

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND AND ITS SENTRY GHIM

HERE is a land of Immortals—
The beautiful of lauds;
Beside its ancient portal
A sentry grimly stands;
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door;
And mortals who pass through it
Are mortals never more.

That glorious land is Heaven,
And death the sentry grim;
The Lord therefore has given
The evening keys to him;
And ransomed spirits sighing
And sorrowful for sin,
Pass through the gate in dying
And freely enter in.

Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace attends the message
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And guides the Lord's anointed
From cross to glory's crown.

Their sighs are lost in singing;
They're blessed in their tears,
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears.
Death like an angel seeming,
"We welcome thee!" they cry;
Their face with glory gleaming,
'Tis life for them to die.

—Canadian Methodist Magazine.

ON THE LOOK-OUT.

THE picture on the previous page will be looked at again and again, many times over. What a wide-awake, sharp looking man he is! Look at his eyes! As the breeze is freshening he holds his cap, and peers away into the distance; and should an object, however small, be in sight, you'd see him put the spy-glass to his eye in an instant, and by its aid he would endeavour to satisfy himself respecting it. A good look-out at sea is a necessity, if collisions are to be avoided; and, when nearing the land, making the harbour, or sailing up or down a river, without a good look-out, accidents are sure to occur. Our "look-out" is none of your dazy, afternoon kind of people. He might truly say, "This one thing I do: I keep a good look-out."

What trouble comes of not keeping a good look-out. Some young people live for the present, and for it alone; or, if they are, by some strange combination of circumstances, led to think of the morrow, they say, with lamentable levity, "To-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant." "The prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; the simple passeth on, and is punished."

It is the duty of every one to keep a good look-out. Before embarking in any enterprise, count the cost; in its prosecution keep a good look-out, so that nothing that prudence and skill can do, shall be lacking.

We are sailing in troubled waters, more or less of danger is around us.

"Rocks of Pride on either hand,
And quicksands of despair."

We must needs keep a good look-out. "Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." Moses said of his people, "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end." Latter end! Yes, look to the end. Ask, how will this end? "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death."

Keep a good look-out.

If we are safely sailing to the haven we love, there are many thousands

floating about on spars and planks; others have not yet left the fast sinking or burning ship, while others are stowed in some frail boat. The only hope of each and all is, that some friendly sail will see 'hem, bear down upon them, and rescue them. Keep a good look-out—scan well the horizon—let no flag of distress escape your notice. KEEP A GOOD LOOK-OUT.—Ensign.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

WITH the opening of the schools in the spring, there has come a regular "boom" in our Sunday-school papers. Never have we received so many orders at this season of the year as during the last month. Instead of our now paper, *Home and School*, pulling down the circulation of *Pleasant Hours*, it seems to have actually helped it. It is far ahead of what it ever was before, and that of *Home and School* has surpassed the most sanguine anticipations. Indeed, some think the latter rather the better paper of the two. We intend to make each as good as we possibly can. The success which has attended our efforts shows that our schools know when a good thing is given them, and will loyally respond and heartily patronize the periodicals of our own Church. We know of no Church in Christendom which furnishes for its schools so much good reading, saturated through and through with religious, temperance, missionary and patriotic sentiment, as the Methodist Church of Canada. Most of the great American Churches give a four-page paper, just half the size of ours, for the same price; and those few which give as much reading charge a great deal more for it. It is only the generous patronage of all our schools which will enable us to develop the Sunday-school literature of our Church as we earnestly desire to see it developed, and that patronage we confidently expect in a still larger measure to receive.—Banner.

THE HOME COLLEGE SERIES.

DR. VINCENT whose whole energies seem to be devoted to the work of diffusing popular Christian Education, has devised a new method for carrying out this result. This plan which we judge will be very successful, he thus describes:—

"The 'The Home College Series' will contain one hundred short papers on a wide range of subjects—biographical, historical, scientific, literary, domestic, political, and religious. Indeed, the religious tone will characterize all of them. They are written for everybody—for all whose leisure is limited, but who desire to use the minutes for the enrichment of life.

"These papers contain seeds from the best gardens in all the world of human knowledge, and if dropped wisely into good soil, will bring forth harvests of beauty and value.

"They are for the young—especially for young people (and older people too), who are out of the schools, who are full of 'business' and 'cares,' who are in danger of reading nothing, or of reading a sensational literature that is worse than nothing.

"One of the papers a week read over and over, thought and talked about at 'odd times,' will give in one year a vast fund of information, an intel-

lectual quickening, worth even more than the mere knowledge acquired, a taste for solid reading, many hours of simple and wholesome pleasure, and ability to talk intelligently and helpfully to one's friends.

"Pastors may organize 'Home College' classes, of 'Lyceum Reading Unions,' or 'Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circles,' and help the young people to read and think and talk and live to worthier purpose.

"A young man may have his own little 'college' all by himself, read this series of tracts one after the other, (there will soon be one hundred of them ready,) examine himself on them by the 'Thought-Outline to Help the Memory,' and thus gain knowledge, and, what is better, a love of knowledge.

"And what a young man may do in this respect, a young woman, and both old men and old women, may do."

The series consists of neatly printed 16 page 12mo tracts, with tinted cover and outline questions on the text, and cost only five cents each.

The subjects, so far, are—Carlyle, Wordsworth, Longfellow and Irving, by Dr. D. Wise; Rome, Egypt and England, by Rev. J. I. Boswell; the Sun, by Rev. C. M. Westlake, and Political Economy, by Dr. Steele.

We wish that ten thousand Canadian boys and girls—from seven years old to seventy—would begin to read these books.

"THE BOY IS FATHER TO THE MAN."

IF the duke of Wellington could say, "The victory of Waterloo commenced at Eton," it might be said of the little Scotch boy who trudged a mile and a half daily to the school at Perth that he then began his march to the chair of lord chief-justice of England. Indomitable perseverance marked him even then.

Before he was ten years of age William Murray, the future "silver-tongued Mansfield," was noted for great diligence and close application to his studies. It is recorded of him that he never failed in recitation, never required punishment for remissness in behaviour or in lessons, and was usually at the head of his class. His remarkable clearness of intellect and command of language was manifested very early.

We regret that the limited space in the *Banner* will not permit us to give the number of teaching hints, methods of study, of school management and the like, that we would wish. But in our new Sunday-school paper, *Home and School*, we have abundance of space, and give the cream of all the Sunday-school exchanges that come under our notice. Teachers will find this very helpful. We hope that schools that do not take it for the scholars will at least order enough to supply each teacher. Only 25 cents per copy per year.

We had reason to consult the Toronto City Directory to-day and were surprised to find the following proportions of names. They are not counted one by one, but computed at so many on a page. Hunter's, 70; Wilson's, 144; Smith's, 280; Brown's, 144; Thompson's, 168; Robinson's, 96. The importance of giving the street and number in an address is obvious.—Ed. P. H.

THE OLD CONJUROR.

BY REV. A. E. GREEN, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

AN old conjuror named "Ulcheat" living at Kit-hicks has long been the terror of the poor superstitious people. He professed to be able to kill or cure by sorcery, and in this way extorted much property from the Indians. This last fall he was heavily fined at Port Simpson by the magistrate for extorting money by sorcery. Two weeks ago this old conjuror came to the Mission-house, and asked to speak with me. Several of our Christian natives were in the room while he spoke to us as follows:—"Bring me the food of Jesus! I am filthy! I am bad! I am come to the fountain! Help me! help me! Long I have worked for the Devil. Long my heart has been troubled! Now I am come to Jesus for rest. When a little child has lost its father and mother, and its home, it cries in great trouble. Anyone who may see the lost one takes it by the hand and leads it to its father. Lead me; I am lost! Lead me to my Father. You know God, take my hand, lead me to Him. I want Him to forgive me and give me a new heart." We pointed him to the Lamb of God, and our native Christians prayed earnestly with him. The following evening in meeting he said, "I feel strange to-day! I feel like a little bird beginning to fly! The weight is gone from my heart. My trouble seems all gone! Last night I could not sleep; I wanted to sing. I feel that I belong to Jesus!" This man was simply dreading by the natives, but the power of God has reached his heart. He tells the people that he had no power to ill wish them, but his bad heart wanted their property, and so he professed himself a conjuror to get it. Now he is returning the things so taken to their owners. The other day he came up to the house, and coming in the inner room, he said, "If ever I came up to this house when I was doing the devil's work, I used to feel ashamed, and so sat down just inside the door, but to-day I come right in for I am washed in the blood."—Outlook.

I AM COMING, KEEP LOOKING UP.

A LITTLE girl who was playing near the edge of a precipice, suddenly felt the ground give way beneath her feet, and before she had time to spring back to a place of safety, had slipped over the brow of the abyss. With the instinct of despair, and that love of life implanted in us all, she snatched at the grass and tall weeds within her reach. Her little fingers dug deep into the ground, and stayed her downward course. There she hung, suspended in the air. Moments seemed ages, until she heard a voice, which sounded very far off, saying in a firm encouraging tone. "I am coming; keep looking up!" Instinctively she obeyed; she never glanced downward, but clung faster to her only chance of safety. Again the voice—this time nearer—spoke hopefully: "I am coming; keep looking up!" In another moment two strong hands had seized her own in a firm clasp, and she felt herself drawn gently and cautiously upward. Then she was lifted into great loving arms, and closed her eyes upon her father's breast.—Christian at Work.