

The Family.

RECOMPENSE

There is no day but has its share of light, and somewhere in the dark there shines a star at night. There is no cloud, however black and grim, That does not touch the sunlight with its outmost rim.

There is no sorrow borne without its gain, No perfect joy that was not ushered in with pain. There is no woe that can outlast the year, No smile so sweet in life as that which follows a tear.

We learn to do without our own because There is some recompense in all of nature's laws; No sun can rise until the sun has set, No life be lived that has not somewhere known regret.

This thought, my friend, take with thee for the days, And were not God if man could fathom all his ways. And as thy day goes down its western slope, Know, next to faith, his greatest gift to thee is hope. —Marian Norton, in The Brooklyn Magazine

THE MURDER OF BISHOP HANNINGTON DIARY OF HIS LAST DAYS.

THE Church Missionary Society lately received from Zanibar the diary of the late Bishop Hannington, written up to the very day of his murder. For economy of space the entire has been made with exceeding minuteness, so that a magnifying glass is necessary to enable the pages to be deciphered. The diary is in course of publication. Meanwhile the Press Association has been favoured with the following extracts, forming a narrative of the Bishop's last week—

October 21st, Wednesday.—The Bishop describes the arrival of his party at Lubwa, where a present of ten guns and three barrels of powder was demanded, and a thousand soldiers assembled. The Chief asked him to stay one day, and to this he consented, but while proceeding to a hill to have a view of the Nile he was set upon by twenty ruffians, stripped of all valuables, and hurried away. "Twice I nearly broke away from them, and then grew faint with struggling, and was dragged by the legs over the ground. I said, 'Lord, I put myself in Thy hands.' I look to Thee alone." Then another struggle, and I got to my feet, and was thus dashed along. More than once I was violently brought in contact with banana trees. In spite of feeling I was being dragged away to be murdered at a distance. I sang, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and 'My God, I am Thine,' and then laughed at the very agony of my situation. Eventually he was brought to a hut, and made out that the Sultan had him seized and meant to keep him prisoner until he had received word from Mwanga. Simultaneously the Bishop's men and loads arrived.

October 22nd, Thursday.—"I found myself about ten o'clock last night on my bed in a fair-sized hut, but with no ventilation. A fire on hearth. No chimney for smoke. About twenty men all round me, and rats and vermin ad lib. Fearfully shaken, strained in every limb, and great pain, with thirst. Floor covered with rotting napaeel and leaves and lice." The Bishop adds that his Portuguese servant might cook his food, and he was allowed to have his Bible and writing materials.

October 23rd, Friday.—On this date the Bishop notes that it was three months that day since he left the coast. He with difficulty crawled outside and sat on a chair, and had to be helped back in a gone condition to bed. "In the afternoon the chief and about 100 of his wives came to feast their eyes on me in cruel curiosity. I felt inclined to spring at his throat, but sat still, and presently read to myself Matthew, chapter v., verses 44, 45, and felt refreshed."

October 24th, Saturday.—"Thank God for a pleasant night in my own tent, in spite of a tremendous storm, and rain flowing in on the floor in streams. Personally I quite forgave this old man and his agents for my rough treatment, though even to day I can only move with the greatest discomfort, and ache like rheumatic fever. The day passed away very quietly. I amused myself with Bible and diary."

October 25th, Sunday.—On this day the Bishop wrote that he had still a great deal of pain in his limbs. "Three detachments of the Chief's wives—they say he has one thousand nearly—have been to-day to see me. They are very quiet and well behaved, but greatly amused at the prisoner." On the same day the Bishop observed that his guards and lie were great friends—almost affectionate—and one called him when he spoke of him, "my white man."

October 26th, Monday.—"Limbs and bruises and stiffness better, but I am heavy and sleepy. Was not inclined to get up as usual, and if I mistake not signs of fever creep over me." For the first time he was unable to eat. During the day three parties of the Chief's wives came and gazed at the prisoner.

October 27th, Tuesday.—The entries on this day are briefer and refer chiefly to the circumstance that no reply had been received to the messages he had been allowed to send, and he therefore doubted whether they had been sent at all. Only a few ladies came to see the wild beast to-day."

October 28th, Wednesday.—"Seventh day's prison. A terrible night, first with noisy drunken guard, and secondly with vermin, which have found out my tent and swarm. I don't think I got one sound hour's sleep, and woke with fever fast developing. O Lord, do have mercy on me, and release me. I am quite broken down and brought low. Comforted by reading Psalm xxvii. In an hour or two's time fever developed very rapidly. My tent was so stuffy that I was obliged to go inside the filthy hut, and soon was delirious. My fever passed away. Word came that Mwanga had sent three soldiers, but what news they bring they will not yet let me know. Much comforted by Psalm xxvii."

October 29th, Thursday.—"Eighth day's prison. I can hear no news, but was held up by Psalm xxx., which came with great power. A hyena howled near me last night, smelling a sick man. I hope it is not to have me yet."

This entry, the last, takes up but a small part of the page of the diary. The Bishop apparently expected to write more later on. It is almost certain that he was killed on this day, and there is reason to think that he was taken out to execution very shortly after he had written these words.

"WELL TO DO"

"O JANE, it is not what a young man earns, it is the way in which he spends his earnings that makes a happy home or a miserable one."

"That's quite right, ma'am, but if you have anybody earning thirty shillings a week, you could give him ten out of it, and keep your place tidy; and if you ran short you wouldn't be much of a husband if he did not give his wife all the thirty now and again, say With thirty shillings a week a man's 'well to do.'"

Poor Jane, you will find your bag of money at the foot of the rainbow—when you get there. Jane was married. She drew some money from the bank, bought herself a silk dress and "a real lace bonnet" to be married in.

John Somers was a gasfitter, a clever workman, and a fine-looking young fellow.

The morning he was married he took a glass of whiskey. On the evening of the same day he took several glasses; but then he treated others and Jane, like a generous man, she said.

There were a great number of articles to be bought before the small four-roomed house could be said to be furnished, and although Jane suggested on several Monday mornings that John should keep a tight hand on his wages this week and bring home the full thirty, she never once got it!

Jane was a capital housewife, she could turn her hand to anything, and whatever she did seemed well done; then in person she was neat as a new pin.

The time sped on, a child had to be prepared for, everything must be nice, and the material must be good, every stitch of the small garments she would sew herself—she was clever with her needle.

"That's all this week, Jenny,"—and John threw down fifteen shillings,—"I shall go and see how Harry gets on, on Monday, and I shall want a few shillings in my pocket."

Jane's face grew pale. "You only made it eighteen last week, and three-and-six I had to pay for your hat. I wanted some flannel this week—where's it to come from? and you must have fresh meat every night for your supper?"

"Well, if I get up along with Harry there's thirty five a week for me—that'll set you on your feet Jenny, and no mistake!"

"Don't talk of getting up, I'm sick of it, you're going down as fast as man can go. I've kept my pride up as yet, and said I wouldn't go out to work, but I'll go on Monday."

Poor John! The threat did not sting him—he only saw a sudden gleam of hope. If Jenny should ever support herself, he would have all his money to do as he liked with. The thought made him quite amiable as he took his supper,—a nice supper of stew, and a little fruit pudding.

Jane could not swallow a mouthful. The iron had entered into her soul. John could not care for this child that was coming, he would never care for it. Week after week he had promised her ten shillings for the special purpose of buying clothes. This week he had taken thirty and brought her just half, that was all!

On Monday morning Jane called at the big laundry on the hill, and asked to see the manageress. "Can you give me work, ma'am?—a little at first, I can't work full time, but I'm a good hand at folding, ironing, or I can pack. I'm a married woman, and shall soon have a child to provide for, and I can't do it out of fifteen shillings a week." And the hot tears fairly rolled down poor Jane's cheeks.

"You shall have work at once Mrs. Somers; do not fret; I will call on your husband some evening. He is a foolish man to let such a wife as you are go into a laundry. But is it not what a husband earns, is it? It is how he spends it, that makes or mars the wife's happiness."

O, how those words stabbed poor Jane's heart—the same Mrs. Saunders had used not two years ago! However, there was work in store for her, she would not murmur.

"The first autumn morning this! Let us have a good walk, there is a downright pinch of frost in the air." So said Mr. Saunders to his wife as they sat at breakfast. "Let us walk to Harrow and see Jane. Her second little boy is born."

At Harrow in her neat little bedroom lay Jane, with her new-born babe—everything about her scrupulously clean, but very poor. She was fighting that terrible uphill fight, the woman earning to support children and husband. Downstairs, preparing to carry home some lace work which his poor wife had been ironing was John Somers, the lazy and drunken, once John Somers, the gasfitter, earning thirty shillings a week.

"Jane I shall leave you this sovereign as lawful payment for the many good deeds you wrought in my house. I shall never have another servant like you," said Mrs. Saunders, cheerfully.

Jane could not reply. She folded her hand over the gold coin, and whispered, "I shall repay you some day, ma'am, thank God, I don't owe a penny."

Brighter days came at last, for as a forewoman at the laundry, Jane earned good wages, and strengthened by her friends, she resolutely refused to supply her husband with more than food and shelter, the money for drinking and for clothes he had to find as best he could.

At last John Somers was taken away by death, and the wife who had supported him for nine years was free.

"Oh, you young women!" she would say to the girls at the laundry, "if you only knew what it was to marry a man who drinks, you would sooner put your right hand into the fire and burn it off. You may think that by your thrift and cleverness you will keep all straight. But I tell you, yours is a forlorn hope. What you gather on the one hand, your husband will throw away on the other, so that presently the smartest of you will sink down into that abyss of poverty out of which, humanly speaking you will never again rise."

Some have listened to Jane's words and taken warning, some still sow the wind and reap the whirlwind.—British Woman's Temperance Journal.

TIME MAKES CHANGES

Does trouble rise, and life appear A prison with no open gate, And lettered circumstance and fear Attend thy ways?—In silence wait And look to God! It will be, For time makes changes pleasantly

Let no cooing passions rise To vent hot words to add to pain; Watch the light in Southern skies To chase the clouds of winter rain; And heart-content awaits for thee, For time makes changes pleasantly.

TWO WAYS OF GIVING.

IN 1880 a wealthy kind-hearted woman in New York sent for the editor of the *Tribune*, and placed in his hands one thousand dollars to be used at his discretion for the benefit of the poor of that city. Mr. Reid spent the money in transporting seventy-six homeless and friendless children to the far West, where they were placed with farmers.

A close watch has been maintained by the Children's Aid Society and by Mr. Reid over them since that time, and it is believed that only six of these poor little waifs have turned out badly. The others have taken kindly to farm-work, and bid fair to become industrious respectable citizens. When we consider that they will probably marry, that their children and descendants will be added to the ranks of moral, educated and God-fearing men and women in our population, instead of joining the vast army of paupers and criminals, we can hardly estimate the good work accomplished by these thousand dollars.

In the same year a wealthy man in a neighbouring town left by will twenty thousand dollars for a bell to be hung in the city hall, provided his name should be cast upon it, and that it should toll for an hour on each anniversary of his death. The brazen tongue of the bell will suggest only the petty vanity of the donor throughout succeeding years.

The name of the woman who saved the friendless children from vice and ruin is not known to them. But the record of the good she has done will not be finished for many generations.—*Youth's Companion*.

PROUD OF HIS SISTER.

THE Chicago *Tribune* relates the case of a young man who was regarded as a phenomenon, because he took his sister to all the best entertainments, and actually devoted himself to her during the lecture and opera season. Being praised for his unusual attention to his sister, the young man promptly and proudly replied:

"No, there's nothing wonderful or extraordinary about it. She is the only woman I know in whom I have the most thorough confidence. She is always the same, always pleased and affectionate, and to tell you the candid truth I'm afraid she'll go and marry some of these imitation men around here and be unhappy all her life."

"She has nobody else to look to, and I'll take care she does not have to look to anybody else. I suppose some day a genuine man will come along. If he's a genuine man, I won't object. Until he does come, she's good enough for me: and if ever I find as good a girl I'll marry her."

The example is most commendable. A young man would do well to seek his sister's society until he finds another lady as good as his sister.

CORK.

CORK is the bark, not the wood of the cork-oak. The bark comes from Spain and Portugal, where they keep cork woods. It doesn't kill the tree to take its bark away, and it can be skinned every six or eight years. About \$1,000,000 worth of the raw bark is brought to this country every year. The cork has to be steamed before it is cut. Corks are made in thousands of sizes and grades, from the size of a pin-head up to four metres in diameter. No fewer than six hundred sizes and grades are kept in stock. None of the bark that comes over in the ship goes to waste. The cork-makes used to burn the refuse, but now they keep better. In a granulated state, it is used as roof-packing. The heat cannot get through the cork protector. The palace car-builders use it to pack under the floors of their cars to deaden the sound, and under the roof to keep the heat out. The finest of the refuse is used by picture-frame makers in decorations. They sprinkle it on their bronzed or japanned frames; the large models, in the shape of pictures, are made from it when pressed like papier mache. Fruit and egg cases, ice-houses and ice-machines, are often packed with granulated cork which costs only two cents a pound.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Every time I tell the truth I add to my strength of character. Every time I oppress a servant I am guilty of a sin against God. Every time I spend a dollar foolishly I am opening a pauper's grave. Every time I refuse a drink of liquor I am improving my manhood. Every time I pay rent I am taking that much away from a home of my own. Every time I buy an article I am encouraging the manufacturer or producer. Every time I refrain from speaking in defence of a friend I prove that I am not a friend. Every time I speak a kind word I am adding a brick to my temple of manhood. Every time I pay a debt I am doing right, and helping to put money in circulation. Every time I refuse to do a favour, when I can as well as not, I prove that I am growing mean.—*N. W. Presbyterian*.

"GOD IS NOWHERE."

"AN infidel was one day troubled in his mind as he sat in his room alone, while his little Nellie was away at Sunday school. He had often said, 'There is no God,' but could not satisfy himself with his skepticism, and at this time he felt especially troubled as thoughts of the Sunday school and of the wonderful works of creation would push their way into his mind. To quiet these troublesome thoughts he took some large cards and printed on each of them 'God is nowhere,' and hung them up in his study. Nellie soon came home, and began to talk about God; but her father pointed her to one of the cards and said, 'Can you read that?' She climbed a chair and began eagerly to spell it out: 'G-o-d, God, i-s, is, n-o-w, now, h-e-r-e, here, God is nowhere.' Isn't that right papa? The man's heart was touched, and his infidelity banished, by the faith of Nellie, and again the prophecy was fulfilled, 'A little child shall lead them.'—*North-western Presbyterian*

This religion of some people is constrained; they are like people who use the cold bath, not for pleasure, but necessity and their health, they go in with reluctance, and are glad when they get out; but religion to a true believer is like water to a fish; it is his element; seemingly his native element; he lives in it, and he could not live out of it.—*Rev. John Newton*.

MINUTES OF NEW HEBRIDES MISSION SYNOD.

KWAMFRA, TANNA, NEW HEBRIDES, 29th June, 1886.

THE New Hebrides Mission Synod met this day, and after devotional exercise conducted by the Rev. J. G. Paton, in absence of Mr. Michelsen, the retiring moderator, was constituted. Present: Revs. J. G. Paton, W. Watt, P. Milne, H. A. Robertson, J. W. McKenzie, J. H. Lawrie, R. M. Fraser, W. Gray, and C. Murray. Mr. Lawrie was appointed moderator for the ensuing year. Mr. Watt was appointed clerk *pro tem*. It was agreed that the captain be instructed to proceed direct to Noumea with Mr. Paton and return to Kwamfra. The Rev. Messrs. Macdonald and Michelsen and Dr. Gunn were absent, but sent reasons for their absence, which were read.

At the request of synod, the Rev. J. G. Paton addressed the meeting in reference to his efforts to raise money to purchase a steamer or other vessel, to take the place of the present *Dayspring*, and to obtain additional missionaries for this field. This meeting thanks Mr. Paton for this intensely interesting narrative, acknowledges the deep obligations under which he has again placed us as a mission, by his arduous and successful labours in obtaining the necessary funds to accomplish these objects, and in deepening the interest felt in our work, assures him of its cordial sympathy with him, in his varied efforts to advance the Redeemer's kingdom in these islands, and prays that God may long spare him to labour in the cause to which he has consecrated his life.

The last hour of second sederunt was spent in devotional exercises.

THIRD SEDERUNT.

A letter was read from the Rev. E. Scott embodying minute of Presbyterian Church in Canada's Foreign Mission Committee, date 21st May, 1885, offering, subject to Mr. Annand's approval and the approval of the mission synod, to transfer Mr. Annand to Santo or some other island, and leave Mr. Lawrie in charge of the whole of Aneniyum. A letter was also read from Dr. George Smith, enclosing a minute of the Foreign Mission Committee of the Free Church of Scotland, accepting the sole charge of the island of Aneniyum, and inasmuch as these communications are in accordance with the opinion of this synod as expressed in minute 30, 1881, this synod cordially approves of the whole island of Aneniyum being placed under Mr. Lawrie's sole charge. Further, the synod having been asked by the Foreign Mission Committee of the Free Church of Scotland to advise as to the transfer of the mission premises at Anelgahat from the Presbyterian Church in Canada to them, the synod having considered the matter, is of opinion that it would be only fair on their part to hand over to the Canadian Presbyterian Church the sum of two hundred pounds (£200), sterling for the same.

FOURTH SEDERUNT.

Synod met pursuant to adjournment and was constituted. The minutes of the previous sederunt were read and confirmed. Owing to the death of Mr. Gray's infant child, the synod then adjourned to meet in the afternoon at 2 p.m.

FIFTH SEDERUNT.

After hearing the reports from the various stations, Messrs. McKenzie, Fraser and Murray, were appointed a committee to draw up a report of the state of the work in the islands, based on the reports of stations which had been given in.

SIXTH SEDERUNT.

Read a letter from Rev. E. Scott and minute of Presbyterian Church in Canada's Board of Foreign Mission Committee, Maritime Provinces, asking the mission synod to transfer Mr. Annand to Santo or such other island as the mission synod might select. The synod having considered the matter feels that it is not now in a position to select a station, but appoints Messrs. Fraser or Murray a deputation to visit the eligible openings along with Mr. Annand; Mr. Annand's selection of a station to be subject to the approval of mission synod at its next meeting; a copy of this minute to be sent to the Revs. Messrs. Scott and Annand.

SEVENTH SEDERUNT.

It was occupied with business of a formal nature.

EIGHTH SEDERUNT.

The committee appointed to arrange for the settlement of new missionaries this year reported as follows:

That Messrs. Watt, Murray and Macdonald, be appointed a deputation to proceed with the Amy Gertrude Russell missionary, should he arrive by the next trip of the *Dayspring*, to assist him in selecting a site on Malekula in accordance with minute 48, 1885, and to assist in his settlement should he decide to settle at once; but should the Amy Gertrude Russell missionary arrive and decide to defer settlement, that he be instructed to proceed north either by himself or under the direction of any of the deputation hereby appointed, and select his site on Malekula for a station;

That should a second missionary from the Victorian church arrive by the next trip of the *Dayspring*, Messrs. McKenzie, Michelsen and Dr. Gunn, or Mr. Fraser be appointed a deputation to assist in selecting a station for him, aiding his settlement; it being understood that the second missionary is at liberty to select a station on that part of Malekula not included in the Amy Gertrude Russell mission station, the north end of Epit on Pacuna, or on the south side of Ambrom, the synod giving its preference for a settlement on Malekula; and the synod hereby appoints him to the station he may select in accordance with this minute; it being further understood that should both missionaries decide on an immediate settlement, both deputations be united in the settlement of each missionary in such order as may be convenient.

NINTH SEDERUNT.

Considering the difficulty we have had and still have in increasing the number of European missionaries—of obtaining missionaries proportionate to the extent of our field,—the many doors that God in His providence has in recent years been opening for the proclamation of His gospel—the large number of intelligent young men (viewing our stations as a whole) now receiving instruction in our schools, many of whom can be trained for the special work of teachers and preachers within the bounds of our mission, at least in its present circumstances—our rapidly extending knowledge of the languages spoken in this group, and of the people themselves, it was moved by Mr. Robertson and agreed to, "That in accordance with the spirit of minute 1st, 1879, the brethren be enjoined to devote special attention to the training of native