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HOME

Vol. IV.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 16, 1886.

[No. 2.]

Pisa.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE ancient city of Pisa presents probably the most wonderful group of buildings in the world—the Cathedral, Leaning Tower, Baptistery, and Campo Santo, the general relations of which are indicated in the engraving. The Cathedral is a vast structure, dating, except its restorations, from the eleventh century. Its alternate bands of black and white marble, with its magnificent facade of columned arcades, gives it a unique and striking appearance. The

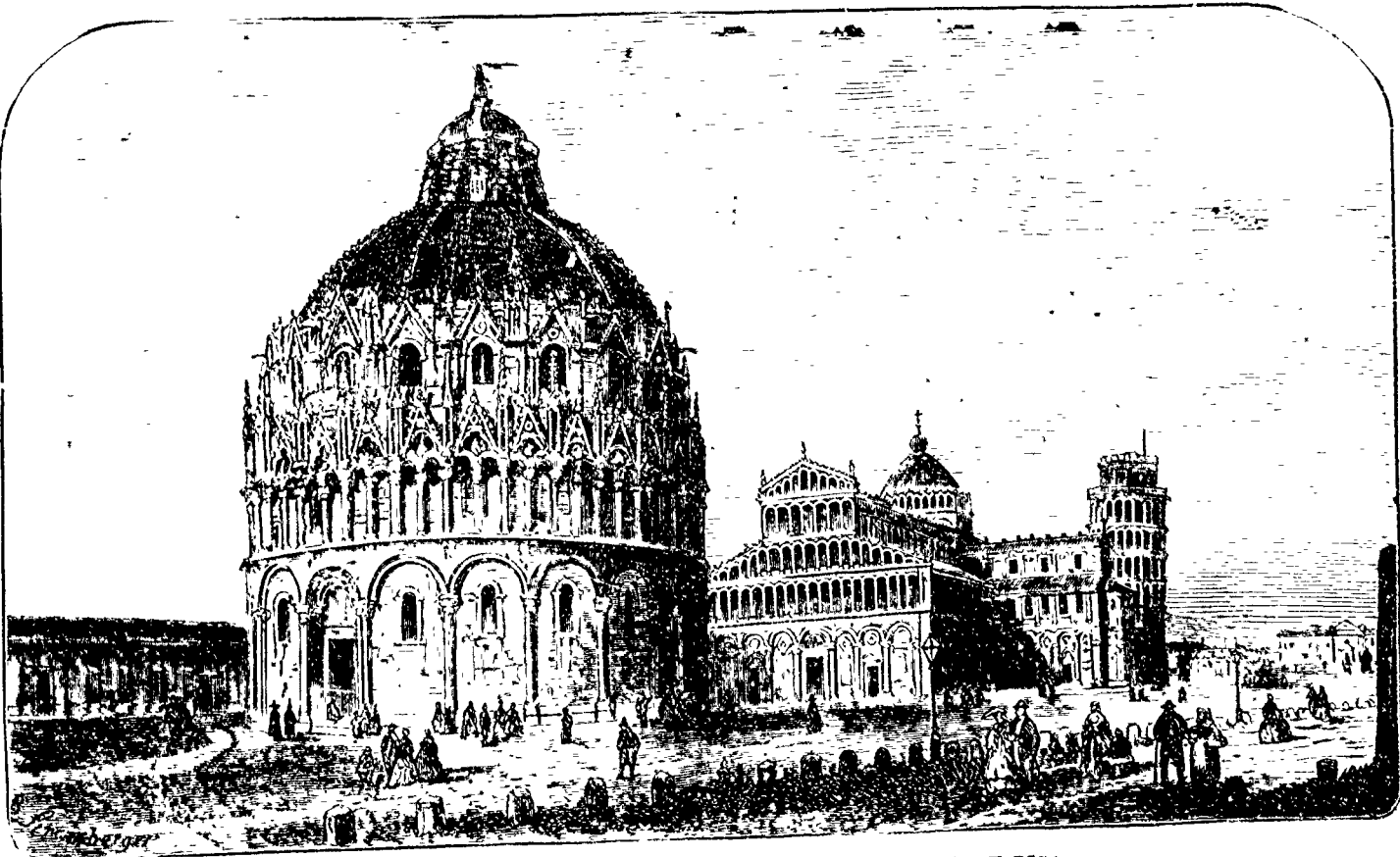
whose awaying to and fro is said to have suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum. I visited, in an obscure back street, the house in which the great astronomer was born.

The Baptistery is a circular marble building, a hundred feet in diameter, surrounded by columned arcades, and surmounted by a lofty dome. The pulpit and large octagonal font are marvels of marble fretwork—like exquisite lace hardened into stone. That which, to me at least, gave its chief interest to the building, was its exquisite echo. My guide sang over and

place where he is going to fall, for to fall seems for the moment inevitable. Yet for five hundred years and more, this lovely "leaning miracle" has reared its form of beauty to the wondering gaze of successive generations.

The Campo Santo is a large quadrangle surrounded by spacious arcades, with Gothic tracery of exquisite beauty. The enclosure contains fifty-three ship-loads of earth brought from Mount Calvary, in order that the dead might repose in holy ground. The engraving is one of several illustrating some of the most striking scenes in Europe,

abominations; and see if they could not bring the work of God into competition with the work of Satan; for he could give no other appellation to that sensational literature which was so enormously diffused. He believed it was corrupting the morals of the population—young and old—not a branch—more especially the younger portion. He believed it would sap the very foundation of domestic life, and introduce a new system of feeling on the point of morals. It was not confined to the lower classes, but was found also in the highest classes of



THE CATHEDRAL, BAPTISTERY, AND LEANING TOWER AT PISA.

effect of the interior is of unusual solemnity and awe. From the vast and shadowy dome looks down, in act of benediction, a mosaic effigy of Christ, by Cimabue, in the austere Byzantine style, of date A.D. 1302. The gilded roof is supported by sixty-eight ancient Greek and Roman monolithic marble or porphyry columns, captured by the Pisans in war. No two of these columns are quite alike in height or thickness; but a sort of symmetry is given by adding capitals and bases of different heights. The effect of the whole is far from unpleasing. In the nave hangs the large bronze lamp,

over again a series of notes, and the softened sounds fell back from the lofty dome, faint and far, yet clear and distinct, and with an unearthly sweetness, like elfin notes in fairy land. More famous than any other building of the group is the Leaning Tower—a structure of remarkable beauty. It consists of eight stories of marble colonnades, rising one hundred and seventy-nine feet high, and leaning thirteen feet out of the perpendicular. It causes a strange sensation of fancied insecurity to look down from the overhanging edge of the airy structure. One involuntarily begins to pick out the

which will appear in early numbers of the *Methodist Magazine*.

Printed Poison.

SPEAKING of vicious literature, Earl Shaftesbury says: "Could any man doubt that in the day in which we live the press had acquired a power of such magnitude that it ruled the destiny of the nation? Could any one doubt that it was their duty as well as their interest to do all they could to purify it? And if they had a powerful press on one side, they must have on the other a press that would meet all the other

society and, unless corrected, it would subvert the whole system of morality in this great empire. He was not exaggerating the matter, he had been obliged to look into it, and could give them proofs of the way in which it was working upon the public mind. The literature, like the amusements of the present day, were not like those which prevailed when he was a young man, and which were rife among the masses of the people. There was now a certain amount of refinement among the poorer as well as the higher classes; many would now be disgusted with the literature and amusements that were

the fashion and the taste forty years ago. Now it was done in a far more insidious manner. Hundreds of persons read those works long before they saw their pernicious tendency, and many when they closed the books were not aware there had been anything detrimental to their moral condition until it was found out at last by the completely altered character of their views, their feelings, their principles, and subsequently of their life. It was this that made him fear for the future. No doubt there were many political considerations, but these could be surmounted so long as we had a moral and virtuous press. But if it should ever happen that the means of grace were so abundantly enjoyed were rejected, and we gave ourselves up to these baneful pursuits, there must come at last a judgment upon this country—the judgment of immorality, of the subversion of all domestic life; and that judgment which followed upon the French would also follow upon us, because we should have become godless, and would cease to be a Christian nation."

Elisha at Dothan.

BY ROBERT AWDE.

BENHADAD, King, was restless, weary, worn,
From morn to eve, from eve to blushing
morn;
Chafed and impatient o'er his fruitless toil,
Fervish with longing for unlawful spoil.
Thwarted and foiled at every effort made,
His gallant troops repulsed in every raid.
"What means all this?" wrathful Benhadad
cried,
And summoned quick his warriors to his
side.
"Will no man show me who is for the King
Of Israel? nor yet the traitor bring?
That we may wreak our vengeance on the
man
Who hears our counsel, then reports our
plan?"
Then spake a noble, "There is none, O
king,
Of all thy councillors would do this thing,
Nor one of all thy warriors would disclose
Thy secret counsels. But Elisha knows
The thing my lord would in his chamber
say,
And he reveals it to the king each day.
Hence every time that we would take a
place,
The King of Israel, privy to the case,
Is there prepared to meet us, or avoid;—
Else ere this time, no doubt, he'd been
destroyed."
"Where is this prophet? Go, spy out and
see,
Then quick return a message unto me."
Behold say they, "He is in Dothan now."
"Go with an host! But Naaman stay thou,
For since thy healing thou art not the same:
Thy heart is turned somewhat, tho' still I
claim
Thee as my own. Thy counsels and thy
might
Are not forgotten. But thou mayest not
fight
Against that man of God. Thy heart might
quail
Because of him. And this my project fail.
Nianthus, thou in this case take command,
And bring the prophet prisoner to my hand."
"Let not my lord the king at all suppose
That I'm in league with Israel, Syria's foes."
"I know thee true. Yet this much would
I say,
Thou canst not go. I need thee here to-day.
But do thou this, take oversight and see
The host equipped as Syrian host should be.
Then we ere long in council must debate
How best to conquer Israel; for I hate
To be thus thwarted by a power so small.
We must beseege until Samaria fall.
Take thought for this, and when again we
meet
Have all thy plans and stratagems complete."
The host prepared, at once their course
pursue,
Until at length, with Dothan full in view,
They pitch their tents in one vast circle
round
Until no way for their escape was found.
The morning dawned. The prophet's servant
rose;
Behold the place surrounded by their foes.

Quick to Elisha, bearing tidings ill,
"Alas! my master. See! on every hill
All round about our foes, the Syrians, lie.
What shall we do? We cannot fight nor fly."
"Fear not, for they that be with us are
more
Than they that be with them. O Lord God,
pour
Eyesight on this young man, that he may
see
The shining host—heaven's vast artillery—
And on our foes I pray confusion bring,
That I may lead them to Jehoram King."
And while he spake, behold! inverted law
Struck them with blindness, whilst the
young man saw
The flaming host careering through the air
In noiseless pomp, chariots and horsemen
there.
Their flashing swords like forked lightnings
play,
And keep proud Syria's eager hosts at bay.
Amazed he views. How changed his lan-
guage now:
"O Lord of Hosts, how terrible art Thou."
Then went Elisha forth and found the men
Wandering about devoid of that keen ken
So all essential to their enterprise.
They saw, yet did not see, for their dim
eyes
Were hidden from that subtle inner sense
That gives to vision its pre-eminence.
Then spake Elisha: "This is not the way,
Neither is this the city. Come, I pray,
And I will take you to the man ye seek."
And they were all contented—so to speak—
And followed him not knowing where the
while,
Nor could they read his sweet, ironic smile,
But forward marched till in Samaria all
The Syrian host are halted, great and small.
The king and people quickly gather round
To see this host of captives, yet not bound,
No trace of fear, no demonstrations made,
Each warrior standing as if on parade.
The anxious king learns from Elisha's speech
How all these foes are brought within his
reach.
Then did Elisha ask God to restore
Their powers of vision. With amazement
sore
They look around, hemmed in on every hand,
Caught in a trap, appalled with fear they
stand;
Feel for their arms as if about to fight.
Jehoram cries, "My Father, shall I smite
Them? shall I smite them?" "What? and
would thou slay
Those taken captive in the battle? Nay!
Set food before them that they all may eat;
They are thy captives, and it is more meet
That thou refresh them than that they be
slain,
Then to their master send them back again."
The king prepared, and they did eat and
drink,
Humbled returned, not knowing what to
think.
And so we read concerning Syria's bands,
They came no more to raid in Israel's lands.
Toronto, October 8th, 1886.

The Fatal Quicksand.

IN certain places on the sea-shore of
Scotland and France there are danger-
ous quicksands. But they appear very
harmless looking to the traveller. The
beach seems perfectly dry. All the
sand is smooth and solid-looking. The
traveller walks along, not fearing much
danger. But somehow he feels as if
the weight of his feet increased every
step he takes. Suddenly he sinks in
two or three inches. He thinks he
will retrace his steps. He turns back.
He sinks in deeper. He pulls him-
self out and throws himself to the left.
The sand is half leg-deep. He throws
himself to the right. The sand comes
up to his shins. Then he discovers,
with unspeakable terror, that he is
already caught in the quicksand. He
throws off his load if he has one—
lightens himself as a ship in distress.
It is too late; the sand is above his
knees. He calls, he waves his hat or
his handkerchief; but the sand gains
on him more and more. If there is
nobody on the shore, or if the land is
too far off, it is all over with him.
He is condemned to that long, appal-
ling burial which lasts for hours; which
seizes you erect and in full health, and

draws you by the feet. Every effort
you make, every shout you utter, you
are dragged down a litt' deeper, sink-
ing slowly into the earth, while you
look upon the sky, the sails of the
ships upon the sea, the birds flying
and singing, and the sunshine all
around you. The victim attempts to
sit-down, to lie down, to creep. Every
movement he makes sinks him deeper.
He howls, implores, cries to the clouds,
despairs. The sand reaches his breast.
He raises his arms, utters furious
groans, clutches the beach with his
nails, leans upon his elbows to pull
himself out, and sobs frenziedly. The
sand reaches his neck; the face alone
is visible. The mouth opens; the sand
fills it, and there is silence. The eyes
gaze still; the sand shuts them; it is
the night of death. A little hair flut-
ters above the sand, and soon that
is gone. The earth-drowned man has
disappeared forever. That is a picture
of the progress of drink, from the first
cup of wine a young man takes to the
last.—*Temperance Battle-field.*

In the "Black Belt."

BY THE EDITOR.

IN one of his recent lectures Joseph
Cook gives a striking example of the
dull apathy and lack of self-assertion
of the negro in the south. He saw an
able bodied coloured man kicked off a
steamboat at the levee in New Orleans
by a white bully with a revolver in his
hand. The negro's leg was broken,
and Mr. Cook had him removed to the
hospital; but the injured man could
obtain no redress, and the white bully,
though arrested at the instance of Mr.
Cook, was promptly liberated, and no
one, either white or black, responded
in the least to the northern philanthro-
pist's indignation at the ruffianly out-
rage. I witnessed myself, in the month
of March, at Onattahoochee, in Florida
a still more striking instance of public
apathy toward a more tragical outrage
upon a negro. Not two rods from the
railway station lay upon the ground
the dead body of a coloured man, the
blood oozing in a slow stream from a
wound in his breast and forming a
clotted pool by his side. I was amazed
and horrified at the utter indiffer-
ence manifested at the tragic spectacle.
Negro hucksters, men and women, had
their stands within a few feet of the
dead body, and were selling hoe-cake,
oranges, and lemonade as if nothing
uncommon had happened. The only
exhibition of common humanity was
the placing of an umbrella over the
face of the corpse to protect it from
the rays of the noonday sun. I asked
some of the white men standing on the
railway platform how the tragedy oc-
curred, and was told that "the nigger
had been passing his box and got shot."
I asked the black men the same ques-
tion, and they said that the dead man
had been dismissed from his employ-
ment in a warehouse, and had come
back the next day and demanded his
pay. A dispute had arisen with his
employer, which was settled with the
ready use of the revolver. Neither
white men nor black seemed to expect
that any serious punishment, if any
punishment at all, would be meted out
to the murderer. The former exhibited
a callous indifference; the latter, a
dull and hopeless apathy.

In a few moments the train left, and
I could not inquire more particularly
into the circumstances of the case. An
intelligent Georgia gentleman, with

whom I conversed on the subject, said
that the negroes got even more than
fair play in the courts; "but then, you
know, a nigger is not worth as much
as a white man anyway"—from which
remark I inferred that his ideas of fair
play were somewhat biased. While
travelling in the South I was struck
with the conspicuous absence of self
assertion and manliness among the
negroes, of which Mr. Cook speaks.
The roustabouts and boat hands and
hotel porters accept meekly an amount
of abuse and bad language which most
white men would promptly resent.
The long dominance over a subject race
has ingrained into the whites, or into
many of them, an imperious and super-
cilious tone and manner toward the
blacks. The same result obtains in
the intercourse between the white and
dark races in India. In his published
journals that courteous Christian gen-
tleman, Lord Elgin, when Governor-
General of India, wrote that nothing
gave him more pain than the bullying
rudeness of the superior to the inferior
race in that country. The vice seems
inherent in the Anglo-Saxon blood
when brought into contact with a
subject people.

A Blessing or a Curse.

Two Scotchmen emigrated in the
early days to California. Each thought
to take with him some memorial of
their beloved country. The one of
them, an enthusiastic lover of Scotland,
took with him a thistle, the national
emblem. The other took a small swarm
of honey bees. Years have passed
away. The Pacific Coast is, on the
one hand, cursed with the Scotch
thistle, which the farmers find it im-
possible to exterminate; on the other
hand the forests and fields are fragrant
and laden with the sweetness of honey,
which has been and is still one of the
blessings of the Western slope of the
Rocky Mountains. Ever so does
every Christian carry with him some
thistle plucked from the old man, or
honey from the new man, with which
to bless or curse men, according as he
makes choice for God. How precious
is our influence; how we should watch
and guard it.—*Words and Weapons*

SPURGEON has now completed his
"life work," as he calls it, the *Treasury*
of *David*. This work is composed of
seven large octavo volumes of about
500 pages each. He has been engaged
for many years preparing this great
work. The sixth volume was pub-
lished four years ago. The completion
of the seventh volume has been much
delayed by the frequent sickness of the
author and his multifarious labours.
In a letter to his American publishers,
Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, he says that
the delight he felt in completing the
work was beyond expression. Instead
of the stereotyped word "F. nis," Spur-
geon has had printed in large capitals
at the end of the seventh volume the
significant word "HALLELUJAH." It
is certainly a suggestive ending. There
are many thousands of admirers of
Mr. Spurgeon who will join in a halle-
lujah that he has been permitted to
live to complete the work.

MR. ALBERT EDWARD PEATE, a young
man of culture and earnest piety, has
just resigned Government civil service
in Australia to go and help Mr. and
Mrs. Cain, in their mission among the
Kois at Dummagudem, India.

The Advent of the Scott Act.

From the night has been and dreary,
 Stars of hope but dimly shone;
 Eyes, with vigils long, were weary
 Watching for the coming dawn.
 But the gloom has now been broken,
 For the word of light is spoken,
 And the morning star gives token
 [Of the sun.

In the night were husbands drunken,
 Brawling, staggering in the street,
 Wives with pallid cheeks and sunken,
 Waiting, feared their coming feet.
 But the morning cheers their sadness,
 For the cup of death and madness
 Yields to one of social gladness,
 Clear and sweet.

In the night were mothers sighing
 With an aching heart and head;
 In the night were children crying,
 Helpless, cold, and wanting bread;
 But their cries have reached to heaven,
 And their fetters shall be riven,
 Tears shall cease and songs be given
 Them instead.

In the night were men who feasted
 At the cost of woe untold—
 Lived upon the lives they blasted—
 Parasites of basest mould.
 Now a fairer day is breaking,
 And the walls of sin is shaking,
 Wrong is losing—right is taking
 Firmer hold.

In the night were mortals calling,
 Who had lost their pathway there,
 Shrieks were heard from spirits falling
 Down the steep of dark despair.
 But to them came aid availing,
 From the men who heard their wailing,
 And who offered strong, prevailing,
 Forwent prayer.

In the night was heard the death-bell,
 With its iron tongue of pain,
 Telling out the doleful death-knell
 Of the souls that rum had slain!
 But the joy bells now are ringing,
 And the hosts above are singing,
 For the hand of God is bringing
 In His reign!

S. NELSON McADOO.

Farmersville, Ont.

Glikkikan.

BY REV. JOHN M. LEAN, M. A., FORT
M. LEOD, N. W. T.

GLIKIKAN was a famous Delaware Indian. He was a dignified war captain, who had gained many friends by his illustrious victories over his Indian foes. His fame, however, rested not altogether on his bravery and success as a warrior, for he was also the speaker in the council of Kas-kunkun, and the leading counsellor of his tribe. He was shrewd and intelligent. As an orator he excelled. Often times before his assembled countrymen has he stood denouncing wrong and proclaiming justice to the oppressed. Such was the power of his intellect, and so great was his command of language, that when the Jesuits sought to convert his countrymen they were compelled to desist, being unable to withstand the influence of his arguments and eloquence among his people. Frederick Post, a Moravian missionary, had to give up his mission also on account of Glikkikan's opposition. In 1769 he visited the Indian missionaries on the Allegheny, determined to frustrate their efforts in striving to save the souls of the Indians. Accompanied by several members of his tribe, who had implicit confidence in his abilities, and were already rejoicing in the anticipated victory of heathenism over Christianity, he set out on his journey. His speech was well prepared. The various arguments were properly arranged, and some of the language to be used was memorized. They reached the mission settlement and found a native assistant, named

The converted Indian had a passion for saving the souls of the red men. He set forth before his guests and then began in the style and phraseology peculiar to Indian speakers to relate the wonders of God's creation, the fall of man, the sinfulness of man's heart, the inability of man to save himself, and the gift and glory of the atoning sacrifice of Christ. The missionary corroborated the statements of the native preacher. Glikkikan listened, his fine speech had fled from his memory, and he was convinced that the Christian religion was the true one.

Instead of the glowing vindication of heathenism he humbly said, "I have nothing to say; I believe your words." He was a conscientious man; and while convinced that the native religion of the Indians was right, opposed with strong determination the efforts of the missionaries to convert his people. When the truth of God reached his heart he gave up the contest and sought earnestly the way of peace. He returned to his people repentant. His glory as the champion of heathenism had gone, and his followers were now without a leader to guide them in their efforts against the Christian religion. In a short time he returned to the mission to say that he had embraced Christianity, and he then made an offer to the missionary, in the name of the head chief, to come and settle amongst them, and that a piece of land had been set apart for the use of the mission. This request had been sent before by some members of the tribe, but being opposed to the religion of Christ, they had failed to deliver their message. Glikkikan sat and listened to the gospel preached by the missionary, and the Spirit touched his heart. The proud Indian war captain bowed his head and wept. His sighs were changed to songs, and from being the persecuting Saul in his tribe he became the devoted Paul. The teachers of righteousness went and settled among his people, and many were led to devote their lives to God.

Glikkikan was persecuted by the heathen section of his people. The head chief bitterly reproached him. He said, "And have you gone to the Christian teachers from our very council? What do you want of them? Do you hope to get a white skin? Not so much as one of your feet will turn white; how then can your whole skin be changed? Were you not a brave man? Were you not an honourable counsellor? Did you not sit at my side in this house, with a blanket before you and a pile of wampum-belts on it, and help me direct the affairs of our nation? And now you despise all this? You think you have found something better. Wait! In good time you will discover how miserably you have been deceived." In a Christian spirit Glikkikan replied, "You are right. I have joined the brethren. Where they go, I will go; where they lodge, I will lodge. Nothing shall separate me from them. This people shall be my people, and their God my God." The missionaries in their labours amongst the Delaware Indians had to contend against the strong opposition of heathen priests, some of whom believed that they were possessors of the true religion, and they alone could grant salvation to men. These Indian preachers taught that sin must be purged out of the body by vomiting, and many obeying them were thereby ruining their health.

Glikkikan now became intensely earnest for the salvation of men. He stood up in defence of the Christian religion in the grand council of the Delawares. He accompanied the missionaries on expeditions to the Shawanese, Wyandots, and other Indian tribes. He was instant in season in preaching to his fellow-chiefs and men of influence among the Indians. Once, when falsely accused, he was taken prisoner, bound and about to be killed. Boldly he stood up before his captors, who were afraid of him when they remembered his former glory in war, and with true Christian dignity he said, "There was a time when I would never have yielded myself prisoner to any man; but that was the time when I lived in heathenish darkness and knew not God. Now that I am converted to Him, I suffer willingly for Christ's sake." Nothing was too great for him to do for Christ. Genuine piety adorned his life, and noble, Christian courage made his name a power in the Indian councils and in the lodges of the people.

The country was plunged in deep distress by an Indian war—Indians and whites had been unmercifully slain. The Christian Indians were blamed with the others. A party of militia set out for the Christian Indian villages with the resolve to slay every Indian. The Indians heard of this, but they relied upon their innocence for their safety. They worked at their grain, and were thus engaged when the troops arrived. The militia professed great friendship for the Indians, and told them that they had come to take them to a place of safety. They enjoyed the hospitality of the Indians. A day was set for killing the entire community. The day before the cruel deed was committed the young soldiers sported with the Indian youth. Evening came, and friend and foe lay peacefully side by side. The hour arrived and the Indians were bound. They were laughed at for asserting their innocence. Their last hours were spent in prayer and praise. The men were taken to one large house and the women to another. There they were slain, and their scalps taken by the militia as trophies of their disgraceful victory. The militia returned with ninety-six scalps. The facts of a story proclaim the innocence of these Christian Indians. Glikkikan was amongst the number. Trusting in God he found at last a resting-place where all are equal as sons and daughters of the Almighty Father.

Letter from Bella-Bella, B. C.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—With the permission of the editor I will try to give you a sketch of our work here through your very excellent paper. Bella-Bella is situated on Campbell's Island, over 400 miles north of Victoria, and faces M. Laughlin's Bay, through which the steamers run in their course north and south. It contains between two and three hundred inhabitants, all Indians except the missionary's family, including our teacher and one trader. A clam cannery has been built lately about a mile from the village, at which there are some white men. Formerly over a dozen families occupied the same house, and cooked by the same fire. This was built on the ground in the middle of the building, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof directly over the fire. These houses were about fifty feet square, but

very small. The sleeping apartments, arranged on each side of the room, reminded me very much of the bins in a granary. Now the people are building new houses with proper fireplaces and chimneys, and soon we expect the old ones will disappear.

The people live principally by hunting and fishing. They travel in canoes, in which they carry their food and bedding along with them. When hungry they go ashore, make a fire, cook their food, one dish at a time, and eat. At night they put up the sail of their canoe for a tent and sleep under it. In fine weather they generally anchor and make their bed in the canoe. The greater part of the work done by your missionary on the coast has been done in this way.

Now, you would like to know what has been done in leading the people to Jesus. When Mr. Crosby, whom you all know, came here to establish this mission about six years ago, a man then named Jack (when baptized he was called Arthur Eppstone), who had heard the Gospel in Victoria, coming up took hold of him with both hands and said, "Oh, Mr. Crosby, I'm so glad you have come; I'm so glad you have come. I told the people that God was going to send us a missionary, but they only laughed at me." Then he took a Bible out of his pocket and showed it to the missionary, who asked him, "What did you do with the Bible, Jack?" "I took it up the mountain side into the woods," he replied, "and I would open it and look at it and think it was God's book, and look up and it made my heart warm."

A number can read the Bible now, and some understand a little of what they read. They are taking deep interest in studying the English under our teacher, Miss Reinhart, who shows excellent tact and a knowledge of human nature that can only come from experience.

About Christmas last year I commenced taking the children separately on Sabbath afternoon in the mission house, and giving them instruction in the truths of the Bible. They attended regularly when at home and paid good attention. Each Sunday I reviewed the work of the previous one and found they understood and remembered a great deal of what I had taught them. One Sunday, there being only five at home, and my interpreter being absent, I asked them to go into the service and I would give them their papers afterwards, but they were unwilling to leave, and one boy offered to interpret for me. Miss Reinhart takes them now and teaches them the same lessons that so many of you are studying. One of our little girls died last month. She told her parents not to weep for her, that she was going to be with Jesus.

All this is so different from the time when the people used to eat dogs at their heathen feasts, and others submit to have mouthfuls of flesh torn from their arms by their chief. I have counted fourteen such marks on one arm. But let us with them thank God that the times of such darkness are past at Bella-Bella. But my letter is becoming too long. I want you all to pray that God may pour out His Spirit. Somebody told me of some of my young friends who always pray for 'Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler,' and it helped more than anything else they could have given us. Pray on. Wishing you all a Happy New Year, I am still your friend,
 R. J. CUYLER.

Conscience.—Eternity.

I SAT alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased;
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased,
And I felt I should have to answer
The questions it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might;
And visions of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face,
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And so I have learned a lesson,
Which I ought to have learned before,
And which, though I learned in dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience,
In the place where the years increase
And I try to remember the future,
In the land where time will cease.

And I know of the future judgment
How dreadful so'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

—S. S. Visitor.

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Rev. W. H. W. THROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 16, 1886.

\$250,000 FOR MISSIONS.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.

1.—OBJECT.—To "preach the Gospel to every creature."
2.—FIELD.—All the Dominion—Newfoundland—Bermuda—Japan. "The field is the world."

3.—OPENINGS.—There are urgent calls for more Missionaries among the Indians, and in the New Settlements, and Japan.

4.—COST.—The re-adjustment of the work consequent upon union, caused an increase in the number of Missions. The effort to sustain the brethren labouring on them, without absolute sufficing, has entailed an indebtedness of \$21,000. To meet this year's expenditure—on a very low scale of allowance—an advance of one-third, at least, over last year's givings is imperatively necessary.

IN VIEW OF ALL THESE FACTS WE
BESECH YOU

5.—GIVE.—Cheerfully—Prayerfully—Liberal—"As God hath prospered you."

6.—PAY.—Promptly (at the Missionary Meeting if possible)—In any case not later than end of March next.

7.—"Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"—1 John iii 17.

One cent a day from each member would yield \$640,000 a year.

Think of Your Soul.

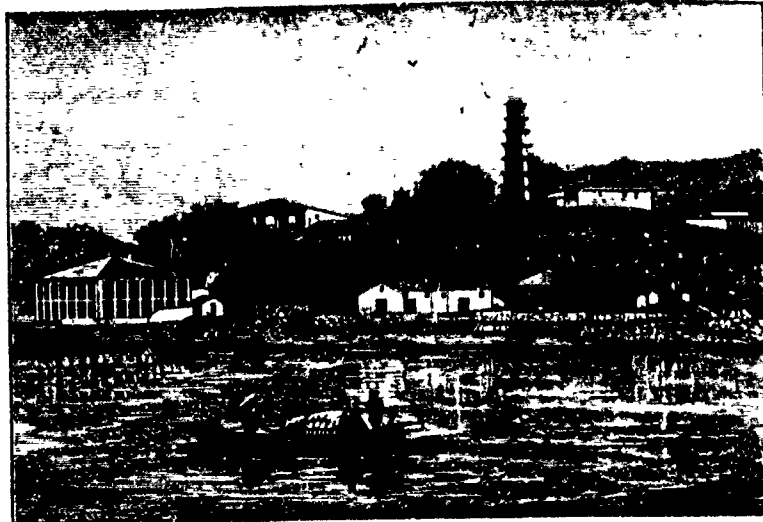
A FEW years ago, two young men were walking out together between the services on the Lord's day, when the younger said to the older, "Have you begun to think about your soul?" The inquiry impressed his mind; it sunk down into his heart; he could not get rid of it. He took it with him to bed at night, and lay thinking upon it. At length conviction of sin was felt—he saw that his soul was in danger—he fled to the Lord Jesus Christ, he obtained pardon, he enjoyed peace. That young man is now a Sabbath school teacher, and a village preacher, seeking to prevent the inquiry to others, "Have you begun to think about your soul?" A word spoken in season, how good it is!

Reader, allow me affectionately to put the same question to you. You have an immortal soul—a soul that either must be saved or lost. The salvation of your soul should engage your first thoughts. Nothing can be of half so much importance. "Have you begun to think about your soul?" It is time you had. If you do not begin soon, you may have no opportunity. To you, even to you it may be said, "This night thy soul is required of thee." If it should be required, in what state would it be found? Is it quickened by the Holy Spirit? Is it washed in the blood of Jesus? Is it pardoned and justified by God? If it is not, it is in a most dangerous state. Your condition is truly alarming. At any moment you may be summoned into the presence of God, and there be required to give an account of the deeds done in the body. If you are found guilty, you must be condemned; and if you are condemned, you will be banished from the presence of God, and be cast into hell—into the fire that never can be quenched.

Jesus Christ came into the world on purpose to save souls. He saves all that come unto Him. He is able and willing to save you. Go to Him at once. Let nothing induce you to delay. Fall upon your knees before Him and cry, "Lord Jesus, save my soul!"—*The Dayspring*.

Foochow.

THE relation China may sustain to Christianity interests us all the more when we remember that Christianity has at various times secured a foothold in China. In the seventh century the Nestorians inaugurated a fruitful mission effort; toward the close of the thirteenth century the Roman Catholic Church began its labours in China; in the fourteenth century waves of opposition seem to have washed out the footprints of both Nestorian and Romanist. In the sixteenth century Rome began again and is still at work, and claims many adherents. Many Protestant bodies, Presbyterians and others, are trying to sow the seed of the truth in Chinese soil. Not only has there been sowing, but there has been harvesting. The Greek Church



FOOCHOW.

has also had Russian missionaries at work in China.

Foochow has been an interesting mission centre—Foochow, one of the ports open to foreign commerce; Foochow, with its five-mile wall; Foochow, with its queer watch-towers, its pagodas, its busy streets, its shipping, its tea and opium trade. At "Pagoda Anchorage" the heavy vessels drop their anchors. An old pagoda, about eighty feet high, here throws down a shadow now several centuries old. At Foochow, French cannon in 1884 opened their iron mouths and preached anything but a gospel of love. How long shall so-called Christian nations hinder Christian missions by their greed and their guns? When will nations bring their quarrels into some great international court of arbitration and there settle them?

One other thought forces itself into our minds: What kind of an idea of Christianity is America giving the Chinese now among us? Their bright eyes sharply peer in every direction. They will take home to China some vivid impression of our religious character, and especially of the Christianity that is behind this character. Each one of us, by fair and kindly dealings with the Chinamen, can send to China some picture of the gospel that will move the missionary to say, "Thank God for America!" I doubt whether he has always found reason for thanksgiving.

The Lost Piece of Silver.

How well the large picture illustrates the beautiful parable of our Lord about the woman who, having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one of them, will light a candle and sweep diligently till she find it! And when she hath found it, she calleth her friends and her neighbours together, saying, Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost. Likewise, says the Saviour, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. What a type of that infinite compassion and everlasting love that stooped down from the heights of heaven to seek and save that which was lost! May we not resist that yearning love—but rather seek the seeking Saviour and rejoice in His saving love.

THE eye that sweeps over the whole circle of divine truth must rest on Jesus as the centre.

Book Notices.

The Little World of School. By Anne Rylands. London: T. Woolmer, 2 Castle Street, City Road, E.C., and 66 Paternoster Row, E.C.

This is a delightful book of 146 pp., illustrated with a few pictures. There are ten chapters, all of which contain well written sketches of the girls who attended the school. The pranks which are sometimes committed when a number of young persons are together are not forgotten, one of which nearly ended in the death of a sensitive little creature. One girl, called Sybil, was an exemplary Christian. The influence which she exerted over her school-fellows was not only wholesome, but led more than one of the number to the Saviour.

The Methodist Pulpit and Pew is a new monthly, of which three numbers have been issued. It is published at Fort Wayne, Indiana, by a number of Methodist ministers, and presents a good bill of fare for \$1.00 annually. The several articles which we have read are well written, and contain valuable suggestions. Ministers and laymen would be greatly benefited by adding it to their periodical literature.

A Family Flight Through Mexico. By the Rev. E. E. Hale and Miss Susan Hale. Fully illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.; Toronto: William Briggs. Price, cloth, full gilt, \$2 50; ornamental boards, \$2.

The famous Boston house, D. Lothrop & Co., publishers of *Wide Awake*, have issued a series of graphic books of travel, copiously illustrated, under the taking title of "Family Flights through France, Germany, Norway, Egypt, Syria, Spain," etc. The latest of these series is before us. It maintains the same elegance of manufacture and beauty of illustration as its popular predecessors. Mexico is at once comparatively near and almost unknown, and the book has, therefore, a double interest. The noble scenery, strange vegetation, quaint architecture, odd customs and costumes are vividly brought before us by pen and pencil. Of pathetic interest are the portraits of the unfortunate Maximilian and the beautiful Carlotta, and the scene of the execution of the Emperor. Mr. and Miss Hale are at their best in these "family flights." We think such books vastly better reading than the sensation stories on which so many young folk waste their time.



THE LOST PIECE OF SILVER.—(SEE PREVIOUS PAGE.)

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The Blind Weaver.

A WEAVER sat at his loom,
A blind old man was he;
And he saw not one of the shuttle's threads,
Which he wrought so cunningly;
But his fingers touched each line,
As the pattern before him grew;
And the sunset gleam of a smile divine
In light o'er his features threw:
As plying his work to a slight refrain,
He sang it o'er and o'er again—
Light and darkness and shade,
Shade and darkness and light;
We never can tell how the pattern's made
Till the fabric is turned in our sight!

And slowly the fabric grew,
As his shuttle from side to side
With a cunning twist of the wrist he threw,
And its lines were multiplied.
But still the surface was rough,
And the pattern you could not trace;
For the threads seemed blindly broken off,
And showed neither beauty nor grace;
But he plied his work to the light refrain,
And crooned it over and over again—
Light and darkness and shade,
Shade and darkness and light;
We never can tell how the pattern's made
Till the fabric is turned in our sight!

And thus at the loom of life,
Like that blind old weaver, we
Are working the threads of our own design
To a pattern we do not see;
And still with a patient love,
That is wiser far than we know,
There is One that looks from His throne
above,

And directs the shuttle's throw;
And spite of our broken threads,
He is working His great design;
And the pattern that seemed unmeaning here,
With a heavenly grace shall shine!
So we'll ply our work to the old refrain,
And sing it o'er and o'er again—
Light and darkness and shade,
Shade and darkness and light,
Shall have done their work when the
pattern's made,
And the fabric is held up to sight.

What to Read, and How to Read It.

BY CANON F. W. FARRAR.

[The long winter evenings give such an opportunity to Canadian boys and girls to form habits of good reading, that we have pleasure in presenting the following wise counsels of one of the greatest of English writers for their guidance in the choice of books.—ED.]

THERE are thousands of persons who not having had the advantage of what is called "a classical training"—in other words, not having learnt Latin and Greek—are apt to regard themselves as only half educated.

It is my object in this brief paper to point out that anyone who simply knows how to read, has in his hands a key which will admit him into the richest treasures of human thought. He may so use the simple knowledge of his own language as to raise himself to an intellectual level with those who have enjoyed the simplest opportunities.

I do not deny, for a moment, the grandeur of Greek and Latin, and the priceless value of the works which these languages enshrine; and I think that there is much truth in the saying of Charles V., that the more languages a man has mastered, so much the more is he a man. But our success and progress in all matters depend far less on the number of advantages we possess, than on the manner in which we employ them.

There are not a few of our foremost living statesmen, orators, poets, authors, and divines, whose powers have received but little cultivation beyond that which they have derived from a thorough mastery of "their own tongue in which they were born."

And in this respect Englishmen have a special advantage. Their language, enriched by the admixture of many

elements which have been fused and welded together by the events of their history, is one of the noblest ever uttered by the lips of men.

It is at this moment spoken over a wider extent of the earth's surface, and by a larger number of human beings, than any form of speech ever used by the mightiest of nations. It is the outcome of a history longer and more splendid than that of any other people.

Lastly, it has been an instrument for the utterance of thoughts as profound and lofty as have ever been expressed in human speech. A few among the multitude of the nations may claim to have produced writers of equal genius, yet no nation can point to a literature which surpasses that of the English-speaking race in the lustre, or which equals it in the number, of the great names which it can boast. This fact alone should be sufficient to stimulate our efforts to live worthy of the blessings which God has given us in the heritage of our fathers.

"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held."

YOUR OWN LANGUAGE.

Let me then suppose myself to be addressing readers whose main knowledge is as yet confined to their own language; and let me offer a few words of advice and direction which may possibly inspire and guide their studies.

The youth who has learnt to read with thoughtfulness and intelligence, who loves reading, and who knows what to read and how to read, has in his reach the best gifts which life can offer. He need never be dull, he need never be ignorant, he need never be unprogressive.

Kings' treasures are open to him, and queens' gardens. He may have wealth "more golden than gold." He may learn all that men have done, or thought, or gained, or been. He need never know what it is to suffer from vacuity of mind. He may save himself from the numberless and degrading temptations of idleness. He need never lack companionship, and his companions may be the greatest of the sons of men in their best moods.

In life he may find no opportunity to enjoy the society of the wise and noble; but, by means of the written page, the most gifted of the living and the loftiest of the dead will be glad to commune with him. Heroes will converse with him. Saints will welcome him to their high intercourse. Poets will sing to him "songs the sweetest ever sung." In happiness they will make him happier; in loneliness less lonely; in bereavement less orphaned; in exile less far away. They will teach him that the wisdom of God is manifold, and that God's books are many in number.

While he breathes the same moral atmosphere with this great confraternity, vice will lose its fascination. They will touch his heart as with a live coal from the altar, and make him a truer and better man by showing him all that has been high and heroic in the doings, feelings, endurance, and aspirations of his brother-men.

And these rich resources cannot be exhausted even in a lifetime. It is, therefore, wholly inexcusable to take refuge in books which are deeply tainted with evil. Coarse reading is a vice more degraded and more dangerous than even coarse eating or drinking.

The one way ruins the body, the other depraves the soul. When there is so much which will teach us

"The great in conduct and the pure in thought"

it must be a deliberate calling of evil "good," and putting bitter for sweet, to tamper with the deadly garbage of demoralization and ruin. Can you handle pitch and not be defiled? Can you take a fire in your bosom and not be burned?

READ ONLY "BOOKS THAT ARE BOOKS."

There is many a writer whose works have co-operated with every beneficent tendency which is at work for the blessing of mankind. Many a great writer might say with the aged Wordsworth, "What the world thinks of me matters little now; but I have never by one line pandered to the baser passions, and it is a comfort to me to know that I can do no mischief by my works when I have gone." These are the men who have left to mankind a truly precious legacy.

On the other hand, there are books by the reading of which, were it but for half an hour, a youth may blight his imagination, and darken half his life. With all the intensity in my power I would urge upon you the advice, never read a book which is morally tainted, however famous it may be.

Again I would say, make a habit, as far as possible, of reading only the great books. The library of a friend of mine, remarkable for his wit and eloquence, contained only some dozen volumes besides his Bible;—a Homer, an Æschylus, a Plato, a Virgil, a Horace, a Dante, a Shakespeare, a Bacon, a Milton, a Goethe, a Wordsworth, and a Tennyson. It may have been a scanty choice out of the world's literature, but any youth who knew the mind of only one or two of these great authors, would be in reality far better furnished than others who might have read a thousand times as many books written by lesser men.

I do not, however, mean that we should never open the books of any except the few immortals. We may read many books for information upon special subjects; many books which concentrate and sum up the best researches of others; many books which though they do not make an epoch, and are not master-pieces, and cannot be in any sense regarded as works of great genius, may yet express beautifully and worthily the results of patient study and careful thought. We are not always in the mood to bear the strain of the strongest thinking, and we may turn (for instance) to humbler poets from the grand old masters and bards sublime.

"Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of time."

Still the rule remains substantially true, that if we would be wise students, the best and greatest books should be our most habitual companions, and the writings of those authors who are most justly famous should be "our earliest visitation, and our last."

AVOID THE HABIT OF PROMISCUOUS READING.

The indiscriminate devouring of newspapers, magazines and periodicals has much to answer for. It wastes our time; it dissipates our energies; it distracts the attention; it vulgarizes the soul; it weakens the memory; it

fills the mind with undigested or half digested scraps and fragments of knowledge, which have little or no relation to each other, and which give the semblance of information without the reality.

Further than this, a habit of indiscriminate reading tends to foster a degraded fondness for personalities and puerilities. The diseased taste for gossip, which is fostered by such frivolous reading, passes readily into the envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness, which is one of the worst plague-spots of modern society.

"Reading" says Bacon, "makes a full man;" but many persons mistake for fulness an unlimited capacity for chatter and small talk which too often passes for "a power of conversation." The true art of conversation—the gift of worthily discussing all subjects of real interest—has almost passed away. It is a thing which is not even possible to those who think that it requires a knowledge of the last trashy novelties which have been issued by the lending library, or the last venomous slander which has been circulated by the society journals. Knowledge is not to be derived from such mean sources, nor attained by such cheap means.

Nature gives us nothing gratis; and without study, thought, seriousness, and effort, there can be no such thing as intellectual advance. In English poetry read Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Gray, Cowper, Burns, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Longfellow.

In history read Gibbon, Macaulay, Freeman, Froese, Lasky, Prescott, Motley.

In oratory read the great speeches of Cromwell, Chatham, Pitt, Fox, Burke.

In general literature the works of Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne, Addison, Dr. Johnson, Charles Lamb, De Quincey, Carlyle.

In fiction the novels of Defoe, Goldsmith, Sir Walter Scott, Miss Austin, George Eliot, Dickens, Thackeray.

In divinity the writings of Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, Butler, Tillotson, Robertson.

And yet there are but a very small number of the English writers and speakers who in age after age have enriched the blood of the world. While the supply is so large, it is folly to waste over what is empty or poor or base the time which might be spent so happily among the worthiest children of earthly immortality.

Nor should it be forgotten that in the range of English literature we may include much that is greatest in the literature of all the world. The disparagement of translation, in which classical scholars sometimes indulge, is extravagant, and almost superstitious.

It is, of course, true that in the case of most works of genius a translator can never present the full, rich beauty and indefinable charm of a great original. The wings of thought are a little torn, its wheels a little impeded, its bloom a little impaired, when it is transferred from one language into another. Nevertheless, a translation may reproduce all the elements of the original which are the most essential to its worth, and even translations, thoughtfully and intelligently used, may enable English readers to know more of the greatest works of all nations than is known by many who are able to read them in their original form.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

There is one book which the study of all other literature will only render more precious, while at the same time it is so surpassing and universal in its range, that all other literature serves but its foil or its illustration. "There is more wisdom in this book than in all the other books of the world put together."

Said the great German theologian Ewald to Dean Stanley, as he stooped to pick up a copy of the New Testament which had accidentally fallen from his table, "All other literature will seem greatest to us as it most tends to brighten the perfect lessons which can be learnt from this book alone."

"It lives in the ear," said Faber, "like a music that can never be forgotten. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than mere words. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the grief and trials of a war are hidden in its words."

"The sun," says Theodore Parker, "never sets upon its gleaming page. It goes equally to the cottage of the plain man and the palace of the king. It is woven into the literature of the scholar, and colours the talk of the street." "By the study of what other book," asks Prof. Huxley, "could children be so much made to feel that each figure in that vast historical procession fills, like themselves, but a momentary space in the interval between two eternities, and earns the blessings or the curses of all time, according to its efforts to do good and hate evil, even as they also are earning their payment for their work?"

All literature is in a true sense a Bible of the earth, and it is slowly written in

"Texts of despair or hope or joy or moan;" but its best interpretation and its only substitute is in the sacred literature of the chosen people to which in a special and distinctive sense we give, as we give to no other, the title of the Holy Book, the Word of God.

Fear Not.

Fret not, faint not, fear not!
What though sorely tried,
Do thou always make God thy stay:
In His presence hide.

Fret not, ill devices
Cannot always stand;
Believe, dear soul, in God's control
All in His hand.

Faint not, God is greater
Far from all thy foes;
On Him depend, all strength to lend
Till life's journey close.

Fear not, there can nothing
Come unknown above;
For good or ill shall work God's will,
And God's will is love.

Fret not, faint not, fear not!
Still in peace abide;
God will direct, and He protect;
In His love confide.

A STORY is told of a shrewd Scotch-woman who tried to wean her husband from the dram-shop by employing her brother to act the part of a ghost, and frighten John on his way home. "Who are you?" said the guidman, as the apparition rose before him from behind a bush. "I am Auld Nick," was the reply. "Come awa', man," said John, nothing daunted. "Gie's a shake o' your hand. I am married to a sister o' yours."

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.

GOLDEN head so lowly bending;
Little feet so white and bare,
Dewy eyes, half shut, half opened—
Lipsing out her evening prayer.

Well she knows when she is saying,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
'Tis to God that she is praying,
Praying Him her soul to keep.

Half asleep, and murmuring faintly,
"If I should die before I wake"—
Tiny fingers clasped so saintly—
"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

Oh, the rapture, sweet, unbroken,
Of the soul who wrote that prayer!
Children's myriad voices floating
Up to heaven, record it there.

Rev. D. V. Lucas on the Liquor Traffic.

Rev. D. V. Lucas, Secretary of the Dominion Alliance, gave an able lecture in the Elm Street Methodist Church on the Scott Act controversy now agitating the country. He opposed the stern logic of facts to air-spun theories, giving chapter and verse from official statistics, and quoting largely from the utterances of judges, grand juries, statesmen, and such clergymen as Canon Farrar and others of similar standing. As an old resident of the County of Halton, familiar with its record both before and since the passage of the Scott Act, he was enabled authoritatively to disprove the alleged failure of the Act in that county, and to show by a comparison of its criminal returns with those of the adjoining counties that the Act has been successful to a very remarkable degree in preventing drunkenness and crime. His concluding words were: "We dare not stand still and let this terrible traffic go on. God has laid the burden on us. Our opponents only make our work the harder, but they do not discourage us into inactivity and indifference, and they cannot defeat us, for we know that they are fighting against God. For there never was upon this earth any other thing which offered so many insults to God and His Son, or put so many hindrances in the way of His cause. There never was any other thing which has injured humanity more, or done more to disgrace civilization. Ask us to license it! We dare no more to consent to license it than we dare to license Pandora to open her box; than we dare to license men to turn loose in our streets the

WILD BEASTS OF THE JUNGLES.

To license it means to consent to let it live, to promise it protection, to authorize it to continue its work of slaughter and ruin. Five hundred years of licensing it in England; two hundred years of licensing it in the United States; one hundred years of license in Canada, and, in round numbers, four hundred and fifty separate and distinct Acts of Parliament to regulate it, and yet in these three Christian countries you kill not less than 150,000 persons annually, besides bringing into tens of thousands of homes misery and wretchedness which cannot be calculated or described. Now, sir, if it is still licensed for a little longer, it is against the consent of many thousands of good Christian people, who love this land quite as much as you do, and its people and its God a good deal more."

A YOUNG Men's Christian Association has been formed in Jaffna College, Ceylon, and is asking for a place in the International Association.

How Prohibition was Won in Atlanta, Ga.

ATLANTA has never known such excitement before, except when Sherman burnt the city. Men of all classes are almost wild on this question. Go over the city and everything is forgotten in this. Lawyers, merchants, mechanics, preachers, real estate dealers, and of all lines of work have closed up, and are doing all they can to save the boys and the drunkards. The people know that they have a Lucifer as their arch enemy, and they are working with all the zeal of their souls, leaving nothing undone. They appreciate that flesh cannot whip the Prince of Darkness. Every man, woman and child is trying to pray for the help of the mighty God. We want the prayers of every Christian. If we win, it will be God's victory. One thing cheers us, the liquor men are even defying God, and saying that God does not answer prayer, and now we feel that God will protect His cause. The women, for three weeks, have been holding daily prayer-meetings in various parts of the city.

The vote was largely in favour of prohibition, though the liquor trade spent large sums to defeat the act.

Terrible Experience.

Mr. A. J. Talbot, who died at South Bend, Ind., from the effects of a relapse into intemperance, was formerly a minister, and once a member of Congress from Kentucky. He operated for the temperance order, but evidently was not supported by religion. In a temperance meeting at South Bend he gave the following as his experience: "But now that the struggle is over, I can survey the field and measure the losses. I had a position high and holy. This demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office, and sent me forth churchless and godless, a very hissing and by-word among men. Afterward I had business large and lucrative, and my voice in all large courts was heard pleading for justice, mercy, and right. Anon the dust gathered on my unopened books, and no footfall crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had moneys ample for all necessities; but they took wings and went to feed the coffers of the devils which possessed me. I had a home adorned with all that wealth and most exquisite taste could suggest. This devil crossed the threshold and the lights faded from the chambers; the fire went out on the holiest of altars, and leading me through its portals, despair walked forth with her, and sorrow and anguish lingered within. I had children, beautiful, to me at least, as a dream of the morning, and they had so entwined themselves around their father's heart that, no matter where it might wander, ever it came back to them on the bright wings of a father's undying love. This destroyer took their hands in his and led them away. I had a wife whose charms of mind and person were such that to see her was to remember, and to know her was to love. For thirteen years we walked the rugged path of life together, rejoicing in its sunshine, sorrowing in its shade. The infernal monster could not spare me even this. I had a mother who for long, long years had not left her chair, a victim of suffering and disease; and her choicest delight was in the reflection that the lessons she taught had taken root in the heart

of her youngest born, and that he was useful to his fellows and an honour to her that bore him. But the thunder-bolt reached even there, and there it did its most cruel work. Ah, me! never a word of reproach from her lips—only a tender care; only a shadow of great and unspoken grief gathered over her dear old face; only a trembling hand laid more lovingly on my head; only a closer clinging to the cross; only a more piteous appeal to heaven if her cup were not full. And while her boy raved in his wild delirium two thousand miles away, the pitying angels pushed the golden gates ajar, and the mother of the drunkard entered into rest.

"And thus I stand: A clergyman without a cure; a barrister without a brief or business; a father without a child; a husband without a wife; a son without a parent; a man with scarcely a friend; a soul without a hope—all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY, B.C. 586.] LESSON IV. [Jan. 24.

CAPTIVITY OF JUDAH.

2 Kings 25. 1-18. Commit to mem. v. 11, 18. GOLDEN TEXT.

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.—Ps. 137. 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The way of transgressors is hard.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Kings 24. 1-20. Tu. 2 Kings 25. 1-30. W. Jer. 52. 1-34. Th. Jer. 39. 1-18. F. 2 Chron. 36. 1-26. Sa. Ps. 74. 1-22. Su. Lam. 1. 1-22.

TIME.—Jerusalem destroyed in the summer of B.C. 586. 18 years after the last lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem; Riblah, 75 miles north of Damascus; Babylon.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—We turn now to the history in the Book of Kings. It is 18 years since the last lesson's story, but we must give a brief glance at the intervening history.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *Ninth year of his—Zedekiah's reign. Tenth month—Thebet, which includes from middle of December to middle of January. Built forts—High wooden towers from which to sling darts, firebrands, or thrust battering-rams.* 2, 3. *Eleventh year, fourth month—July, B.C., 586. A year and a half after the siege began. During this time the 3023 captives of Jer. 25. 25 (where "7th" should be "17th").* 4. *By way of the gate—at the south of the city. The besiegers entered on the north. Toward the plain—Of Jericho.* 6. *Riblah—75 miles north of Damascus. Here Nebuchadnezzar was overseeing two sieges, one at Jerusalem, and one at Tyre.* 11. *Remnant of the multitudes—Those outside of the city.*

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The first captivity.—The second captivity.—The third captivity.—God's justice in the punishment of the Jews.—His mercy.—How the way of transgressors is hard.—The benefits that came from the captivity.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How many years intervene between this lesson and the last? Who was king at the time of this captivity? Give the date. What prophets lived at this time, and where? Have you read over the history of this time as given in Jeremiah and Chronicles?

SUBJECT: THE WAY OF TRANSGRESSORS IS HARD.

I. THE BEGINNING OF SORROWS.—What great trouble had Jeremiah foretold on account of the sins of the Jews? (Jer. 27. 22.) When did this captivity begin? (2 Kings 24. 1; Dan. 1. 1.) What prophet was among the captives? (Dan. 1. 1, 6.) When was the next capture of Jerusalem? (2 Kings 24. 8-10.) Describe it. (2 Kings

24. 8-16.) How many captives were taken? To what place? By whom? What great prophet was among them? (Ezek. 1. 1, 2.) Who continued to warn and entreat the people to do better? (Jer. 22. 1-3; Ezek. 2. 1-3.) Why did God send these punishments upon them? Did he want them to suffer? What did he wish for them? (Ezek. 18 30-32.)

II. THE GREAT SIEGE (vs. 1-3).—When did the great siege begin? How long ago was it? Who were the besiegers? (Jer. 34. 1.) Describe the siege. How long did it continue? What is said of the famine? (v. 3; Jer. 37. 21; 38. 9; Ezek. 5. 10.)

III. DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM AND THE TEMPLE (vs. 4-12).—Where did the king go when the Chaldean army entered the city? Where was he taken? What was done to him? How long after this was the city destroyed? (v. 8.) What was done to the city? What to the temple? What to the remaining inhabitants?

LESSONS FROM THE CAPTURE OF JERUSALEM.

- 1. God's object was love, to cure the nation of idolatry. 2. God put every hindrance possible in the way of their sin and destruction,—prophets, warnings, mercies, time for repentance, a vision of the end. 3. God is just, and will surely punish the wicked. 4. God is merciful, and desires that all should turn and be saved. 5. God makes the way of sin hard, that men should not walk in it. 6. Those that go on in sin must go against God's love, God's goodness to them, warnings, entreaties, Bibles, Sabbaths, the Holy Spirit, the certainty of punishment at last.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

16. What great event had Jeremiah foretold to the Jews? Ans. 70 years' captivity on account of their sins. 17. When did this captivity begin? Ans. B.C., 604. 18. Who made them captives? Ans. Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon. 19. What did he do with them? Ans. He took their treasures, and sent the people to Babylon. 20. What more did he do? Ans. He utterly destroyed their city and the temple.

B.C. 605-3.] LESSON V. [Jan. 31. DANIEL IN BABYLON.

Dan. 1. 8-21. Commit to mem. vs. 20, 21. GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.—Ps. 109. 9.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Faithfulness to principle the way to usefulness and success.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Dan. 1. 1-7. T. Dan. 1. 8-21. W. James 1. 1-15. Th. Prov. 3. 1-22. F. 1 Kings 3. 5-15. Sa. 1 Cor. 3. 11-23. Su. Matt. 4. 1-11.

TIME.—B.C. 605-3, 18 years before the last lesson. The beginning of the 70 years' captivity.

PLACE.—Babylon, on the Euphrates, 500 miles east of Jerusalem.

DANIEL.—At this time 14 years old, born at Jerusalem, of noble parentage, carried captive to Babylon, where he lived all the 70 years' captivity. A great statesman, a learned scientific man, a true prophet of the noblest character, lived at least till B.C. 534, 85 years old.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—We now turn back a little way into the history, to the beginning of the 70 years' captivity, and take up the study of Daniel, who here finds his place in the history.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—THE FOUR CAPTIVES. About the time of Lesson 2, a number of captives were carried from Jerusalem to Babylon. Among them were four boys who became noted in history,—Daniel, and the three who were cast into the fiery furnace. These four were selected to be trained for the official service of King Nebuchadnezzar. They were taught in the Chaldean learning, and fed with the luxuries provided by the king. 8. Purposed not to defile himself with the king's meat.—i.e. Food. Some of the flesh was that forbidden to Jews. See Lev., chap. 11; Deut. 12. 23-25. Often it was consecrated to idols. It was too luxurious for their best health. 9. God brought Daniel into favour.—By direct influence, and by giving Daniel a lovable, noble character. 10. Endanger my head—

Least his head be cut off for disobedience. 11. Melzar.—The melzar, one steward; not a proper name. He had charge of their food. This plan was doubtless by permission of the prince of the eunuchs. Hananiah, etc.—See their other names in v. 5. 12. Pulse.—Vegetable food, grains. Pulse, originally meant leguminous seeds, as beans, peas. 18. Stood before the king.—As his officers and advisers. Servants always stood when in the presence of the monarch. 20. Better than all the magicians.—The priestly, learned class. Astrologers.—Wise men, magi, scientific men. All used and believed in magic and astrology. The Chaldeans were at this time the most learned people in the world. 21. First year of Cyrus.—B.C. 534, the end of the 70 years' captivity. Cyrus conquered Babylon.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—The book of Daniel.—The life of Daniel.—The character of Daniel.—How he was tempted.—How he overcame.—The way he reached success.—Principles of temperance.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What book of the Bible do we now study? Why do we change to this? Give the date and place of this lesson. The events of what other lesson occurred about the same time? What great captivity began at this time?

SUBJECT: VICTORY OVER TEMPTATION.

I. THE FOUR CAPTIVES.—Who at this time conquered Judah and Jerusalem? (v. 1.) What four boys were among the captives? (v. 6.) Who was the chief? What do you know of the others? (Dan. 3. 14-23.) Give some account of Daniel's life. His appearance and talent. (v. 4.) How old was he at this time? For what were these four selected? (vs. 3-5.)

II. THEIR TEMPTATION (v. 8).—What purpose did Daniel have in his heart? What was the king's meat? Why did he not wish to eat it? How would it defile him? Why would he refuse the wine? What temptations would he have to eat as the other boys did? What temptation from his youth? His love of pleasure? His desire of success? The customs around him? His absence from home restraints?

III. THEIR VICTORY OVER TEMPTATION (vs. 8, 14).—What was the first thing Daniel did to overcome the temptation? (v. 8 f.c.) What did he do next? (v. 8 l.c.) How did God help him? (v. 9.) How would Daniel's previous character help him? How his early training? What did he ask of the prince over him? What objection was made? What test did Daniel propose? What help have we in overcoming temptation? (James 1. 1-3; Heb. 4. 15; Matt. 6. 13; 26. 41; 1 Cor. 10. 13.)

IV. THE FRUITS OF VICTORY (vs. 15-21).—What was the effect of Daniel's course on his health? (v. 15.) Was this natural, or a miracle from God? What would be the effect on his character? What did God give him? (v. 17.) Does this imply that he was diligent and faithful in study? How long did the training continue? (vs. 15, 5.) What position was given these four men? (v. 19.) What were the elements of Daniel's success?

LESSONS FROM THE BOYHOOD OF DANIEL.

- 1. Victory over Temptation: (1) he had the same temptations as we; (2) he overcame, therefore we can; (3) God opens the way of escape; (4) religious principle, trust in God, courtesy, firmness, looking to Jesus, prayer, watching, will help us to escape. 2. Temperance: (1) temperance is total abstinence from all that defiles, and right use of all appetites and desires; (2) strong drink, tobacco, etc., defiles our bodies, which are the temples of God; (3) we should care for our health; (4) the effect of temperance has been tested; (5) religion is the basis of temperance. 3. Success in Life: (1) by God's favour; (2) by temperance; (3) by care for health; (4) by overcoming temptations; (5) by religious principle; (6) by faithful study; (7) by faithfulness to those over us; (8) by true and noble character; (9) by amiability, and courtesy.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Who was Daniel? Ans. A Jewish prince, carried captive when a boy to Babylon. 2. How was he tempted? Ans. To luxurious living, intemperance, and irreligion. 3. What did he do? Ans. He overcame the temptations by the grace of God. 4. What was his character? Ans. He was faithful, religious, diligent, temperate, studious, wise, favoured of God. 5. What was the result? Ans. He lived a most useful and successful life.

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