

HOME MISSION HYMN.

Voice from east to west,
A call from mount to sea,
Sounds through our lands so blest,
"Who will go forth with me?
The ripened fields are white to-day;
The harvest labourers—where are they?"

From far-off northern pine,
From city's restless heart,
From prairie and from mine,
From temple and from mart,
The call resounds—a living cry:
My heart responds, "Here, Lord, am I."

"Tis down by valleys deep
My servants' way I lead;
'Tis up by many a steep
Where fainting feet may bleed,
Let life go on with song or sigh,
My heart repeats, "Here, Lord, am I."

"Who walks and works with me
Shall in my joy abide;
Shall share my victory,
And all my heaven beside."
With thee to live, to toil, to die—
It is enough: "Here, Lord, am I."

THE WITNESS PAPER.



Poil it? no, never!"

So exclaimed Victor Grey, a handsome boy of fourteen, suddenly waking up from a sound sleep which he had been enjoying under the shade of a tree in the pleasant hayfield.

His school-fellow, Charlie Townsend, who had awakened him by tickling his ear, laughed heartily.

"What is it you are so much afraid of spoiling, Victor?" he asked merrily, stretching himself down by his friend, on the soft, fragrant hay.

"Oh, I have had such a strange dream," said Victor, rubbing his eyes.

"Come, tell me all about it, then," said Charlie; "I delight in your stories. I was laughing just now, thinking of all you told me this morning—of the houses you went over with your mother."

"Ah, Charlie, I have seen a stranger house than any of those!"

"Come, come, you are dreaming still, I think," said Charlie, giving him a playful shake.

Victor opened his eyes wide, to show that he was awake; but he did not laugh.

"Tell me your dream," said Charlie, impatiently.

"Well, I thought I was in one of the houses where we were looking for a lodging yesterday. It was beautiful, and we engaged the rooms at once. While we were arranging the furniture, I could not help admiring the paper on the wall, and I said to the mistress of the house, who was present:

"What lovely paper that is,—with the white ground and delicate gold flowers!"

"Yes," she replied, "that is what is called *Witness Paper*. It is sensitive to the sound of the voice, and retains the effect of it. Our last lodgers spoke nothing but good words, which have left their charming traces on the wall."

"And she looked with delight round her pretty room, which seemed to breathe light, and air, and sunshine from every corner. Just then I thought you came in, Charlie, and we began, as usual, to make fun with every one, and to turn them into ridicule. But what was my dismay when I saw all sorts of grotesque figures and ugly

spots forming on the paper, and spoiling its beautiful purity!

"There, there!" cried the landlady, "see, you naughty boys, how your foolish words are spoiling my beautiful paper!"

"We were indignant at her reproof, and answered her with insolence and anger. Instantly, red spots of blood appeared upon the *Witness Paper*, and ran about wildly as long as our words were heard. We stopped, and looked aghast.

"At this moment in came the stable-boy, one that my father would not allow me to associate with, because of his habit of profane swearing. When he looked and saw the strange marks multiplying on the beautiful papering, he began to use dreadful language, in which the name of God was profanely used. A thunderbolt seemed to have struck the walls! The paper turned black—shrivelled away in all directions, and then blazed up.

"Fire! Fire!" I cried; and the fright awoke me. When I saw you, I thought of the havoc which our words had made, and that was why I said, 'Spoil it? no, never!'"

"Well, Victor," said Charlie, "at first I was going to laugh at your strange dream: but I cannot; it makes me feel serious. Your dream was a very instructive one, I think."

"Yes. It is a happy thing that all our houses are not papered with *Witness Paper*."

"You think we should be in frequent danger of fire? But, Victor, don't you believe that this *Witness Paper*, or something equivalent to it, really does exist, and all our words inscribe themselves *somewhere*?"

"Yes; I know that was what Mr. Temple preached about, and the sermon was mixed up with other things in my heart. But don't you preach, my dear fellow! Boys can't talk *goody* always, I suppose."

"No, Victor; they would be prigs if they did, and perhaps hypocrites—which would be worse. Still, I assure you, I have been quite haunted by that verse, 'But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.'"

"Well?" said Victor, anxiously.

"Well, I asked my father about it, and he read the whole passage with me, and showed me how words spring from the heart, just as the fruit comes from the tree. 'A happy, thankful Christian,' he said, 'would always talk cheerfully; a loving Christian, kindly—without any parade or display.'"

"But is it not awful to think of our words being heard in heaven?"

"Yes; my father said there was two little prayers which he should like me to use very constantly. 'Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right Spirit within me;' and 'Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth, keep the door of my lips.'"—*From the French.*

R. M. WANZER, of Hamilton, Ont., is running his immense sewing-machine factory largely with gold received from Africa, from the sale of more than 100,000 of his machines in that country. It is not until we have seen orders from the agents of one great manufacturing establishment like this, that any adequate idea is formed of the extent to which our civilization is being introduced into that dark continent.—*Outlook.*

TEMPERANCE HINTS ON THE S. S. LESSONS FOR APRIL.



BY MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

HAT is Temperance? It is the moderate use of those things which are good for both body and soul, and total abstinence from those things that are hurtful. Thus defined, the gospel rule

for a human life runs close to the line of the strictest temperance pledge, and we do not think it to be difficult to find, in the true spirit of the gospel, temperance lessons in the text of the Word.

Let us begin at Mark v. verse 2, "Unclean spirits." The Arabic word for "unclean spirit" is *al ghoul*, and *al ghoul* is the original for alcohol, our English word. This name was given this fluid because its use made a man act as though he were possessed of a devil. Ver. 3: Now, as then, the man held by this devil has his dwelling among the places of death. He will not be bound to duty and right by the strong cords of love or the mighty chains of honour, home, or Church.

Ver. 5: See the sacrifices demanded: cries, tears, blood, pain and nakedness, helplessness and hopelessness. All these come through strong drink. Ver. 6: Jesus is not far from such. He can break the devil's power. Ver. 7: "Let us alone," is the constant cry of the liquor traffic, "What have we to do with thee?" Hear the divine word of power: "Come out of him, thou unclean spirit." Ver. 9: "Legion," an appropriate name for the foe we fight—this many-headed monster. Ver. 13: Jesus chose the salvation of the man, even at the expense of great loss to property-holders. It may cost us much to get rid of this demon, but we shall save human souls and we shall save the nation. Men or nations controlled by this monster go madly down to ruin. To the Jews, swine were unlawful property. Jesus did not forbid their destruction. Ver. 17: "Depart out of our coasts." The cure of a drunkard appears a calamity in a district where filthy and ruinous property is protected and men are left uncared for. Vers. 18, 19: To go with Jesus is good, and to be desired; but to go and tell what Jesus has done in us and for us is better, as seen from Christ's standpoint. Every reformed man has a broad field of usefulness right before him. Vers. 25-34: "A certain woman," may represent the heart-broken mothers, wives, and daughters of drunkards.

Chapter vi. vers. 14-29: John the Baptist may fitly represent the temperance reform of to-day—a messenger to prepare the way for Christ in the hearts of thousands. Herod hated John because of the truth he told. Men would not antagonize this reform, did it not convince them of their sin and open up the narrow way to Christ.

Chapter vii. vers. 14-23: Christ told the Pharisees that defilements proceed from the heart, out of which come "evil thoughts," etc.; but it is true that whatever will stir up "evil thoughts" and produce evil deeds must be an agent of defilement: as strong drink and all its associations, the impure book or picture, the theatre or dance-house—all "without the man."

Chapter viii. vers. 1-20: We may rely upon the sympathy and compassion

of Jesus in our work of reform. He who fed the multitude, shall he not help those who are in need from the curse of strong drink? Vers. 36, 37: Men grow rich and powerful by the liquor traffic; but of what profit shall it be to them if, gaining the goods of this world, they forfeit and lose their souls?

Chapter ix. vers. 14-29: A weighty lesson for temperance workers: Come directly to Christ with and for the victims of intemperance. Put not your strongest confidence in law, the pledge, the Church, the help of human sympathy. Do not stop with "the disciples," even Christian organizations. Gospel temperance teaches that "all things are possible to him that believeth." Vers. 43-47: Better lose thy hand than grasp the cup of death; better lose thy foot than walk the drunkard's path; better lose thine eye than look gloatingly upon the "wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup," for "at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—*S. S. Journal.*

THE ATTACK ON THE QUEEN.

The *London Standard* says:—"What is really remarkable, in the position of the English sovereign is not that she has been on some half-dozen occasions the object of such dastardly attempts, but that she is more deeply rooted in the love of her people than she has before been, or even was at the commencement of her reign. It is just forty-two years ago, when the Queen of England was a bride, that the pistol of Oxford was levelled at her carriage. Within ten years of this the fires of revolution raged throughout the continent of Europe. With the exception of England there was not a country between the Atlantic and Euxine in which thrones did not topple over into the abyss of anarchy, or in which their foundations were not seriously shaken. Yet the tradition of a monarchical stability two centuries old was not then even disturbed in Great Britain. Language can scarcely exaggerate the fresh strength which has gathered during the eventful interval that has elapsed since that date. For this steady growth of authority in the best sense of the word—in popularity and respect—the monarchical principle among us is signally indebted to the personal influence and example of Queen Victoria, and to the wisdom and virtues which she has constantly illustrated. We largely owe it to the same source that the British Crown has been exempt from those disasters against which foreign thrones have failed."

If the Church doesn't wake up the children will shame their elders. We have seen what has been done by the Sunday-Schools in Montreal and elsewhere; and now comes a new thing from Cobourg. A year ago four little girls—two Methodist and two Episcopalian—formed themselves into a Missionary Society—President, Vice-President, Secretary, and Treasurer. During the year they held "Parlor Concerts," to which their friends were admitted at one cent each. At the public Missionary Meeting three of them were present, and handed the Rev. Thos. Crosby eight dollars for the Girls' Home. Who dare say, after this, that they are unable to do anything?—*Outlook.*