

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la  
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear  
within the text. Whenever possible, these have  
been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées.  
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,  
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont  
pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from: /  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

# WELCOME AND SCHOOL

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

R. PH. SMITH - CO. TORONTO

## Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

XX.

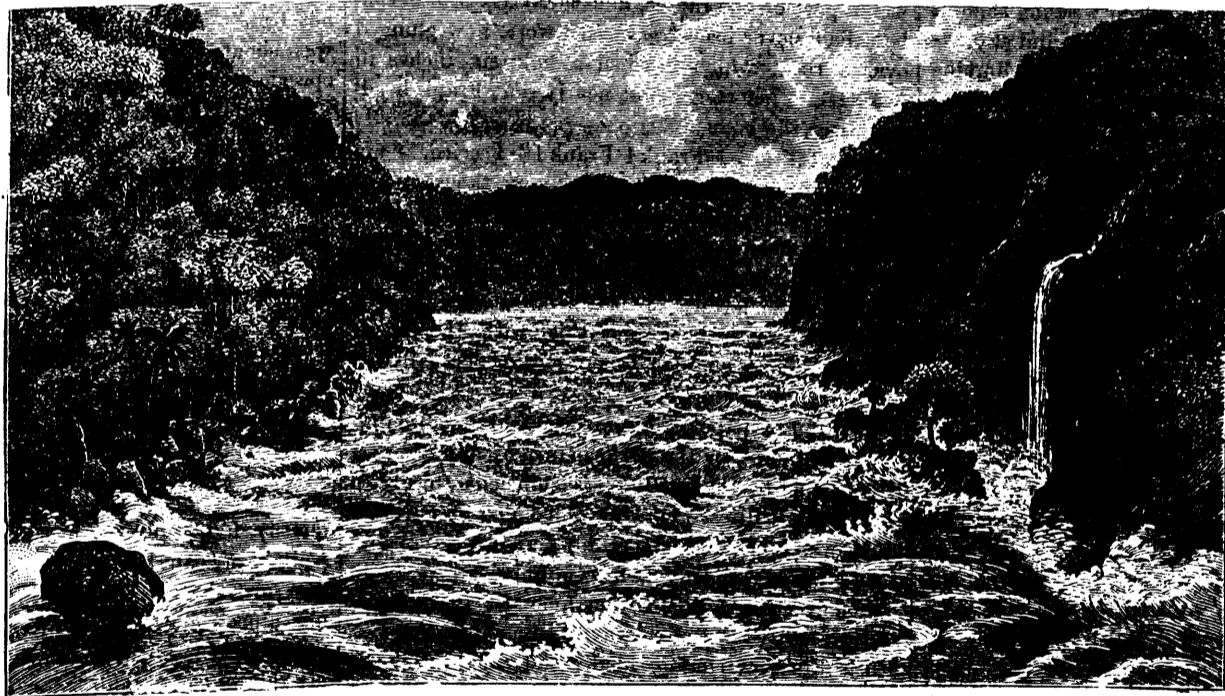
THOUGH our involuntary descent of the Lady Alice Rapids—a distance of three miles—occupied us but fifteen minutes, it was a work of four days to lower the canoes by cables. The next day we descended two miles of dangerous rapids and whirlpools, and on the 20th proceeded a distance of four miles, forming camp behind some small islets, near which the river expands to a width of about eight hundred yards.

During the three following days we were engaged in the descent of a six-mile stretch, which enabled us to approach the "terrific" falls described by the Basesse. The "Falls" are called Inkisi. The river—being forced through a chasm only five hundred yards wide—is flanked by curling waves of destructive fury—while below is an absolute chaos of mad waters, leaping waves, deep troughs, contending watery ridges, tumbling and tossing for a distance of two miles.

The natives above Inkisi descended from their breezy homes on the table-land to visit the strangers. They were burning to know what we intended to

"Up the mountain!" they repeated, turning their eyes towards the towering height, which was shagged with trees, and bristling with crags and hill fragments, with an unspeakable look of horror. They appeared to fancy the world was coming to an end, or some unnatural commotion would take place, for they stared at me with lengthened faces. Then, without a word, they climbed the steep ascent of 1,200 feet, and, securing their black pigs, fowls, or goats, in their houses, spread the report far and wide that the white man intended to fly his canoes over the mountains.

On the other hand, the amiable Basesse, across



"LADY ALICE" OVER THE FALLS.

The villagers sent a deputation to us, with palm-wine and a small gift of cassava tubers. Upon asking them if there were any more cataracts, they replied that there was only one, and they exaggerated it so much that the very report struck terror and dismay into our people. They described it as falling from a height greater than the position on which their village was situated, which drew exclamations of despair from my followers. The distance we had laboured through from the 16th of March to the 21st of April inclusive—a period of thirty-seven days—was only thirty-four miles! Since the fishermen "who ought to know," we said, declared there was only this tremendous cataract, with a fall of several hundred feet, below us, we resolved to persevere until we had passed it.

do to extricate ourselves from the embarrassing position in which we found ourselves before these falls.

Before replying to their questions, I asked if there was another cataract below. "No," said they; "at least only a little one, which you can pass without trouble." "Ah," thought I to myself, "I will haul my canoes up the mountain, and pass over the table-land, and I must now cling to this river to the end, having followed it so long."

My resolution was soon communicated to my followers, who looked perfectly blank at the proposition. The natives heard me, and, seeing the silence and reluctance of the people, they asked the cause, and I told them it was because I intended to drag our vessels up the mountain.

the river, had gathered in hundreds on the cliffs overlooking the Inkisi Falls, in expectation of seeing a catastrophe, which certainly would have been worth seeing had we been so suicidally inclined as to venture over the falls in our canoes—for that, undoubtedly, was their idea.

Having fully decided upon the project, it only remained to make a road and begin; but in order to obtain the assistance of the aborigines, which I was anxious for, in order to relieve my people from much of the fatigue, the first day all hands were mustered for road-making; and, by night, a bush-strewn path, 1,500 yards in length, had been constructed.

By 8 a.m. of the 26th, our exploring boat and a small canoe were on the summit of the table land,

at a new camp we had formed. The native chiefs were in a state of agreeable wonder, for after an hour's "talk" they agreed, for a gift of forty cloths, to bring six hundred men to assist us to haul up the monster canoes we possessed—two or three of which were of heavy teak, over seventy feet in length, and weighing over three tons. A large number of my men were then detailed to cut rattan canes as a substitute for ropes; and as many were brittle, and easily broken, this involved frequent delays.

By the evening of the 28th, all our vessels were safe on the highest part of the table-land. Having become satisfied that all was going well in camp, I resolved to take Frank and the boat's crew, and goods of the expedition, and establish a camp near the river, at a point where we should again resume our toil in the deep defile through which the mighty river stormed along its winding course.

The natives were exceedingly friendly. Gunpowder was abundant with them; and every male capable of carrying a gun possessed one—often more. Delftware and British crockery were also observed in their hands, such as plates, mugs, shallow dishes, wash-basins, galvanized-iron spoons, Birmingham cutlery, and other articles of European manufacture, obtained through the native markets. We discovered cloth to be so abundant that it was against our conscience to purchase even a fowl, for the nearer we approached civilization cloth became cheaper in value, until finally a fowl cost four yards of our thick sheeting! Our store of sugar and coffee and tea, alas! had come to an end. Yet we could have well parted with a large stock of tea, coffee, and sugar, in order to obtain a pair of shoes apiece. As for Frank, he had been wearing sandals made out of my leather portmanteaus, and slippers made of our gutta percha pontoon. But climbing over the rocks and rugged steepes wore them to tatters in quick succession.

At this period we were all extremely liable to disease, for our system was impoverished. In the absence of positive knowledge as to how long we might be toiling in the cataracts, we were all compelled to be extremely economical. Therefore, contentment had to be found in boiled "duff," or cold cassava bread, ground nuts, or pea-nuts, yams, or green bananas. Our meals were spread out on the medicine-chest, which served me for a table, and at once a keen appetite was inspired by the grateful smell of the artful compound. After invoking a short blessing, Frank and I rejoiced our souls and stomachs with the savoury mess, and flattered our selves that, though British paupers and Sing Sing convicts might fare better, perhaps, thankful content crowned our hermit repast.

On the morning of the 29th of April, after obtaining the promise of the natives that they would do their utmost to help in transporting the vessels over the three miles of ground between Inkisi Falls and Nzabi, I led the caravan, loaded with the goods, down to a cove at the upper end of Nzabi. Meanwhile I explored a thick forest of tall trees, which flourished to an immense height, along a narrow terrace, and up the steep slopes of Nzabi. As I wandered about among the gigantic trees, the thought struck me that, while the working parties and natives were hauling our vessels a distance of three miles over the table-land, a new canoe might be built to replace one of the nine which we had lost. The largest tree measured in girth thirteen feet six inches, trunk unbranched for about sixty feet. We "blazed" very many of the largest with our hatchets, in order to discover the most suitable for lightness and softness, with sufficient strength.

On the 1st of May, Uledi—with a cry of "Bismillah!" at the first blow—struck his axe into

the tree and two others chimed in; and in two hours, with a roaring crash, the tree fell. I measured out the log, thirty-seven feet five inches: depth, two feet; breadth, two feet eight inches—and out of this we carved the *Stanley* canoe. It was refreshing to see, during the whole time he was employed on it, how Uledi swung his axe, like a proficient workman who loved his work. On the 8th the canoe was finished.

In the meantime, Manwa Sera was steadily advancing with the boats, and by the evening of the 15th was in our camp to receive a hearty meed of praise for the completion of his task. After such a gigantic task as that of hauling the canoes up 1,200 feet of a steep slope, and over three miles of ground, and the lowering them 1,200 feet into the river again, the people deserved a rest.

On the 22nd of May, another magnificent teak canoe—the *Livingstone*—perfectly complete, was launched, with the aid of one hundred happy and good-humoured natives. In order to prove its capacity, we embarked forty-six people, which only brought its gunwales within six inches of the water. Its measurements were fifty-four feet in length, two feet four inches deep, and three feet two inches wide.

The people were now sufficiently rested to resume the dangerous passage of the cataracts, and on the 23rd we made a movement—Frank standing up in the bow, and Uledi, as usual, at the helm of the *Lady Alice*; but as this was the first time Frank had played the pioneer over cataracts, I observed he was a little confused—he waved his hand too often, and thereby confused the steersman—in consequence of which it was guided over the very worst part of the rapids, and the boat, whose timbers had never been fractured before, now plunged over a rock, which crushed a hole six inches in diameter in her stern, and nearly sent Frank headlong over the bow.

"Ah! Frank! Frank! Frank!" I cried, "my boat—my poor boat—after so many thousands of miles—so many cataracts—to receive such a blow as this on a contemptible bit of rapids!" I could have wept aloud; but the leader of an expedition has but little leisure for tears or sentiment, so I turned to repair her; and this, with the aid of Frank, I was enabled to do most effectually in one day.

Writing on paper, taking observations, sketching or taking notes, or the performance of any act new or curious to the natives, is sufficient to excite them to hostilities. On the third day of our stay at Mowa, I began to write down in my note-book. I had proceeded only a few minutes when I observed a strange commotion amongst the people, and presently they ran away. In a short time we heard war-cries ringing loudly and shrilly over the table-land. Two hours afterwards, a long line of warriors, armed with muskets, were seen descending the table-land, and advancing towards our camp. There may have been between five hundred and six hundred of them.

"What is the matter, my friends?" I asked. "Why do you come with guns in your hands in such numbers, as though you were coming to fight? Fight! Fight us—your friends! Tut! this is some great mistake, surely?"

"Munde," replied one of them, "our people saw you yesterday make marks on some tara-tara" (paper). "This is very bad. Our country will waste, our goats will die, our bananas will rot. What have we done to you, that you should wish to kill us? We have gathered together to fight you, if you do not burn that tara-tara now before our eyes. If you burn it we go away, and shall be friends as heretofore."

I told them to rest there—that I should return. My tent was not fifty yards from the spot; but while going toward it my brain was busy devising some plan to foil this superstitious madness. My note-book contained a vast number of valuable notes: Plans of falls, creeks, villages, sketches of localities, ethnological and philological details, sufficient to fill two octavo volumes. Everything was of general interest to the public. I could not sacrifice it to the childish caprice of savages. As I was rummaging my book-box I came across a volume of Shakespeare (Chandos edition), much worn and well thumbed, and which was of the same size as my field-book; its cover was similar also, and it might be passed for the note-book, provided that no one remembered its appearance too well. I took it to them.

"Is this the tara-tara, friends, that you wish burnt?"

"Yes, yes; that is it!"

"Well, take it and burn it, or keep it."

"No, no, no! We will not touch it—it is fetish! You must burn it!"

I? Well, let it be so. I will do anything to please my good friends of Mowa."

We walked to the nearest fire. I breathed a regretful farewell to my genial companion, which, during many weary hours of night, had assisted to relieve my mind when oppressed by almost intolerable woes, and then gravely consigned the innocent Shakespeare to the flames, heaping the brush-fuel over it with ceremonious care.

"Ah-h-h," breathed the poor, deluded natives, sighing their relief. "The Munde is good—is very good. He loves his Mowa friends. There is no trouble now, Munde. The Mowa people are not bad." And something approaching to a cheer was shouted among them, which terminated the episode of the "burning of Shakespeare!"

As usual, Frank Pocock and I spent our evenings together in my tent. The ulcers by which he was afflicted had by this time become most virulent. Though he doctored them assiduously, he was unable to travel about in active superintendence of the men, yet he was seldom idle. Bead-bags required sewing, tents patching, and clothes becoming tattered needed repairing; and while he was at work his fine voice broke out into song, or some hymn which he had been accustomed to sing in Rochester Church.

Joyous and light-hearted as a linnnet, Frank indulged forever in song, and this night the crippled man sang his best—raising his sweet voice in melody, lightening my heart, and for the time dispelling my anxieties. In my troubles, his face was my cheer; his English voice recalled me to my aims; and out of his brave, bold heart he uttered, in my own language, words of comfort to my thirsty ears. Thirty-four months had we lived together, and hearty throughout had been his assistance, and true had been his service. The servant had long ago merged into the companion; the companion had soon become a friend. At these nightly chats, when face looked into face, and true eyes beamed with friendly warmth, and the kindly voice replied with animation, many were the airy castles we built together, and many were the brilliant prospects we hopefully sketched. Alas! alas!

(To be continued.)

BERTIE had just got into a room of his own, and was greatly delighted. He chanced soon after to hear a sermon on Solomon, which had for one of its concluding sentences: "And Solomon slept with his fathers." "Well," said Bertie, on coming home, "I should think that if Solomon was so rich he might have had a bed to himself!"

## An October Ride.

BY CHARLES H. GRANDALL.

On, swiftly forward flashed the train,  
And rich the autumn foliage came,  
Until it seemed that past the pane  
October flew on wings of flame!

It was a joy to watch the gleam  
Of tender sky and tinted leaf;  
The wind scarce stirred the placid stream—  
It was a day for sweet belief.

The woodbine, like a lover, wound  
The blushing oak with rosy arms;  
The red leaves fluttering o'er the ground,  
Like couriers, spread the Frost's alarms.

And then there came some faces fair,  
Some old time friends that well we know—  
The sumachs nodding debonair,  
In schoolgirl hoods of ruddy hue.

The mellow fields of green and gray  
Told of the harvests they had borne;  
Like golden bombs the pumpkins lay  
Amid the tasseled tents of corn.

It was the time when chestnuts fall  
And early morning frosts the grass,  
When urechins in the orchards call  
And mock the crows that southward pass.

I mused upon the season's flight  
From northern pines to southern seas,  
Leaving a path of colour bright  
With gold and scarlet harmonies.

Then Nature like a woman seemed;  
Whose work was done, and now was dressed  
In richest robes, and sat and dreamed  
O'er maiden fancies long at rest.

And next the landscape seemed to tell  
A tale of life—of mellow age,  
Of the rich fruit of doing well,  
And its eternal heritage.

Ah! could my Autumn be a scene  
As fair as smiles beneath that sun,  
With memories crowding fast between  
Of kindnesses received and done,

Then would I watch the glimmering pane  
Nor wish Earth's fields to further roam,  
Nor ask old Time to stop his train  
That daily brought me nearer home.

## A Hero of Duty.

In the north of Holland, over an extent of three leagues, the country is not protected from the incursions of the sea by any natural barrier. Some two hundred years ago the Dutch undertook the gigantic task of erecting enormous dykes of granite blocks and clay to resist the force of their terrible invader.

Behind this shelter numerous villages arose, which flourish to the present day. Alkmond, in particular, which numbers ten thousand inhabitants, is built a little below the dyke, which is kept in constant repair by two hundred workmen, under the direction of an engineer.

One afternoon in November, about a century ago, a furious wind was blowing from the north-west, increasing every moment. The engineer in charge was a young man, engaged to be married, whose friends and family lived in Amsterdam. He was to go to Amsterdam that very evening, to join in a great festival—long looked forward to and eagerly desired. His preparations were all made, and he was in high spirits, just ready to set out. Suddenly the sound of the rising wind struck upon his ear, and he remembered—with a pang of anxiety—that it was the time of the high tides. He thought of his dyke, and all that depended on it. It would be a dreadful disappointment not to go. But the dyke! His friends would be all expecting him—watching for him. What would they think? But the dyke! There was a fierce conflict between inclination and duty.

It is six o'clock. The sea is rising. But at seven he must set out for Amsterdam. Shall he go? His heart says, Yes; duty says, No. Again he looks at the sea, watches the rising storm, and decides to remain at his post.

He then runs to the dyke. It is a scene of the utmost confusion. His two hundred men are aghast—bewildered. The storm has become a hurricane. The supply of tow and mortar is exhausted. They are at their wits' end to know how to repair the breaches—how to defend the place against the terrible enemy who is every moment gaining upon them. But as soon as the young engineer appears, a joyous cry bursts from every breast, "Here is the master! God be praised! Now all will be well."

The master places each workman at his post, and a desperate battle begins between man and the furious ocean. About half-past eleven there is a cry from the centre—

"Help! help!"

"What is the matter?"

"Four stones carried away at a blow!"

"Where is that?"

"Here, to the left."

The master does not lose a moment. He fastens a rope around his body; four workmen do the same; and forty arms seize the ropes, while the five brave fellows throw themselves into the waves to repair the damage. The mad waves struggle with them—dash them about—blind them. No matter; they do their duty, and then they are hauled on land again.

But the cry, "Help! help!" soon rises from all parts.

"Stones!" cries one.

"There are no more."

"Mortar!"

"There is no more."

"Take off your clothes!" cries the master, tearing off his own. "Stop the holes with them!"

What will men not do for a noble leader in a great cause? Cheerfully, without a murmur, straining every nerve, the gallant two hundred toil on, half naked, exposed to all the fury of a November tempest.

It wants a quarter to midnight. A few inches more and the sea will have burst over the dyke, and spread furiously over the defenceless country. To-morrow there will not be a living soul in all these flourishing villages. The clothes are all used up, but the danger increases. The tide will rise till midnight.

"Now, my men," cried the clear, thrilling voice of the master, "we can do nothing more. On your knees, all of you, and let us each cry mightily to God for help."

And there, in the midnight darkness, on the dyke, which shook and trembled beneath the fury of the tempest, the brave two hundred knelt, lifting their hands and their hearts to him who can say to the winds and the waves, "Peace; be still!" And as upon the Sea of Galilee, so now he heard his children's cry, and delivered them in their distress.

Meanwhile the people of Alkmond ate and drank, sang and danced, little thinking that there were but a few inches of mason-work between them and death!

Thousands of lives had been saved because one man had done his duty.—*British Messenger.*

A THREE-YEAR-OLD girl, passing through the market, picked up a green popper, and tried to eat it. She put it down hurriedly, after taking one bite, and the market-man said, "What's the matter with the fruit?" "Zero was a bum-bee in it," answered the girl, between her sobs.

## A Boy's Promise.

The school was out, and down the street  
A noisy crowd came thronging;  
The hue of health, and gladness sweet,  
To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad,  
Who listened to another,  
And mildly said, half grave, half sad,  
"I can't—I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout  
Of boisterous decision,  
But not one moment left in doubt  
That manly, brave decision.

"Go where you please, do what you will,"  
He calmly told the other;  
"But I shall keep my word, boys, still,  
I can't—I promised mother."

Ah! who could doubt the future course  
Of one who thus had spoken?  
Through manhood's struggle, gain, and loss,  
Could faith like this be broken?

God's blessing on that steadfast will,  
Unyielding to another,  
That bears all jeers and laughter still,  
Because he promised mother.

## De-Legalize the Traffic, and Save the Boys.

The Scott Act kills the treating system. Degraded men, who have acquired the drinking habit, may manage to get liquor in disreputable dives and dens, even where this law is in operation, but the boys are not tempted by the seductiveness of the open bar, and the terrible traffic is robbed of its potent attractions of joviality, warmth, good-fellowship, sparkle, light, and fun.

This fact was well brought out in reference to Maine, some time ago, by Mr. D. R. Locke, who visited the State named to inquire into the working of prohibition.

## A STRONG ARGUMENT.

He said—The best argument I found in Maine for prohibition was by an editor of a paper in Portland, who was—for political reasons—mildly opposed to it. I had a conversation with him, which ran something like this:—

"Where were you born?"

"In a village about sixty miles from Bangor."

"Do you remember the condition of things prior to prohibition?"

"Distinctly. There was a vast amount of drunkenness, and consequent disorder and poverty."

"What was the effect of prohibition?"

"It shut up all the rum-shops, and practically banished liquor from the village. It became one of the most quiet and prosperous places on the globe."

"How long did you live in the village after prohibition?"

"Eleven years; or until I was twenty-one years of age."

"Then?"

"Then I went to Bangor."

"Do you drink now?"

"I never tasted a drop of liquor in my life."

"Why?"

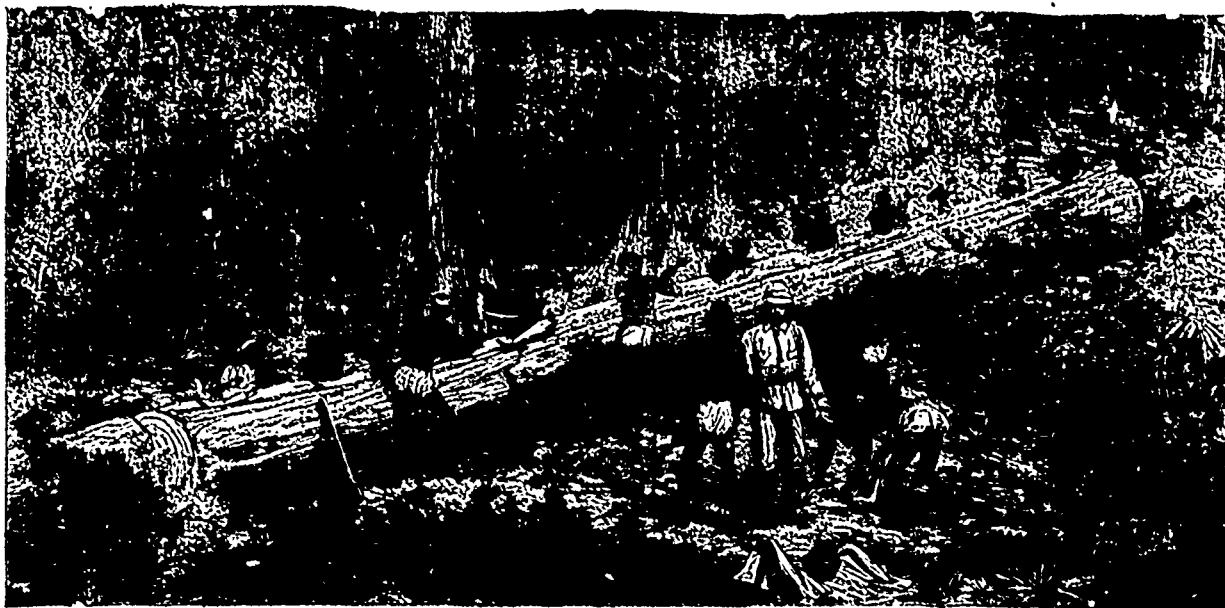
"Up to the age of twenty-one I never saw it; and after that I did not care to take on the habit."

## THEY WANT THE BOYS:

That is all there is in it. If the boys of the country are not exposed to the infernalism, the men are very sure not to be. This man and his school-mates were saved from rum by the fact that they could not get it until they were old enough to know better. Few men are drunkards who know not the poison till after they are twenty-one. It is the youth that the whiskey and beer men want.

The Song I Sing.

I WALKED with a heavy heart one day,  
 Where a little bird sang, in a tree top tall;  
 I knew not if he were gold or gray,  
 But his notes fell down as the sunbeams fall.  
 And from the bird that I could not see,  
 Whose heart o'erflowed in a joyful song,  
 A tender message came down to me,  
 Of the Father's love, that made me strong.  
 Now courage came to my longed heart,  
 And life's dark pathway grew strangely bright.  
 This lesson I learned from his cheerful strain:  
 To trust in God; faith is better than sight.  
 Faith hears a voice from the heights above,  
 Tenderly saying, "Come unto me;"  
 Faith sees a hand outstretched to guide  
 To the place where many mansions be.  
 My heart remembers the roundelay  
 Of the little bird, so sweet and clear,  
 And I carol it forth as I go my way—  
 A God-given message of hope and cheer;  
 And whether the day be dark or fair,  
 I sing of the love that redeemed from sin,  
 Of the grace that sustains along the way,  
 And the peace and joy that abide within.



CUTTING OUT THE NEW "LIVINGSTONE" CANOE.

OUR S. S. PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 26 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100;	
per quarter, 6c. a doz., 50c. per 100	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 5 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 17
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 17
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,

29 to 33 Richmond St. West and 39 to 36 Temperance St., Toronto.

C. W. COATES,  
 3 Henry Street,  
 Montreal.

S. F. HEARNS,  
 Wesleyan Book Room,  
 Halifax, N.S.

Home and School.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 5, 1889.

In the Bethel Prayer-Meeting.

THE church in which Father Taylor preached for many years in Boston, to his sailor audiences, was known as "The Bethel." Some instances of the ready wit and warmth of feeling which characterized the meetings held here are given below:

"A prayer-meeting in the Bethel vestry was unlike any other prayer-meeting, for there were gathered men from all parts of the world, many of whom had here found a hope, a faith, and a Friend, that never left them on sea or land. Father Taylor would glow over these trophies, weep with joy, and break out in exclamations of delight: 'See,' he would say, 'see the amber that is thrown on the shore; look at the pearls that come from the ocean, jewels fit to adorn the Saviour's diadem when he shall ride over the sea to judge the earth.'

A visitor at the prayer-meeting once related the death of a very wicked man, who was blown up a few days before in one of his own powder-mills; he came down all crushed and mangled, and gave his heart to God, and now who would not say with the holy man of old, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his?" Father Taylor rose at once: "I don't want any such trash

brought to this altar. I hope none of my people calculate on serving the devil all their lives, and cheating him with their dying breath. Don't look forward to honouring God by giving him the last snuff of an expiring candle. Perhaps you will never be blown up in a powder-mill. That 'holy man,' he went on, 'that we have heard spoken of, was the meanest scoundrel mentioned in the Old Testament or the New. And now I hope we shall never hear any thing more from Balaam, nor from his ass.'

At one time a wealthy gentleman, in the midst of a very warm meeting, made a speech telling the sailors how much had been done for them, and how grateful they ought to be to the liberal merchants for all their good. As he sat down with a feeling that the church would run itself for the year on this condescension, he was surprised to hear Father Taylor inquire, "Is there any other old sinner from up town, who would like to say a word before we go on with the meeting?"

A Mr. Snow not being very warm in his talk, Father Taylor groaned out, "O Lord, melt that Snow!"

A man by the name of Wood, who was not noted for warmth in his talks, drew from the old gentleman this brief prayer, "O Lord! set fire to that Wood."

At one time when the meeting dragged, he exclaimed, "Brethren, bring in your pot of manna. It will spoil before the next meeting. Let us have it now; you can gather more by next meeting."

A Maine minister, describing one of these meetings, says, "It was conducted in a marvellous way, by surprises, battery shocks, flashing, burning star-thoughts of faith, hope and love, Jesus, holiness and heaven, never to be forgotten!"

A New Light on Things.

"HALLOA, old fellow!" said the rooster to the shepherd's dog, eyeing him very fiercely as he ran by, "I've a word to say to you."

"Let's have it," said Shag; "I'm in a hurry."

"I wish to remark," said the rooster, "that there has been a great mistake made in the stack-yard; and you can tell your master that he and the other man, instead of turning the corn-end of the sheaves into the stack, and leaving the stubbles outside, should have done it the other way. How are my hens and I, do you think, to get at the grain under the circumstances?"

"Anything else?" asked Shag.

The rooster was offended, and shook his wattles, but answered, "Yes! I have also to remark——"

"Never mind, never mind," said Shag, interrupting him; "you're under a general mistake, I see, and one answer will do for your objections. You fancy that farm-yards were made for fowls; but the truth is, fowls were made for farm-yards. Get that into your head, and you won't meddle with arrangements which you can't understand, and in which you and your affairs are not taken into account."

My child, remember that God did not make the world for you, that your interests and pleasures are not the only things to be consulted. Beware of self. Beware either of pleasing self or pitying self. He that does either will not be either useful or happy; and he will be very unlike Him who "pleased not Himself."

Value of Minutes.

PACING the deck of his vessel, which was bearing up the Bristol Channel with all canvas spread, the captain strode the deck in a state of great anxiety. His ship had to round a certain headland, and it must needs be done before the turn of the tide. The captain strode rapidly up and down the deck, making the time by his watch, while he gave his commands to the man at the helm. Presently came a sigh of relief.

Said one of the passengers to him, "Captain, what has been the matter? What has agitated you so?"

"You see," he replied, "we have just rounded that headland, and if we had been five minutes later we should have been lost; the tide would have turned and drifted us back into the bay, and we should have been lost."

Five minutes later! How precious minutes are sometimes! Reader, while you read this, some have only a few minutes to live. "Now" is ours; but "now" is ever going from us. Sinner, if you are yet unforgiven, come at once to Jesus, who is "faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

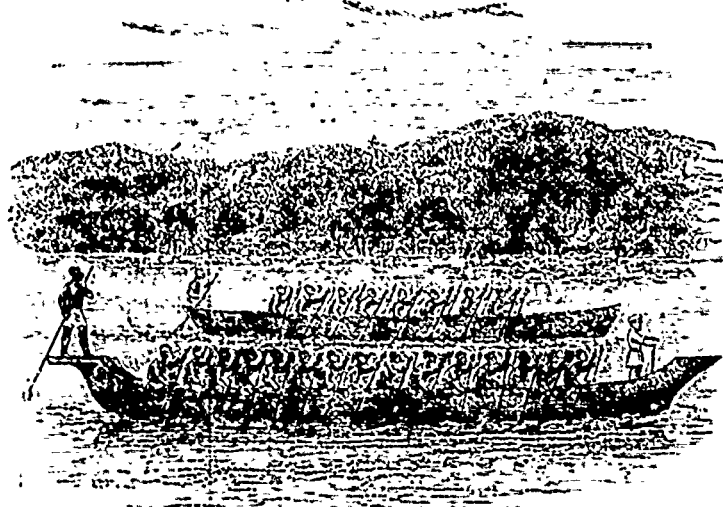
Every Day a Little.

EVERY day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to do to day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for!



THE NKENKE RIVER ENTERING THE LIVINGSTONE BELOW THE LADY ALICE RAPIDS.



THE NEW CANOES, THE "LIVINGSTONE" AND THE "STANLEY."

### Poor Aleck; Jesus can Save to the Uttermost.

BY B. F. CRARY, D.D.

"The way-faring man, though a fool, shall not err therein."

THERE lived once, in Indiana, a poor imbecile, untutored man, born in poverty, and brought up in utter ignorance. His name was Aleck McGowan. He was almost an idiot, and his untamed passions ran riot like those of a wild beast. He was taught nothing but the most menial work, and was not capable of studying or learning. He was tempted with strong drink, and liked it, and when intoxicated was a dangerous man, for he had powerful physical strength, and when plagued by his companions he raged like a madman. He could scarcely remember his own name; and forgot scenes, streets, roads, and was often lost near his home. He used to go to Martinsville, near his home, and would wander about like an idiot, visiting bar-rooms, drinking, swearing, and fighting.

He never was able to count money, nor tell his age, nor to know the difference between days and months. He was often hired to do some drudgery, and paid by meals, or drinks, or a few cents. His soul seemed imbedded in flesh, and he never learned anything from books nor from men, until, by curiosity, he was led to a meeting held by an old local preacher named Spillman. The kind face and

fixed attention, and sat with mouth and eyes opened and listened, and finally seemed to understand some words of the preacher. Jesus was presented as the Saviour of men, and Aleck was stricken as by an arrow at the words. He did not know he had a soul, yet out of the dormant encasement his poor spirit took wings. Hope came to him.

He wept and prayed in articulate sobbings. He knew not why he was so sorry, he said to us. The preacher went away; but Aleck remembered his name, and the strange spell of love was upon him. He found out, some way, that Father Spillman was to come again, and went to hear him, and became more impressed with the songs and the good old man's kind words. No one seemed to have any hope of him, and he received no encouragement nor advice. At last, when an invitation was given for anyone who wished to join the Church, Aleck, to the surprise of all, went up and gave his hand to the preacher—and just then God converted his soul.

The preacher was amazed, and the neighbours did not know what to do. Aleck broke forth in shouts, and wept and wanted to shake hands with everybody. He was a new man. He at once quit all his bad ways, and no provocation could make him swear, no temptation cause him to drink liquor. He was the most wonderful specimen of a saved man we ever knew.

He never learned anything more of business, nor money, nor common things; and often got lost and wandered in the woods, until by accident he would reach a clearing, or the road, or a house. He learned by heart passages of Scripture and many hymns. He would pray sometimes with marvellous effect, quoting Scripture and hymns aptly. It was all he knew.

Years passed away, and poor Aleck grew in grace, giving glory to God. People believed in him, and gave him shelter and food wherever he went. He

was in the habit of going to quarterly meetings, where he was always welcome, or to revival meetings, where he powerfully witnessed to the forgiveness of sins and the grace of God. He stayed with Christian people, and worked for them—taking whatever they would give. He sang many hymns and choruses, lustily yet tenderly, and often told his simple experience like a little child.

He would say: "Father Spillman told me to come to Jesus and he would take away all my sins; and I went to him, and he took me and made me new, and I love Jesus." He would sing: "Jesus, lover of my soul," while the big tears rolled down his cheeks.

We knew him well in 1853 and 1854. Poor Aleck would often turn aside when going to meeting, and pray by the side of a fence, log, or tree, and become happy, and sing a verse or two, and then trudge on.

One time a crowd of rough, drunken men, at a country tavern, determined to make Aleck drink some whiskey. They tried every way, but could not move him. At last one—bolder and meaner than the rest—told him he should drink or he would whip him. Aleck would walk the floor, and sing in low tones some favourite verse, and pay no attention to his drunken tormentors. But they surrounded him, and the bully of the crowd went up to him in a threatening attitude; when Aleck, thinking he was really going to strike him, with lightning speed struck first, and knocked his assailant senseless upon the floor. He gazed at the prostrate bully until he began to quiver and to moan, when Aleck began to praise God, saying: "Bless God, he's all right."

When the fellow got up, Aleck quietly said: "Now you feel as though you had let a bird go, don't you?" His serenity was undisturbed, and he went off humming a verse, and never seemed conscious of having done anything wrong. It was the last effort of the town loafers to get him to drink.

Poor Aleck comes up before us as he sat in meeting, drinking in every word; his face bedewed with tears, and lightened with a heavenly radiance. He never learned a letter; but those intimate with him said he knew by heart a hundred hymns, and a great number of passages of Scripture.

At revival meetings he was not obtrusive nor boisterous, but loved to kneel at the altar with penitents, and, when asked, would pray for them with childlike faith and simplicity, and often with great power. He was never in the way.

One day in the winter, when snow was on the ground, poor Aleck turned away from the road to the woods to pray. Nobody knew when the mes-



MOUNT EDWIN ARNOLD.

senger and the chariot of God came, but poor Aleck was found kneeling by a tree, stone dead.

This miracle of grace has never been effaced from our mind and heart, and after more than thirty years we write out this simple story. Poor Aleck is, no doubt, among the glorified saints. We can almost hear him yet singing:—

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want:  
More than all in thee I find."

### Good Autumn Days.

The magic voice of spring is gone,  
Her emerald blades are turning brown,  
The Dandelion's ball of lace  
Has given place to Thistle-down.  
Violets that caught the dew  
Hide beneath their bonnets blue,  
At orchard blossoms, pure and sweet,  
Have long since withered in the heat.

The sickle, sharp and keen, has reaped  
The meadow flowers, rows on rows  
The Barley lies in winnowed heaps,  
And aftermath luxuriant grows;  
The Sumachs tall, all touched with change,  
Form crimson hedge around the grange,  
And floating, now, my path across,  
On gauzy wings, is Milkweed's floss.

O, Maples, all in scarlet dressed;  
O, spike of fiery Golden Rod;  
O, purple Asters, everywhere  
Uppringing from the sere-grown sod;  
O, blue-fringed Gentian, growing tall,  
Thou comest when the leaflets fall,  
Sweet flowers to bloom 'neath golden haze  
That glorify glad autumn days.

## Teachers' Department.

### John Merwin's Venture.

BY THE REV. E. A. RAND.

"JOHN, just venture!"

"I want to, Frank; I certainly want to do it; but when I come to open my mouth, and say anything to my boys on the subject of religion, the mouth is open but the message isn't there. There I sit, wanting to speak; but I am as dumb as if I had never been able to say a word. I tried it once or twice, and then gave it up."

"Try it again, John. Don't give it up. Just venture. I don't believe God would give you the impulse to speak unless he put some word behind the impulse. And then, this is to be remembered, I don't think it is always what we say, but if our scholars see us anxious somehow to influence them to lead new and prayerful lives, that affects them, though the sermon we preach may be exceedingly poor. Just venture, John! Step out and trust God."

"Well, I will."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

They met one day in the office of the Berwick, two old friends and Sunday-school workers—John Merwin and Frank Arlington. John was a resident of the city, who chanced to step into the office of the Berwick on a matter of business, and there met his old friend from Chicago.

"I am just here on business for a day or two," explained Frank, "and I brought my boy, Will, with me—he is lonely at home, you know, since his mother died, for only the housekeeper is there—and I put up at the Berwick: sort of a home-like place, though a bit old-fashioned."

As the conversation was continued, the subject of Sunday school came up, and John had mentioned one of his difficulties, indicated above.

The next day was Sunday, and John's thoughts were still on the subject of yesterday. The lesson

in the Sunday school was that of Christ as Friend. The pastor came into the school that day—a very desirable thing, if he can be in every Sunday—and he spoke upon the subject of the lesson. He did not spin out his thoughts till they were tiresome, but in a few words—warm and tender and sympathetic, because coming from the heart—he showed how we all need a divine-human friend, and Christ was that Friend.

"I would like to say a few personal words to that new boy in my class," thought John Merwin. The new boy had a shy face, with big, startled eyes, and for some reason John Merwin's heart went out to him.

"I—I will take Frank Arlington's advice," he thought, "and just venture."

In the silence of his thoughts he asked the Saviour to give and bless the word he was about to say for him; and turning the new scholar on the shoulder as he was going out of school at its close, whispered, "I hope you will take that Friend as yours—you need him."

"There," thought the teacher, "I did get out something this time."

But how did the scholar receive it? He lifted his large, dark eyes to John Merwin's face, looked sorrowfully, and without a word walked away. The teacher was discouraged.

"Afraid I made a mistake," was his reflection.

"He didn't look as if he liked it. And I didn't take the new scholar's name, either. What an omission!"

John Merwin was very particular about his class registry, and here he had forgotten to ask the boy for his address.

"I suppose," thought John, "I was so intent on saying something I feared he did not like, that I forgot all about his name. Well, I will find out next Sunday."

The next Sunday the new scholar was not at school; neither did any one know about him.

"I guess," said Charlie Jarvis—one of the boys always on hand with a "guess"—that he lives down in Back Alley. He came out of it, I thought, and I saw him on the sidewalk, and asked him in."

"Please inquire round there," said the teacher. "It is a poor neighbourhood, and it may be somebody who really needs us."

Charlie, however, expected to receive a new Bible, the trophy promised by the superintendent for every new scholar. He did not want to "inquire round there," and, perhaps, find out that the boy was not coming again, and so lose his prize. As it was, a new scholar had been reported by Charlie, and as the new scholar would be expected again every Sunday, by the time it was concluded he was not coming Charlie would have his Bible.

"I expect I drove that boy away," thought John. He could not forget the boy, though. Oftentimes his big, black eyes would be seen by John, and as the teacher's "venture" was sincere, he sometimes asked God to bless the poor little word spoken, and not let the seed shrivel and die for the want of the Spirit's gracious rain.

A few months later he had occasion to step again into the Berwick. He had hardly entered the office when he was suddenly asked by a porter, "Are you a minister?"

"Well," said John, smiling, "do I look like one?"

"Oh, beg pardon!" said the man. "I knew that upstairs they had sent for one, or wanted to send—little feller is dreadful sick, and they are strangers, you know—and I felt interested—"

"Strangers?" asked John, his sympathies aroused by the word. "If no minister has come, why, I know of one."

"You might just step up and tell them," suggested the porter. I sort of took to the boy."

John Merwin was touched by the man's earnestness, and said, "If they are strangers, they may not know where to send, and—and—I will just run up and find out about them, if you will show me the way."

"Oh, yes, certainly. I know they will be glad to see anybody who—"

In the excitement of his interest, he did not finish his sentence, but ran ahead to guide this good Samaritan.

When John was admitted to the sick room, he saw a woman dressed as a nurse, and on the bed, amid the white sheets, was a face as white as they, and out of it looked large, expressive eyes that John Merwin knew he had seen before.

"I came to see—"

"You don't remember me," said a thin, husky voice, interrupting his sentence, while a white hand feebly beckoned him. He went at once, and knelt by the side of the boy's bed, and took in his own grasp the little hand.

"Don't—don't you—remember what—you said to me—one Sunday—about a friend?"

"Are you the boy?"

"Yes—and I—found Him. What—you said—it set—me to praying—I am not—afraid. The doctor—told us—I could not—get well—this morning—but I'm not afraid—Jesus is there—and mother—is there—and—"

He stopped, and the weary eyes were closed.

"You want me to pray with you?" asked John.

"Yes," whispered the boy.

"Well, I'll say the Lord's Prayer, and you can follow me if you don't feel too tired."

That sweet prayer the Saviour taught us went up from that room of death, and at intervals a weak, faltering voice added its note of supplication. John Merwin commended to a Shepherd's arms this lamb of the flock caught in the driving death-storm, and then left, promising to send his pastor.

"Why, Frank Arlington!" he exclaimed, when he reached his office, seeing his old friend there. "You in town? Where are you hurrying? Do you know I have just come from the bedside of a little fellow whom I said a word to one Sunday, encouraged by something you told me, and he is upstairs, dying, but holding on to that strong Friend I recommended—Why, what's the matter, Frank!"

"It was—it was," sobbed his old friend, through the hands that covered his face, "my boy—you—talked with, John."

### "In the Morning."

MUCH might be said on the wisdom of taking a constantly fresh view of life. It is one of the moral uses of the night that it gives the world anew to us every morning, and of sleep that it makes life a daily recreation. If we always saw the world, we might grow weary of it. If a third of life were not spent in unconsciousness, the rest might become tedious. God is thus all the while presenting the cup of life afresh to our lips. Thus, after a night of peaceful sleep, we behold the world as new and fresh and wonderful as it was on the first morning of creation, when God pronounced it very good. And sleep itself has a divine alchemy that gives us to ourselves with our primitive energy of body and mind. The days are not mere repetitions of themselves; to-morrow will have another meaning; I shall come to it with larger vision than I have to-day.

Those are marked for ruin that are deaf to reproof and good counsel.

## The Glad Tidings.

THE child of a heathen mother  
Lay dying at close of day ;  
And the wail of a hopeless sorrow  
Was borne on the winds away.

No gleams of a glad hereafter,—  
Of a meeting ne'er to part,—  
As the little life ebbed slowly,  
Brought peace to the aching heart.

But a horror of endless darkness,  
As the fatal hour drew nigh,  
Rolled down on the stricken mother  
From the black and pitiless sky.

To her god, with hands uplifted,  
And breaking heart, she prayed :  
But his ear was deaf to her crying ;  
His lip no word essayed.

And when on the solemn jungle  
Sank down on the shadow of night,  
The finger of death, outstretching,  
Quenched the lingering spark of life.

'Twas only one of the millions  
That teem on the Indian plain ;  
'Twas only a heathen baby,  
Set free from a life of pain !

Ah, yes ! but not to the mother,  
Who watched him where he lay ;  
For oh, 'twas her heart's one treasure  
Death's hand had snatched away.

And loud and long, through the darkness,  
Rang out her hopeless cry,  
Till the ruddy flush of the morning  
Spread over the eastern sky.

Then,—then as she lay in anguish  
Beside her treasured dead,  
In accents gentle and wailing,  
A sweet voice tenderly said :

“ Arise, O daughter of sorrow ;  
Lift up thine eyes ; for lo !  
Though thy babe can return to thee never,  
Unto him thou mayest go ! ”

And the heathen mother, rising  
From her hopeless grief, found rest ;  
For the news of a risen Jesus  
Gave peace to her troubled breast.

## The Drummer-Boy.

MANY of our readers are probably familiar with a touching little poem of the late war, called “The Drummer-Boy”—a story of a brave little lad who, as the poet tells us, served under General Lyon, and was rescued by him after a battle.

The facts of the boy's history, as related not long ago by a trustworthy comrade, are even more pathetic and significant than they are made in the poem.

When General Lyon was on his march to Wilson's Creek, a Tennessee woman, dressed in deep mourning, brought her son, a lad of twelve, into camp. She was starving, she said ; her husband was dead, and the boy wished to enlist as a drummer.

The lad watched the officer's doubting face eagerly.

“ Don't be afraid, captain ! I can drum ! ” he cried.

“ Give him a trial,” the captain ordered.

The fifer, a gigantic fellow, looked on the puny boy contemptuously, and broke into an air exceedingly difficult to accompany with the drum, but so well did the child succeed that even the captain applauded. “ Eddy ” was enrolled as a drummer, and became the pet of the camp. He was the especial favorite of the fifer, who, when the march led them over creeks or larger streams difficult to ford, would hoist the boy on his shoulders, and, singing and drumming merrily, they would lead the way for the line. At the battle of Wilson's Creek,

General Lyon was killed and his force routed. Toward morning one of his soldiers, lying wounded by the stream, heard a feeble rat-tat in the woods.

“ That is Eddy beating the reveille,” he thought. He crept to him, and found the lad, with both feet shot off, thumping on his drum.

“ Don't say I won't live ! ” he said. “ This gentleman said he'd fix me until the doctor would bring me all right again.” He nodded to the body of a Confederate soldier, who, although dying, had dragged himself through the grass to the child, and had tied up his legs with his suspenders to check the flow of blood from the arteries.

Later in the morning, while the comrades lay helplessly together, a body of Southern cavalry rode up.

“ Look to the child,” said the Yankee soldier.

Two of the men, grizzled old soldiers, who were probably themselves fathers, sprung to the ground and lifted the boy tenderly. As they carried him, he tried to tap his drum. With a triumphant smile, and still smiling, he died before they could reach the camp.

Eddy's drum-tap still echoes with meaning from those dark and terrible days, for it tells us of the bravery and tenderness which filled alike the hearts beating under blue coats and gray.

## On the Brink of a Precipice.

THE Rev. Baring Gould, narrating some experiences of personal travel, says:—

“ I was some years ago travelling among the Pyrenees. Our carriage had to go over a mountain, by a road which ran for a great part of the way along the edge of a frightful precipice. The rocks descended to a vast depth, and the river roared below out of sight. There was no hedge or wall on the side of the road. At the post-house at the bottom of the pass we were given horses and a postman to drive them, and we started. Night fell before we reached our destination, black, with heavy clouds obscuring the stars.

“ The horses were wild, unbroken-in colts, and plunged from side to side. Whether the driver had been drinking, or had lost his head in the excitement, I cannot say ; but he was perfectly unable to control the horses. They dashed from side to side of the road, and the carriage rocked, and the wheels grazed the edge. Every moment we expected one of the horses or the carriage to roll over the edge.

“ I was then a little boy, and I sat on my mother's lap. My father, not knowing the danger, had walked on from the post-house by a short cut over the mountains to an inn at the top of the pass, where we were to spend the night. My mother prepared for death. The horses were plunging and racing about, so that it was impossible to descend from the carriage. She kissed me, and bade me say my prayers, and her lips moved in prayer also. I felt a shudder run through her at each sway of the carriage towards the edge. All at once above us shone out a bright light. The postman shouted, the horses became less restive. A strong hand was laid on the reins, the carriage was stopped, and my father's voice was heard.

“ He had arrived at the top of the pass a long time before us, and, uneasy at the delay, had walked down to meet us. The light we saw was in a window of the post-house, set as a guide to travellers. I cannot describe to you the relief, the joy, that rose in our hearts when we saw that guiding light, and when we heard that voice. We knew then that we were safe ; following the ray of light we should reach our place of rest ; guided by the firm hands on the bits of untamed horses, we should be safe from being flung down the abyss.”

Our course through life is very much like that mountain journey. Like those wild, unbroken horses, our passions are carrying us along, and while we see the light of revealed truth before us, we should fall by the way did not our heavenly Father come to our rescue.—*Children's Banner.*

## October.

THE beautiful summer is loth to go,  
Its heart is warm and it loves us so,  
That it cannot utter its last farewell,  
Until it has lingered its love to tell ;  
But the world it has cherished and cared for long,  
Is listening now for its parting song.

Never before were its gifts more bright.  
The sunflower lifts its face to the light,  
The dahlias are raising their snowy heads,  
— And the colours are gay in the garden beds,  
While the roses are trying to stay till the last,  
Yet the glory of summer must soon be past.

Very fair is the woodland scene,  
With the bronze and scarlet, the gold and green,  
With the drooping fern, and the bracken tall ;  
But the fading leaves are beginning to fall,  
And the swallows have gathered to take their flight,  
To the longer day and the shorter night.

The summer has kept its promises made,  
When the year was young ; so undismayed,  
We may face the autumn, for goodly store  
Of harvest blessing go on before,  
And homes are vocal, and thankful praise,  
Shall fill the air in October days.

So we bid the summer a glad farewell ;  
As a friend it has loved and served us well,  
But this is a world in which none may keep  
The brightest long, yet we do not weep,  
For the Lord of the seasons will give us the best,  
And every month has its joy and rest.

## The Duke and the Toad.

A GENTLEMAN, who is a great collector of autographs, has a very singular one of the Duke of Wellington, which he prizes very highly, as he considers it characteristic of a noble-hearted man. The following is a faithful transcript:—

“ Strathfieldsaye, July, 1837.

“ Field-marshal the Duke of Wellington is happy to inform William Harris that his toad is alive and well.”

An explanation of this singular letter is given in these words:—

The Duke of Wellington was one day taking his usual country walk, when he heard a cry of distress. He walked to the spot, and found a chubby, rosy-faced boy lying on the ground, and bending his head over a tame toad, and crying as if his little heart would break.

“ What's the matter, my lad ? ” asked the duke.

“ Oh, sir—please, sir, my poor toad. I bring it something to eat every morning. But they are going to send me off ever so far away to school. Nobody will bring it anything to eat when I am gone, and I am afraid it will die.”

“ Never mind ; don't cry, lad. I'll see that the toad is well fed, and you shall hear about it when you are at school.”

The boy thanked the gentleman heartily, dried up his tears, and went home. During the time he was at school, he received five letters from the duke similar to that given above ; and when he returned for his Christmas holidays the toad was, as the duke said, “ alive and well ; ” but, in accordance to the usual habits of these animals, he was in his winter's sleep, in which he remained until spring and genial weather brought him from his well-guarded hole in the ground.—*Kind Words.*



**The Bible.**

STUDY it carefully ;  
Think of it prayerfully ;  
Deep in thy heart let its precepts dwell ;  
Slight not its history ;  
Ponder its mystery ;  
None can e'er prize it too fondly or well.

Accept the glad tidings,  
The warnings and chidings,  
Found in this volume of heavenly lore ;  
With faith that's unfailing,  
And love all prevailing,  
Trust in its promise of life evermore.

May this message of love,  
From our Father above,  
To all nations and kindreds be given,  
Till the ransomed shall raise  
Joyous anthems of praise,  
Hallelujah on earth and in heaven.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FOURTH QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.**

B.C. 1042] **LESSON II.** [Oct. 13

**THE ARK BROUGHT TO ZION.**

1 Sam. 6. 1-12. Memory verses, 11, 12.

**OUTLINE.**

The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. Psalm 87. 2.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

1. The House of Abinadab, ver. 1-5.
2. The Threshing-floor of Nachon, ver. 6-8.
3. The House of Obed-edom, ver. 9-11.
4. The Gates of Zion, ver. 12.

TIME.—1042 B.C.

PLACES.—Kirjath-jearim, Jerusalem, and the house of Obed-edom.

**CONNECTING LINKS.**—David is at last securely settled in his kingdom. He had defeated the Philistines in a great battle, and had thus firmly united the tribes under one government. Now he begins the first of his many acts of devotion to religious centralization. He resolves to bring the ark from Kirjath-jearim, where it had been for almost one hundred years in the house of Abinadab.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*Chosen men of Israel*—These were men chosen from all the tribes: herein the king shows his political wisdom. *Upon a new cart*—Directly contrary to the command governing the method of carrying it by staves thrust through rings. *Psaltaries . . . timbrels*—It is not surely agreed by the commentators what these were, so we cannot describe. *Cymbals*—Somewhat like our modern cymbals, and designed for a similar use. Instead of being flat, however, they were convex.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. *The House of Abinadab.*  
Where had the ark been for the century since Eli's death?  
What devout purpose now filled David's heart?  
How extensive a pageant did he propose in its honour?  
What singular ignorance or neglect of the law concerning the ark's moving did they show?  
Can you explain the different names used in connection with its location—Baale of Judah, Kirjath-jearim, Gibeah?  
What sort of procession did they form to carry it?
2. *The Threshing-floor of Nachon.*  
What has made this place ever memorable in history?  
Why did the tragedy here narrated occur? Num. 4. 15.  
How could the ark be carried if it was not touched?  
What was the effect of this on David?  
Was this feeling due to unbelief, or to ignorance, or a proper desire for divine guidance?
3. *The House of Obed-edom.*  
What disposition was made of the ark?  
What was the experience of this family?  
What did this teach David?  
What preparation seems to have been made in the interim? Ver. 13.  
Where was the ark now placed? Ver. 17.
4. *The Gates of Zion.*  
What had become of the old tabernacle?

How long did the ark remain in the new tabernacle?  
What was its later history?  
What was its value as a religious symbol?  
Had God been absent from his tabernacle all this century of the ark's absence?  
Was God any more present after it was brought within the gates of Zion?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

They put the ark on a new cart. Of course it was shaken. They broke the law, and punishment came upon an innocent man. It is always so. Sin involves others beside the sinner.

A good purpose was spoiled by a wrong method.

David was earnest to serve God. Are you?

David feared at God's wrath. Do you?

David waited till he knew more of God's will.

God's presence is not to be feared. Obedience was made happy by it.

God's punishment for broken law is to be feared only by the law-breakers.

**HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Give attention to all the geographical names, and trace the route of the journey of the ark.
2. Study the history of the ark since its location at Shiloh.
3. Learn the law in regard to its method of transportation.
4. Learn the history of the old tabernacle, and why a new one was built?
5. Learn the whole lesson story very thoroughly. Answer all the questions given for home study, and write such new ones as they suggest.

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. What new purpose did David now form? "To bring the ark to Zion." 2. How did they begin to carry it? "On a new cart." 3. What stopped the triumphal procession? "The death of Uzzah." 4. How did this affect David? "It filled him with fear." 5. Why did he wish to bring the ark to Zion? "As a tribute of love to God." 6. Why did he think this would please God? Because, "The Lord loveth the gates," etc.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—God's love for his Church.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

46. How did all things come into being? By the will of God; who created all things, and brought all into their present order.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. Genesis 1. 1.

He spake, and it was done: He commanded, and it stood fast.—Psalm 33. 9.

Hebrews 11. 3.

B.C. 1042] **LESSON III.** [Oct. 20

**DAVID'S THANKSGIVING PRAYER.**

2 Sam. 7. 18-29. Memory verses, 28, 29.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

In every thing give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you. 1 Thess. 5. 18.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Mercies to David, v. 18-22.
2. Mercies to Israel, v. 23, 24.
3. Mercies to David's House, v. 25-29.

TIME.—1042 B.C.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

**CONNECTING LINKS.**—The ark was once more safely in care of God's people, and in the capital city. It came naturally, therefore, into David's heart to prepare a suitable place for Israel's whole ceremonial worship, in a substantial and permanent abode, to be called the House of God, instead of long using the new tabernacle which he had built. But God forbade him to do it, by the voice of Nathan his prophet, telling him at the same time by whom this proposed work should be accomplished. Thereupon David went into the sanctuary and offered the prayer which we shall study.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*Sat before the Lord*—In the new tabernacle before the ark of the covenant. *To do for you great things*—That is for Israel. He had been addressing God, but in his ecstasy he forgets and thinks of Israel.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. *Mercies to David.*  
Into what place did David go to make his prayer?  
What characteristic of this king is shown in this prayer?

What are the mercies which he felt had been shown to him?

To what did David ascribe them?

What tribute does he make to Jehovah's power?

What was David's feeling that the purpose of God was toward him in this mercy? ver. 21.

What is the purpose of all dealing of God with men? 1 Tim. 2. 3, 4.

How is his wealth of mercy to men shown? Eph. 2. 4-6.

2. *Mercies to Israel.*

What does David recall as a proof of God's mercy to the nation?

In what way had God confirmed Israel to himself?

What sign of his covenant was at that very time before the sight of the people?

What changes had occurred in the external condition of the nation since Sinai?

Like what language of praise is David's ascription in ver. 23? Deut. 4. 7, 8.

3. *Mercies to David's House.*

What is the petition which David is led to make in view of God's mercy?

Ought men to take God's promises as matters of course, or still pray for their fulfilment? Why?

What was the real occasion of all this prayer?

For what mercies did David pray?

What ought to be the Christian's supreme desire?

What is the pre-eminent duty of every Christian? 1 Thess. 5. 18.

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

It is easy to remember God in adversity, or in want, or in danger. Men always do.

It is not easy to remember God in prosperity, in affluence, in comfort. Men seldom do.

How ready we are to ask for what we want! How forgetful to give thanks for what we receive!

David regarded God as his teacher. Do you? David's gratitude kept pace with his mercies. Does yours?

Let us learn loyalty, gratitude, trust, and earnestness in prayer from this lesson.

**HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Make an analysis of David's prayer, and study it to know how to pray.
2. Compare it with Solomon's prayer, 2 Chron. 6. 14-21.
3. Read verses 1-17 of this chapter to find the occasion of this prayer.
4. In what wars was David engaged in the early wars of his reign?
5. Find all the references there are to Nathan, and learn of what importance he was to David's kingdom.

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. What led David to make his prayer to Jehovah? "God's promise concerning his house." 2. What was the character of this prayer? "It was filled with gratitude." 3. What apostolic injunction could find its prototype in this prayer? "In every thing give thanks," etc. 4. For what does the prayer first express gratitude? "Mercies to himself and his family." 5. What thought next draws out his love? "God's mercies to Israel." 6. For what does he last pray? "That they be continued forever."

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—Gratitude to God.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

47. Why did God create all things? For his own pleasure: to show forth his glory, and to give happiness to his creatures.

Worthy art thou, our Lord and our God, to receive the glory and the honour and the power: for thou didst create all things, and because of thy will they were, and were created.—Revelation 4. 11.

Of him, and through him, and unto him, are all things. To him be the glory forever. Amen.—Romans 11. 36.

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handywork.—Psalm 19. 1.

The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.—Psalm 33. 5.

"FATHER," said a little Swedish girl, one still, starry night, after a long silence, "father, I have been thinking if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what must the right side be?"

**Cheap Pansy Books.**

PAPER COVERS. ILLUSTRATED.

- Three People.
- The King's Daughters.
- An Endless Chain.
- Wise and Otherwise.
- Four Girls at Chautauqua.
- Chautauqua Girls at Home.

Price 15 cents each.

Mailed post free on receipt of price.

NOTE.—We can supply the Pansy Books in better bindings, but offer the above as specially cheap summer reading.

**C.L.S.C. BOOKS**

FOR 1889-90.

- Outline History of Rome. Vincent and Joy. . . . . \$0 70
- Political Economy. Ely. . . . . 1 00
- How to Judge of a Picture. Van Dyke. . . . . 0 60
- The Bible in the Nineteenth Century. Townsend. . . . . 0 40
- Preparatory and College Latin Course in English (in one Vol.). Wilkinson. . . . . 1 30
- Chautauqua Course in Physics. Steele. . . . . 1 00

The Complete Set Mailed post-free for \$5.

WE SELL AT PUBLISHER'S PRICES; NO ADVANCE FOR DUTY.

**QUESTION BOOKS**

At Reduced Prices.

**PELOUBET SERIES.**

- Part III—For Little Learners.
- " II—For Children and Youths.
- " I—For the Older Scholars.

Post Paid, 16c. each.

**THE HUMBOLDT LIBRARY**

OF

**POPULAR SCIENCE,**

Containing POPULAR SCIENCE WORKS at popular prices. The Great Classics of Modern Science. Strong Meat for them that are of Full Age.

Price 15 cents per number, except as otherwise noted in catalogue.

Send for catalogue.

**WILLIAM BRIGGS,**

29 to 33 Richmond St. West

and

30 to 36 Temperance St., Toronto.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.