

cried Prappion, the oldest daughter. 'And where will grandmother be?'

"Oh! mother will sit in the corner, was the answer, (and we glanced at the chimney-corner, where the dear old grandmother had fallen asleep, her head bobbing up and down,) 'Baron will sit in the middle, Prappion by his side, and—'

"And we will lie here,' piped out one of the younger boys, lifting his head from the pillow at the back of the room, his eyes twinkling with fun.

"We were much amused; and the good 'Baron,' looking fondly at his wife, exclaimed, 'Surprising woman!'

"I had tried several times to retire, and at last I rose to go, saying 'I will arise.'

"And go to my father's house,' said the mother quickly, supplying the rest of the sentence.

"And to-morrow morning you will be gone, and we shall be alone."

"My days are gliding swiftly by,' I sang in reply.

"Prappion sung the next line or two, but in such a doleful way that we could not help laughing at her. Then I answered with, 'I'm a pilgrim, I can tarry but a night.' So the evening ended."

Which home do you think was the pleasanter? The missionaries are trying to make over as many of the desolate homes in Turkey as they can. Will you help them?—*The Well-Spring.*

Better Than Gold.

BETTER than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread is a humble sphere,
Doubly blest with content and health
Untired by the lusts and cares of wealth.
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot,
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are the genuine tests of gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when the labours close.
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumber deep.
Bring sleeping draughts on his downy bed,
Where luxury pillows its aching head,
The tiler simple opiate deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in a realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires passed away;
The world's great dream will thus unfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home
Where all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother or sister or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tired by sorrow with heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold
And centre there are better than gold.

FATHYB RYAN.

DR. GORDON, of Kiota, writes that missionaries coming to Japan "should be men and women of the best ability, the most thorough culture, the soundest bodies, and the most earnest piety;" and that "they should come with the fixed determination to devote a term of years wholly to the work of acquiring a knowledge of the language and the people."

A Letter for the Boys.

BY MISS C. S. BURNETT.

It has been said, if you want to please a boy, show him a flag, or tell him a good story about war, or a fight of some kind.

I think we ought to please boys more than we do, so I will tell you of an army unlike any other army that was ever known, and this is a true story too. Over eight hundred years ago, an army of 30,000 boys about twelve years of age, left the beautiful city of Marseilles, France, for Palestine, to take part in the war known in history as the Crusade. This army was conducted by Stephen Vendome, a shepherd boy, but little older than the rest. Two of the seven ships that carried them were soon wrecked; the five went in safety as far as Egypt, there the children were seized by the enemy and sold as slaves. Thus ended "The Boys' Crusade." You wonder why these boys left home to become strangers in a foreign land. I will tell you about a hundred years before the time of which I write, the Christians of Western Europe determined to rescue the land of Palestine from Mohammedans, who persecuted the Christians who lived there, and would not permit strangers or pilgrims to visit the tomb of Christ.

This war was planned by Peter the Hermit in 1096, and lasted till 1272. It is known in history as the Crusades. In the First Crusade there were 600,000 people; in the second 1,200,000, and before the close of the seventh and last, over 6,000,000 persons took the Crusader's vow, which was to rescue the Holy Sepulchre or die in the attempt. A large portion of them died, and still the enemy held the land for which they were fighting.

I hope you like to read history, and will some day read this very interesting story for yourselves. I will say here, some historians do not mention The Boys' Crusade, but Hurst, and others, equally reliable, do so. You know some people do not think it worth while to mention what boys do, or try to do.

Boys, you cannot become Crusaders as these did, and I fear you do not all love the right well enough to fight for it, if you had the chance. But there is a war now raging, and it, too, may well be termed a crusade. It is a war waged not with spear and sword, but with voice and pen; but you know "the pen is mightier than the sword," so our cause will win. In the end the truth must prevail in the world which God has made. This war is waged not to recover a tomb or a country, but to save our fair land from an enemy which is more destructive to its best interests than was Moslem to Palestine. This enemy I would have you combat, enters the very home, and not only kills and enchains the father and son, but strikes its fearful blows at the wife and innocent children. It takes from them their warm, comfortable clothing and dresses them in rags. It takes from its captives their good sense, their good names, yes—even the right of heaven. No home in our land can be said to be perfectly safe. It may always have passed your door as it has mine, but what assurance have we that some whom we love may not soon be its victims? I need not tell you the name of this enemy. You all know it, and because you know, you ought to fortify yourself against all attacks by good

resolutions, the assistance of good companions, and, above all, by having the fear of God before your eyes. I am glad there is an army of more than thirty thousand boys who have sworn not only never to surrender but to use all their influence and power to drive this enemy, *strong drink*, from our midst and plant the standard, prohibition, on the strongest citadel in every State as it is now furled to the breeze in Kansas. Boys, we want you, temperance wants you every one to fight "for God and home and native land." Unless you are on your guard this stealthy foe will lead you on to folly, crime and woe. This enemy is no respecter of persons; it enters the hovel and the mansion as well; while it strikes at the lowest, the bravest of the brave may fall into a drunkard's grave. It is a wily enemy; with faintest, silken bands it binds its victims, but its power increases till it holds them with a firmer grasp and an iron hand. Boys, there is but one way to escape his seductive wiles—stay away from his haunts, and if he seeks you out, as he probably will, say No! to the first entreaty and mean it, "Touch not, taste not, handle not," so shall you be faithful crusaders.

April First.

April Fool! April Fool!
Every boy in every school,
Every girl in every street,
Now the magic words repeat.

April Fool! April Fool!
Mirth and mischief now do rule,
Streamers pin to coats and hats,
Bark like dogs and mew like cats.

April Fool! April Fool!
Oh, lock up the boys in school!
Oh, shut up the girls at home!
Then an hour of peace may come.

Cardinal Manning on England's Greatness.

We are a vast people, and a wise and understanding people, too. We have taught the world the manufacture of machinery; we have taught the world the application of physical science to the industries of the world; we have taught the nations to use steam by land and by sea; we cover the whole ocean in all its seas by our commerce and our carrying trade. We are a great people, and a great empire. So was Rome once; and so was Spain a little while ago. Have we a perpetuity for our imperial greatness? Is there no worm at the root, and is not the drunkenness that is spreading among the millions—is not that worse than any worm at the root? Can any man be a Christian, can any man be a citizen, can any man be a member of the Commonwealth and not have not only a shame, but a fear, when he sees these things? There was a time when the port of Rome had quays of marble—of the most costly marbles in Egypt and the East; when great galleys full of wealth were moored along those quays. What is it now? The river is choked by sand; the quays are gone; the wreck of those marbles is hidden; the mud of Tiber has covered all its greatness. Why should not the mouth of the Tyne one day be so? Human things are all mutable; and the day may come when our busy city of Newcastle may lie like the port of Rome, when Tyne-side, with all its wealth and all its activity, may lie dead and dormant. Assuredly it is righteousness that exalteth the nation, and there can be

no righteousness without temperance. Temperance is government. When the people are temperate they can govern themselves. Men that are intoxicated cannot govern themselves. The time has come, then, to stay this evil by all the might and all the wisdom we possess; to stand between the living and the dead and stay the pestilence, lest the hour should come when the judgment should fall, because we have not known the day of our visitation.

Missionary Notes.

A FRENCH interviewer, who sought out Arabi Bey in Ceylon, found him apparently contented and hopeful for the future of Egypt. He is studying English, and he says: "My most ardent wish is to obtain of the British Government the authorization to go to London to lay at Queen Victoria's feet the assurance of my devotion." Now that he knows the English he likes them, and declares that God has made them the rulers of Egypt for Egypt's best good. Arabi sends frequent letters to his legal defender, Mr. Broadley, which are said to be models of elegant Arabic writing, and to contain sentiments both moderate and dignified.

IN Rome there is a military church which has a Sunday-school connected with it, the members of which are soldiers of the army. Every soldier recites a verse of Scripture he has committed to memory, and reads in turn from his own Bible. The prayer is made by one of the soldiers every Sunday. The general Sunday-school work in Italy is attended with difficulty and discouragement, many who would otherwise come to the schools being kept away by persecution.

A ROMAN Catholic paper says: "The British Protestant missionary societies collect more than a million pounds annually; the greatest Catholic missionary society in the world collects about a quarter of a million, and even of this sum more than half (4,500,000 francs, more than £180,000) comes from France alone, the rest of the Catholic world contributing only some £90,000."

AN intense intellectual movement is said to be making itself felt through the whole of Iceland. It is headed by a still youthful teacher, Thorvald Thorodsson, of Mordruvellir. A second instructor is travelling over the island, delivering lectures on religion, piety, general culture, etc., and is establishing schools for adults throughout the land.

MISS HOWARD, the Canadian female physician in China, now treating the wife of the great Viceroy, is besieged by ladies of wealthy families "who would rather die than be treated by a foreign male physician." Her success is but one indication of the need of female physicians in the far East.

SOUTH AFRICA has now a Wesleyan Conference of its own, and it has been resolved to push on through the Transvaal and Switzerland to the centre of the continent. In South Africa they have 20,000 Church-members, to whom 184 missionaries and 48 catechists minister.

IN the report of Dr. Means, at Portland, he asserts that, "in proportion to the aid and means employed, no missions to the heathen since the apostolic age have been more successful than those to the American aborigines."