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WELCOME AND HOME SCHOOL

Do unto others
As Ye Would
That They
Should
Do unto
You.

TORONTO, AUGUST 10, 1889.

Vol. VII.]

[No. 16.]



NATIVE HOUSES AT MTUYU.

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

XVI.

ON the 19th November, a march of five miles through the forest west from Kampunzu brought us to the Lualaba. The name Lualaba terminates here. I mean to speak of it henceforth as the Livingstone.

The Livingstone was 1,200 yards wide, from bank to bank, opposite the landing-place. As there were no people dwelling within a mile of the right bank, we prepared to encamp. Some sedgy reeds obstructed my view, and as I wished, while resting, to watch the river gliding by, I had them all chopped off short. Frank and the Wangwana

chiefs were putting the boat sections together in the rear of the camp. Gentle as a summer's dream, the brown waves of the great Livingstone flowed by, broad and deep.

On the opposing bank loomed darkly against the sky another forest, similar to the one which had harrowed our souls. I obtained from my seat a magnificent view of the river, flanked by black forests, gliding along, with a serene grandeur and an unspeakable majesty of silence about it that caused my heart to yearn towards it. Downward it flows to the unknown; tonight black clouds of

mystery and fable; mayhap past the lands of the anthropoids and the pigmies; by leagues upon leagues of unexplored lands, populous with scores of tribes, of whom not a whisper has reached the people of other continents. We have laboured through the terrible forest, and manfully struggled through the gloom. My people's hearts have become faint.

I seek a road. Why, here lies a broad watery avenue, cleaving the Unknown to some sea, like a path of light! Here are woods all around, sufficient for a thousand fleets of canoes. Why not build them?

I sprang up—told the drummer to call the muster. The people responded wearily to the call. Frank and the chiefs appeared. The Arabs and their escort came also, until a dense mass of expectant faces surround me. I turned to them and said:—

"Arabs, children of Zanzibar, listen to words! We seek a road. I seek a path that shall take me to the sea. I have found it. Regard this mighty river. From the beginning it has flowed on thus, as you see it flow to-day. It has flowed on in

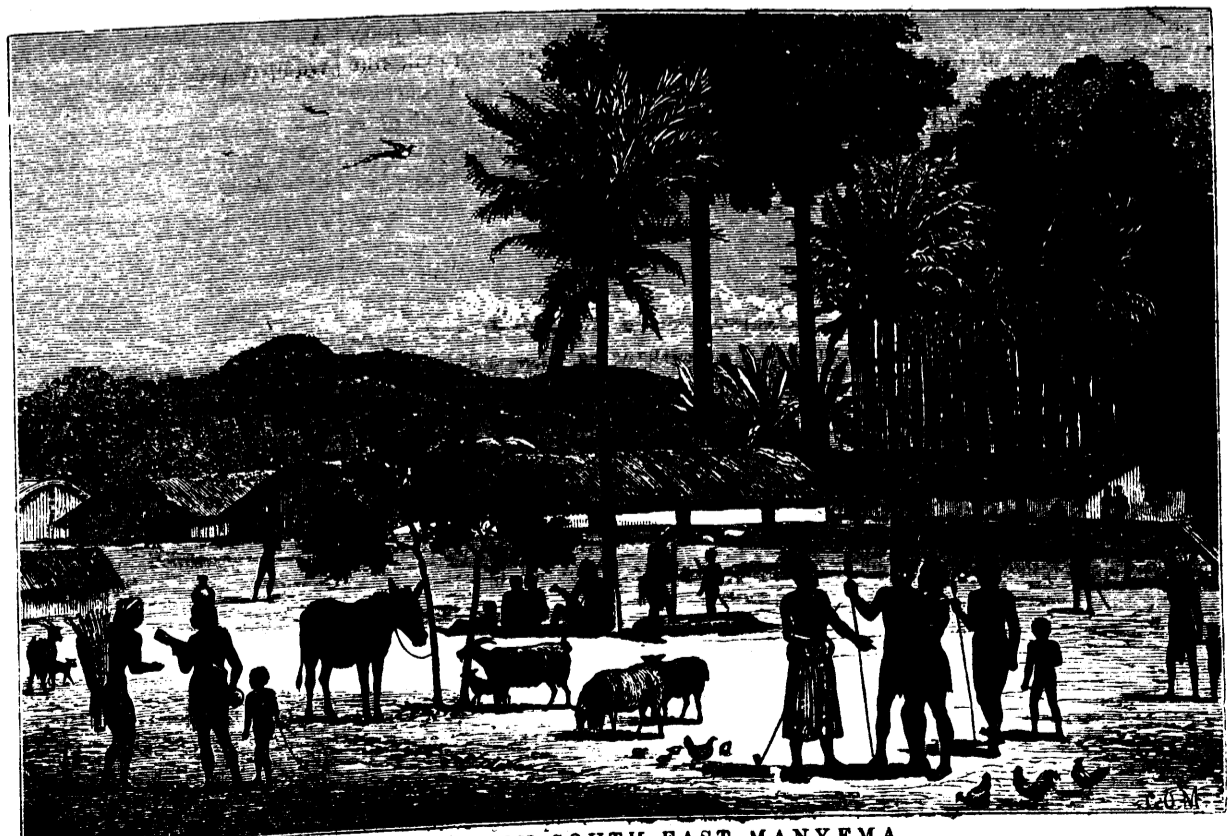
silence and darkness. Whither? To the salt sea, as all rivers go! By that salt sea, on which the great ships come and go, live my friends and your friends. Yet, my people, though this river is so great, so wide and deep, no man has ever penetrated the distance lying between this spot on which we stand and our white friends who live by the salt sea. Why? Because it was left for us to do. Yes," I continued, raising my voice, "I tell you, my friends, it has been left from the beginning of time until to-day for us to do. It is our work, and no other. It is the voice of Fate! The ONE GOD has written that this year the river shall be known throughout its length! We will take to the river. To-day I shall launch my boat on that stream, and it shall never leave it until I finish my work.

"Now, you Wangwana! You who have followed me like children following their father, as far as this wild, wild land, will you leave me here? Shall I and my white brother go alone? Will you go back and tell my friends that you left me in this wild spot, and cast me adrift to die? Speak, Arabs! Where are my young men, with hearts of lions? Speak, and show me those who dare follow me!"

Uledi, the coxswain, leaped upward, and then sprang toward me, and, kneeling, grasped my knees, and said: "Look on me, my master! I am one! I will follow you to death!" "And I," Kacheche cried; "and I, and I, and I," shouted the boat's crew.

"It is well. I knew I had friends. You, then, who have cast your lot with me stand on one side, and let me count you." There were thirty-eight! Ninety-five stood still, and said nothing.

The assembly broke up, and each man proceeded about his special duties. Tippu-Tib tried to persuade me not to be so rash, and to abandon all idea of descending the



A VILLAGE IN SOUTH-EAST MANYEMA.

river. They spoke of cataracts, and cannibals, and warlike tribes.

"Speak no more, Tippu-Tib," I said. "You, who have travelled all your life among slaves, have not yet learned that there lies something good in the heart of every man that God made. Speak not a word of fear to my people; and when we part I shall be to you 'the white man with the open hand.'"

Day after day the expedition floated down the river in such canoes as they could procure, accompanied by a land party which made its way through the jungle on the banks, often encountering hostile parties and passing unfriendly villages.

The following extracts from the journal will indicate the nature of the adventure: On the 26th, the land division kept close to the river, and though it was buried frequently in profound depths of jungle, we were able to communicate with it occasionally by means of drum taps. Not a soul has been seen in any of the villages passed. The march through the jungles and forests, the scant fare, the fatigue, and subsequent sufferings, resulted in sickness. Small-pox and dysentery attacked the land division. Thorns had also penetrated the feet and wounded the legs of many of the people, until dreadful ulcers had been formed, disabling them from travel. In the course of two days' journey, we found six abandoned canoes, which, though unsound, we appropriated and repaired, and, lashing them together, formed a floating hospital. In a rapid two canoes were upset. In mid-stream we saw the five Wagwana riding on the keels of the upset canoes, attacked by half-a-dozen native canoes. We soon had the gratification of receiving them on shore, but four Snider rifles were lost.

Tippu-Tib and the Arabs wished to know whether I would not now abandon the project of continuing down the river, now that things appeared so gloomy—with rapids before us, natives hostile, cannibalism rampant, small-pox raging, and people dispirited. "What prospects," they asked, "lie before us but terrors, and fatal collapse, and ruin? Better turn back in time." But still the expedition held on its way.

On December 6th we reached the valley of Ikundu, consisting of a broad, uniform street, thirty feet wide, and two miles in length! The huts were made very elegantly of the Panicum grass, seven feet long by five feet wide, and six feet high. They are as cosy, comfortable, and dry as ship's cabins, as we found in the tempests of rain that every alternate day now visited us.

The town of Ikundu was entirely deserted. Whither had such a large population fled? For assuredly the population must have exceeded two thousand. The small pox was raging; dysentery had many victims. Every day we tossed two or three bodies into the deep waters of the Livingstone. Frank and I endeavoured our utmost to alleviate the misery, but when the long caravan was entering the camp I had many times to turn my face away lest the tears should rise at sight of the miserable victims of disease who reeled and staggered through the streets. Poor creatures. What a life! Wandering—ever wandering in search of graves!

At Ikundu, left high and dry by some mighty flood years ago, there was a large condemned canoe, with great holes in its keel, and the traces of decay both at bow and stern, yet it was capacious enough to carry sixty-six people; and by fastening cables to it the boat might easily take it in tow. I therefore called my carpenters, and offered twelve yards of cloth to each if they would repair it within two days. The success of the repairs which we had made in this ancient craft proved to me that we

possessed the means to construct a flotilla of canoes of sufficient capacity to float the entire expedition. I resolved, therefore, should Tippu-Tib still persist in his refusal to proceed with us, to bribe him to stay with us until we should have constructed at least a means of escape.

Opposite Mutako, the natives made a brilliant and well-planned attack on us, by suddenly dashing upon us from a creek; and had not the ferocious nature of the people whom we daily encountered taught us to be prepared at all times against assault, we might have suffered considerable injury. Fortunately, only one man was slightly punctured with a poisoned arrow, and an immediate and plentiful application of nitrate of silver nullified all evil effects.

Again and again the expedition was attacked by large parties—sometimes hundreds of natives—and had to form stockades in the forest, and fight against overwhelming odds. By a bold manoeuvre, we cut out—at night—thirty-six of the large native canoes, and let them drift down the stream, to be intercepted by Pocock. Keeping twenty-three of these, we had sufficient transport for the expedition down the river.

At length Tippu-Tib and Sheikh Abdallah declared their intention of returning, and with such firmness of tone, that I renounced the idea of attempting to persuade them to change their decision. Indeed, the awful condition of the sick, the high daily mortality, the constant attacks on us during each journey, and the last terrible struggle, had produced such dismal impressions on the minds of the escort, that no amount of money would have bribed the undisciplined people of Tippu-Tib to have entertained for a moment the idea of continuing the journey. It was then announced to the members of the expedition that we should embark, and begin our journey down the river to the ocean—or to death.

Said I: "All I ask of you is perfect trust in whatever I say. On your lives depend my own: if I risk yours I risk mine. As a father looks after his children, I will look after you. Many of our party have already died, but death is the end of all; and if they died earlier than we, it was the will of God; and who shall rebel against his will? It may be we shall meet many wild tribes yet, who, for the sake of eating us, will rush to meet and fight us. We have no wish to molest them. We have moneys with us, and are, therefore, not poor. If they fight us, we must accept it as an evil, like disease, which we cannot help. We shall continue to do our utmost to make friends, and the river is wide and deep. If we fight, we fight for our lives. It may be that we shall be distressed by famine and want. It may be that we shall meet with many more cataracts, or find ourselves before a great lake, whose wild waves we cannot cross with these canoes; but we are not children—we have heads and arms; and are we not always under the eye of God, who will do with us as he sees fit? Therefore, my children, make up your minds, as I have made up mine, that we are now in the very middle of this continent, and it would be just as bad to return as to go on; that we shall continue our journey; that we shall toil on and on by this river and no other, to the salt sea."

There was ample work for us all before setting out on our adventurous journey. Food had to be procured and prepared for at least twenty days. Several of the canoes required to be repaired, and all to be lashed in couples to prevent them from capsizing; and special arrangements required to be made for the transport of three riding asses, which we had resolved upon taking with us, as a precaution in the event of our being compelled to abandon

the canoes and to journey along the banks. Christmas-day we passed most pleasantly and happily—like men determined to enjoy life while it lasted. In the morning we mustered all the men, and appointed them to their respective canoes, twenty-two in number.

On the 27th, at dawn, we embarked all the men, women, and children—149 souls in all. When I ascertained that every soul connected with the expedition was present, my heart was filled with a sense of confidence and trust such as I had not enjoyed since leaving Zanzibar. In the evening, while sleep had fallen upon all save the watchful sentries in charge of the boat and canoes, Frank and I spent a serious time. Frank was at heart as sanguine as I that we should finally emerge somewhere, but, on account of the persistent course of the great river towards the north, a little uneasiness was evident in his remarks.

"Before we finally depart, sir," said Frank, "do you really believe, in your inmost soul, that we shall succeed? I ask this because there is such odds against us—not that I, for a moment, think it best to return, having proceeded so far."

"Believe! Yes! I do believe that we shall all emerge into light again some time. It is true that our prospects are as dark as this night. Even the Mississippi presented no such obstacles to De Soto as this river will necessarily present to us. I believe it will prove to be the Congo. If the Congo, then there must be many cataracts. Let us hope that the cataracts are all in a lump, close together. Anyway, whether the Congo, the Niger, or the Nile, I am prepared; otherwise I should not be so confident. Though I love life as much as you do, or any other man does, yet on the success of this effort I am about to stake my life—my all. To prevent its sacrifice foolishly, I have devised numerous expedients with which to defy wild men, wild nature, and unknown terrors. There is an enormous risk; but you knew the adage: 'Nothing risked, nothing won.'"

The crisis drew nigh when the 28th December dawned. A gray mist hung over the river. Slowly the breeze wafted the dull and heavy mists away until the sun appeared, and bit by bit the luxuriantly wooded banks rose up solemn and sad. Finally, the gray river was seen, and at 9 a.m. its face gleamed with the brightness of a mirror.

"Embark, my friends! Let us at once away! And a happy voyage to us!" The drum and trumpet proclaimed to Tippu-Tib's expectant ear that we were embarking. The brown current soon bore us down within hearing of a deep and melodious diapason of musical voices chanting the farewell song. How beautiful it sounded as we approached them! Louder the sad notes swelled on our ears—full of a pathetic and mournful meaning. With bated breath we listened to the rich music which spoke to us unmistakably of parting—of sundered friendship; a long, perhaps an eternal, farewell!

We came in view of them as—ranged along the bank in picturesque costume—the sons of Unyamwezi sang their last song. We waved our hands to them. Our hearts were so full of grief that we could not speak. Steadily the brown flood bore us by; and fainter and fainter came the notes down the water, till finally they died away, leaving us all alone in our loneliness.

But, looking up, I saw the gleaming portal to the Unknown. Wide open to us, and away down for miles and miles the river lay stretched, with all the fascination of its mystery. I stood up, and looked at the people. How few they appeared, to dare the region of fable and darkness! They were nearly all sobbing. They were leaning forward,

bowed, as it seemed, with grief and heavy hearts. "Sons of Zanzibar!" I shouted, "the Arabs are looking at you. They are now telling one another what brave fellows you are. Lift up your heads, and be men. What is there to fear? All the world is smiling with joy. Here we are altogether, like one family, with hearts united—all strong with the purpose to reach our homes. See this river! it is the road to Zanzibar. When saw you a road so wide? When did you journey along a path like this? Strike your paddles deep; cry out Bismillah! and let us forward."

Poor fellows! With what wan smiles they responded to my word! How feebly they paddled! But the strong flood was itself bearing us along. Then I urged my boat's crew—knowing that thus we should tempt the canoes to quicker pace. Three or four times Uledi, the coxswain, gallantly attempted to sing, in order to invite a cheery chorus; but his voice soon died into such piteous hoarseness that the very audaciousness of the tones caused his young friends to smile, even in the midst of their grief.

Below Kaimba Island and its neighbour, the Livingstone assumes a breadth of 1,800 yards. The banks are very populous. The villages maintained a tremendous drumming and blowing of war-horns, and their wild men hurried up with menace towards us, urging their sharp-proved canoes so swiftly that they seemed to skim over the water like flying fish.

As soon as they came within fifty or sixty yards, they shot out their spears, crying out: "Meat! meat! Ah, ah! We shall have plenty of meat!" It seemed to me so absurd to be angry with people who looked upon one only as an epicure would regard a fat capon! Why was it that human beings should regard me and my friends only in the light of meat? Meat! We! What an atrocious idea!

The expedition, however, forced its way through without loss. A storm, however, arose, which increased to a tempest, from the north, and caused great, heavy waves, which caused the foundering of two of our canoes, the drowning of two of our men, and the loss of four muskets, and one sack of beads.

On the 31st, the last day of the year 1876, we resumed our voyage. Everything promised fair. But from the island below—the confluence of the Lowwa and the Livingstone—the warning drum sounded loudly over the river, and other drums soon echoed the dull boom. But we passed without interruption.

The beginning of the new year, 1877, commenced with a delicious journey. Passed an uninhabited tract, when my mind, wearied with daily solicitude, found repose in dwelling musingly upon the deep slumber of Nature. But soon we discovered we were approaching settlements; and again the hoarse war-drums awaked the echoes of the forest, boomed along the river, and quickened our pulses. We descended in close order as before, and steadily pursued our way.

Up to this time we had met with no canoes over fifty feet long, except that we had repaired as a hospital for our small-pox patients; but those which now issued from the banks, and the shelter of bends in the banks, were monstrous. The natives were in full war-paint—one-half of their bodies being daubed white, the other half red, with broad black bars—the *tout ensemble* being unique and diabolical.

We formed line, and having arranged all our shields as bulwarks for the non-combatants, awaited the first onset with apparent calmness. One of the largest canoes, which we afterwards found to be eighty-five feet three inches in length, rashly made

the mistake of singling out the *Lady Alice* for its victim; but we reserved our fire until it was within fifty feet of us, and, after pouring a volley into the crew, charged the canoe with the boat, and the crew precipitated themselves into the river, and swam to their friends; while we made ourselves masters of the *Great Eastern* of the Livingstone. We soon manned the monster with thirty men, and resumed our journey.

Soon we heard the roar of the first cataract of the Stanley Falls series. But louder than the noise of the falls rose the piercing yells of the savage Mwana Ntaha, from both sides of the great river. We now found ourselves confronted by the inevitable necessity of putting into practice the resolution which we had formed before setting out on the wild voyage—to conquer or die.

Until about 10 p.m. we were busy constructing an impenetrable stockade of brushwood, and then, at length, we lay our sorely-fatigued bodies down to rest, without comforts of any kind, and without fires, but, I speak for myself only, with a feeling of gratitude to Him who had watched over us in our trouble, and a humble prayer that His protection may be extended to us, for the terrible days that may yet be to come.

(To be continued.)

Only a Ribbon.

A TOUCHING act of kindness was done lately by the little Princess Irene, one of the younger daughters of the late Princess Alice of Hesse. In a hospital at Eastbourne, England, endowed by the Princess Alice, is a boy of eight, who was condemned by the surgeon to lose both legs and an arm. The child bore the operation and the long illness that followed with great patience. The story came to the ears of the little princess, and she carried to him a royal gift in money, and—as the most precious thing she could give—the portrait of her mother. "The little fellow, with his only remaining limb," we are told, "wrote a touching letter of thanks."

In one of the London hospitals, about a year ago, an assistant-surgeon became interested in one of the patients—a poor child of ten—suffering from hip-disease. She lay day after day in her little white cot, with nothing to occupy her thoughts but her pain. The young surgeon saw her one day trying to make a doll of her finger, playing with it, and at last—giving it up with a weary sigh—turning to watch the sunlight creep over her bed, as she had done for months.

That afternoon, the doctor—passing a shop—bought a long, soft ribbon, of an exquisite rose-colour, and gave it to little Katey. She was breathless with pleasure; smoothed it out; held it up, soft and shining, in the sun; and looked at her friend, speechless, with tears of ecstasy. From that time she was rich. The nurse told the doctor, a week later, that the child played with the ribbon all day, twisted it about her head, playing that she was a bride, a princess, a fairy; held it in her hand while she slept, and laid it folded in paper, under her pillow at night.

It was found necessary, after two months, to perform a capital operation on the child—one which, if unsuccessful, is fatal. It was done by two of the foremost surgeons in London. When the poor little sufferer was laid upon the table, she cried for Dr. S—. "He is all the friend I have," she sobbed.

"Send for him," said the surgeon; and the young assistant, blushing furiously, was brought in. He held one of Katey's hands; the other was clenched tightly over a pink roll, which dropped from her

grasp during the operation. When the effect of the ether passed, she opened her eyes and looked at Dr. S—.

"My ribbon," she whispered.

He gave it to her, while the surgeons and nurses stood gravely silent. The operation had been unsuccessful. But little Katey smiled happily into the face of her friend; and hugging the faded bit of silk, fell asleep forever. It was but a trifling gift, yet it had brightened the child's last days with thoughts of beauty, and pleasure, and loving kindness.

Is no such act within our power?

The Child Crusade.

HAVE you heard of the children's army—

How once in the long ago
They started forth to the Holy Land,
To fight with the heathen foe?
Have you heard of those little children,
And the pitiful vows they made,
For the sake of the Saviour's sepulchre
To serve in the child-crusade?

But the children were weak and feeble,
And the way was hard and long,
And history tells that too many failed
Of that poor little helpless throng,
And they laid them down in peace to die,
But methinks the dear Lord knew
(Though the children's hearts had made mistakes)
That their love was brave and true.

Have you heard of our children's army,
Have you heard of the ringing call,
That summons forth at the present time
The children one and all?
Come out in the morning of gladness,
Come out ere life's blossoms fade,
Come, take your place in the ranks of war,
And fight in the child crusade!

You need not travel by land and sea,
Nor far from your dear ones roam;
Look up to God, and you shall not fail,
Though the foe be close at home.
We have named our ranks "The Band of Hope,"
And we march unto victory fair!
For though our foe be the giant Drink,
Our strength is in earnest prayer.

And do you belong to our army,
So steadfastly passing on,
Where the standard waves o'er temperance fields,
And merciful deeds are done?
God bless you, dear little warrior,
New soldiers we pray you seek;
For the Master smiles on the child crusade
That cares for the lost and weak.

—*Maryaret Haycraft.*

What Are You Doing?

READER, what are you doing to stay the tide of Intemperance that is sweeping over our land, and wrecking in its onward rushing course the fondest hopes of many a heart, burying beneath its relentless waves the poor and the rich, the ignorant and the learned, men of genius and of influence, and leaving its wake strewn with degradation and misery, heart-broken widows and wailing orphans? Are you sitting with folded hands looking idly on, and in effect saying, What is that to me? Ah, it is much to you. It may seem as nothing to-day, but on the morrow that tide, rising higher and higher, may cross the threshold of your home, and the dearest idol of your heart, swept beyond your controlling influence, be wrecked body and soul. Why then sit ye there idle? Up and be doing. There is a great work for you to do. Will you not commence at once?

"THERE is something in this cigar that makes me sick," said a pale little boy to his sister. "I know what it is," answered the little girl; "it's tobacco."

Heaven's Joys.

BY HORATIUS BONAR.

No joy is true save that which hath no end ;
 No life is true save that which liveth ever ;
 No health is sound, save that which God doth send ;
 No love is real, save that which changeth never.

Heaven were no heaven, if its dear life could fade ;
 If its fair glory could hereafter wane ;
 If its sweet skies could suffer stain or shade,
 Or its soft breezes waft one note of pain.

And what would be the city of the just,
 If time could shake its battlements, or age
 Could crumble down its palaces to dust,
 Or with its towers victorious warfare wage ;

If its pure river could sink low or cease,
 Or its rich palm-boughs shed the leaf and die ;
 If there could pass upon its loveliness
 One darkened taint of time's mortality ;

If its high harmonies could lose their tone,
 Or one of its glad songs could silenced be ;
 If, of its voices, even the feeblest one
 Should falter in the glorious melody ;

If one of all its stars should e'er grow faint,
 Or one of its bright lamps should e'er burn low ;
 If, through its happy air, decay's dull taint
 Should for a moment its foul poison throw ?

But no. Its beauty is forever vernal ;
 Its glory is the glory of its King,
 Undying, incorruptible, eternal ;
 And ever new the songs the dwellers sing.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 10, 1889.

A Willing Servant.

DR. MORRISON was a distinguished missionary in China. As his labour was great, and almost too much for one man—for he translated the whole Bible into Chinese—he sent home to the Society in England to send out a young missionary to help him.

When they got this letter, they set to work to inquire among their friends for the right kind of a young man to go out to China as a missionary to help Dr. Morrison.

After a while, a young man from the country—a pious young man, who loved Jesus Christ—came and offered himself. He was poor, had poor clothes on, and looked like a countryman—rough and unpolished. He was introduced to the gentlemen of the Society, and had a talk with them. Then they said he might go out of the room till they consulted with each other about him.

When his back was turned, they said they were afraid the young man would never do to help Dr.

Morrison; that it would not do to send him as a missionary, as he was but a rough countryman. Finally, they said to one of their number, Dr. Phillips: "Doctor, you go out and tell the young man that the gentlemen do not think him fit to be a missionary; but if he would like to go out as a servant to a missionary we will send him."

The doctor did not quite like to do it; but he told the young man that they thought he had not education enough, and lacked a great many other things necessary to a missionary, but that if he would go as a servant they would send him out.

A great many young men would have said: "No; I don't do any such a thing. If I can't go as a missionary I won't go at all. You don't catch me going out as anybody's servant." But no, he did not say so. He quickly said: "Very well, sir. If they do not think me fit to be a missionary, I will go as a servant. I am willing to be a hewer of wood, or drawer of water, or to do anything to advance the cause of my heavenly Master."

He was sent out as a servant; but he did not stay one. After a while he got to do what he longed to do—to preach the gospel; and he became the Rev. Dr. Milne, one of the best and greatest missionaries that ever went out to any country.

What a beautiful lesson of humility is this, dear young friends!—*At Home and Abroad.*

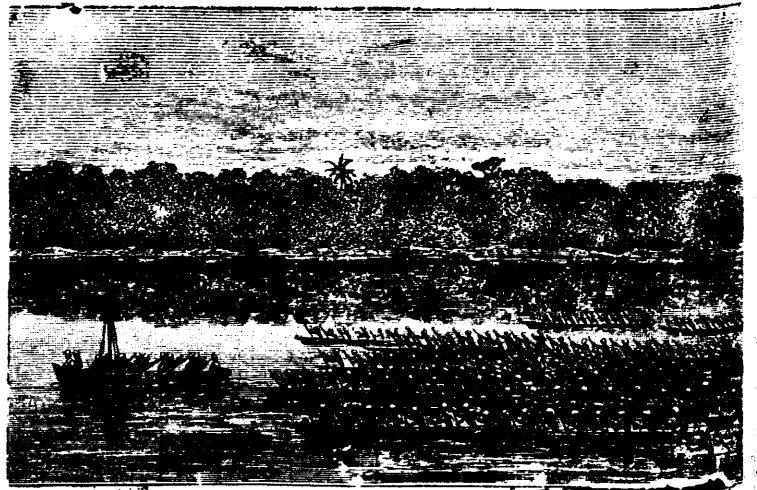
The Power of Love.

MARK GUY PEARSE gives the following, which shows the genuine work of the grace of God in the heart, the result of Wesley's preaching among the Cornish fishermen:—

"When the religion of the Wesleys spread among the Cornishmen it spread rapidly. The Cornishman's religion was not only his creed—it was his rapture. It was a joy when the men who had to face daily the perils of the deep heard from the lips of Wesley that God was not a far-off being, and Jesus Christ a mere bit of dead history. One day he was stopping at a little village not far from Land's-end, and he went to the pop-shop—not to the pawn-shop: they had none there, because they were all teetotallers—but the teetotal refreshment shop. There he sat down, and they told him a story of a fisherman, whose name was Moses. He was off the Sunderland coast, herring fishing, one day. Moses had got his nets out, and another boat got foul of his nets, and the man aboard began hacking away at the nets, swearing horribly. Moses said calmly: 'Don't swear, it hurts me to hear you.' But he went on worse than ever.

"Not long after, one day when the swearer was drinking in the public-house, there was a heavy sea outside the harbour, and his boat got loose. Moses happened to see the boat drifting about, so he put out, and brought her in, and put her safe.

"When the owner, half-drunk as he was, came out and realised what been done, he said to Moses: "What did you save my boat for?" "Cause I couldn't help it." "What do you mean? I cut your nets to pieces, and now you save my boat!" "Aye, I'd do anything for you." "What do you call yourself?" "I call myself a Christian." "I never saw one before. What is that?"



"TOWARDS THE UNKNOWN."

"That's a man that can love his neighbour as himself."

"What! you love me? You have broke my heart!" And, flinging his arms round Moses' neck, he burst out crying.

"And to-day there was not a better man sailing out of that harbour than the man who was the drunken, swearing rascal of two years ago."

The King and the Noble.

LONG ago—in the early years of Christianity—a missionary visited the northern shores of England, with tidings of the new faith. But the heathen tribes would have none of him, and their king even refused to hear him speak.

Then rose up a grey-haired noble before his chief, in all humility, pleading the cause of the new-comer.

"What is our life now?" asked the trembling old man. "Is it not even as a lighted hall—well lighted and well warmed, into which flutters a little bird from the darkness without, beating its wings a little, feeling the warmth for a moment, yet hardly alighting before it flutters out again by a further door into the darkness beyond? Who knows from whence it comes, or whither it goes? Is not each of us as that little bird? What more do we know of the life beyond? Shall we not, then, welcome this stranger, who would fain instruct us therein? He can do us no hurt; he may enlighten our darkness. Mighty king! let us hear him speak."

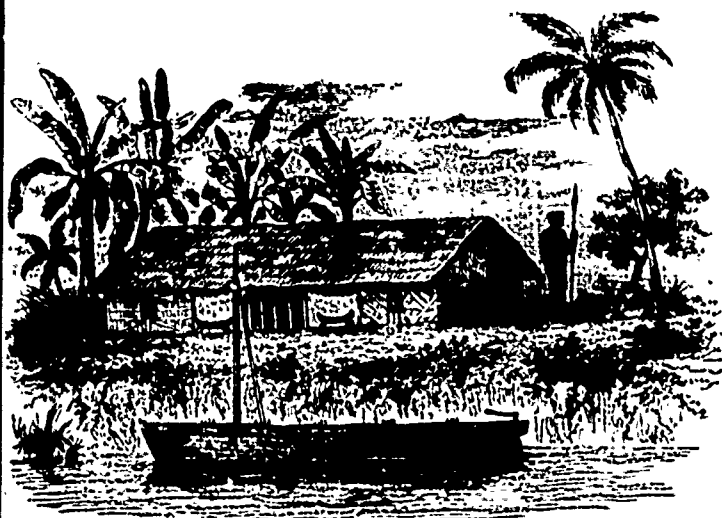
Touched by these words, the chief ordered the missionary into his presence, to tell the gospel story. The seed fell on good ground. Many heard, believed, and were baptized into the new faith. On the once dark portals of the gate of death shone the glory of a life beyond.—*Selected.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS

ATTENTION!

WE have a few packages remaining of the back numbers of Sunday-school papers: HOME AND SCHOOL, Pleasant Hours, Sunbeam, and Happy Days. Each package contains 100 papers, nicely assorted; and is sent post-paid to any address, for only TEN CENTS! Orders should be sent at once. Address WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

GOD is always punctual to his time. Though his promised messages come not at the time we set, they will certainly come at the time he sets—and that is the best time.



A HOUSE IN IKONDU.

Mother.

BY REV. JOHN W. NEELY.

THERE is a spot in another land,
Where memory loves to roam,
Amid the scenes of by-gone days—
That spot was my mother's home.
Unsoiled were my youthful joys,
When sheltered by its care;
But alas! how vacant is the place—
My mother is not there.

The house is there—'tis just the same,
Though altered slight by age,
And the poplar tree 'neath which I played
Writes mingled scenes on memory's page.
Nature is lovely yet, the roses give
Sweet fragrance to the air;
But, alas, thou hast no charms for me—
My mother is not there.

How happy the days in that home made bright
By a mother's love and care,
How often at even I knelt at her side
And said my infant prayer;
Then laid away in my trundle bed,
Or rocked in the old arm-chair!
But hallowed spot thou hast lost thy charms—
My mother is not there.

In the silent tomb her body lies,
Her voice no more I'll hear;
My mother dear, best friend on earth,
At her grave I'll drop a tear.
And mother's God, I'll trust and serve
Till free from toil and care,
I reach the bright eternal shore
For oh! my mother is there.

The Old Woman's Appeal.

THE inhabitants of a thriving town having assembled, as was their custom, to decide what number—if any—of spirit licenses the town should petition from the County Court, there was a very full attendance. One of the magistrates presided; and upon the platform were seated, among others, the pastor of the village, one of his deacons, and the physician.

After the meeting had been called to order, one of the most respectable citizens rose, and, after a short speech, moved that the meeting petition for the usual number of licenses for the ensuing year. He thought it was not best to get up an excitement by refusing to grant licenses. They had better license good men, and let them sell. The proposition seemed to meet with almost universal favour.

The president was about to put the question to the meeting, when an object rose in a distant part of the building, and all eyes were instantly turned in that direction.

It was an old woman, poorly clad, and whose careworn countenance was the painful index of no light sufferings. And yet there was something in the flash of her bright eye that told she had once

been what she then was not. She addressed the president, and said she had come because she had heard that they were to decide the license question.

"You," said she, "all know who I am. You once knew me mistress of one of the best estates in the borough. I once had a husband and five sons; and woman never had a kinder husband—mother never had five better or more affectionate sons. But where are they now? Doctor! I ask where are they now? In yonder burying-ground there are six graves, filled by that husband and those five sons; and, oh! they are all drunkards' graves! Doctor! how came they

to be drunkards? You would come and drink with them, and you told them that temperate drinking would do them no harm!

"And you, too, sir," addressing the parson, "would come and drink with my husband; and my sons thought they might drink with safety, and follow your religious example.

"Deacon! you sold them rum, which made them drunkards. You have now got my farm and all my property—and you got it all by the drink!

"And now," she said, "I have done my errand. I go back to the poorhouse, for that is my home. You, reverend sir—you, doctor—and you, deacon—I shall never meet again until I meet you at the bar of God; where you, too, will meet my ruined husband and those five sons, who—through your means and influence—fill the drunkards' graves."

The old woman sat down. Perfect silence prevailed, until broken by the president, who rose to put the question to the meeting: "Shall we petition the court to issue licenses for the ensuing year?" and the one unbroken "No!" which made the very walls re-echo with the sound, told the result of the old woman's appeal.

Dear reader! while your heart is still heaving with deep emotion, and your eyes are suffused with generous tears, resolve "To abstain from all appearance of evil."—*Selected.*

Let Your Light Shine.

DURING a voyage to India, I sat one dark evening in my cabin, feeling thoroughly unwell, as the sea was rising fast, and I was a poor sailor. Suddenly the cry of "Man overboard!" made me spring to my feet.

I heard a tramping overhead, but resolved not to go on deck, lest I should interfere with the crew in their efforts to save the poor man.

"What can I do?" I asked myself, and instantly unhooked my lamp. I held it near the top of my cabin, close to my bull's-eye window, that its light might shine on the sea, and as near the ship as possible. In half a minute's time I heard the joyful cry: "It's all right: he's safe," upon which I put my lamp in its place.

The next day, however, I was told that my little lamp was the sole means of saving the man's life. It was only by timely light which shone upon him that the knotted rope could be thrown so as to reach him.

Christian workers! never despond, or think there is nothing for you to do, even in dark and weary days. "Looking unto Jesus," lift up your light. Let it "so shine" "that men may see," and in the bright resurrection morning, what joy to hear the "Well done!" and to know that you have unawares "saved some soul from death!"

Educate Your Boy.

HERE is a fine mingling of enthusiasm and logic, as we read it in the *Raleigh Advocate*:

How rapidly your boy is growing! It seems but yesterday when he was in long clothes. But now he is in his teens, full of life, hope, and stirring enterprise. He is beginning to think what big things he is going to do when he becomes a man. But he little knows, and cares less, of how many hard battles he has to fight before he establishes a manly character and achieves success in the calling he may select. How shall you make a successful man out of him? *Educate him.* Give him the best Christian education possible. The young man with a sharp scythe, though it cost time and money to sharpen it, will cut a cleaner and broader swath through life than the one with a dull scythe.

Generally, the men who are the ablest and best educated lead society in the great enterprises of life. They both manufacture and lead public opinion on the vital questions of the day. They are the shepherds, while others are sheep following their leadership. It is so in statesmanship. The educated, the strong, the intelligent, make and execute the laws of the land. Now and then we find ignorant men in our legislative halls, but they are there to be laughed at, because of the blunders arising from their illiteracy.

Educated mind rules in Church as a general rule. Moses never could have been so successful in the difficult leadership of the Israelites had he not been "learned in the wisdom" of the Egyptian schools. Paul's brilliant career as the great Gentile missionary and the epistolary writer was founded on his thorough education and ample stores of Hebrew and classical knowledge. Luther's learning made him a thunderbolt in conducting to a successful issue the Protestant Reformation. John Wesley, the great organizer; Charles Wesley, the hymn-writer; Whitefield, the unapproachable pulpit orator, were all grandly successful because of their intellectual training and rich stores of knowledge. In all these Church leaders we see God's endorsement of education.

The transcendent value of educated mind is seen in Newton discovering the law of gravitation, in Copernicus discovering the solar system, in Columbus discovering a new world, and in all the inventions of steam and electricity.

Educated mind is ruling the world. "There is nothing great on earth but man, and nothing great in man but mind." But what is mind uneducated? It is a pearl at the bottom of the sea—it is gold hid in the mountain—it is an acorn closed up in the box of ignorance where it can never grow into the storm-defying oak. Then, educate your boy, let it cost what it may. A thousand dollars given to a boy may be soon spent, but a thousand dollars given to a boy in education is a treasure incomparably rich, that can't be spent, yielding its hundred per cent. interest annually. It is a shame in this country, so full of educational facilities, to send your boy or daughter out to battle with the world without intellectual equipment. It is like sending a soldier to war without a gun or sword. It is like sending a man to build a house without tools. It is like sending a boy to cross the stormy ocean in a leaky canoe. It is the old Egyptian task of making brick without straw. Educate your children. If you have to live on bread and water to do it, then don't hesitate. If you have to sell land to do it, sell it with joy. Give all diligence to secure an education for your boy.

CHILDREN who roam the streets will learn much that is evil, and that will unfit them for the duties of good citizens.

Grammie's Letter from Jim.

BY E. P. GROVER.

WHAT did you say, Susan?—a letter for me from Jim? It's a long time, my dearie, since I heard from him. He's my baby, too—the youngest of all my brood, Always strong and sturdy, and hearty at his food. And always full of mischief, but nothing very bad; Han'sum, and straight as an arrow. Well, Sue, I'm glad Whenever a letter comes from the rest, but Jim Don' write very often, and I'm glad this is from him.

Give me my glasses, and I'll try what old eyes can do Readin' new-fashioned writin'. Jim, he is thirty-two, And I am seventy-eight. Ah! a long stretch lies between Of weary years. He was the hardest of all to wear; He seemed to cling to his mother more'n all the rest— Father used to say he b'lieved I loved Jim best. I didn't. Of all the eight I never had any choice; You know, Sue, you come between him and the other boys.

Can't find my glasses? Dear me! I'm bothered every day. I'm clean out of patisnce, and b'lieve I'll go away. Everything gets lost, Susan; you let them children do Just about as they want to—they never will mind you. When I had a young family, just like your's around, Not a thing was lost so far that it could not be found. Well, here, Sue, you read the letter. I can't wait all day. "Dear mother, I am married." Whatever does he say?

Married! Is that boy married? Who to? Do read it spy. (Hurry! or the baby'll wake up, and begin to cry.) "Married to a lady, who is rich as she is good; We want you to live with us—you promised me you would. I am sure you are getting too old to live with Sue, Such a houseful of children must fret and worry you. Jennie has a room all ready—cozy, nice, and still, And you shall have a servant to do for you what you will."

Is that all? Well, you tell him—you must answer the letter, For my hand trembles, and you can write it so much better; And she will see it too, though it is writ to him, And I don't want it scrawly, to mortify my Jim— Tell him I thank him, and thank her kindly too, But if you don't mind the trouble, I'd rather stay with you. Though I'm a poor old body, when I feel inclined I can manage the children; you never make them mind.

I wouldn't like to leave you, and I don't mind the noise; Your girls are not so bad, and I know "boys will be boys;" And then, you know, the baby—what could you do with him?

Just write a good long letter—explain it all to Jim; And tell him I wish him all the blessings life can give, But I couldn't leave your children to go down there to live. Who's that a-calling "Grammie?" Sake alive! 'tis that rogue Rex, He's bringing in the pieces of poor Grammie's broken specs!

Teachers' Department.

What a Wise Teacher Will Do.

BY MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

EXPRESS pleasure when the children do well, and say as little as possible about their shortcomings. Praise stimulates to better doing, while constant checking or censure only irritates and discourages. It is also making a poor use of time. The Sabbath-school teacher's opportunity is so limited as to time, that all the moments should be filled with the sweetest things.

A wise teacher will come before his class in a cheerful mood, and not allow his temper to be ruffled by annoying circumstances. Sour godliness will not recommend itself to the children. "Love suffereth long, and is kind;" that is, is good-natured. A bristling teacher makes a restless class; while good nature is like lubricating oil, that makes everything move without friction.

A wise teacher is always early. To be "just in time," is at least five or ten minutes late. The early teacher has opportunity for getting acquainted with the scholars, and bringing them into a state of sympathy that will render the teaching of the lesson far easier than otherwise. A teacher's presence for some time before the opening of the ses-

sion prevents disorder, which is sure to occur if the children are alone in the class-room. The momentum of disorder gained before the opening of school, is likely to go on through the session. Better, then, not to let the children get started in that way.

A wise teacher gives suggestions instead of commands. Says: "Would it not be better if we should all sit straight?" rather than trumpeting out the command: "Sit straight! all of you." Sometimes commands are necessary; but they should always be given in a pleasant manner. If at all peremptory, they stir up stubbornness or wilfulness. A suggestion seems to take the children into partnership. They obey as free agents, rather than as slaves.

Wise teachers do not expect children to sit quietly long at a time. Perfect order is not perfect quiet. Children are orderly when they are not doing anything to attract the attention of those around them. A certain amount of stir is consequent upon mental activity, for children want to show—by uplifted hands, or by some eager movement—that they are ready to answer the teacher's questions. It is well to allow children all possible physical liberty consistent with carrying on the exercises of the class.

If children at the back of the room, behind the others, cannot see what the teacher is drawing on the blackboard, they should not be considered out of order if they rise and stand. If a few little ones would like to stand about the organ during the singing, they should not be chided. Strict rules are like a check-rein on a spirited steed. Children will be far more likely to exercise self-restraint if the teacher does not undertake too rigorously to keep them in order. "The might of gentleness" is the power which the wise teacher seeks to exert. The quiet of a class of young children is greatly promoted by frequent changes of position—particularly if their chairs or settees are not comfortable. The longest exercise—the teaching of the lesson—should not exceed twenty minutes. Children are not quiet at home for any length of time. Why should we expect them to be so in the Sabbath-school?

One very unwise teacher said: "You can't make those children sit quiet unless you roar like a lion." Teachers who adopt the roaring process will get hoarse, and then stop short of securing the desired result. Whatever the teacher does is reflected by the class. Let the teacher look into the class as his mirror.

Of course the wise teacher never scolds, for scolding is but a confession of weakness and of failure. Quiet, humble self-reproach for not being able to bring about better results would be far more becoming, and sure to work out better results.—*The Westminster Teacher.*

An Inquiry as to Aims.

BY REV. C. M. JONES.

A LITTLE fellow respectfully entered a Sunday-school, and, meeting the superintendent, startled that functionary with the question: "Is this the way to heaven?"

One of the ever-living subjects for Sunday-school workers seems to be, in some form, this query: "What is the object of the Sunday-school?" Ought not the many and correct answers given usually on such occasions be considered as all bearing upon one main issue, and that to answer in the affirmative that boy's question?

Let us widen the range of the inquiry, and ask, earnestly, parent, teacher, pastor, church—is your influence and guidance the way to heaven?

A little son asked his father so many questions

about personal religion, that the father hastily cut him off with:—

"Your mother and your aunt have been putting you up to bother me: you go your way and I'll go mine."

"What way are you going, father?" the boy asked in his simplicity; and this close shot was the one that slew the old sinner's self-satisfaction.

The Two Sacks.

THERE is an ancient legend that tells of an old man who was in the habit of travelling from place to place, with a sack hanging behind his back and another in front of him.

In the one behind him he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, where they were quite hid from view—and he soon forgot all about them.

In the one hanging round his neck, under his chin, he popped all the sins which the people he knew committed; and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along, day by day.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man wearing, just like himself, a sack in front and one behind. He went up to him, and began feeling his sack. "What have you got there, my friend?" he asked, giving the sack in front a good poke.

"Stop! don't do that," cried the man; "you'll spoil my good things."

"What things?" asked number one.

"Why, my good deeds," answered number two. "I keep them all in front of me, where I can always see them, and take them out and air them. See! here is the half-dollar I put in the plate last Sunday; and the shawl I gave to the beggar-girl; and the mittens I gave to the crippled boy; and the penny I gave to the organ-grinder; and here is even the benevolent smile I bestowed on the crossing-sweeper at my door; and——"

"And what's in the sack behind you?" asked the first traveller, who thought his companion's good deeds would never come to an end.

"Tut, tut," said number two, "there's nothing I care to look at in there. That sack holds what I call my little mistakes."

"It seems to me that your sack of mistakes is fuller than the other," said number one.

Number two frowned. He had never thought that, though he had put what he called his "mistakes" out of his sight, every one else could see them still. An angry reply was on his lips, when, happily, a third—also carrying two sacks, as they were—overtook them.

The first two men at once pounced on the stranger.

"What cargo do you carry in your sacks?" cried one.

"Let's see your goods," said the other.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger, "for I have a goodly assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one hanging in front of him, "is full of the good deeds of others."

"Your sack looks nearly touching the ground. It must be a pretty heavy weight to carry," observed number one.

"There you are mistaken," the stranger replied. "The weight is only such as sails are to a ship, or wings are to an eagle. It helps me onward."

"Well your sack behind can be of little good to you," said number two, "for it appears to be empty; and I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"I did it on purpose," said the stranger; "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through, and is lost. So, you see, I have no weight to drag me down backwards."

Alec Yeaton's Son.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRIDGE.

THE wind it wailed, the wind it moaned,
And the whitecaps flecked the sea;
"An' I would to God," the skipper groaned,
"I had not my boy with me!"

Smug in the stern sheets, little John
Laughed as the scud swept by;
But the skipper's sunburnt cheek grew wan
As he watched the wicked sky.

"Would he were at his mother's side
And the skipper's eyes were dim.
"Good Lord in Heaven, if ill betide,
What would become of him!

"For me my muscles are as steel,
For me let hap what may;
I might make shift upon the keel
Until the break o' day.

"But he, he is so weak and small,
So young, scarce learned to stand—
O pitying Father of us all,
I trust him in thy hand!

"For thou who markest from on high
A sparrow's fall—each one!—
Surely, O Lord, thou'lt have an eye
On Alec Yeaton's son!"

Then, helm hard port, right straight he sailed
Toward the headland light;
The wind it moaned, the wind it wailed,
And black, black fell the night.

Then burst a storm to make one quail,
Though housed from winds and waves—
They who could tell about that gale
Must rise from watery graves!

Sudden it came, as sudden went:
Ere half the night was sped,
The winds were hushed, the waves were spent,
And the stars shone overhead.

Now as the morning mist grew thin,
The folk on Gloucester shore
Saw a little figure floating in
Securo, on a broken oar!

Up rose the cry, "A wreck, a wreck!
Pull, mates, and waste no breath!"—
They knew it, though 'twas but a speck
Upon the edge of death!

Long did they marvel in the town
At God, his strange decree,
That let the stalwart skipper drown,
And the little child go free!

When It Began.

"Say, boys, let's have a temperance society of our own."

It was Saturday morning, and the boys had met at Mr. Parker's shop for an hour's chat. The fact was, that Ben Parker had some beans to shell that morning, and the boys had been up in the loft helping him, and now they were resting outside; resting and whittling.

How it does help a boy to rest, if only he has a jack-knife and a billet of wood!

They whittled and talked; and, if the truth must be told, they cut their fingers too. At least Jack Carr did; and whimpered a little over it; but then Jack was a little fellow, so they overlooked his whimpering, and the boys pitied him until he was as good as new. They had been discussing the temperance meetings at Montclair, where Ben had been staying a few days with his uncle. He had attended.

"Yes, I signed. Of course I did," declared Ben. "Anybody would, after hearing that man talk." And then Ben went on to tell the boys all he could remember about the lectures, the meetings, the men who reformed, and the crowds which came to the meetings; and at length wound up with the

exclamation: "Say, boys, let's have a temperance society of our own."

"I say so, too," said Frank Sherman. "We manage to get together pretty often, and we might as well have something to meet for. I go in for any kind of a society."

"All right," said Joe Burch.

"Come on! Let's go and talk to Grandfather Briggs about it. He will draw up a pledge for us, with a lot of flourishes. I don't know any young fellow who can write half so well as grandfather can. And, gathering reinforcements by the way, the boys soon brought up at a little bird's nest of a cottage, where they were sure of a welcome. The boys were always welcomed by the old couple who lived there. These old people had not forgotten their childhood, and they understood just the kind of talk girls and boys like.

"We are going to start a temperance society," began Ben Parker, "and we have come down to ask you to write the pledge for us."

"Pledge, eh! What sort of a pledge?"

"Why, a temperance pledge, of course."

"But there are different kinds of temperance pledges."

"Are there?" said two or three of the boys in a breath. And Ben added: "I thought they were all alike."

"Humph! Let me read to you what was called a 'temperance pledge' in the year 1808." And taking an old book from the shelf, where were stored a few volumes which appeared to have been well read, Mr. Briggs read as follows:—

"No member shall be intoxicated, under penalty of fifty cents. No member shall drink rum, gin, whiskey, or wine, under penalty of twenty-five cents; and no member shall offer any of such liquors to any other member under penalty of twenty-five cents for each offence." There, is that the pledge you want?" said the old gentleman, smiling, as he closed the book.

"Well, not exactly," said Ben. "Whoever heard of such an absurd pledge as that!"

"That is the pledge, or at least the substance of it, which was adopted by the first temperance society in the United States. It does not seem much of a pledge to you, but it was the beginning of the great temperance reform which has been gaining ground ever since, though we sometimes think but slowly. The Total Abstinence Pledge was introduced in 1834. It was called the 'Teetotal Pledge,' and since then temperance societies have for the most part used this pledge."

"Grandpa, do you know why it was called the 'Teetotal' pledge?"

"The story is, that a man in England, who stuttered fearfully, in trying to speak the word 'total,' stammered repeatedly over the first letter of the word. Try it, and see how it sounds."

Of course the boys were ready to try it, and they will be apt to remember why people say "teetotal."

"What about the 'Washingtonians?'" asked Frank Sherman. "I have heard Uncle Philip speak of such a society, I think."

"Very likely you have. Your Uncle Philip and I joined the Washingtonians more than forty years ago, and I have my pledge now. Here it is"—producing as he spoke a worn and time-yellowed card from between the leaves of the old family Bible. "You see it is a teetotal pledge. It is what they call an 'Iron-clad' nowadays, and I suspect it is what you boys are after. You see: 'We do pledge ourselves as gentlemen not to drink any spirituous liquors, wine, or cider.' It appears that six drinking men met at a tavern in Baltimore, and, somehow, the conversation turned upon the

subject of temperance; and, after some talk, they decided to form themselves into a temperance society, much to the disturbance of the landlord."

"Well, it was queer to set about forming a society to undo the work of the man under whose roof they were entertained," said Ben, laughing.

"I believe they did not form themselves into a society there, but adjourned to the house of one of the number, and there drew up the form of an association. At their next meeting, they received two new members, and the movement became popular, and thousands were enrolled as members, and auxiliaries sprang up all over the country. Since that time there have been numerous organizations, all having the same end in view—the promotion of temperance. One of the most remarkable in the earlier days of the movement was the 'Father Mathew Society;' and later we have had reform clubs, and red ribbon armies, and blue ribbon bands, and white ribbon unions. I always join everything that comes under the name of a temperance society, so, if I write out your pledge, you must let me belong. I signed the first tee-total pledge, and maybe yours will be the last one I shall have an opportunity to sign. So you'll let me, won't you?"

"Of course we will," cried the boys, altogether.

"And make it strong," said Ben Parker.

"Put in tobacco," said Joe Burch.

"And profanity," added Frank Sherman.

Now, I rather like the idea of those boys. What do you think about their plans?—*Selected.*

The Emperor Frederick in the Holy Land.

A DIARY of the late Emperor Frederick has been published descriptive of his travels in Palestine. One paragraph reads:—

"I reached the summit of the Mount of Olives shortly before sunset, and had taken up such a position that the whole extent of the town of Jerusalem spread itself before me, gradually sinking toward the Brook Kidron; whilst on the opposite site the peculiarly beautifully-formed sides of the rocks of the Dead Sea, with the surface of the water, and a part of the Valley of the Jordan, were to be seen in lovely grandeur. The rays of the setting sun illumined with golden red the town and the bare, gray, dreary mountains round Jerusalem, so that it seemed as if suddenly life and warmth had come into the landscape. At the same time the rocks of the Dead Sea took up this evening glow, and every minute the waters shone with a brighter life. Only now could I imagine the beauty with which the Bible connects the name of the holy and exquisite town; only now I could think how the Saviour let his eyes rest with sadness on these fields and buildings, when he accused the inhabitants of not recognizing at the right time what was necessary for their peace. . . . All my life I shall never forget this first evening in Jerusalem, when I watched the sun set from the Mount of Olives, when at the same time that great stillness of Nature set in which at every other spot has something solemn about it. Here the mind could turn away from earth, and give itself up undisturbed to the thoughts which move every Christian on looking back at the great work of redemption, which had on this spot its most sublime beginning. The reading of favourite passages in the Gospels in such a place is Divine service in itself."—*Selected.*

If you would find a good many faults, be on the look-out, but if you find them in unlimited quantities, be on the look in.

Work and Win.

WHATEVER you have to do, my boys,
Be sure you do it right;
If life is but a battle, boys,
Be faithful in the fight.

Don't cringe and squirm in any way,
But buckle down to work;
Let those around you plainly see,
You do not act the shirk.

If lessons hard are given you,
Don't murmur nor complain;
Just buckle down and study hard,
And victory attain.

Yes, that's the way to do, my boys,
If you would honoured be;
The good, the great, have fought and worked,
As you can plainly see.

Then fight and work, and strive and strike,
Aim high when you begin;
Just buckle boldly down to work,
And you will surely win.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1079] **LESSON VII.** [Aug. 18
SAUL REJECTED BY THE LORD.

1 Sam. 15. 10-23. Memory vers. 22, 23

GOLDEN TEXT.

Because thou hast rejected the word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king. -1 Sam. 15. 23.

OUTLINE.

1. The Rejected Word, v. 10-21.
2. The Rejected King, v. 22, 23.

TIME.—1079 B.C.

PLACE.—Gilgal.

CONNECTING LINKS.—With the end of Samuel's farewell address began the reign of Saul. Sixteen years have passed as the interval of history between these two lessons: years full of the trials which came to Saul as king, in a time when enemies were upon every hand, and full of temptations which finally caused his ruin. To attempt to detail the story would take more than our space. At last Saul committed one overt act of disobedience to God, and Samuel in his extreme old age was sent forth to meet him as he came from Carmel to Gilgal. There occurred the scene which our lesson records.

EXPLANATIONS.—*It repenteth me*—God is represented always as subject to emotions of a finite character. Saul was God's choice as king, and if he would could have wrought out obedience to God's will. But he chose to disobey, and, to be just, God could do nothing but reject him, and so human language pictures God's attitude toward the persistent sinner as if God had changed; but it was Saul and not God who had changed. *Set him up a place*—Saul probably set him up a monument or memorial of his victory. *Fly upon the spoil*—That is, Saul had hastened to take for plunder or booty the choicest of the flocks and herds instead of obeying God.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Rejected Word.*
Why did God repent of having chosen Saul to be king?
What is meant by God's repenting?
What had been Samuel's relations to the king through these years?
Why did Samuel grieve so over God's message?
When they met, was Saul's salutation intended to deceive?
What was the commandment to which Saul referred? 1 Sam. 15. 3.
Had Saul broken the commandment in the letter or the spirit?
What excuse had he to offer for his course?
How did Samuel interpret Saul's action?
How did Saul show that he knew he had disobeyed in spirit? ver. 21.
What bearing has verse 17 on the duty of Saul?
2. *The Rejected King.*
What great principles does Samuel oppose to Saul's specious excuse?

What has God been ever trying to teach me as between the ritual and the spiritual keeping of law?
What was Christ's position on this subject? Matt. 23. 23.
What was the consequence of Saul's disobedience?
What two sins did Samuel lay to Saul's charge?
What was the effect of this message on Saul? vers. 24, 25.
What was the end of this sad errand to Saul? ver. 35.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Here is fidelity of the highest type. It weeps for its friend, yet it obeys God. Here is infidelity equally pronounced. It disobeys God, and strives to deceive its friend.
Here is the old struggle of the race. God said, Go! Do! Man said, I will go and do as I please.
I will obey; almost will not do.
Here is the old excuse of Adam. "The woman tempted," etc. Hear Saul, "The people took of the spoil," etc.
Do you pass your sins over upon some one else?
"Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God, and keep his commandments."

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Learn all that you can about the Amalekites.
2. Study Saul's reign from the time of Samuel's farewell to this lesson.
3. Study out carefully the geography, to make sure you understand how this all happened.
4. Write out in your own language such a dialogue as might have occurred between Samuel and Saul.
5. Read the rest of this chapter, and study it in its relations to the lesson.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whither did Jehovah send Saul? To destroy the Amalekites.
2. How did Saul disobey? He saved the best of the spoil.
3. What excuse did Saul make for this act? That they were for a sacrifice.
4. What lesson did Samuel then teach him? "Obedience is better than sacrifice."
5. What judgment was then pronounced against him? "Because thou hast rejected," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The fruit of disobedience.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

38. What do you mean by the omniscience of God?
That God knows all things—past and present and future.
39. How does the Scripture describe this knowledge?
It teaches that God knows every thought in man's heart, every word, and every action.

B.C. 1063] **LESSON VIII.** [Aug. 25

THE ANOINTING OF DAVID.

1 Sam. 16. 1-13. Memory verses, 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart. 1 Sam. 16. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. As Man Looketh, v. 1-10.
2. As the Lord Looketh, v. 11-13.

TIME.—1063 B.C.

PLACE.—Bethlehem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—After Samuel had announced to Saul that God had rejected him, and had given him the reasons, they separate, Samuel going back to Ramah, and they never met but once more. The aged prophet seems to have long mourned for Saul, whom he doubtless really loved; but at last God's word came to him to go and anoint another to be king over Israel. It is the story of this errand that makes our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Fill thine horn with oil*—The oil meant is probably the holy anointing oil described in Exod. 30. 23-33. *Take a heifer with thee*—That is, in order to conceal from the public the real nature of his mission. *Trembled at his coming*—He was known for a stern judge, and they feared he came for punishment of some sin. *He was ruddy*—Many think this refers to the colour of his hair, since red hair was regarded as a rare mark of beauty in the Orient.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *As Man Looketh.*
What was the effect of Saul's rejection on Samuel?
How was he roused from his sadness?
What characteristic human quality did Samuel display?
Can you recall a similar one from the life of Moses? See Exod. 3. 11, and 4. 10, 13.
Why should the elders have felt troubled at his coming?
What made Samuel desire to anoint Eliab?
What ancient idea is thereby exemplified?
What essential difference between man's way and God's way of judgment is here given?
What is meant by looking on the heart?
2. *As the Lord Looketh.*
How was David brought into the notice of the prophet?
Did Samuel anoint David because he was the only one left?
How public was the anointing?
Why was no precaution taken against the matter becoming known?
What was the effect of the anointing?
Did Samuel and David ever meet again? 1 Sam. 19. 18.
What effect did this act probably have on his after life?
What evidence does our lesson furnish that David's character was different from that of the brothers?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

See how God teaches the lesson of submission to his will. Ver. 1.
Here is the only cure for earth's sorrows: an ear open to God's commands; a heart that says, Obey.
A lesson in expediency: Avoid any act that seems hostile to constituted authority, but obey God.
What makes a Christian? Not a good face; not good dress; not stature; not Church membership; not anything external. A right heart makes a Christian.
The submissive spirit receives the divine outpouring. David anointed became David consecrated. So spiritual change often comes to souls to-day: submission to God's methods makes commission to God's work.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Trace the journey from Ramah to Bethlehem, by means of a good map. How long was Samuel's journey?
2. Trace the ancestry of David. What blood flowed in his veins?
3. Find two evidences of Samuel's wide acquaintance in the country.
4. Find such allusions as you can in the Scriptures to this call of God to David. Psa. 78. 70, 71; 2 Sam. 7. 8; Psa. 89. 20, etc.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How was Saul's place as king to be filled? By another chosen by God.
2. Who was made the messenger of this choice? Samuel, who had anointed Saul.
3. In what words did God announce to Samuel the man of his choice? "Arise, anoint him: for this is he."
4. What was the effect of this act upon David? The Spirit of the Lord came upon him.
5. What did God tell Samuel was his method of choice? "Man looketh on the outward," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Conversion.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

40. What is meant by saying that God is all-wise?
That God does everything in the best and most perfect way, for the accomplishment of his purpose.
With him is wisdom and strength, he hath counsel and understanding. Job 12. 13.

If all the children were converted, and continued to love and serve God, the time would come when there would be no saloons—for Christians do not support saloons; and there would be no criminals in our gaols and prisons, for Christians are not murderers or thieves; and there would be no tattlers, for Christians do not carry news; and no proud or envious people, for God saves his people from these things.

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