

East African News.

A deeply interesting account has been sent by the Rev. R. H. Walker of the recovery of Bishop Hannington's bones. The same day he was murdered his body was carried to another place, because the people feared it would bring evil on them; but the people of the next village had the same fears, and so the body was passed on from village to village until it reached the boundary of Busoga. Here a house was built for it, and on a framework the body was left. A coastman was appointed keeper to watch over it; in return the people would supply him with food. To this place Marko, a messenger of Mwanga's, came with letters. He heard the people complain of bad harvests and want of rain, which they put down to having the white man's bones among them, and on his second journey he took the bones to Mr. Jackson, of the Imperial British East Africa Company.

Bishop Tucker has sent an account of his march inland. The Bishop started with two servants, four men (three porters and a guide). Starting at six o'clock one morning, they marched steadily for three hours. At nine they camped for breakfast. The guide was sent off to buy fowls, but nothing was seen of him for five hours. Another of the men also made off; and to make matters worse it began to rain; so Robert Livingstone, one of the two servants, was sent to find the missing men. He found the guide and brought him back, and the Bishop told him how wrong it was to run away, and as Kiogi (the other runaway) had not come back, he, the guide, would have to carry his load. On looking round a few minutes later he was gone; the Bishop thought he had finally bolted. However, he soon reappeared, and with him the missing man. The march continued till half-past six, when the camping-ground for the night was reached. To travel as lightly as possible, the Bishop had only taken a swing-hammock, with waterproof cover, which seemed unfortunate, as it proved a pouring wet night; and to add to the discomforts of it they seemed camping in the very home of wild beasts, their yells and cries continually breaking the stillness. About half-past four, as the rain had stopped, the Bishop gave the signal for breakfast, and at six the march began again, and continued for six hours and a half. The Bishop was determined on reaching Mamboya that night, and hearing that it was only about two hours' journey did not hurry the men. Suddenly the guide startled him by saying that they could not reach Mamboya that night; but the Bishop jumped up, saying, "We must;" he could not sleep in his wet bed, and rain threatened. All went well at first; but after a while the Bishop discovered that the guide had lost his way. This was a most unpleasant prospect, as the travellers had no food, water, or lights. They struggled on, and happily met a Native, who showed them the path. First they had to climb up a mountain, and then descend on the other side into the valley of Mamboya; but beyond that there was a climb of nearly 2000 feet before they could reach the Mission station. However, now they knew their whereabouts, and pressed on with all possible speed, reaching Mamboya just before dark.

The Highest Good.

Does your soul regard earthly things as the highest, and the business which relates to them as your weightiest employment? Then is your soul like the waves of the sea, which are driven and blown by the wind; it is given up to eternal disquiet and transient change. For manifold and varied are earthly things, and whoever gives himself up to their dominion, his soul is dragged hither and thither in all directions, by hope and fear, by joy and sorrow, by desire for gain and by pain at loss. And how should the grace of the Lord and His peace make their dwelling in such a disturbed soul? Oh, my friends, whatever earthly calling may be allotted to us—however spiritual in its functions, however blessed in its effects—if its employments drive us forward in breathless haste upon life's path; if we think we can never find time to stand still and to where we are and whither we will go, and to reflect on the heavenly and eternal concerns o

our immortal souls; if prayer has lost its power, and the divine Word its charm for us—then we have cast away our life upon a fearful error, upon a fleeting dream; then are we, with all our apparent richness in bodily and spiritual goods, really poor—very poor. We have, like Martha, much care and trouble, but the highest good, which alone gives to our life its worth and significance, is wanting. *Julius Muller.*

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

God works with broken reeds. If a man conceits himself to be an iron pillar, God can do nothing with him. All the self-conceit and confidence has to be taken out of him first. He has to be brought low before the Father can use him for his purposes. The lowlands hold the water, and, if only the sluice is open, the gravitation of His grace does all the rest, and carries the flood into the depths of the lowly heart.—*Alexander MacLaren.*

Make Home a School.

Make home an institution of learning. Provide books for the centre table and for the library of the family. See that all the younger children attend the best schools, and interest yourselves in their studies. If they have the taste for thorough cultivation, but not the means to pursue it, if possible provide for a higher education. Daniel Webster taught at the intervals of his college course, to aid an elder brother in the pursuit of a classical education, and a volume of his works is dedicated to the daughters of that brother, who early closed a brilliant career. Feel that an ignorant brother or sister will be a disgrace to your family, and trust not to the casual influence of the press, existing institutions and the kind offices of strangers. If the family becomes, as it may be, an institution of learning, the whole land will be educated.

Respectable Sins.

Beware of respectable sins. Not that any sin, however garishly arrayed or socially dignified, is in itself respectable, but that some sins are so countenanced by certain classes that they are held to be respectable. Mrs. Browning spoke truly when, with epigrammatic force, she said, "The devil is most devilish when respectable," because he is then most dangerous. His seeming respectability throws unwary souls off their guard, and beguiles them by begetting the thought that their objections to certain profitable or delightful courses or conduct are based, not on Scripture rationally interpreted, but on squeamish or morbid consciousness. Hence, for example, when young men see social honours paid to rich financiers whose overflowing coffers were filled by means of transactions which involved lying, deception, and speculative trickery, they are disposed to think such dishonest practices are not so bad as they are taught to believe. So, when members of churches indulge in some questionable, or perhaps even ungodly, practices, they throw the cloak of their respectability over deeds which are in themselves injurious both to the moral and spiritual life. Thus they enable the devil to do his most devilish work of luring young and feeble souls into the pit of destruction. How needful, then, is the precaution, "Beware of respectable sins."

A Good Experience.

God knows me better than I know myself. He knows my weaknesses—what I can do, and cannot do. So I desire to be led; to follow Him, and I am quite sure that He will thus enable me to do a great deal more in ways which seem to me almost a waste in life, advancing His cause, than I could in any other way. I am sure of that. Intellectually, I am weak; in scholarship, nothing; in a thousand things a baby. He knows this, and so He has led me, and greatly blessed me, who am nobody, to be of some use to my church and fellow-men. How kind, how good, how compassionate art Thou, O God! O my Father, keep me humble! Help me to have respect towards my fellow-men, to recognize these several gifts as from Thee. Deliver me from the diabolical sins of

malice, envy, or jealousy, and give me hearty joy in my brother's good, in his work, in his gifts and talents, and may I be truly glad in his superiority to myself, if God be glorified. Root out weak vanity, all devilish pride, all that is abhorrent to the mind of Christ. God hear my prayer. Grant me the wondrous joy of humiliation, which is seeing Thee as all in all. *Norman Macleod's Diary.*

Hints to Housekeepers

CONSUMPTION, CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.

TRANSPARENT APPLES AND WHIPPED CREAM.—Pare twelve fine, tart apples, cut in circular slices three quarters of an inch thick. Remove seeds and core carefully. Spread on dishes for two hours to dry slightly. Make a syrup of one pound and a half of loaf sugar and half a pint of water; boil until rather thick. Now lay in half of the apples, and simmer for fifteen minutes. Take out and spread on dishes to get cold while the rest cook. In fifteen minutes take these out and spread on dishes, returning the first half to the syrup. Be careful not to break the slices by rapid boiling. Cook until done and clear. Remove and finish cooking the rest. Lay all carefully in a deep glass dish. Add to the syrup the grated rind of two fresh oranges, and the pulp carefully picked out as for marmalade. Simmer a little while and pour over the apples. Grate the rind of an orange and express the juice; add this, with one small teacupful of white sugar, to one pint of rich cream. Whip stiff and pile up over the apples. This is a beautiful and elegant dessert.

INCOME AND OUTLET.—The three important outlets of disease are the skin, bowels and kidneys. See that they perform their functions properly and use Burdock Blood Bitters to insure this proper action.

A TOOTHsome PUDDING.—Put twelve egg yolks in a bowl with a pound of white sugar and beat very light. Add half a pound of creamed butter. Shred up half a pound of citron, grate half a pound of cocoanut; blanch and pound a quarter of a pound of almonds and add these with the grated rind of a fresh lemon. Last, add the whites of eight eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Line four pie plates with puff paste, fill with the pudding and bake in a moderately heated oven. Do not cook rapidly.

GOOD DEEDS DONE.—The good deeds done by that unequalled family liniment, Hagar's Yellow Oil, during the thirty years it has been held in ever increasing esteem by the public, would fill volumes. We cannot here enumerate all its good qualities, but that it can be relied on as a cure for croup, coughs, colds, sore throat and all pains, goes without saying.

SALSIFY OYSTERS.—Boil eight large roots of salsify perfectly tender. Peel carefully, crown and all, rub through a sieve, and season with salt, pepper and three ounces of butter. Add a gill of flour, two well beaten eggs and a little rich cream, but the mixture must be very thick batter. Have a frying-pan half full of boiling lard and drop the salsify in, one large spoonful at a time, just about the size of a large oyster. When brown turn, and remove as soon as done. Drain carefully and serve at once on a hot dish.

THE RED RIVER.—The red river of life is the blood; if it be impure, health is impossible and life a burden; Burdock Blood Bitters, say those who have tried it, is the best blood purifier in the world. Miss Maud Carleton, Ridgeway, Ont., says: "Am using B.B.B. right along and find it a perfect blood purifier just as advertised."

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