably strive to throw about the duties, and pleasures, and works of this life a peculiar splendour; and it is a sad fact, that most of them end in gratifying their own passions and appetites in it to the full. "Let us eat and drink,

for to-morrow we die," has always been the reasoning and the actual practice of men who have not faith in God or in the future, from the Sadducees down to the School of George Eliot and George Lowes.

Take from a man faith in God and in eternal life, and you take from him the strongest motive that can inspire hope, incite courage, and prompt to constant endeavour to live so that his record shall be clean when the close of life comes.

Our neighbours in Montreal build each winter an ice palace. It is brilliant as though made of jewels; it is fair as a dream to look at. But no man can live in it. The chill of death is under its roof, and when a few days are passed it melts away and leaves no trace behind. It is a fair symbol of the life which these materialists would set before us as the best and the truest; a splendid intellectual existence, vanishing into nothingness at the touch of death.

In the old Book which has gone down from one age to another, the centre of all the enduring spiritual life in the world, we are told of another temple whose foundation is the Divine Man, and whose stones, joined together, are the lives of the humble and holy men and women who strive to serve God and help each other, hoping for a better world to come.

Which life does our own intuitions and experience teach us is true?

**The Church and Temperance.**

The cause of temperance not only deserves but receives a place in the teachings of every Sunday-school where the International series of lessons are used, and for this we are glad—if the children are lost, all is lost. This cause deserves a place also among the contributions of every church, for it is one of the chief pioneers of the Gospel. It has carried from the field thousands of wounded ones, whose hurts it has healed. It ought to be advocated in every pulpit, preached as "a vital part of the gospel message on the Lord's day. The Bible abounds in temperance texts, and every community abounds in people who need to hear them." It is indeed the great question of the day, and the Church of Christ cannot be indifferent to its claims upon their attention and co-operation.

**I. AIM OF THE CHURCH.**

"The Church is an institution which aims at overthrowing evil, and cultivating and encouraging the purest morality. It has the true remedy for vice—the Gospel of Christ—and ought therefore by example and action seek to so influence public opinion that this traffic in strong drink shall be declared illegal. Much as has been done, there is still room for improvement. There are still many members and adherents in all our churches who, if not direct patrons of the liquor trade, are at least indifferent and careless in opposing it. In the agitations now going on in different countries, and in the great conflicts for prohibition, the Church ought to lead. The cause of temperance reform is certainly a legitimate field for Christian activity. Let all ministers of the Gospel, all members of Christian Churches, be pledged to total abstinence, and moreover pledged to work for the complete overthrow of intemperance, and we believe the good cause will soon triumph."—E. H. Dewart, D.D.

**II. THE GOSPEL OF TEMPERANCE.**

"The Bible declares that 'Drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven.' What it says it means, all 'explanation' to the contrary. And with such a declaration, how plain is it that temperance work is essentially a Gospel work. And it is doubly so. First, the Bible enjoins it; and what the Bible enjoins, the preacher of the Gospel should advocate. Secondly, it is emphatically 'good news' which turns the intemperate man away from his bottle and keeps him to his Bible.

May the Church of Christ arise in its might and preach the Gospel of Temperance, and arouse men and women to their duty. Then intemperance will not claim its sixty thousand American victims every year. Hell will lose, but heaven will be the gainer."—Dr. Tulmage.

**III. TEMPERANCE, A PART OF RELIGION.**

"Every church member should make it a part of his daily religion. The bottle is the deadliest foe to Christ in our churches and our communities. A friend of Christ must be the enemy of the bottle. More souls are ruined by the intoxicating cup than by any single vice or error on the globe. Every professed Christian who gives his example to the drinking usages of society is a partner in the tremendous havoc which those evil customs produce. 'If any man will come after Me,' said the Divine Master, 'let him deny himself.' On this immutable rock of self-denial stands the temperance reform. There the Divine Founder of Christianity placed it; with Christianity it is linked, with Christianity it will stand or perish.

"There is a current story that a Quaker once discovered a thief in his house; and taking down his grandfather's old fowling piece, he quietly said, 'Friend, thee had better get out of the way, for I intend to fire this gun right where thee stands.' With the same considerate spirit we warn certain good people, that they had better take the decanter off their table, for we intend to aim a Bible truth right where that decanter stands. It has no more business to be there at all, than the thief had to be in the honest Quaker's house. We are not surprised to find a decanter of alcoholic poison on the counter of a dram shop, whose keeper is 'licensed' to sell death by measure. But we are surprised to find it on the table or the sideboard of one who professes to be guided by the spirit and teachings of God's Word. That bottle stands right in the range of the following inspired utterance of St. Paul: 'It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth.' This text must either go out of the Christian's Bible, or the bottle go off the Christian's table. The text will not move, and the bottle must."—T. L. Cuyler, D.D.

WHEN the Holy Spirit shines upon a human heart, the first effect of His light is to make the man see himself more morally deformed than he ever imagined himself to be. If he welcomes this painful discovery, he learns to abhor himself and to seek that new and spiritually beautiful self which the Comforter offers him. But too many flee from His holy light, thereby resembling a lady of unsomely features who refused to use a mirror, saying, "I have too much self-love to bear the

sight of my own ugliness." This lady was only weak and vain, but the man who flees from the light which makes his moral deformity visible is both weak and foolish. His refusal to see himself does not make him less deformed, but it does prevent his transformation from the image of the Evil One into the glorious image of Christ. Is there any greater folly than that folly which clings to its own vileness and refuses to accept the gift of moral and spiritual beauty?

**Don't be Afraid.**

It is rather amusing, isn't it, to hear this little girl say, "Don't be afraid; I won't let him hurt you?" She seizes hold of the strap about big Rover's neck just as if her tiny arms could restrain the majestic animal if he chose to exert his strength. What grave and almost solemn eyes he has. I would not like to arouse his temper. And this I would be pretty sure to do if I attempted to lay a hand on Miss Flossy, his pretty little mistress. I am inclined to think it would take more than her strength to hold him back. If he could speak, I think Rover would say to Flossy, "Don't be afraid; I won't let him hurt you."

**Rev. Dr. Potts on Prohibition.**

THE announcement that Rev. Dr. Potts would preach on "Prohibition Without Parliament and Prohibition by Legislation," drew a very large congregation to the Elm Street Methodist Church, notwithstanding the unfavourable weather. After pointing out that Christian ministers generally had taken strong ground in favour of temperance, and that their utterances were re-echoed by the members generally, Dr. Potts dwelt upon the evils of the liquor traffic to show that that traffic was an unmitigated curse. He proceeded to advocate moral suasion, and to urge all to pass a prohibition law upon themselves, and mothers and fathers to do the same for their homes. Dr. Potts came out squarely in favour of legislative prohibition also. Majorities must rule, and until the majority favoured prohibition those who believed in it would bear the burden and face the curse with moral suasion. "But," he proceeded, "I tell every distiller and brewer, every wholesale liquor dealer and saloon keeper, that the moment public opinion is educated up to the right point, we shall demand, in the name of God and humanity, and in the name of the best interests of our country, that a prohibitory liquor law be put upon the statute book of this Canada of ours." These words were met with an outburst of applause. He read a statement of the places where the Scott Act had been carried, and proceeded, "Will any man tell me, will even the venerable Senators of Canada say, that this country is not ripening for prohibition? The venerable gentlemen had better wake up to the fact that they are living in an age marked by progress, or this country will know the reason why." He urged upon all present who were not already total abstainers to resolve to become so at once.

To indulge anger, is to admit Satan as a guest; but to indulge malice, is to close the door upon him as an inmate; in the one he finds a transient lodging; while in the other he finds a permanent home.





DON'T BE AFRAID!—(SEE PREVIOUS PAGE.)

## Up the Hill.

Up a steep and rocky hillside  
 Climbed a little child one day,  
 Headless of all stones and briars,  
 Hastening, panting, all the way;  
 Hair all flying in the breezes,  
 On she went with cheeks aglow,  
 Though her tiny feet were weary,  
 And her steps became more slow;  
 But she never faltered till she  
 Reached the summit; then stood still,  
 And with childhood's joyous laughter,  
 Shouted, "I am up the hill!"

Backward through the misty shadows  
 Of the years that since have flown,  
 Comes the echo to my fancy  
 Like some long-forgotten tone.  
 I can almost feel the bounding  
 Of that baby heart again,  
 As the world lay stretched before me  
 In that long ago. Since then  
 I have climbed another hillside,  
 And am toiling upward still,  
 And the evening shades as ever  
 Find me climbing up the hill.

But this hill seems so much longer,  
 And the way sometimes so steep,  
 That 'tis hard to keep the pathway,  
 And to shun its pitfalls deep.  
 Then the briars on life's journey,  
 Harder are to thrust aside,  
 And most all that early courage,  
 With that fresh young hope has died.  
 Many of the dearly loved ones  
 Now are lying cold and still,  
 And have left me sad and lonely,  
 Slowly climbing up the hill.

But the summit of life's mountain  
 Must be very near to me,  
 And I know when I have finished  
 All my climbing, I shall see  
 That if oft-times I have laboured  
 When I fain would stop and rest,  
 It had made that rest but sweeter—  
 For the Father knoweth best  
 And perhaps ere long—who knoweth?—  
 I may cry out with a thrill  
 Of that same old joyous rapture,  
 "I am safely up the hill!"

## Progress of Christianity in Japan.

BY MRS. COCHRAN.

[THE following interesting article is the substance of a paper read before the Woman's Missionary Society at Hamilton, by Mrs. Cochran, wife of the Rev. Dr. Cochran, missionary in Japan. Dr. and Mrs. Cochran have since both returned to their beloved work in that land.]—Ed.

Mission work in Japan, which was slow at the outset, has, during the last eight or ten years, received a new impulse, and much good has been accomplished in all the open ports. For example, in the case of Kofu, where Mr. and Mrs. Eby spent two very successful years and now Mr. Hiraiwa, one of our ordained native ministers, is in charge. I had a letter from him which I will read; it will give you an idea of him and his work.

Kofu, Japan, Jan. 31, 1884.

My dear Mrs. Cochran,—I am very glad to hear from you again. I had been working here with two others, helpers, till the end of last summer, when one was taken from the Church militant to the Church triumphant. A very faithful worker he was. Since then I became specially busy, as the field is very large. In the beginning of last autumn I was requested by the warden of the penitentiary here to come and preach Christianity to the prisoners. From that time a voice for the Gospel is crying in the prison on every Sabbath afternoon, when all the prisoners are excused from their work and tasks for the sole purpose of hearing the preaching. If they do not like to come to the preaching place, then they must work as hard as usual. I have at present about four hundred of an audience of male convicts, and about thirty female convicts in a separate place. I preach

two sermons in the prison on Sabbath afternoon, and I hold two services every Sabbath morning and evening in the Kofu chapel. If you would come back to Japan we all will welcome you with hearty greetings, and you shall find Japan in respect to Christianity quite changed since the time you left her.

You heard, I suppose, from Dr. Meacham, of the Ecumenical gathering of native Christians in last May, which was very grand meeting. Well, that formed a new epoch in the history of Japanese Christianity, which made, since then, very rapid progress in the realm. Already there have been added more than two thousand souls, by rough calculation, to the whole community of the Protestant Church in the last year; and there were over seven thousand Christians in the realm by the last December, including children. This year, which is only one month old yet, is very encouraging, weekly religious papers all laden with good news every time they come.

Last November almost all Churches in Japan celebrated the 400th anniversary of Luther's birthday, and several of them were visited by high officials, and all were a grand success; even this little church of ours here had very good meetings; thrilling and interesting addresses were given.

We are now enjoying very large religious liberty. We believe it will not take long for our beloved Emperor to embrace Christianity, which has touched the Imperial court through a few individuals of the Government.

I remain, yours very sincerely,

K. HIRAIWA.

This place, Kofu, was opened for missionary work by Mr. Kaamura, who, although not a Christian, still is one who believes the religion of the Bible to be a grand thing, and seemed never to tire telling what it did for his son, his only son, how he lived and how he died. When the son was dying, his father asked if the religion he had told him so much about was good to die by. The son said, "Yes, father," and died in great peace. He was like a shining light in all our services. It can truly be said, his life was his testimony.

## WOMAN'S POSITION IN JAPAN.

The husband is compared to heaven, the wife to the dirt under his feet. The husband is the day, the wife the night. A woman may have every beauty, grace and virtue, still she is lower than the lowest man.

Woman's position in Japan is better than in most other Eastern lands, still it is not what we find it in Christian lands. Woman in Japan is never her own mistress. She seems never to come of age. Until married she must obey her father; when a wife, the will of her husband; if a widow, her eldest son. I knew one case, however, where the mother ruled as with a rod of iron, and made her son's life most miserable. He often came to us with his trials and troubles. Sometimes she would watch him, and when she found him praying would throw water on him. Still he kept on praying and believed she would become a Christian, and she did. And one New Year's morning she took all her gods, for she had many of them, and threw them into the canal. I received a letter from this young man, after his mother's conversion, in which he stated there was hope for all Japan, now that his mother had accepted the truth.

Woman in Japan enjoys many liberties and advantages of education. She is not degraded nor kept in ignorance to the same extent as in India or China. Nine of the sovereigns of the Empire were women. But, after all, Christianity alone gives woman her true position, and creates the home life and the happy child life. Hence the importance of woman's work for woman in all heathen lands.

I think and speak from experience when I say that mission life in Japan is in many respects more pleasant than in other countries of the East. At least, missionaries who have laboured in those fields tell us so. The Japanese are more sympathetic and cordial. They have also a native culture that surprises the foreigners, and their sense of honour is at least equal to that of the average European. Some of our customs and habits are to them far from being desirable traits of civilization, such as eating beef, drinking milk, eating cheese, hanging our limbs on chairs, as they call it, making use of knives and forks and spoons instead of chop-sticks, wearing our boots and shoes in the house, and private places for bathing. Some of their bathing places are at the front door, especially in country places.

The common people, with their simple wants and frugal ways of living are, at least, as happy and contented as the corresponding class among ourselves. Buddhism teaches them various virtues, restrains them from excesses, costs them little trouble or expense, and seems to meet their present religious necessities. "Then why press upon them Christianity?" We have heard people say, What is the use of trying to convert these people? It is often argued that they are well enough in their present condition. Well, as a people, they certainly excel us in politeness, gentleness, obedience to parents and superiors, and in social life are our peers. Still our reply to all this is, that whatever culture may be possessed by the higher classes of these people, even their lives on earth would be better, their hopes brighter, and their passive existence quickened and elevated by the incoming of Christianity. The religion we present to them is not a mere myth like Shinto, nor a bewildering form of worship like Buddhism, nor yet a callous moral code like Confucianism. It is the very life of the soul. It breathes into man a new being, and warms the heart with a new glow of love to God the Father of all. The Japanese belong to the same sinful, cramped, sorrowing race as ourselves, and they stand in need of the same Redeemer. But how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard, and how shall they hear unless the Gospel be sent?

The harvest truly is great, but our labourers there are few. I do think Japan one of the grandest mission fields in the world, and if I were younger and felt called to do mission work for the Master, I would choose Japan. I would take up the language of Isaiah, the prophet, and say, "Here am I, O Lord, send me."

It is worthy of note that in no county or city has the Scott Act ever been repealed; and in every case in which the Act has been defeated, and a second contest has taken place, the Act has been carried upon the second vote. Public sentiment is growing everywhere in favour of the law.

## John Tait.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

SEVERAL years ago, when the late Rev. Thomas Hurlburt was returning from Hudson's Bay Territory to Ontario, when he reached Red River, now Winnipeg, he found a party crossing the plains and joined them. John Tait was his guide, and he has a history of his own which will illustrate the state of the country and people of Red River. Fifteen or twenty years before this time cattle and horses were taken from Red River to St. Paul to sell to the Americans. John Tait, a poor orphan boy, was hired to go along to drive cattle. Like some others, John Tait supposed that every American was a rogue and swindler, and consequently he was very shy on his first arrival at St. Paul. When, however, he became a little acquainted with the Americans, finding that they had not stolen his eyes or anything else, and being offered good wages, he concluded to remain for the winter, and at the termination of that period he decided to remain longer. By the time he attained to manhood, he had money enough to purchase a reaping machine, which he took to Red River about harvest time. He procured employment and put his machine in operation. All the people from far and near came to see the wonderful machine; and some who were engaged at the time in reaping their fields with the old-fashioned sickles—for they knew of nothing else—brought them along in their hands. The whole field was lined all around with eager gazers, like blackbirds in the fall around a field of corn. One old Scotchman gazed awhile, sickle in hand, and then threw it from him as far as possible, intimating that he had no further use for it. Tait returned to St. Paul in the fall, and the following season took a threshing machine to Red River. This was even a greater wonder than the other. Some of the old orthodox Scotchmen were afraid there was some horsey hidden away in these wonderful machines, for one was heard to say: "He didn't think it was right to thrash the grain in that way, for it was contrary to God's law." Nevertheless, Tait got as much employment as he desired for his machine.

Latterly there was a steam mill brought across the plains and put up, but many were very shy of it for a long time, and some even took their children from the school, one-half a mile from the mill, for fear it would blow up and kill them. During the transient visits I made to this settlement, some of their domestic customs seemed like a dream long forgotten, but now revived in the memory, as we see in them what, I suppose, our fathers were fifty years ago.

"What's the reason you didn't speak to Jones when he passed us just now?" "He insulted me the other day." "What did he say to you?" "He called me an old ass." "Called you an old ass! How ridiculous! Why, you are not old."

We walk here as if it were in the crypt of life; at times from the great cathedral above us we can hear the organ and the chanting of the choir; we see the light stream through the open door when some friend goes before us; and shall we fear to mount the narrow staircase of the grave, that leads us out of this uncertain twilight into the mansions of the life eternal?



## Hymn of Peace.

*Jubilate Deo!* Let us sing in exultation,  
With harps attuned to highest pitch that  
triumphant souls attain;  
Rebellion, like a serpent crushed, lies dead  
before the nation  
That with open arms has welcomed her  
brave soldiers home again.

*Jubilate Deo!* We have watched them through  
the vista  
Which our prayers kept ever open, in the  
weary waiting days;  
Well your patience is rewarded, faithful  
mother, wife and sister,  
And we taste one joy of heaven, whercin  
prayer is joined to praise.

*Miserere Domine!* If quiet tears be stealing  
From eyes which nevvore behold those  
whom lips grow pale to kiss;  
In the moment of our triumph we are with  
the mourners, feeling  
That deep void which earth fills never—  
for the dead we sorely miss.

*Beati Mortui!* We have sung the requiem,  
weeping  
Over heroes whom heaven crowneth with  
its wreaths of asphodel;  
We have laid our proud sad tributes on the  
graves where they are sleeping,  
And to history given the sacred charge,  
their dauntless deeds to tell.

*Eccilate Deo!* We, our songs of welcome  
singing,  
Not one jarring note of discord in the har-  
mony have found;  
Be the voice of strife and faction stifled by  
the cheers still ringing,  
As they hushed the drum's loud beating,  
and the martial music's sound!

*Jubilate Deo!* Unto God we give the glory,  
And to those who did so nobly, thanks  
from grateful hearts outpour;  
In our pride we would be humble: Lord of  
all, we bow before Thee,  
And we pray to Thee that peace—Thy  
peace be with us evermore.

—ROSEDALE.

Toronto, July 27th.

## The Engineer's Remedy.

My engineer was a gray-haired, thick-set man of fifty, quiet and unobtrusive, and deeply in love with his beautiful machine. He had formerly run a locomotive, and now took a stationary engine because he could get no employment on the railroads. A long talk with the superintendent of the road from which he had been removed revealed only one fault in the man's past life—he loved strong drink.

"He is," said my informant, "as well posted on steam as any man on the road. He worked up from train-boy to fireman, from fireman to engineer, has rendered us valuable services, has saved many lives by his quickness and bravery; but he cannot let liquor alone, and for that reason we have discharged him."

In spite of this discouraging report, I hired the man. During the first week of his stay I passed through the engine-room many times a day, in the course of my factory rounds, but never found aught amiss. The great machine ran as smoothly and quietly as if its bearings were set in velvet; the steel cross-head, the crank-shaft, the brass oil-cups, reflected the morning sun like mirrors; no speck of dust found lodgment in the room. In the "fire-room" the same order and neatness prevailed; the steam-gauges showed even pressure, the water gauges were always just right, and by our daily report we knew we were burning less coal than formerly. The most critical inspection failed to find anything about either engine or boilers that showed the faintest symptoms of neglect or carelessness.

Three weeks passed. The man who had been recommended as "good for five days' work and then two days'

drunk" had not swerved a hair from his duty. The gossips were beginning to notice and comment upon the strange affair.

"I should like to speak with you a moment, sir," said he, one morning, as I passed through his sanctum.

"Well, John, what now?" I said, drawing out my note-book. "Cylinder-oil all gone?"

"It's about myself," he replied.

I motioned him to proceed.

"Thirty-two years ago I drank my first glass of liquor," said the engineer, "and for the past ten years, up to the last month, no week has passed without its Saturday-night drunk. During those years I was not blind to the fact that appetite was getting a frightful hold upon me. At times my struggles against the longing for stimulant were earnest. My employers once offered me a thousand dollars if I would not touch liquor for three months, but I lost it. I tried all sorts of antidotes, and all failed. My wife died praying that I might be rescued, yet my promises to her were broken within two days. I signed pledges and joined societies, but appetite was still my master. My employer reasoned with me, discharged me, forgave me, but all to no effect. I could not stop, and I knew it. When I came to work for you I did not expect to stay a week; I was nearly done for; but now!" and the old man's face lighted up with an unspeakable joy, "in this extremity, when I was ready to plunge into hell for a glass of rum, I found a sure remedy! I am saved from my appetite!"

"What is your remedy?"

The engineer took up an open Bible that lay, face down, on the window-ledge, and read: "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—*Selected.*

## Facts about London.

About 3,000 horses die each week.

About 129,000 paupers infest the city.

About 11,000 police keep good order.

About 120,000 foreigners live in the city.

About 10,000 strangers enter the city each day.

About 9,000 new houses are erected annually.

About 700,000 cats enliven the moonlight nights.

About 2,000 clergymen hold forth every Sunday.

About 620 churches give comfort to the faithful.

About 125 persons are added to the population daily.

About 28 miles of new streets are laid out each year.

About 500,000 dwellings shelter the people of London.

## What She Did.

A NUMBER of Harvard students were recently taught that true politeness, like the rain from heaven, drops alike upon the poor and the rich, the cultured and the unrefined. The story is told by *Every Other Saturday*:

Some time ago, a Cambridge lady, who was as remarkable for her dignified bearing as for her personal beauty and grace, entered a crowded horse-car where there were a number of Harvard undergraduates, all of whom arose to offer her a seat.

She accepted one with thanks. Pro-

sently the car stopped, when a poor woman with a baby in her arms entered it. Not a seat was offered her.

The lady waited a few moments, and then finding that her young admirers took no notice of the woman, she rose and asked her to take her seat. At once a dozen young men sprang up and again tendered their seats to her, but she persisted in standing, and had full opportunity of noticing the confusion of the young collegians. It was a quiet but an effective rebuke.

A statement of the affair soon got over to the college, and no undergraduate could be found to admit that he was in a horse-car that evening.

## The Temperance Ship.

TAKE courage, temperance workers, you shall not suffer wreck,  
While up to God the people's prayers are rising from your deck.

Work cheerily, temperance workers, for daylight and for land;  
The breath of God is in your sail, your rudder in His hand.

Sail on! sail on! deep freighted with blessings and with hopes,  
The good of old, with shadowy hands, are pulling at your ropes;

Behind you, holy martyrs uplift the palm and crown,  
Before you, unborn ages send their benedictions down.

Courage! your work is holy, God's errands never fail!

Sweep on through storm and darkness, the thunder and the hail!

Work on! sail on! the morning comes, the port you yet shall win,  
And all the bells of God shall ring the ship of temperance in.

—Jno. G. Whittier.

## Sitting up for her Boy.

HERE and there throughout the village a few lights flicker like pale stars through the darkness. One shines from an attic window, where a youthful aspirant for literary honour labours, wasting the midnight oil and elixir of his life in toil, useless; it may be, save as patience and industry are gained, and give him a hold upon eternal happiness. Another gleams with a ghastly light from a chamber into which death is entering and life departing.

One shines through a low cottage window, from which the curtains are pushed aside, showing a mother's face, patient and sweet, but careworn and anxious. The eyes, gazing through the night, are faded and sunken, but lighted with such love as steals only into the eyes of true and saintly mothers, who watch over and pray for their children; who hedge them in from the world's temptation, and make them noble men, and true and loving women. It is nearly midnight, and the faded eyes are strained to the utmost to catch the far-off sight of some one coming down the street. The mother's listening ear loses no sound, however light, that breaks upon the stillness that reigns around.

No form seen, no quick step heard, she drops the curtain slowly and goes back to the table, where an open book is lying, and a half-knit sock. The cat jumps up in her chair and yawns and shakes herself, and gradually sinks down again into repose. No one disputes her possession of the easy chair. Up and down the little room the mother walks, trying to knit, but vainly; she can only think, and wonder, and imagine what is keeping him. Her mind pictures the worst, and the heart sinks lower and lower. Could the thoughtless boy know but

one-half of the anguish he is causing, he would hasten at once to dispel it with his presence.

She trembles now as she listens, for an uncertain step is heard—a sound of course laughter and drunken ribaldry; her heart stands still, and she grows cold with apprehension. The sound passes and dies away in the distance. Thank heaven it is not he, and a glow comes over her, and once more her heart beats quick.

Only a moment, for the clock on the mantel shows on its pallid face that it is almost midnight. Again the curtain is drawn aside, and again the anxious, loving eyes peer into the darkness. Hark! a sound of footsteps coming nearer and nearer; a shadowy form advancing shows more and more distinct; a cheery whistle, a brisk, light footstep up the pathway; a throwing wide open of the door; and the truant boy finds himself in his mother's arms, welcomed and wept over. He chafes at the gentle discipline; he does not like to be led by apron strings; but he meets his mother's gentle, questioning gaze with one honest and manly, and makes a half unwilling promise not to be so late again. And he keeps his promise, and in after years thanks heaven again and again that he had a mother who watched over him and prayed for him.

## Seizing Opportunities.

A LADY once writing to a young man in the navy, who was almost a stranger, thought, "Shall I close this as anybody would, or shall I say a word for my Master?" and, lifting up her heart for a moment, she wrote, telling him that his constant change of scene and place was an apt illustration of the words, "Here we have no continuing city," and asked if he could say, "I seek one to come." Trembling she folded it and sent it off. Back came the answer: "Thank you so much for those kind words. I am an orphan, and no one has spoken to me like that since my mother died, long years ago." The arrow shot at a venture hit home, and the young man shortly afterwards rejoiced in the fulness of the Gospel of peace. How often do we, as Christians, close a letter to those we know have no hope "as anybody would," when we might say a word for Jesus! Shall we not embrace each opportunity in the future?

## Prompt and Practical.

DEAN STANLEY was a brave, quick-witted man. No matter how large the majority against him, he was always willing to stand up and be counted. When questioned, his answer was ready. The following anecdote illustrates the Dean's readiness to give an answer, which, if not the very best, was the best for the time and place:

The Dean was once travelling in a railway carriage, when a blustering man exclaimed,—

"I should like to meet that Dean of Westminster! I'd put a question to him that would puzzle him."

"Very well," said a voice out of another corner. "Now is your time, for I am the Dean."

The man was rather startled, but presently recovered, and said,—

"Well, sir, can you tell me the way to heaven?"

"Nothing easier," answered the Dean. "You have only to turn to the right and go straight forward."



