

that he had risen to call for help, and fell by apoplexy.

BURIED AT SEA.

A coffin was made, and at five o'clock in the afternoon the corpse was solemnly borne up to the leeward gangway, where it was covered with signal flags; the soldiers were drawn up in rank on the deck; the bell of the ship tolled, and the crew and passengers, deeply affected, crowded around the scene. One of the missionaries read the burial service, and the moment that the sun sunk below the Indian Ocean the coffin was cast into the depths."

The missionaries with heavy hearts proceeded on their voyage and after a passage of twenty weeks reached Bombay. But God raised them up friends and opened the way before them. On reaching Ceylon they were hospitably lodged in the Government House. Lord Molesworth, the commandant, who, with his troops, attended the first service, was so deeply impressed by the sermon that he left a dinner party to kneel in prayer with the missionaries till he found peace in believing. Soon after, returning to England, his ship was lost with all on board save two or three. While it was sinking, he walked the deck, pointing the terrified passengers to the Saviour of men. Embracing Lady Molesworth in his arms, they sank into the waves, locked in each other's arms, and thus folded together in death they were washed ashore. Such were the first-fruits of the Methodist mission in Ceylon. Another trophy of that first sermon became the first native missionary to Asia. Many of the priests also believed. One of these introduced Mr. Harvard, afterward our Canadian superintendent, into a temple, where, in front of a great idol, he preached from the text, "We know that an idol is nothing in the world, and that there is none other God but one." The good work rapidly spread, till there are now in Ceylon 58 missionaries and assistants, 200 preaching-places, and over 3,000 Church members.

RESULTS.

The death of Dr. Coke was the beginning of a new era in the history of Wesleyan missions. On many a field of sacred toil have the ministers of the Methodist Church vindicated its title to the distinction of being pre-eminently a missionary Church—amid the cinnamon groves of Ceylon, in the crowded bazaars or tangled jungles of India, among the teeming populations of China, beneath the feathery foliage of the tropic palm in sunny islands of the Southern Seas, in the Zulu's hut and the Kaffir's kraal, and beside the mighty rivers which roll in solitary grandeur through the vast wilderness of our own North-West. With a prouder boast than the Roman poet, they may exclaim, "What place now, what region in the world is not full of our labour?" In every land beneath the sun this grand old Mother of Churches has her daughters fair and flourishing, who rise up and call her blessed. The Sabbath chant of her hymns engirdles the earth with an anthem of praise, and the sheen of her spires rejoices in the light of a ceaseless morning. And this glorious result is in large part the monument and memorial of the life and labours of DOCTOR THOMAS COKE, THE FATHER OF METHODIST MISSIONS.

PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS FOR LAST NUMBER.

- I. CHARADE.—Oasis.
- II. ENIGMA.—Brevity is the soul of wit.
- III. HIDDEN ANIMALS.—1. Fawn. 2. Mastiff. 3. Stoth. 4. Saki. 5. Suslik.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.—CHARADE.

My first is to plot, my second is a road; my whole is a part of a ship.

II. DECAPITATION.

- 1. Behead to skin, and leave a song.
- 2. Behead veracity, and leave a woman's name.
- 3. Behead a jaunt, and leave a tear.
- 4. Behead composed, and leave the repetition of words by memory.

III. WORD-SQUARE.

Across.

- 1. An affirmative.
- 2. A body of water.
- 3. The darkie's word for Mister.

Down.

- 1. An animal.
- 2. An affirmative.
- 3. Part of the body.

✓ "HOME, SWEET HOME."

In the spring of 1863 two great armies were encamped on either side of the Rappahannock River, one dressed in blue and the other dressed in gray. As twilight fell the bands of music on the Union side began to play the martial music, "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Rally Round the Flag;" and that challenge of music was taken up by those upon the other side and they responded with "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Away Down South in Dixie." It was borne in upon the soul of a single soldier in one of these bands of music to begin a sweeter and a more tender air, and slowly as he played it they joined in a sort of chorus of all the instruments upon the Union side, until finally a great and mighty chorus swelled up and down our army—"Home, Sweet Home." When they had finished there was no challenge yonder, for every band upon that further shore had taken up the lovely air so attuned to all that is holiest and dearest, and one great chorus of the two great hosts went up to God; and when they had finished from the boys in gray came a challenge, "Three cheers for home!" and as they went resounding through the skies from both sides of the river, "something upon the soldiers cheeks washed off the stains of powder."—*Frances Willard.*

EVERY real and searching effort at self-improvement is of itself a lesson of profound humility; for we can not move a step without learning and feeling the waywardness, the weakness, the vacillation of our movements, or without desiring to be set upon the Rock that is higher than ourselves.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

It is not always the most brilliant man who does most good. An old merchant, whose two sons had just finished their studies, when questioned as to their respective ability, said quaintly, but pleasantly: "George has a better show in his shop-window than John; but John has a larger stock in his warehouse."

INCIDENTS IN THE GIRL-LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY REV. HENRY CLEBY.



THUS brought into daily intercourse with each other notwithstanding the great difference in their social position a considerable degree of confidence and intimacy grew

up between the two young people, resulting in conversations upon various subjects, but especially upon topics bearing upon and connected with religion. The Princess had not unnaturally in a child of her quick intelligence felt her curiosity aroused by the references which the girl had made in the presence of the Duchess to religious services and to places of worship different from those she herself was accustomed to, and of which hitherto she had never been in the way of receiving any information, and now she eagerly availed herself of opportunities to obtain the information she desired while her young attendant was occupied about her in the services pertaining to her vocation.

On these occasions numerous inquiries were addressed to the Methodist girl by her young mistress, which in all duty and respect she felt bound to answer, concerning the ministry exercised at the chapel she attended, the preachers and the subjects of their discourses from week to week, the thoughts expressed and the duties enforced in the pulpit concerning spiritual and eternal things. Then the experiences related at the class-meeting and the utterances at the love-feasts and society meetings would often become a matter of inquiry and remark for these conversations extended over a considerable period of time, and when, as was sometimes the case incidents of more than ordinary interest were related in connection with the experiences at the class-meetings and love-feasts the questioning would become more minute and particular. Not unfrequently these conversations became seasons of deep emotion, both examiner and examinant having their feelings powerfully wrought upon until tears of tenderness filled their eyes and testified to what an extent some of the best and holiest sympathies, of which human nature is susceptible, had been stirred within them. In this purely incidental manner, without a thought having reference to any possible results, subjects relating to revealed truth and to religious experience were presented to the child-mind of the Princess and a class of feelings were awakened in her young unsophisticated heart to which in all human probability in the ordinary course of her strictly guarded life she would have remained an utter stranger. But it was thus divine Providence ordered it that the young, pure heart, whose thoughts and emotions were linked with the destinies of millions should be early brought under influences spiritual, healthy, elevating which have doubtless contributed in no small degree to the production of a public character whose sweetness, purity, and manifold excellencies combine to render it one of the noblest that will adorn the pages of the world's uninspired history.

REMEMBER THY CREATOR.

FEW have had such vast experience as King Solomon of old. Few such rich and varied treasures, few such palaces of gold. He had searched the depths of knowledge, he had climbed to wisdom's height. He had all of mirth and laughter, all that could afford delight. Yet, when late towards its evening, drew with cloudy sunset near, Earthly vanities beholding with an eye undimmed and clear, Looking back upon his glory, looking forward to the end; When the years should yield no pleasure, and the men of strength should bend; When the keepers of the house should tremble, and the grinders cease, And the fat melodious daughters of sweet music should decrease, When the almond tree should flourish, and the hyacinth root should grow cold, And be loos'd the cord of silver, broken be the bowl of gold, And the wheel and pitcher, broken at the fountain-shattered lie, And the dust to dust should crumble, and to God the spirit fly. Gave to children and young people, these most precious words of truth. Now remember thy Creator in the morning of thy youth.

R. WALTER WRIGHT.

Garafraxa, Jan. 1852

SILENT COMPANION.

TWO passengers set out from their inn in London, early on a December morning. It was dark as pitch, and one of them not being sleepy, and wishing for a little conversation, endeavoured, in the usual travelling mode, to stimulate his neighbour to discourse. "A very dark morning, sir?" "Shocking cold weather for travelling?" "Slow going in these heavy roads, sir?" None of these questions producing a word of answer, the sociable man made one more effort. He stretched out his hand, and feeling the other's habit, exclaimed, "What a very comfortable coat, sir, you have got to travel in!" No answer was made, and the inquirer, fatigued and disgusted, fell into a sound nap, nor awoke until the brightest rays of a winter's sun accounted to him for the tacturnity of his comrade, by presenting to him an astonished view a large bear (luckily for him muzzled and confined) in a sitting posture.

In preaching, the children must not be forgotten. A western minister, staying at a house over the Sabbath, won the heart of a child, and promised that she should hear him preach next day. Sunday morning came, and, when the hour for service arrived, the little one was not yet awake. Leaving her asleep, the whole family repaired to the church. In the middle of the sermon, they were greatly surprised to see her toddle down the aisle, in her white night-dress. Stopping before the pulpit, and looking up into the face of the minister, she said, in a grievous voice, "I guess you forgot me." Are not many preachers forgetting the lambs of their flocks? One-third or one-half the average audience is composed of children. How much thought in the study or pulpit does that ordinarily get? It is the part most impressive, and with the longest time to live and work, and yet it is frequently as much ignored in the sermon as the lifeless cushions and seats.

Love's secret is to be always doing things for God, and not to mind because they are such very little ones.