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HOME & SCHOOL.

VOL. II.] TORONTO, JUNE 21, 1884. [No. 13.

An Answered Prayer.

"O GIVE me a message of quiet!"
I asked in my morning prayer;
"For the turbulent trouble within me
Is more than my heart can bear.
Around there is strife and discord.
And the storms that do not cease,
And the whirl of the world is on me—
Thou only canst give me peace.'

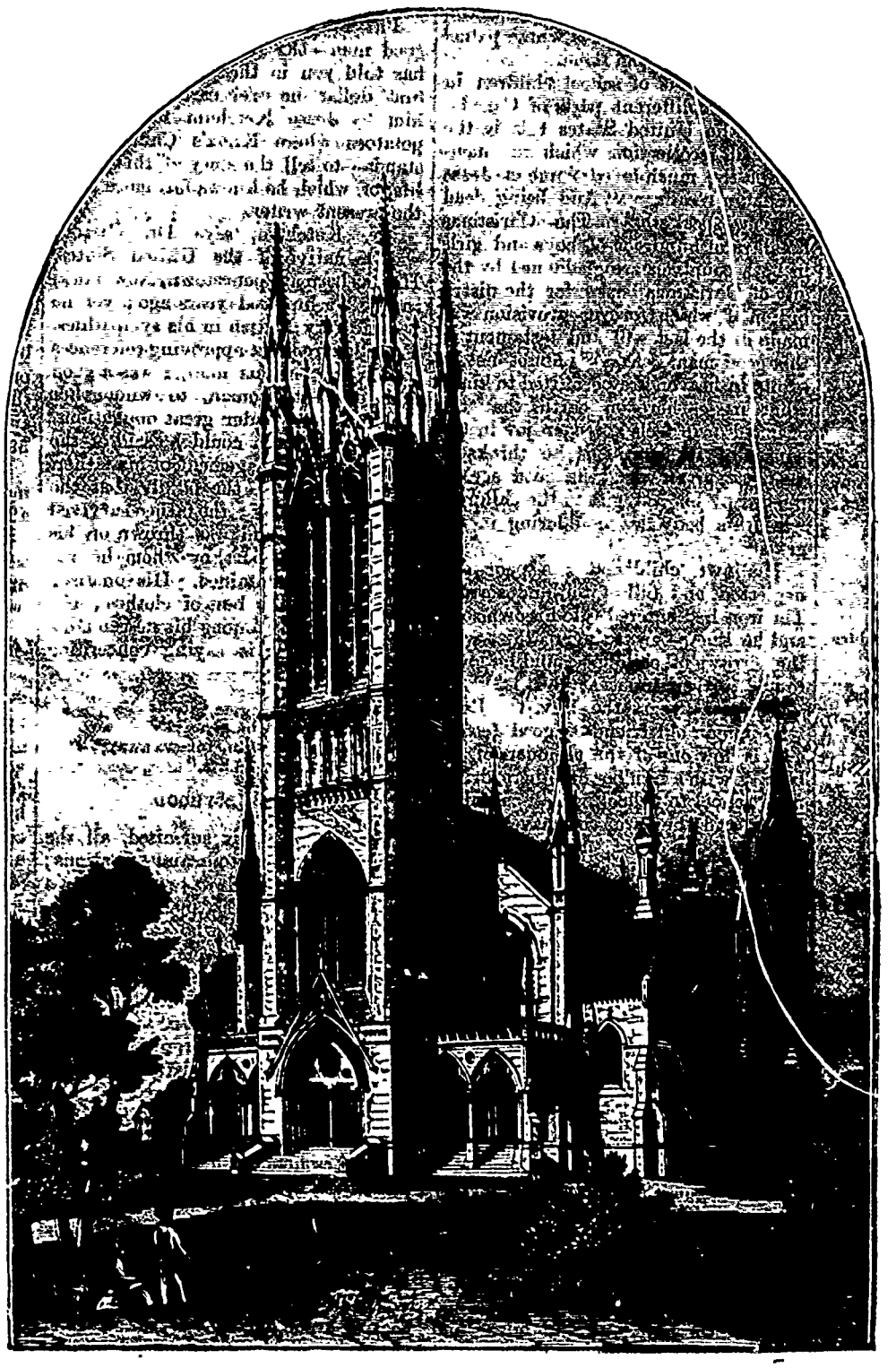
I opened the old, old Bible,
And looked at a page of psalms,
Till the wintry sea of my trouble
Was smoothed by its summer calms,
For the words that have helped so many,
And the ages have seemed more dear
Seemed now in their power to comfort
As they brought me my word of cheer.

Like music of solemn singing
These words came down to me—
"The Lord is slow to anger,
And of mercy great is He;
Each generation praiseth
His work of long renown,
The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
And raiseth the bowed down."

That gave me the strength I wanted
I knew that the Lord was nigh;
All that was making me sorry
Would be better by and by;
I had but to wait in patience,
And keep at my Father's side,
And nothing would really hurt me
Whatever might betide.

The Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto.

MOST of our young readers have heard of this famous church, and many of them have seen it. We have pleasure in giving, for the benefit of both classes, an engraving of it, and competent judges, who have travelled around the globe, say it is the handsomest Methodist church in the world. None of the great cathedrals or churches which we have seen abroad are so grandly situated as it is, in a noble square of two acres, in which it is the only building. Broad green swards, paths, &c., shrubbery, and flowers, present a scene of mingled beauty as we approach.



METROPOLITAN METHODIST CHURCH, TORONTO.

We think the church looks most beautiful of all on a bright moonlight Sunday night, when the light shines through the stained-glass windows, and the rolling of the organ and singing of the vast congregation are heard on the street, and the walls and towers seem in the bright moonlight transfigured to marble or alabaster.

This beautiful church may be considered to a great extent a monument to the energy and zeal and good taste of the late Rev. Dr. Punshon. It was he, we believe, who suggested its erection, and actively promoted its progress, and gave his counsel as to its design. One of its windows is a memorial to his beloved wife, who died in Canada, and another is to be made a memorial of himself. It is a wonderful sight to see it crowded full of people, as it often is; and when they rise to sing some of our grand old hymns, the effect is sublime.

It is a favourite place of meeting for the Bible and Tract Societies, and the like; and many famous preachers—Bishop Peck, Dr. Peck, Dr. Vincent, Dr. Punshon, Dr. Douglas, Dr. Nelles, Rev. J. H. Robinson, and others, have preached within its walls. The Rev. George Cochran, Dr. Potts, Rev. Wm. Briggs, and the Rev. Hugh Johnston, have been its pastors. But its most solemn associations are those of the memorial services held here on the death of Dr. Green, Dr. Punshon, Dr. Taylor, Dr. Ryerson, and others who have passed away. Here the first General Conference was held, and here the Anniversary and Breakfast Meeting of the Missionary Society took place.

It will hold, when crowded, nearly 3,000 persons. The one hundred and fifty lights or more can all be lit in a moment, by a spark of electricity. It cost, with the ground, about $150,000; yet the gospel, in its simplicity and purity, is preached here as plainly as in the humblest country schoolhouse.

In the rear of the church is a beautiful school-room, and here is a very successful Sabbath-school, under the superintendency of J. B. Boustead, Esq., one of the most energetic of Sunday-school workers.

The porches shown at the corners were part of the architect's original design, but they have been omitted in the construction.

ON the day after election, a liquor-dealer asked a baker who had voted NAY to license, "Why did you vote against my business? Did I not always pay you for the bread I got?" "Yes!" replied the baker, but some of the men who drink your whiskey have not!"

Semi-Centennial Songs.

FOLLOWING are the songs selected by the gentlemen entrusted with the arrangements for teaching the children to sing in readiness for the Semi-Centennial Celebration.

Let other tongues in older lands
Loud vaunt their claims to glory,
And point in triumph to the past,
Content to live in story;
But we without baronial halls
Or castellated towers,
Can dearly love our native land,
This Canada of ours.

CHORUS.

Can dearly love our native land,
Fair Canada, dear Canada, this Canada of ours.

We boast instead our forests free,
And fields of golden grain;
Our mighty floods, our noble hills,
And many a fertile plain;
For Nature with no sparing hand
Her richest bounty showers
Thro' all this broad Dominion;
This Canada of ours.

We love those far-off ocean isles,
Where England's monarch reigns;
We'll ne'er forget 'tis British blood
That courses through our veins.
The glories of our free-born sires,
The race that never cowers,
Extend prophetic lustre o'er
This Canada of ours.

May our Dominion flourish, then,
A goodly land and free.
From deep Atlantic foamy wave
To Superior's limpid sea.
Strong arms shall guard our happy home,
When danger darkly lowers,
And with our hearts' blood we'll defend
The Canada of ours.

THE MAPLE LEAF.

In days of yore, from Britain's shore,
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain!
There may it wave, our boast and pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose, entwine
The Maple Leaf for ever.

CHORUS.

The Maple Leaf our emblem dear,
The Maple Leaf for ever;
God save our Queen, and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever.

At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died.
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never!
Our watchword evermore shall be—
The Maple Leaf for ever!

Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound,
May peace for ever be our lot,
And plenteous store abound.
And may those ties of love be ones
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green our freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf for ever.

On Merry England's far-famed land,
May kind Heaven sweetly smile,
God bless Old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's Emerald Isle.
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver—
God save the Queen and Heaven bless
The Maple Leaf for ever.

IT is said that a certain party recently stepped into a saloon and called for a glass of beer. A lady followed the would-be imbiber and, as he was about to take the glass, tapped him gently on the shoulder and requested him to go with her. He complied, and as the two marched toward the door the saloon keeper recovered sufficiently from his amazement to ejaculate: "That beats the devil!" The lady turned and put the clincher on by reporting: "Yes, sir, it was my intention to 'beat the devil!'"

Jesse Ketchum, the Children's Friend.

AN OLD TORONTO CITIZEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

ONE of the writer's early recollections is that of a silvery-haired old gentleman —"a good grey head that all men knew"—who used to visit often the Sunday-schools of Toronto. We all knew what to expect when he appeared. In the first place, we received some kind and fatherly words of counsel and encouragement, the burden of which was—"Be good, be true, be honest, be brave," confirmed by his own experience. "I have been young and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Then from the capacious pockets of his overcoat he would produce a number of instructive and interesting little books, which he loved to distribute with his own hands to the eager-eyed boys and girls whose palms were itching to clasp them.

To thousands of school children in Toronto, in different parts of Canada, and in the United States this is the principal recollection which the mention of the much-loved name of Jesse Ketchum recalls. "And being dead he yet speaketh." The Christmas holidays of hundreds of boys and girls in both countries are gladdened by the gift of Christmas books, for the distribution of which forever provision was made in the last will and testament of this good man. And we doubt not, if saints in heaven are permitted to know what passes here on earth, that the dear old man feels a deeper joy in the pauses of its songs, as he thinks of gladness given and the good accomplished by his last gift to the children, while his body lies mouldering in the grave.

His own childhood was poor and neglected, and full of toil and sorrow. The iron had entered into his own soul, and he knew how to sympathize with the sorrows of childhood, and he loved to add to their innocent joys.

For many years the Rev. Dr. Rose, who was an old friend of good Jesse's, and is now one of the almoners of his bounty with a number of others, drives from school to school with a cabful of books, and they are, you may be sure, that day the most popular men in Toronto. There is also distributed a large amount, sometimes a thousand dollars, in reward books among the Sunday school scholars of this city, the result of Jesse Ketchum's bounty.

TORONTO OF OLD.

As the boys and girls of Toronto pass up and down that great thoroughfare Yonge street, with its bustling crowds of people and lofty houses on either side, it is hard to conceive of it as it once was—a narrow road running through a pine clearing, in which stood the blackened stumps; while further back moaned and murmured the voice of the forest primeval. Yet this was its aspect when, in 1799, Jesse Ketchum —a poor, homeless boy—landed from a little schooner on the pebbly beach, and trudged through mud and mire—and LITTLE YORK was dreadfully muddy—out Yonge street to seek a home on the farm of his elder brother who had come to Canada before him.

A few years later and the pine stumps gave place to cultivated fields and gardens and blooming orchards, with here and there a house; and in course of time the homeless boy became the owner of the whole block bounded by Adelaide, Yonge, Queen, and Bay streets. At the south-east corner of this block stood his house—a large square, wooden building—a very grand one in its day, I remember it well. In the rear was the old rambling tannery, with its rows of deep tan-vats, filled with a dark-brown liquor looking like tremendously strong tea—and its mounds of red-brown leather-tan bark, which was such capital stuff for the boys to jump and play upon—and the stacks of hemlock bark, and the quaint mill where the patient old mill-horse went round and round the live long day grinding the bark; and the not very savoury piles of hides and rows of currier's blocks—I think I can see them yet. That whole block is now covered with buildings, among them are no less than six churches and a Temperance Hall, to *all* of which Jesse Ketchum gave largely in land and money.

But I leave to an old friend of the good man—the Rev. Dr. Carroll, who has told you in these pages how the first dollar he ever earned was paid him by Jesse Ketchum for planting potatoes where Knox's Church now stands—to tell the story of this useful life, of which he knows far more than the present writer.

Mr. Ketchum, says Dr. Carroll, was a native of the United States. He was born at Spencetown, New York, in 1782, a hundred years ago; yet he became very British in his sympathies. From his frequent approving references to her, it seems his mother was a good and discreet woman, to whom her children were under great obligations. Scarcely as much could be said of the conduct and management of his father. It was a loss to the family that the mother died early; the father survived to a great age, and was thrown on his children for support, by whom he was comfortably maintained. His son Jesse kept him in the best of clothes; and he went around among his descendants at his will. His saying concerning Jesse was—

"The more he gets,
The more he gives;
And the more he throws away,
The more he has."

JESSE'S BOYHOOD.

For a time, it is surmised, all the children had their toils and privations; but Jesse's boyhood was a particularly hard one. He was put out to live with a couple from whom he suffered much, at least, from the capricious temper of his mistress, who had a woman's wiles for influencing her husband. Mr. K. was heard to say that, boylike, he had once forgotten his new coat in the field; his mistress found it, tore it all to shreds and threw it on a bush. Afterward she picked it up and showed it to him, alleging that through his carelessness the hogs had torn it to pieces. The last straw which broke the enduring camel's back and determined him to leave, was indeed something about as heavy, namely, a *feather*. He was trying to learn to write, but no other quills were allowed him excepting green ones out of the wings of the geese. Once she detected him in this procedure, and treated him with such disproportionate severity that he, being now about sixteen years of age, resolved to bear it no longer. His eldest brother, Seneca, was already in Canada, and Jesse arose and went to his brother—he came away in a state of complete destitution, and must have suffered much before he reached his journey's end—seven miles from the town of York, on Yonge street, or a little this side of Hogg's Hollow.

He was always industrious, strictly temperate (being resolutely opposed to the drinking customs of the day, years and years before there was a temperance organization of any kind), and he had naturally a shrewd capacity for business. At first his education for business was defective, but he did all he could for his own improvement; and long after he was the father of a family, he gave the schoolmaster free quarters, that he might teach him arithmetic, grammar, and an improved handwriting.

At first, Jesse was employed to take charge of his brother's business (a farm and small tannery), while he was suffering under mental aberration. At the early age of eighteen he married a worthy woman who made him a noble wife. Their common early hardships gave her and Jesse sympathy for each other, which ended in love and marriage.

IN BUSINESS.

At length he and his judicious wife thought it was time to set up for themselves. A very fortunate opening occurred, and he embraced it. An American citizen (a Mr. Van Zant), who had been in York some years, had commenced a tannery on the corner of what we now know as Yonge and Adelaide (then Newgate) streets, and became alarmed and dissatisfied by the prospect of the war of 1812-15, between the United States and Great Britain, and sold his property at a sacrifice. Mr. Jesse Ketchum bought the tannery.

He did not, however, "withhold more than is meet," but was proverbially generous and charitable.

He was in the habit of employing scores of men and boys—a great many of the latter—for no other reason than because they could get no other work.

RELIGIOUS LIFE.

Mr. Ketchum was always a church-going man, and had always family-prayer in his house twice a day, each one in his household being furnished with a copy of the Holy Bible, and they all read a verse in turn. At first, his family held a pew in the English church, and when the Methodists opened a meeting-house in 1818, the itinerant ministers were frequent guests of Mr. Ketchum, and he was generally a hearer. But Mrs. Ketchum had received a Presbyterian education, and he came to have proclivities that way himself. The Rev. Thadeus Osgoode, a missionary from the United States, always made Mr. Ketchum's house his home. When, in 1820 or '21 a young Presbyterian preacher from the north of Ireland, the late Rev. James Harris, came seeking a settlement, Jesse gave him free quarters for many years, till Mr. Harris married his second daughter, when Mr. Ketchum bestowed on him a house as well as housekeeper, besides ultimately a great deal more.

The ground on which the first Presbyterian church in Toronto was erected (the site of the present Knox's Church) was given by Mr. Ketchum, and the church built almost, if not entirely at his expense, the grounds being planted and beautified by his own hands, as the writer very well knows, having often assisted under his direction. He and his family were strict Sabbath observers from the first; and he often exerted himself to check Sabbath desecration at

a time when few took an interest in the matter, going down and taking the names of the skaters on the ice, etc.

When the first Sunday-school was organized by the Rev. Mr. Osgoode, November, 1818, in the newly-built Methodist chapel, Mr. Ketchum was one of the teachers, along with Messrs. Patrick, Morrison, and Carfra, and he was its most liberal patron. He provided books and went in search of scholars. The first Bible the writer ever owned was inscribed with his name along with the other teachers'. The first examination that we prepared for, we went to Mr. Ketchum's large kitchen for rehearsal, and at the close, the ladies of the house furnished us with a tea, the first Sunday-school treat ever given, I ween, in this good town.

OLD AGE.

What he did in Sunday-school work when over sixty years of age. In 1845, having amassed an ample fortune, he returned to the city of Buffalo where he had a branch business establishment, and spent the rest of his life in works of active beneficence, as he had spent the earlier part in Canada. He used frequently to visit his old home and distribute with his own hands the children's reward books.

I often met him (continues Dr. Carroll) at Sunday-school anniversaries through the country, to which he made large donations as well as eloquent speeches.

He was identified with the first and every organization that promised to aid in arresting the desolating tide of intemperance. After he removed to Buffalo, N.Y., he gave a lot of land worth $20,000 as a site for a normal school, and secured forever an annual donation of $300 worth of books to the children of the city. He died on Sept. 7th, 1867, in the 85th year of his age, and was followed to the grave by multitudes who deplored his loss, but of them all the children missed him most.

The Bible in China.

THE Bible began to flash its light upon the minds and to touch the hearts of the Chinese even when in the process of translation and printing. Dr. Morrison tells that his first convert, while "employed in superintending the printing of the New Testament, began to see that the merits of Jesus were sufficient for the salvation of all mankind, and hence believed in Him;" and then—taking the conduct of Philip for his guide—at a spring of water issuing from the foot of a lofty hill by the seaside, away from human observation, he was baptized in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, Trae-A-Ko, the first Protestant Christian in China. One of the first American missionaries, Bishop Booth, gave a similar account of the conversion of his Chinese teacher, who assisted him in translating the Scriptures. One day, much to the missionary's surprise, he came hastily into the room, with an open Testament in his hand, and exclaimed, "Whoever made that book made me: it knows all that is in my heart. It tells me what no one else but God can know about me. Whoever made me wrote that book." The result was his conversion to Christ.

The book, by its blessed truths, attracted and transformed some of the Chinese minds that came in contact with it; their souls, dead in trespasses and sins, no sooner touched it than, like the dead man upon the prophet's bones, they were quickened into life. These are specimens of the transformations it has been working ever since. Literary men and labourers, tradesmen and mechanics, have alike acknowledged its influence and embraced it.

John Jones and I.

WE had a tiff: "John Jones said I,
"You should not leave your cow at large!"
"You mend your fence" was his reply;
And so ran charge and counter-charge.

A trifling thing: The cow had dropped
Some blades of grass, some heads of grain;
And yet for this a friend I dropped,
And wrought for both a lasting pain.

I knew that I had played the fool;
Yet thrust my better thought aside;
And, when my blood had time to cool,
Became a greater fool through pride.

Upon two homes a shadow sate;
Two cordial wives grew shy and cool,
Two broods of children learned to hate;
Two parties grew in church and school.

John Jones' pew was next to mine;
What pleasant greetings passed between;
As sacred as the bread and wine
Had our communing friendship been.

Oft had our voices swelled the song;
Oft had we bowed in common prayer,
And shared the worship of the throng
Who sat in heavenly places there.

But how shall souls in exile sing
The Lord's sweet song? The holy notes
Of fellowship, and joy, and peace,
And pardon, stuck in both our throats.

Some lessened relish for all good
Made life for both to deaden down;
So nature darkened to our mood,
And answered back our settled frown.

One summer eve I sat and mused;
Good Dr. Dean came riding by;
He said, in somewhat confused,
"John Jones is hurt, and like to die!"

A sudden fire shot through my brain
And burned, like tow, the sophist lies;
And on my heart a sudden pain
Fell, like a bolt from hidden skies.

I stumbled o'er the threshhold where
My shadow had not passed for years;
I felt a shudder in the hand
A woman gave me through her tears.

When he no more the pulse could feel,
I saw the doctor turn away;
Some mighty impulse made me kneel
Beside the bed as if to pray.

Yet not the Maker's name I called;
As one who plunges 'neath the wave—
A swimmer strong and unappalled—
Intent a sinking life to save.

So all my soul's up-gathered powers,
In anguish of desire intense,
Sent their departing one a cry
That leaped the abyss of broken sense.

To the dim eye came back a ray;
O'er the white face a dim light shone;
I felt, as 'twere a spirit's touch,
The stiffened fingers press my own.

O, resurrection power of God
That wrought that miracle of pain!
From buried hearts tore off the shroud
And made dead friendship live again!

Beside one grave two households stood,
And weeping heard the pastor say,
"That out of death He bringeth life,
And out of darkness cometh day."

Was I chief mourner in the train?
Ah, who could guess, of all the throng,
The strange, sweet comfort in the pain
Of one who mourns forgiven wrong!

—*Charles G. Ames.*

THE Bible and a good atlas is all the personal luggage carried by General Gordon when he travels.

Nurseries of Crime.

IN an address by the Hon. Geo. C. Christian, of Chicago, at Lake Bluff, Ill., August 20th, 1883, the saloon is thus painted:

A murder is committed in our midst. Where do the police and detective officers go to find the murderer? Do they go to the church, or the prayer-meeting, or to the Sunday-school, or to the day-school, or to the store or shop or offices of business? These places are never once thought of. It is to the saloon, or to some of its ramifications, they turn their attention, and it is in these they sooner or later get on track of their man. It is the gang to be found there who can furnish the desired information.

A robbery or burglary is committed. Some neighbouring saloon is at once placed under the sleepless eye of the law officer. The same is true of almost every crime in the entire catalogue.

Did you ever ask yourselves why this is so? The answer is founded in the truest philosophy. The great bulk of crime is committed under the influence and inspiration that grow out of this accursed business, and almost the entire class come from that order of society. THERE they are created, and THERE they grow and THERE they thrive. It is there that their friends and associates are to be found. It is, therefore, perfectly natural that the officers should seek them there. This is not an idle statement; but it is a fact, borne out by the experience of the police and detective forces of all the cities. It is a circumstance mighty in its power to convince men that the saloon is the home and nursery of crime. It speaks louder than mere statistics. It gives you the common, every-day experience and verdict of the very men who are set apart by our municipal and state governments for the detection of crime and the arrest of criminals. It tells you that the shrewdest men in the community go right to the saloon to find the criminal. The common mind of the community also assents to this proposition.—*Western Wave.*

Saving Drunkards.

I SAT in a prayer-meeting, a few evenings since, beside an earnest, hard-working Christian, who had once been an inebriate. He had reeled through the open streets—an object of pity to his friends, and of burning shame to his heart-broken wife. After years of drunkenness he reformed—but he did it "by the grace of God." At the time of his happy recovery he distinctly said, "I have tried and tried to overcome this awful appetite by my own resolution, and I failed every time; now I am going to take hold on God." He did so, and triumphed.

The "evil spirit" which had so long tormented him was cast out by that same mighty power which of old drove out the demons from human forms. Yet this man had not been so long time a tippler that his will had rotted away. His body was not hopelessly and utterly diseased with the drink mania. He adopted a careful diet—used valerian and other medicinal tonics—and so weathered through. While he used spiritual means, he did not forget physical appliances for a physical malady. Drunkenness is both a sin and a disease. Both moral and physical remedies must therefore be applied. After many years of study of this whole subject, I have reached the following conclusions:—

1. Large numbers of men—and some women too—become inebriates from the unwise use of alcoholic medicines. Too often they are their own doctors, and prescribe for themselves large doses of port wine and Bourbon whiskey. Some physicians have unwittingly made drunkards by prescribing alcoholic stimulants to people of dangerous temperaments. Two hundred and fifty leading British physicians have lately issued a protest against the free and frequent use of alcoholic medicines.

2. Thousands become hard drinkers from misery—bodily, mental, or domestic. Misery fills the dram-shops. To relieve a man from his trouble in time may be his salvation.

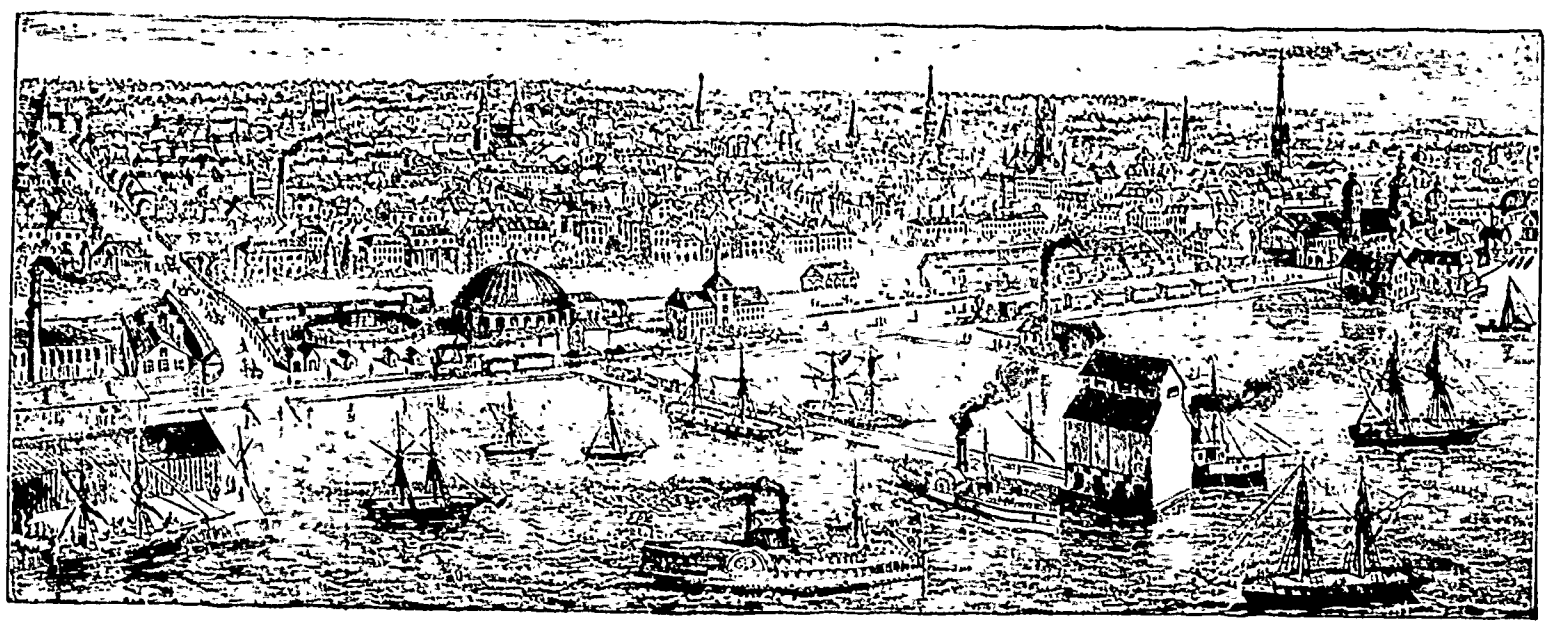
3. When a man attempts reform he needs and should have personal sympathy.

4. Christian churches should be, in the best sense, "Inebriate asylums."

A Very Large House.

IT is very doubtful whether in any other capital of Europe there is a house which can at all compare in size with the so-called "Freihaus," free house, in the Wieden suburb of Vienna. If you have to look for a friend, when you wish to visit there, you will wander about in it just as if you were in a town. A visitor relates that he was once two hours searching for a man whom he knew lived there. This large house has thirteen courtyards—five open ones and eight covered in—and a large garden within walls. Some of the open courtyards are as large as the market-places of moderate-sized towns. The house itself, which covers an immense area, contains three hundred and thirty-five dwellings, of which many contain five, six, seven, and more rooms. Scarcely a trade, handiwork, or profession can be named which has not its representative in this enormous house. Gold and silver workers, makers of fancy articles, lodging-house keepers, bookbinders, painters, agents, turners, hatters, officers, locksmiths, joiners, tutors, scientific men, government clerks, three bakers, eighteen tailors, and twenty-nine shoemakers, all live in it. The house has thirty-one staircases, and on these alone are two hundred and thirty-five separate dwellings. It has a frontage on three streets and a square. A letter can only reach its right address in this house when surname, Christian name, the number of the court, the number of the staircase, and the number of the apartment, is written upon it. The postman has often delivered from two hundred to three hundred letters in this house. At the present time sixteen hundred persons live in this immense building, and these pay annually 82,000 florins in rent. The "Freihaus" is not only remarkable for its size, but for several other interesting circumstances connected with it. In the middle of its garden stands the "Mozart Hutte," the cottage in which Mozart composed his "Zauberflote." In the old, now no longer used, theatre of the Freihaus the same opera was performed for the first time. This theatre was situated in the centre of the great court No. 6, opposite the church—the house still possesses its own church—and was opened the 7th of October, 1786.

The owner of this wonderful house is Prince Staremberg.



Bird's-Eye View of City of Toronto from the Bay.

Home & School:

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

TORONTO, JUNE 21, 1884.

Toronto Semi-Centennial.

The city of Toronto is about to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its incorporation as a city. We therefore devote this number of Home and School specially to taking part in that celebration. We have asked our dear old friend, the Rev. Dr. Carroll, an "Old Toronto Boy," who, despite his seventy years and more, still keeps the boy's heart and the boy's sympathy with boys fresh within him, to recount some of his early experiences, associated with the history of our city, when known as "Muddy York." We wish all boys could read his "Story of My Boy Life." It gives a word picture of the hardships and struggles of boys in Canada over half a century ago. It should be in all our Sunday-school libraries. We give with this number pictures of Toronto as it is, showing the busy scene along the water front; the elevators, wharves, shipping. The good city stretches away two miles from the water and about four or five miles from east to west. It has now over 100,000 inhabitants, including the suburbs recently annexed.

We give also a picture of the old Adelaide street church, dear to the hearts of thousands. Here the Editor of this paper attended Sunday-school in his childhood and made his first public appearance on a Sunday-school festival platform in his sixth year; we remember it as if it were yesterday. We give also a picture of the church, which may be said to be the offspring of "old Adelaide street," the beautiful Metropolitan church.

Consummation of Methodist Union.

Our able *confrere*, the Halifax *Wesleyan*, writes thus of Methodist Union.

"That no such wonderful ecclesiastical movement has ever taken place in Canada is admitted by men of all classes. From all disinterested quarters have come expressions of satisfaction that a reconciliation of so many past differences and jarring interests should have been so speedily effected. The movement has produced an impression throughout the Dominion, and far beyond it, most favourable to Christianity. Romanism and infidelity have been robbed of one long-used fling at the Gospel and Protestantism. The lesson of Christian unselfishness has been the more valuable, because even the members of the minority which at first opposed the movement have, with few, if any exceptions, thrown themselves heartily into line with its promoters to make the union one in spirit as well as in name. 'It was a great triumph of Christian principle,' says a leading secular paper, 'that men who cherished strong personal sympathies, and preferences, and prejudices, should overcome them all for the greater common good.' Only men ready to lay all personal prejudices and preferences at the Master's feet could so have acted. The prayer and the example of the Rev. John A. Williams, D.D., on the morning of the meeting of the United General Conference at Belleville, will ever be remembered by all present with a thrill of holy emotion; and the scene at the close of the Conference will always be regarded as a foretaste of the results to follow. United thanksgiving services and combined efforts to save men have already harmonized many local churches whose conduct some months ago seemed a clever imitation of that of the Jews and the Samaritans. 'The union spirit,' says our Canadian Methodist Episcopal contemporary, 'has already revived old-fashioned Methodist usages with a power and success truly wonderful.' 'It is wonderful,' says the same paper, 'how readily men can adapt themselves to their surroundings. Union is now an accomplished fact, and everything seems to be adjusting itself with perfect unanimity to the situation.'

"There will, no doubt, be some friction in the adjustment of positions and the development of plans, and we must take care as we leap to the crest of the hill that no self-sufficiency shall mark a movement in the earlier stages of which we have said and sung, 'The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.' But Israel's most triumphant strains, her songs of holy confidence, should be the order of the day. Will not some of those who have desired to see it in the flesh, but who died without the sight, visit our churches? Will not the ministering hosts of the upper sanctuary raise a higher note in honour of their King? Shall not the Redeemer see in part the answer of His prayer, 'that they all may be one,' and be satisfied? As a section of the sacramental host let us go forth with the shout:

"'Like a mighty army moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading where the saints have trod;
We are not divided, all one body we,
One in hope and doctrine, one in charity.'"

In view of the retirement of the Rev. Dr. Jeffers from the active work, the members of the Holloway Street Church, Belleville, of which he has been pastor during the past year, passed a very kind and appreciative resolution at their last meeting. The resolution expressed deep regret that, owing to his retirement, the Church would be deprived of listening to the Doctor's instructive and powerful sermons; high appreciation of his very instructive and successful labours—labours accompanied by the energy of the Holy Spirit in quickening believers and converting souls; and earnest prayers that "his life, which for nearly half a century has been such an invaluable blessing to the Church of his choice, as one of its ablest defenders of gospel truth, and most powerful pulpit exponents, may long be spared, that the richest benedictions of God's grace may rest upon him in his declining years,' and that the closing of his earthly work may be to him but the beginning of Heaven's unclouded noon."—*Guardian.*

Book Notices.

Tip Lewis and his Lamp. By Pansy. Price 25 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. This story was one of the first from Pansy's prolific pen, and so bright was it, so pure, and so healthy in tone, that it sprang at once into popularity, and since that time it has been in steady demand. It was an excellent idea on the part of the publishers to begin their new series of cheap editions of good books with one which is already so widely and favourably known. By this reduction in the price it will find a multitude of new readers, and particularly among those who need its teachings most.

An Hour with Miss Streator. By Pansy. Price, post paid, 6 cents. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. With a beautiful emblematic frontispiece. Few books embody in equal space so many useful lessons, so wisely and entertainingly presented, as "An Hour with Miss Streator." Every primary class teacher will find this last book of Pansy's full of hints and helps for faithful workers.

"Our Own Church Series." Nine Tracts. By J. H. Vincent, D.D. Bound in neat, heavy paper cover, two colours. 16mo. Each 5 cents. Toronto: William Briggs. Subjects: 1. The Holy Catholic Church; 2. The Antiquity of Methodism; 3. That "Episcopal" Church; 4. The Church and the World; 5. Broad and Narrow; 6. The Classmates' Meeting; 7. Our Settled Itinerancy; 8. Earnest Christians; 9. True Church Loyalty. We heartily endorse the following opinion of these tracts given by the New York *Christian Advocate*:—We are more than pleased with the charming tracts on "Our Own Church," by Dr. John H. Vincent. Nine in number, they cover the spirit, the polity, the needs, of our Church life in a masterly way. They are beautiful as little books, and are admirably fitted to put into the hands of probationers, or those who may wish to know why we are what we are. We have long known that our doctrines and discipline command respect wherever they are intelligently and candidly studied. Prejudice survives, even where our place and influence are secure. Dr. Vincent has done the Church good service in this his latest work, as he has in many other fields of usefulness.

CHIEF JOSEPH BRANT.

Beyond.

UNDER the grand, green palms of heaven
I yet shall walk,
With the good and the wise of the ages past,
Shall some day talk.
I shall lay my cross at the gate of pearl,
And take my crown,
And then at the shining feet of my Lord
Shall cast it down.
If He smile upon me, my soul may faint
With excess of bliss,
For the glorious King of that happy world
Is the Christ of this;
The very Master, whose patient feet
Walked in Galilee,
Over the burning wastes of sand,
And midnight sea.
The tender Shepherd who far and late,
Sought wandering sheep,
And led the way to His heavenly fold
Through death's chill sleep;
I have followed His steps so far, so faint,
I fain would fear
Lest I never might kneel at his shining throne,
But that even here
I have His promise, steadfast and sure—
The humblest one
Who trusts in the Saviour's dying love,
To him shall come.
So I know, sometime, I shall leave my toil,
And enter rest;
I know not when—I know not how—
'Twill be His best;
So I cheer my heart through the weary days,
With the coming bliss,
That all shall compensate in the future world,
For the pains of this.
Instead of Marah, my lips shall drink
Of the stream of life;
And infinite peace from my soul erase
All scars of strife.

Jack's Occupation.

"JACK ought to go into business, he is old enough to earn his own living," said Jack's friends, and so a family conclave was held, and Jack's talents, capabilities and possibilities were canvassed and thoroughly discussed.

"If his father were living, he would know exactly what to put him to doing," sighed Mrs. Brown. "He never has been fond of his books, and he hates to hurt even a fly; and then, too, he hasn't the nerve to be a doctor or a surgeon, and he don't take to religion like some boys, so I suppose he won't make a preacher."

"I would take him with me," said his Uncle Frank, "but you know, Sarah, there is no money in the grocery business any more, our profits are cut down so much."

"Tobacconist! No, don't think of that; duties on both imported and home manufactured articles in our business, have ruined us. Men did, at one time, make fortunes in cigar-making, but that day is past," said handsome cousin Steve, who deals in the weed, and to judge by his style of dress certainly makes money somehow.

"Take my advice and keep him out of the retail drug store," said another uncle; "it is all work and small profit now-a-days. So much competition, prices cut down, no chance for a man to make more than a bare living."

"Dry-goods clerk! Why a boy of his age only gets about $2 a week for a year or more, and then, perhaps, never gets to be higher than a clerk with a very small salary," chimed in a representative of a dry-goods and notion house.

"How about a trade?" asked Mr. Baker, an old, esteemed friend, who had been asked to give his opinion as to Jack's future occupation. "It is true," he continued, "he gets nothing at first, but after awhile it may pay him better than a profession. Good mechanics are generally in demand."

"Never had a mechanic in our family," said Jack's sister, an airish young lady, whose gallant was a young lawyer with a conspicuous sign over his office door, which had not, so far, answered the desired purpose—that of drawing clients.

"Well," replied Mr. Baker, "perhaps it would be well to make Jack the first example in your family, Miss Emily. I notice he is very handy with tools; that bird-house is a neat job for a young lad, and the cottage for the garden around the Christmas tree would have done credit to any one."

"And I made my own sled, and one for your Bob, too," said Jack; "and I would like to be a carpenter," exclaimed the boy with his face flushed and eyes flashing.

"So much more genteel to be a merchant or a professional man," said proud Aunt Jane, whose husband had made a comfortable living by something laid by each year as a machinist, but Aunt Jane coaxed him to give up his trade, it was so common, and go into the commission business, and Mr. Miller had had a struggle ever since to meet the demands made upon him to keep up the style befitting a merchant.

"Better put him at what will call out his talents," was the answer to this statement. "As for my part I cannot see why a carpenter isn't as genteel as anybody else, if he conducts himself properly. In selecting occupations for boys," he went on to say, "sometimes there are decided talents shown even in the very early boyhood, which should be noticed by parents, and, if possible, cultivated and considered when the time comes for making choice of an occupation for the boy; but the average boy is like a sealed package, and time and opportunities alone disclose the possibilities contained therein. In such cases, the decision of choosing a business should be left to the wisdom of the parents, or even circumstances often shape the right course to pursue."

"Nonsense," said another high-toned aunt; "those are such old-fashioned notions. Sarah, make him a merchant or send him to college, and fit him for a preacher. Wouldn't you like to be a minister, Jack? Much easier work than driving nails all day."

"Better be a good mechanic than a poor, fourth-rate preacher," answered Mr. Baker. "But if Jack feels the Spirit moving him to become a winner of souls, I will give him my blessing and prayers, and more than that see him through college; but Jack, my boy," and tears stood in the old man's eyes, "do not be persuaded to become a minister because it is an easy way to make a living."

And so the talk went on, and no conclusion was arrived at. Mrs. Brown was bewildered; the conflicting opinion's of those supposed to have her son's interest at heart made her more undecided than ever. So Mr. Baker proposed she and Jack should both pray for wisdom from above, and be guided by that. Boys, this is a true story. If any of you are in the same perplexing difficulty, go and do likewise. Use your own judgment, and, above all, ask help from on high, and you will receive it. Jack is a real living boy, he is learning a trade now, and hopes sometime to build himself a house, and he is such a nice gentlemanly young carpenter that everyone respects him. Even his haughty Aunt Jane feels proud of him, and thinks no company given by her complete unless Jack is one of the number.—*The Christian at Work.*

The First Methodist Chapel in Toronto.

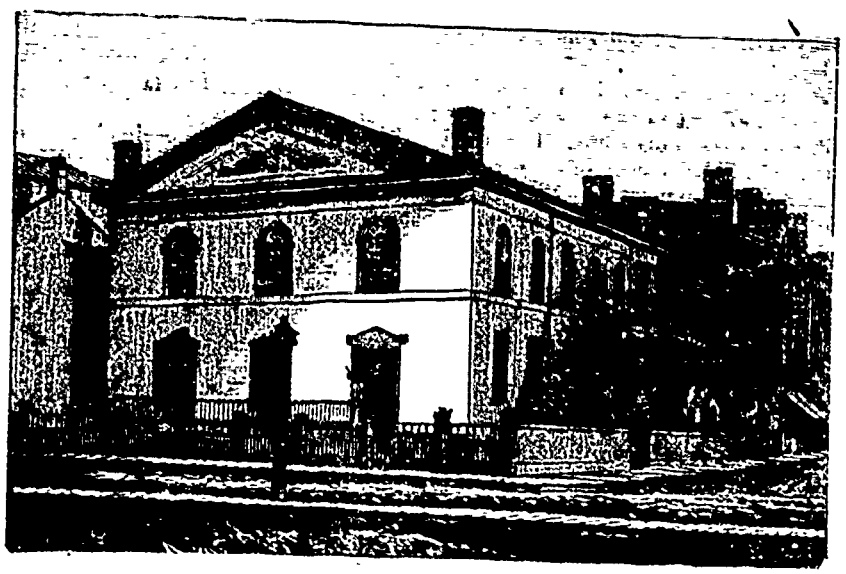
FOR a nominal consideration Jordan Post granted a site for a Methodist chapel on the south side of King street, between Yonge and Bay streets, at a time when that body could not get a site elsewhere, as dissenters had a struggle for existence against the Established Church. An Elder Ryan, from the States, sold his horse and saddle to assist in the purchase of lumber to build the chapel. But the Methodists flourished in spite of the Establishment, and ere long had to build an addition to their chapel. But dissensions arose among these people and the place was sold, the building being afterwards used as a theatre. The proceeds were turned over to assist in buying the property on Adelaide street, where the congregation worshipped before they removed to the present magnificent and costly edifice, known as the Metropolitan Methodist Church, on Queen street.

Early Days in Upper Canada.

IN the early days of what is now the noble Province of Ontario, the condition of things was very different from what it is now. The people lived in rude abundance, the virgin soil brought forth plentifully, deer roamed in the forest, wild-fowl swarmed in marsh and mere, and the lakes and rivers teemed with the finest fish. Homespun, and often home-woven, frieze or flannel furnished warm and serviceable clothing.

The houses—chiefly of logs, rough or squared with the axe—though rude, were not devoid of homely comfort. The furniture, except in towns and villages, was mostly home-made. Open fireplaces and out-of-door ovens were the popular substitutes for stoves.

Oxen were largely employed in tilling the soil, and dragging the rude waggons over the rough roads. The fields were studded with blackened stumps, and the girdling forest ever bounded the horizon or swept around the scanty clearing. The grain was reaped with the sickle or scythe, threshed with the flail, and winnowed



OLD ADELAIDE STREET METHODIST CHURCH.

with the wind. Grist-mills being almost unknown,* grain was generally ground in the steel hand-mills furnished by the Government, or pounded in a large mortar, hollowed out of a hard wood stump, by means of a wooden pestle attached to a spring beam.

The roads were often only blazed paths through the forest, supported on transverse corduroy-logs where they passed through a swamp or marsh. The "Governor's Road," as it was called, traversed the length of the province, along the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, and westward to Amherstburg. Yonge Street extended from York to the Holland River.

Much of the early legislation had reference to the construction of roads and bridges, chiefly by statute labour. By the liberal and paternal policy of the Government toward the Indian tribes, the colonists, unlike the early French and American settlers, were relieved of all apprehensions of danger from the red man. The judges and crown lawyers made their circuits, when possible, in Government schooners;* and the assize furnished an opportunity of reviving for a time in the county towns the half-forgotten gaieties of fashionable society. In the aristocratic circles of York, a mimic representation of Old World court-life was observed, with only partial success.

Before the war of 1812, there were only four clergymen of the Church of England in Upper Canada. The oldest church in the Province was at the Indian settlement near Brantford. Its history can be traced back to 1784. It is still occupied for public worship. It possesses a handsome communion service of beaten silver, presented by Queen Anne to the Indian chapel on the Mohawk River. Beneath the walls of this humble sanctuary repose the ashes of the Mohawk chief, Thayendinaga — Joseph Brant — who gallantly fought for the British through two bloody wars. At the close of the Revolutionary War, the loyal Mohawk tribes migrated to the Indian reserve on the Grand River.

A few Methodist and Presbyterian ministers toiled through the wilderness to visit the scattered flocks committed to their care.

Amid these not altogether propitious circumstances were nourished that patriotic and sturdy yeomanry that did doughty battle for Britain in the approaching war, and many of those noble characters that illustrated the future annals of their country; and then were laid the foundations of that goodly civilization amid which we live to-day.

A fine monument is now being erected to Brant in the city of Brantford, which bears his name. It is thus described: The model of the Brant monument, designed by Mr. Percy Wood, and which the Governor-General in Council has selected, gives every promise of being a fitting memorial to the great Captain Brant. Mr. Wood's idea is to give an insight into the nature of the Indian in all his primitiveness of a century ago. Brant is represented standing in repose; the right hand grasps the tomahawk, which rests upon the girdle, and in the left hand is placed the treaty. The robe is thrown lightly back from the shoulders. The likeness is taken from a picture, and is sufficiently well rendered for a sketch model. The only details to be seen are the chief's feather and the bear's claw necklet. The monument will be completed in 1886, and it is generally conceded by judges to give promise of being one of the finest works of its kind on this continent.

* In 1801, the *Speedy*, a ten-gun vessel, having as passengers Judge Gray and several members of the Court of King's Bench, was lost, with all on board, on her way from York to Kingston.

In Memoriam.

H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD DUKE OF ALBANY, BORN APRIL 7TH, 1853, DIED MARCH 28TH, 1884.

With what a shock of sorrow, what arrest
Of a whole nation's pulse, the tidings fell
Like a mid-day darkness! Young and loved so well!
A prince whose ripening promise bore the test.
All searching, of comparison with him
Whose passing moved a people to true tears;
Whose memory not the fume defeating years,
Nor cold detraction's breath can ever dim.

Good Albert's son, in him there seemed again
To live the cultured grace, the golden speech
That was the English heart, and seemed to teach
The life of courts a higher, prouder strain.
The golden bough is broken, in mid spring
The glad leaves fall! she who might fondly trace
The well loved father in the son's calm face,
So deadly stricken. Might affection bring

On a great nation's sorrow-stricken lips,
Some comfort to the mother, the young wife
Mourning untimely that much treasured life,
Some lessening of the darkness of eclipse.
How vocal were our offering! But the gold
Of sympathetic silence now seems best,
Though many tongues hereafter shall attest
Love for the memory of Leopold!—*Punch*

Different Forms of Morning Greeting.

It is astonishing how old this salutation is, and how it differs among various races.

The Greeks wished a man to be of "good cheer." The Romans trusted their friends might, that day, find themselves in a state of health and safety.

But when the matter is looked into, the reason explains itself. The Greek was a gay dog, and happiness at any cost was his ideal. Hence be of "good cheer"—make the most of the moment.

The Romans, however, surrounded by the cares of a vast empire, threatened now by one foe and again by another, used a more solemn greeting.

"Health" was his first wish, because his idolized Rome was surrounded by fogs. "Safety" was his second wish, for at any moment the fateful end of all things might come.

In China, "good morning" almost grows comic. It means there "Have you eaten your rice, and is your stomach working well?" Fancy putting these phrases to an Englishman.

Yet, after all, the Chinaman shows a good deal of wisdom in his salutation.

A good appetite for breakfast, be it a bread-and-butter meal, or be it a repast on rice, means, as a rule, a good day, and following a good day, a good night, and with a good night, pleasant sleep and renewed strength for the morning again.

A man whose stomach, too, is working well, is a man whose temper is equable, and who will, therefore, generally speaking, be happy and sunny-minded.

Upon these considerations, therefore, it would almost seem that Pig-tailed John's "Good-morning" is the wisest of those named.—*English.*

Teach Me to Live.

Teach me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,
And waken in the realms of glorious day.

Teach me that harder lesson—*how to live*,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigour give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

Teach me to live Thy purpose to fulfil;
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine;
Each day renew, remould this stubborn will;
Closer round Thee my heart's affections twine.

Teach me to live for self and sin no more,
But use the time remaining to me yet;
Not my own pleasure seeking as before,
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

Teach me to live! No idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ,
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully;
Be this my highest and holiest joy.

Teach me to live! My daily cross to bear,
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load;
Only be with me. Let me feel Thee near;
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest road.

Teach me to live! and find my life in Thee,
Looking from earth and earthly things away;
Let me not falter, but untiringly
Press on and gain new power and strength each day.

Teach me to live! with kindly words for all;
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom;
Waiting with cheerful patience, till Thy call
Summons my spirit to her heavenly home.

Japanese Imitativeness.

Japanese character, as a matter of fact, is not easy to describe; but it may be safely indicated as one consisting mainly of imitation. The Japanese who come to England, smart, dapper little men in European costume, give a somewhat incorrect impression to the English mind. The Japanese at home is the person to see. He has come to the conclusion that European clothing may be advantageously worn, and he adopts it, not in its entirety, but as a sort of blend, so you may see a gentleman in a pot-hat, with a rag round his waist and nothing more; or you will be met by a person in a swallow-tailed coat and no trousers. We encountered a noble in a crush hat, a brown velveteen shooting jacket, and a pair of light green pants. His feet were mounted upon Japanese clogs. Probably he will buy a pair of French boots some day. At present he is in the transition state.

My friend took as guide a descendant of the old nobility of the country, who wore a stove-pipe hat, a Japanese waist-cloth, and a pair of straw sandals. He was just as affable as though he had been incumbered with a suit from the London West-End tailor's; and this shows that the Japanese are not a conceited people. They know how to imitate what is good. You land some luggage. They come up to you in their guise of custom-house officers. You ask which package they would like opened. They say, "All," and they laugh like so many monkeys. They have heard that this is the proper way to do it. But when you have opened the bags at infinite trouble they do not properly search them. It would be rude, in their opinion, to haul your things over, and so they ejaculate, "A' right," and chalk or stamp the sides of the bags. You ask them why they had them opened at all, and they grin again. They do not know. It is useless to question them; they would be unable to give an answer. And so it is with all their imitations. They wear, as I have said, many of our clothes, yet would be infinitely more comfortable if they wore their old costumes. But they have been told that the pot-hat and the tailed coat and the tight sleeve are the right things to wear, and they put them on. The reason is always manifest: it is a curious readiness to imitate. In one particular they imitate Robinson Crusoe. When they have nothing else to put on they clothe themselves in straw, which gives them the absurd appearance of a walking wheat-stack. The straw is threaded and hung round their necks. It is useful in so far that it throws off the rain and snow just like the thatch on an English farm-labourer's cottage, but it can scarcely be said to be ornamental in our sense of the word. Yet the Japanese think it all right, and it doubtless accords with their ideas of beauty. Surmounting this shoulder-thatch of straw is usually a straw hat made in the form of an inverted saucer. This, at any rate, is the most sensible head-dress for the country ever invented. It keeps off sun and rain alike; is light, and is not altogether unpicturesque. The more civilized Japanese—those who would despise a straw shoulder-thatch—have discarded it in favor of the European pot-hat. But here is simply the result of the imitative mania which afflicts them. They will probably return to the saucer-shaped hat some day, when they have learned that neither the stove-pipe head-gear nor the deer-stalker forms the chief embodiment of human happiness. Already, even, they are finding out that the good old Japanese flowing robes are more comfortable for some wear, at any rate, than the straight, unyielding garb of Western civilization. My American friend burst in upon a Japanese of rank at Nagasaki one morning, and was surprised to find him in the original clothing of the land of the rising sun. "Hallo!" said he, "you've taken too much old rye last night, and got into the wrong togs, eh?" "No," was the reply. "Now I have found out that in my house my old clothes are more better than Europe fashion. When I go out I wear Europe coat, but not in house"—a remark that showed the worthy Japanese to be an intelligent person and a frank one. There was, at any rate, no attempt to disguise the fact that he only wore clothes in "Europe fashion" because he wished to appear civilized to the outside world.—*Japan Correspondence London Telegraph.*

The Protestant Bible Society of France gives a New Testament to every new Protestant communicant, and a Bible to every newly-married couple.

It has not been a hundred years since all of Christian England gave only $65,000 for foreign missionary purposes. And it was not a great while before that that the declaration was made that it would not be long till a meeting-house would hold all the Methodists; but now the Methodists of England alone give one million dollars in a single year to send the gospel to the heathen.

The Hundred Gates.

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

Of old within the valley of the Nile
A city stood, and still its records stand,
With massive walls encircling mile on mile,
And gates at every hand.

An hundred gates there were; to south and north,
To east and west, their hinges swinging wide,
Let those within, if so they would, go forth
To all the world outside.

This to the desert led, where camel's feet
Toiled through the sand yet left no dint of hoof;
That to the mountain, which from tempest and heat
Kept its high head aloof;

This to the river's lotus-bordered shore;
That to the tombs cut in th' enduring rocks;
Another to the plain, where lowly, poor,
The shepherds kept their flocks.

Thence went the beggar crouching for his alms;
Hence came a stranger seeking an abode;
There was a street, shady with dates and palms,
Here an unsheltered road.

As Thebes of old, so has the human soul
Her hundred gates; lo, how in going forth
She has all clime, all range, from pole to pole,
East, west, and south and north.

Aye, and it needs strong guard at every gate;
Outside are roving, warring hosts of sin,
Armed to the teeth, who ever watch and wait
To steal unhindered in.

There to lay waste the temple and the shrine,
To fire with torch, to rob, to smite with sword,
To ruin and make desolate this divine
Fair city of the Lord.

Then, O my soul, knowing the fate that waits
One careless hour, a faithful vigil keep!
Set sentinels at all thy hundred gates,
Nor let them faint nor sleep!

Toronto Fifty Years Ago and Earlier.

BY AN OLD TORONTO BOY.

In 1792, or thereabouts, York, the germ of our present city, was laid out by the enterprizing first governor (Col. Simcoe) of Upper Canada, now called Ontario, on the margin of the spacious Toronto Bay, which term, 62 years after, was adopted as the name of the pretentious city which had spread out its formidable proportions around its northern shores. *Toronto* is a sonorous Indian word, which, now all are used to it, is more befitting our widly-extended and growing provincial metropolis, than the four-lettered, unmusical little word *York*, which preceded it. I can remember feeling a great repugnance to the *new* name, adopted in 1834 (albeit Dr. Scadding will tell you it was the *old* name revived), because of all the pleasing, early recollections associated with the name of York. Several years after, I can remember feeling the same repugnance to the change of the name of our Dominion capital. I had known and loved the place as *Bytown*, and could hardly be reconciled to *Ottawa*. But now the novelty of the events have passed away, I cannot but feel that the changes have been improvements in both cases.

The area of the town plot embraced in the first survey was within the streets which we now know as Queen street (the "Lot street" of old) on the north, Parliament street on the east (unless we include the forest land between that and the river Don, and then known as the "Park"); the shore of the Bay to the south, and (perhaps I may concede) Church street on the west. I know I have said in former communications that Jarvis street was the western boundary of the Old Town. That was the conventional line between the "Old and New Towns" when we came to York in 1814. It was the boundary line observed between the "Old and New Town boys" to regulate their international negotiations and conflicts. I knew a boy who lived on the east side of Jarvis street, who was taken prisoner in the ranks of the "New Town boys," during a battle which took place between the two juvenile armies, being tried as a traitor, kept in durance during a whole night, scourged in the morning, and discharged on his parole, having been sworn on a Roman Catholic prayer-book to fight against his fellow-subjects no more while he continued to reside in the Old Town. Fortunately for him the family moved beyond the boundaries a day or two after. But I now conclude that the original town plot must have gone as far as Church street, otherwise it would have been left without church site and market square. The western blocks were broader than the eastern. Duke street has to jog northwards to get into Adelaide street, and Duchess street in order to coincide with Richmond street.

Everybody can see that the first inhabited part of Toronto was situated upon the lowest level of a city naturally flat and low-lying enough. Its south-east corner was thrust quite into the Marsh, or delta of the Don, and intersected diagonally by a sedgy, sluggish creek, which crossed Yonge street at the spot now known as the "Green Bush Tavern," passing through the Magill, Jarvis, and other farms, or park lots, widening into a great swamp where Moss Park lately flourished, bearing still south-easterly, and entering the estuary just north of the Don Station. Besides, a good part of the Bay bottom was muddy, producing flags and bullrushes in abundance, breeding miasma and generating the ague and chill-fever, to which the early inhabitants were painfully subject; and forming the habitat of wild fowl and amphibious animals. The frogs and water-toads of all species and sizes were legion. These entertained the inhabitants with an almost ceaseless serenade. The fancy of some could not only discover the tune, but the words of their song. A drunken old saddler and a companion of his, in their nocturnal wandering, used to imagine the frogs to say, "Old Goff, Old Goff; drunk as usual, drunk as usual!" A foreign military corps, enrolled for service during the war, commanded by the Baron de Matervilles, regarded the frogs as a great delicacy, slaughtering hundreds of them; and it used to be waggishly represented that the chorus of the frogs, rightly interpreted, amounted to this: "The Matervilles are coming! Run and hide! run and hide!"

The town had been previously but a small place, but we found that its buildings had been reduced in number, or at least dilapidated by being shamefully burnt after the battle of York by the American victors. Sundry standing chimneys and unfenced apple orchards showed the havoc that had been made. A tolerable number of houses were scattered along King street eastwards from Jarvis street, on both sides, but some of them ridiculously small, not more than one storey high. The lowest house that could be called a house, when we came to town, was that of Major Small at the south-east corner of King and Berkeley. The famous "Old Yellow House" stood on the other side of the road, a few rods east of Ontario street; Duke street had very few houses, Duchess street had fewer still. The market block was not built on at all when we came to town, but was covered with pine bushes, among which I have played "hide-and-go seek" in childhood. I well remember the first temporary wooden shed, called a market-house, and the interest it excited. There was open space enough for the pillory, in which I have seen poor culprits fastened by the head and hands—a melancholy spectacle. On the same spot, I can remember seeing a coloured man whipped for theft by an employé of the sheriff. Though boys are said to be hard-hearted, I never could gloat over such things; and fortunately those hardening punishments soon fell into disuse.

The jail was a huge log building, nearly square, with a quartered roof, very low, within a picket fence on the south side of King street, nearly opposite the present Methodist Publishing House. With childlike curiosity, accompanied by some other playmates, I hovered near the crowd, and, by standing on a stump, witnessed the execution of poor Dexter, who had used a gun in defending himself against some who came to beat him, and taken the life of a neighbour, for which he was condemned as a murderer. Human life was still held cheaply in the eyes of British law, albeit it began to be considered a mistake. Dexter must have been executed about 1816. Several were condemned to death for horse-stealing and arson for several years after that; but public sentiment being against the death-penalty for anything short of murder, the condemned persons were reprieved from time to time, till finally, as there was not then, or for long after, any penitentiary, they were banished the country, and got off altogether by repairing to the United States. This was the issue with the noted Bill Stoutenborough, the adroit horse-thief. Report said he sent the Governor a letter of thanks for his discharge, and told him that he had stolen a horse when he crossed the lines, in memory of His Excellency! He and his misled handsome younger brother, Tobias, are said to have paid the penalty of a course of outlawry with their lives after some years. Those young men, while doing militia duty during the war, were billeted on our family with some others, and occupied an unfinished upper room, the spaces between the weather-boarding and plaster of which, we afterwards discovered, they had used for secreting their nocturnal plunder of the adjacent fruit gardens. Heavily-laden currant bushes were brought away bodily. Such were their elementary training for the higher lessons of villainy which they afterwards mastered.

I have spoken of the jail. For ten years of our earliest time the town owned no court-house, the first erected having been burned with other Government buildings huddled together at the foot of what we now call Parliament street, and on this ill-fated spot more substantial buildings (the first were of wood) were afterwards burned. Besides sundry large rooms in hotels where the smaller courts were held, the general courts, whatever their names, for a good many years were held in a large shed of a house belonging to Mr. Colin Drummond, situated on the rear part of a lot which cornered on Yonge and Richmond streets. There such legal dignitaries as Chief Justice Scott ("the Old Chief" as he used to be called) and Judges Boneton, Powell, and others exercised their juridical functions. There John Beverley Robinson, afterwards Attorney-General and Chief Justice, exercised and developed his smooth forensic eloquence. The noted Selkirk trial (about 1819), relating to Red River troubles, was conducted in the mean old house I have mentioned. The opening of the new court-house (along with the jail also), within the block surrounded by Adelaide, Church, King, and Toronto streets, about 1826-27, opened freer play to the rising legal lights. There I heard some of Robert Baldwin's earlier efforts, and there I had the good fortune to hear some of Attorney-General Robinson's calm and lucid statements. I could not help remarking, about the date I last mentioned, what a resemblance there was in the softness of their voices and the continuous flow of words between that gentleman and the Methodist preacher stationed in the town about that time: I refer to the noted William Ryerson. The first was more correct and polished, but the second was more impassioned and imaginative. Surely "this Canada of ours" gave birth to some remarkable men, even in its early history.

It would take pages on pages to chronicle the changing topography of the town from 1814, when I first knew it, till 1834, when it was incorporated a city (a date when I was labouring abroad in other parts of the Province), giving reminiscences and legends of this, that, and the other place; but this will not be allowed. Here, therefore, I check my pen, and await my Editor's orders.—J. C.

At the late District Meeting at Burlington the following resolution was unanimously carried:—"We believe the liquor traffic to be the cause of a large proportion of the crime in our land, and fraught with untold misery to the bodies and souls of multitudes of our people; that it possesses almost unlimited power to impair every interest of the home, the Church, and the State; that it is one of the greatest hindrances to the accomplishment of the Divine mission of the Church in the world; that it is the duty of the State to prohibit this traffic and not protect it; that prohibition is not an interference with the true liberty of the citizen; that the last session of the Dominion Parliament accepted the principle of prohibition, and declared its willingness to give prohibitory laws when the country was prepared to adopt and enforce them. Be it therefore resolved, that we believe the country is ready for prohibition, and that this District Meeting, composed of ministers and laymen, representing a membership of upwards of 4,000, recommend the Conference to make arrangements for concerted action with all other Churches and temperance organizations in their efforts to circulate petitions to be presented to the Senate and House of Commons of Canada at their next session, praying for the enactment of such prohibitory laws."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

A. D. 54-58.] LESSON XIII. [June 29.

REVIEW OR TEMPERANCE LESSON.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.—1 Cor. 1. 30.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Acts 19. 1-27. *Th.* 1 Cor. 15. 50-58.
T. 1 Cor. 1. 11-31. *F.* 2 Cor. 9. 1-15.
W. 1 Cor. 13. 1-13. *Sa.* Gal. 4. 1-16.
Su. Rom. 8. 28-39; 13. 1-10.

TIME.—Four years. From early in A.D. 54 to the spring of A.D. 58.

PLACE. — Asia Minor, Macedonia, and Greece.

RULERS.— Nero, aged 17-21, emperor of Rome. Felix, governor of Judea. Josephus, a young man at Jerusalem. The Roman Empire extended over the world. Rome just completing her conquest of Great Britain, begun 100 years before.

PAUL.—Aged 52-56.

THIRD MISSIONARY JOURNEY.—The whole of this Quarter belongs to Paul's Third Great Missionary Tour of four years.

BOOKS.—Besides the history contained in the Acts, four of Paul's Epistles were written during this time,—1 Corinthians, 2 Corinthians, Galatians, and Romans.

PLACE IN BIBLE HISTORY.—Acts 19. 21; 20. 3.

REVIEW.

I. There may be a *General Review* of the Topics, Golden Texts, and Central Truths of the Quarter, with the *Time*, *Place*, etc., given above.

II. It will be especially helpful to divide among classes and individuals the following *Topics*, to be reported on before the whole school: (1) The history as given in the Acts. (2) The city of Ephesus. (3) The city of Corinth. (4) The city of Rome. (5) Galatia and the Galatians. (6) The church at Ephesus. (7) The churches in Galatia. (8) The church in Corinth. (9) The church at Rome. (10) The Epistles to the Corinthians. (11) The Epistle to the Galatians. (12) The Epistle to the Romans.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—If it has not been done by the school as a whole, then the above facts should be taught carefully and thoroughly in the class.

SUBJECT: FUNDAMENTAL DOCTRINES AND DUTIES OF THE CHURCH.

I. DOCTRINES.—Lessons 1, 3, 6, 9, 10, 11.

(1) *The Doctrine of the Holy Ghost.*—What peculiar company of men did Paul find at Ephesus? How many were there of them? What great gift did they receive? Why is this gift most important to individuals and churches?

(2) *Christ the power of God.*—What was the great theme of Paul's preaching? Why? How is Christ the power of God? What may Christ become to us, and how? (1 Cor. 1. 30. Lesson 3.)

(3) *The Resurrection.* — What is Paul's teaching concerning the resurrection? What change is made in us by it? Why is this a truth of great comfort? of great importance?

(4) *Christians are Children and Heirs of God.*—Why are Christians called the children of God? What blessings come to us from this relation? Who is our elder brother?

(5) *Justification by Faith.*—What is meant by "justification by faith?" Why can we be saved only by faith? Is this a very important doctrine?

(6) *The Atonement.*— What is the atonement? Why is it needed? (Lesson 10, vs. 25, 26.) How does it accomplish this end?

(7) *God's Sovereignty.*—What is this doctrine? (Lesson 11.) Why is it important? Does it conflict with free will?

II. DUTIES.—Lessons 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 11, 12.

(1) *The Missionary Work.*— Where was Paul a missionary? How many great journeys did he make? Why should we do missionary work? In what way may we do it?

(2) *Consecration.*—What evil practices had been retained by some of the Ephesian Christians? How did they show their repentance? At what cost? How did this show their sincerity?

(3) *Self-denial.*—What difficult question arose in the church at Corinth? What were the arguments on either side? What self-denial did Paul advise? When is self-denial our duty?

(4) *Love.*—How does Paul describe love? How does he show its necessity to the Christian? How does he show its superiority?

(5) *Liberal Giving.*—What need of giving arose in the early church? What reasons does Paul give why they should give liberally?

(6) *Religious Joy.*—What sources of joy does Paul show the Christian in Lesson 11? What great proof of God's love? What assurance that it should continue?

(7) *Obedience to Rulers.*— Who ordained government? What two reasons why we should obey our rulers? What other political duty is enforced? How should we treat all in authority?

(8) *Duties to One Another.*—What is the foundation of all our duties toward others? How will love make us always do right to our fellow-citizens?

THIRD QUARTER.

B. C. 1048.] LESSON I. [July 6.

DAVID, KING OVER ALL ISRAEL.

2 Sam. 5. 1-12. *Commit to mem. vs. 10-12.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have found David my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him.—Psa. 89. 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The Word of God standeth forever.

DAILY READINGS.

M. 2 Sam. 1. 1-16. *Th.* 2 Sam. 4. 1-12.
T. 2 Sam. 2. 1-11. *F.* 2 Sam. 5. 1-12.
W. 2 Sam. 3. 17-30. *Sa.* 1 Chron. 11. 1-9.
Su. Psa. 30. 1-12.

TIME.—B.C. 1048. Seven and a half years after Saul's death. David reigned at Hebron seven and a half years, B.C. 1055-1048, when he was made king over all Israel

PLACE.—(1) *Hebron.* Twenty miles south of Jerusalem, David's capital by Divine direction (ch. 2. 1.) for the seven and a half years he reigned over Judah. (2) *Jerusalem.* Now first brought fully into possession of the Israelites, and made the capital of the united nation. On one of its three hills was a fortress of the Jebusites, never yet fully subdued. (Judges 1. 8, 21.) This citadel David takes, and here fixes his royal residence. His choice was doubtless determined by its position on the border between Judah and Benjamin, by its central location in relation to all the tribes, and by its natural advantages as a military position.

DAVID.—In the thirty-eighth year of his age, having reigned over Judah alone for seven and a half years. He was the son of Jesse, born in Bethlehem, strong, brave, a soldier, a poet, a musician, a statesman.

PARALLEL ACCOUNT.—1 Chron. 11. 1-9.

INTRODUCTION. — The second book of Samuel, which is almost wholly taken up with David's reign, opens with a notice of Saul's death and David's lament. The tribe of Judah rally about David and anoint him king. But the remaining tribes remain loyal to the house of Saul, under the leadership of Abner. After a quiet of five years, while the northern kingdom is consolidating, the two parties come into conflict. David's success in arms during the two years' war, in connection with Abner's desertion, and Ish-bosheth's (Saul's son) death, prepare the way for a grand rally of all the tribes to the standard of David, and the events of this lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—1. *All the tribes*—Nearly 350,000 men (1 Chron. 12. 23-40), a national assembly with their chiefs. *Saying*—They give their reasons: (1) *Thy bone*, etc.—Kinship. (2) *Thou leddest out*, etc.—Military capacity. (3) *The Lord said*—Divine choice. The first and third reasons accord with Deut. 17. 15. These two were as good seven years before as now, but success is an eye-opener. 3. *Made a league before the Lord*—King and people entered into a covenant with God, whose subjects both were. *Anointed David*—The third time. (1 Sam. 16. 13; 2 Sam. 2. 4). 4. *Began to reign*—In Hebron over Judah. 6. *Jebusites*—Judges 1. 21. *Except thou take away*—Better "thou shalt not come hither, but the blind and the lame shall keep thee off," a taunt. 8. *Gutter*—Water-course, the only accessible point. *They said*—A proverb, showing David's popularity. 9. *Millo*—A castle or tower on Zion. 11. Probably some years intervened between David's capture of Zion and his palace building. 12. *David perceived*—He acknowledged the hand of God in all his fortunes, and recognized that his prosperity came in fulfilment of the Divine Word.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Saul's death.—David's reign in Hebron.—Ish-bosheth's reign over the northern tribes.—Abner and Joab.—Jerusalem.—Hiram.—The discipline David received.—The discipline Israel received.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How old was David at this time? How had his life been spent? How had his discipline fitted him for kingship? Who succeeded Saul in the northern kingdom? How long did he reign? Over what tribes? What officer abandoned him? What was his end?

SUBJECT: GOD'S PLAN FULFILLED.

I. THE FULFILMENT OF GOD'S PLAN CONCERNING DAVID (vs. 1, 2, 4, 5).—When did the tribes come? How long had David lived there? Over whom had he been king these years? What tribes came now? How many persons? What was the first reason they gave for coming? The second? The third? Which of these reasons are found in Deut. 17. 15? How long had they held good? When had David been promised the kingdom? (1 Sam. 16. 13.) How long had he waited? What has God promised David's greater son? What is the pledge of its fulfilment?

II. THE FULFILMENT OF GOD'S PLAN CONCERNING ISRAEL (v. 3).—What did David do with Israel in Hebron? Before whom did he make it? Did David keep his pledge? What kind of a king did he become? In what respects did he differ from Saul? When had he been anointed before? (1 Sam. 16. 13; ch. 2. 4.)

III. THE BEGINNING OF THE FULFILMENT OF GOD'S PLAN CONCERNING JERUSALEM (vs. 6-11).—Who had held a fort on one of the hills of Jerusalem up to this time? How did they greet David? What captain took the place? (1 Chron. 11. 6.) How? What did David do with the place? Who helped him in palace building? What did Jerusalem afterwards become? Of what is the type?

IV. THE RECOGNITION OF THE FULFILMENT OF GOD'S PLAN (v. 12).—What did David perceive? Mention any reasons for this. Who anointed David? (Golden Text.) For whose sake was David exalted? (2 Sam. 6. 21.) What evidence is there that our life is a plan of God?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. David's way to the throne was the way of obedience to the will of God.
2. It was the way of patience and submission through severe discipline.
3. A revival awakens interest in truths long forgotten.
4. A faithful ruler is the shepherd of his people (vs. 1, 2).
5. Men rely in vain on human defences (vs. 6, 7), such as religious societies, eloquent preachers, active pastors, famous revivalists, and beautiful houses of worship.
6. Increase is by the grace of God (v. 10).
7. Our lives are a plan of God.
8. He exalts us for His Word's sake. (2 Sam. 7. 21).

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School in Concert.)

1. How long did David reign in Hebron? ANS. Seven years and a half. 2. Over what tribe did he reign? ANS. Judah. 3. At the end of this time who came to anoint the king? ANS. All the tribes of Israel. 4. Who placed David upon the throne? ANS. And David perceived that the Lord had established him king over Israel.

"THE world its fancied pearl may crave,
'Tis not the pearl for me.
'Twill dim its lustre in the grave,
'Twill perish in the sea.
But there's a Pearl of price untold,
That never can be bought with gold;
The sinking soul 'twill save,
Oh, that's the Pearl for me!

"Let pleasure chant her siren song,
'Tis not the song for me.
To weeping it will turn ere long,
For this is Heaven's decree.
But there's a song the ransomed sing—
To Jesus, their exalted King,
With cheerful heart and tongue,
Oh, that's the song for me!"