



WARRIOR OF UKEREWE—WITH ARMLETS AND ANKLETS.

little in a vase it will be colourless. So it must be either the bottom, or something in the water itself, that makes it look so different in different places and at different times. It is light-green near shore, where that beautiful white sand covers the bottom; while if the sand is yellow, the green will be very dark. If there is red earth at the bottom, or the sea swarms with little animals, or there is a covering of sea weed down below, the waters will be red, yellow, or green, according to what is in them; and, of course, at night the phosphorescent animals do their part to make an ocean of fire.

Mr. Whale would almost laugh if you should ask him if the ocean is like a great basin, with sloping sides and a flat bottom; for he knows so well that in it are level plains, deep valleys, little hills, and high mountains; some so high that they stick out of the water, making islands. Then, too, down beneath the waves, are caves and caverns, and even springs of fresh water bubbling up—for the ocean is only land with water over it; and geologists tell us that, thousands and thousands of years ago, the very spot on which we now live was an ocean, too.

While talking about his travels, Mr. Whale might tell how the different sea people live. On the very bottom are shell-fish and worms; next, some fish that stay just about that deep, never going any higher or lower; above them still others; and so on, to the top, like a great tenement house, three or four miles high, each tenant having his own story to live in. There are a few that seem to be rich enough to afford a whole house to themselves; for they are found sometimes at the top, and then down at the bottom, stopping to get something to eat, or to frolic about a little on the way down.

And the great waves! Mr. Whale knows all about these, for was there not a great storm while he was taking his long journey, and did he not see the waves rise till they were thirty feet high? At least it seemed so to him. To be sure, that was only once, and he did not measure them that time; but often and often he saw them when they rose twice as high as a very tall man. He did not fancy these great waves very much. They were so strong that, heavy as he was, they could toss him up and down like a ball. When near the shore they would carry him straight along, and he would get somewhere; but out at sea they just rose and fell, and he would be carried backward and forward, and finally left in the place from which he started.

Ah! but the ocean is a world full of wonders. And now Mr. Whale must say "good-bye," and leave you to find out for yourselves the rest about the deep sea and its wonders.

### Legend of the Fuchsia.

'Tis said that when upon the Cross  
The sinless Saviour died,  
And the soldier with his cruel spear  
Had pierced his precious side,  
The holy drops flowed at his feet  
Then fell upon the sod,  
Where Mary, kneeling, wept for him—  
Her son and yet her God.

An angel who was kneeling near  
Thus breathed a prayer to heaven:  
"Oh, Father, let them not be lost,  
Those drops so freely given,  
But in some form of beauty, still  
Let them remain on earth;  
And here upon the rugged hill,  
Give some sweet flowers birth."

When forth from the ensanguined sod  
A fuchsia sprang that morn,  
Rich crimson—dyed with Christ's own blood—  
Wrapped in his robe of scorn.  
Drooping with sorrow yet it bows  
Ever its graceful head;  
Shivering in the slightest breeze,  
Trembling with fear and dread.

For the dark shadows of the Cross,  
Can ne'er forgotten be,  
Where all the perfume of its breath,  
Was lost on Calvary.  
Yes, offering its rich fragrance there,  
As incense at his feet,  
The fuchsia, tho' beautiful,  
Can nevermore be sweet.

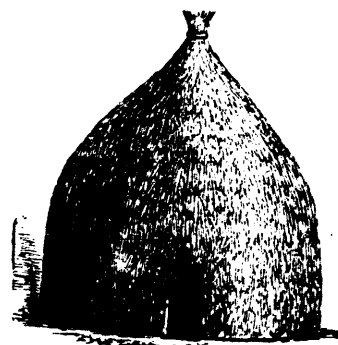
### Words to Young Christians.

You have enlisted as a soldier of Christ. Every soldier needs to be trained and armed. Study the Bible closely, not merely for instruction in the truth, but as a means of spiritual strength for the practical duties of life. There are battles to fight, hence you must be armed with the whole armour of God. There is work to be done; you must be strong in the Lord, to do his work successfully. A true conversion means the full consecration of every power to the Master's service.

Be prayerful. God invites his children to cast their burdens upon him. The privilege of holding communion with God is an exalted and precious one. Through prayer we receive strength in weakness, light in darkness, and consolation in sorrow. All the great souls of the past were men and women of prayer. It is better to go to the Lord with your wants than to your best earthly friend. You may not always get the perplexing problem solved; but you can gain an increase of faith that will make it of less importance.

Be watchful. There are plausible and misleading forms of error, both in conduct and belief, against which you must constantly guard. It is wise to keep off doubting ground. Watch against the beginning of any wrong course. Some things which seem harmless in their initial forms, may be the beginning of a course which leads far away from God. There are things not positively wicked which may unduly occupy the mind and divert the thoughts from matters of supreme interest.

Be diligent. The experience of his salvation which God has given you is designed to qualify you to work and witness for Christ. There are always opportunities of helping others, if we only open our eyes to see them. There are children to whom the simple lessons of saving truth may be taught. There are wanderers to be brought back to the fold. There are weak and halting ones to whom a word of encouragement may be a benediction. No



NATIVE THATCHED HOUSE.

Christian can grow in faith and holiness who neglects the work which God calls him to do. Yet this work requires wisdom and tact. Without discretion, and a proper regard for the feelings of others, well meant efforts may do more harm than good.

Do not spend much time in examining your feelings and moods. Do not let your faith rest upon your feelings. The chief thing is to live near to God, and maintain an unfaltering purpose to do what he requires. Do not be satisfied with past attainments. It is the privilege of every child of God to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

### Rejoice Always.

Good friends, you may be sure of this, that God never sent a trial so bitter that a genuine Christ-filled Christian could not suck some honey out of it. God does not expect us to be callous under trial, nor ask us to make merry at a funeral; but away down deep, under the tempest of trial, he offers to implant in us a calm, sober satisfaction—a serene sense that whatever God does is right; a sweet sense also of Christ's presence, and a delight in the smile of his countenance. This joy underlies the griefs of life and the disappointments, just as there is a profound peace in the depths of the Atlantic, while hurricanes are tossing its surface into foam.

Our happiness arises from what we are, not where we are. If we take Christ at his word when he says, "I am with you always," then we can rejoice in him always. That kind of joy is more than a privilege—it is a duty. Our Master commands us to "rejoice evermore;" to be wretched, therefore, is a sin. It dishonours our Lord, as every act of disobedience does. Spiritual joy is a sign of heart-health. Spiritual depression is an evidence of disease. When a baby moans and frets and cries, the mother says, "Something is wrong—this child is not well." Must not our loving Master, who is wiser and gentler than all mothers, regard us as disordered, and out of harmony with him, when we become sulky or morose, complaining and wretched?

We all expect to be happy when we reach heaven. Why not now? Why parse heaven in the future tense so perversely? It is a state, a condition of soul, as well as a locality. The possession of Christ is the beginning of heaven, and the more we have of him here, the more we shall have of him up yonder. Those who open every door and window of the heart to him, will find the same light and joy streaming in which shall constitute the bliss of the New Jerusalem. Wherefore, "again I say rejoice!"—*T. L. Cuyler, D.D.*

THE little one made a beautiful answer, without knowing it: "What! kiss such a homely man as papa?" said the mother, in fun. "Oh, but papa is real pretty in his heart," was the reply.