

if for life. My rocky heart began to melt. I pitied that untaught, un-cared-for lad, and felt my first conviction of guilt. When he arose from his knees I watched him curiously. I was studying his case. I saw the change; and when he arose to speak I vowed in my heart that if this was the language of Canaan, then, indeed, there was a divine reality in religion, and I would have it, or die seeking. He did speak that language. He did not learn his piece—it was genuine. Through his instrumentality I stand here, with the knowledge of God demonstrated in my soul to-night. There may have been a powerful sermon preached here this evening, but I do not believe I heard a word of it. I was so anxious to humble myself and confess Christ before this people whom I have so deeply injured."

He sat down, and there was not a dry eye in the house; but oh, what a feeling of guilt pervaded the membership! They had despised one of Christ's "little ones," and almost shut the doors of the kingdom of heaven in his face. And how small the preacher felt! Humbled and rebuked, he walked no more in his own conceit, but retired within his God.

The church was powerfully built up during the meetings that ensued, and prospers to this day. Benjamin Slemmons and Colonel McClean have been fast friends for the past twenty-five years, and have been letting their light shine in the church and out of it all the time. Special efforts had been made for that poor drunken tyrant and slave, Dan Slemmons, and, by the grace of God, he was enabled to give up drink. *Nothing* but God's grace could do that. He died a Christian years ago, and his white-haired widow lives a happy life with her honoured son. The Rev. P— still preaches the gospel, and has never since forgotten that "Paul may plant and Apollos may water, but God alone giveth the increase."—*Golden Rule.*

#### The Man in the Pilot-House.

It was a foggy night. A dense mist draped the sea. The steamer in which we journeyed went slowly, feeling its way carefully along—at times giving with its whistle a dismal groan, as if a despairing request that everybody would keep out of its way. As we lay in our little corner trying to sleep, yet knowing how risky our voyage was, we thought how every thing depended on the one man steering the boat. How we and the hundreds aboard all trusted that one man up in the pilot-house! How implicitly we committed everything into his hands—our persons, our property, all our interests—and trusted him to safely bring us forward on our journey! How much depended on that one man's judgment, that one man's skill, that one man's experience! And then, how readily—completely—we trusted him!

There is Another, who is bringing this bark of our spiritual welfare over dark, stormy waters. It is Christ—that divine Guide. Why do we not trust him more? The steamer's pilot had only human wisdom: why do we not fully trust Jesus' divine, infinite power? He can control the storm, as well as see his way through it. The human pilot steered because he was paid: why do we not fully trust the infinite love that is the deep, profound motive of Jesus?

Yes, trust wholly. Put your all into his hands; and then, since Jesus abides in the boat, resting on the pillow of your faith, let all your anxiety go into a deep, calm, unvexed sleep.

#### Berlin, the Sixteenth of March.

THUNDER of funeral guns,  
Deep sad bells with your boom,  
Sorrowful voices of soldiers and folk,  
Whom lay ye here in the tomb?

Whom? the cannons reply,  
Baying like dogs of war  
Whose master is gone on a path unknown,  
Our glory, and lord, and star.

William, Kaiser and King,  
For him our iron throats yell,  
Victor we hailed him on many a field,  
We make to his soul farewell.

Whom? say the slow swinging bells.  
William, pious and dear,  
Ofttimes he knelt to the King of kings  
Where now he lies on his bier.

He took from his God alone  
The Crown of the Fatherland.  
And now he hath given it back undimmed  
To death's all masterful hand.

Whom? shout the serried ranks,  
Guardsmen, and Jagers, and all?  
The lordliest lord and the kingliest king  
That ever raised battle call.

At his word we thronged to the field,  
Sure of success to betide,  
Sure that the Kaiser would fight for peace,  
Sure of heaven on our side.

Whom? sigh women and men  
And fair-haired German boys,  
And girls with eyes of his cornflower's hue,  
For our father we raise our voice.

William the Emperor, dead?  
Lo, he made us one land,  
Thanks to him and his chosen chiefs,  
Strong and secure we stand.

Steadfast from birth to death,  
Whatso was right he wrought;  
Duty he loved, and his people and home—  
Now to dust he is brought.

Thunder of funeral guns,  
We hear you with English ears;  
In English breasts it echoes sad bells,  
This tidings your tolling bears.

Warriors stalwart and fierce,  
We see you are tender and true.  
We are come of a kindred blood. We share  
This sorrow to-day with you.

Folk of the Fatherland,  
Our hearts for your grief are fain,  
God guard your Kaiser Frederick  
And give ye good days again.

It may not be ours to utter convincing arguments, but it may be ours to live holy lives. It may not be ours to be subtle and learned and logical, but it may be ours to be noble and sweet and pure.—*Canon Farrar.*

#### Emperor William as a Christian Young Man.

BY J. ALBERT SMITH, M.A.

EMPEROR WILLIAM achieved great victories in peace as well as in war. He was great as a man, as a soldier, as statesman and king; but, best of all, he was a devout Christian. His confident trust in God in hours of greatest peril; his humility in hours of triumph over his enemies; his fidelity to Christian truth and loyalty to God, are an example of true manhood that should be most carefully studied by all our young people.

At the age of eighteen he wrote and adopted his "Life Principles and Vows." These have in them so much that is conducive to genuine manhood, and give us such a view of the innermost depths of this man's character, that I have thought a translation might be a blessing to old and young. I have been led to do this, also, because I believe that, with a few changes, they embrace principles which every young man should adopt.

I have aimed to be as true as possible to the original, even at the risk of at times sacrificing smooth English: "I with thankful heart acknowledge it as a great blessing that God has permitted me to be born in high station, since therein I possess greater advantages to cultivate (a splendid fortune) my heart and soul, in order that I may do good unto others. I rejoice in my station with *humility*, and am far from believing that God has in this intended to give me a superiority over others.

"I will never forget that the prince is, nevertheless, also a man, and *before God simply a man.*

"All things which mankind holds sacred shall be held sacred by me.

"I will ever remain true to the Christian faith which I now profess. I will at all times honour it, and ever seek to possess a warm heart for it.

"I will constantly and immovably put my trust in God. I will commit all things unto him, and seek to possess, by faith in his providence, a confident spirit.

"I will everywhere remember my God. I will betake myself unto him in all matters, and it shall be a delightful duty for me to bring my soul in accord with him by prayer. I know that without him I am nothing, and without him can do nothing.

"I will beware of all things by means of which I might degrade myself as a man, since as a prince I would far more degrade myself by them. Especially will I shun the sins of intemperance and sensuality, which sink human nature to deepest degradation.

"I will unceasingly labour to cultivate my heart and soul so that I, as man and as prince, may ever reach to higher attainment.

"I know how much I, as man and prince, am indebted to true honour. Never will I seek my honour in mat-

ters in which misconception alone can find it.

"My *rights* belong to the world—to the Fatherland. I will therefore remain unceasingly faithful in my appointed sphere, employ my time in the best manner, and accomplish as much good as is in my power.

"I will keep and nourish a genuine and hearty feeling of goodwill toward all mankind, even toward the humblest, for they are all my brethren.

"I will not, because of my princely dignity, act in an overbearing manner toward any one. I will oppress no one by means of my authority as a prince. And wherein I am obliged to demand anything of others, I will show myself condescending and friendly, and seek, as far as I am able, to make the fulfilment of their duty easy for them.

"To be *loved* is held by me in much higher esteem than to be *feared*, or simply to have the authority of a prince.

"I will encourage and reward merit, and especially will I bring to light that which is retired and hidden.

"I will perform official duties with great punctuality, and also hold my subalterns sternly to their obligations, yet treating them with friendship and kindness.

"I will labour unceasingly for the improvement of my heart and life.

"I will begin each day by a remembrance of God and my duty, and each evening I will carefully prove myself concerning the use made of the past day.

"Corrupt men and flatterers I will determinately shun. The best, the most upright and truest, shall be dearest to me. I will consider those my friends who tell me the truth at times when it might be displeasing to me.

"Every temptation to evil I will powerfully resist, and pray God to strengthen me."

Surely, after reading these principles and vows, no one need wonder at the greatness of Emperor William. His life was a fulfilment of the promise: "Them that honour me I will honour."

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