

tell a lie yet. Speke came here, behaved well, and went his way home with his brother Grant. They bought no slaves, and the time they were in Uganda they were very good. Stamlee came here and he would take no slaves, and of all that Stamlee has read from his book I see nothing too hard for me to believe. The book begins from the very beginning of this world, tells us how it was made, and in how many days; gives us the words of God himself, and of Moses, and the prophet Solomon, and Jesus, the son of Mary. I have listened to it all well pleased, and now shall we accept this book or Mohammed's book as our guide?"

To which question, no doubt seeing the evident bent of Mtesa's own mind, they all replied, "We will take the white man's book;" and at hearing their answer a manifest glow of pleasure lighted up the Emperor's face. In this manner Mtesa renounced Islamism, and professed himself a convert to the Christian Faith, and he now announced his determination to adhere to his new religion, to build a church, and to do all in his power to promote the propagation of Christian sentiments among his people, and to conform to the best of his ability to the holy precepts contained in the Bible.

I, on the other hand, proud of my convert, with whom I had diligently laboured during three months, promised that, since Dallington wished it, I would release him from my service, that he might assist to confirm him in his new faith, that he might read the Bible for him, and perform the service of a Bible reader until the good people of Europe should send a priest to baptize him and teach him the duties of the Christian religion.

"Stamlee," said Mtesa to me, as we parted, nearly two months after, "say to the white people when you write to them, that I am like a man sitting in darkness, or born blind, and that all I ask is that I may be taught how to see, and I shall continue a Christian while I live."

(To be continued.)

The Easter Joy.

VARIOUS will be the expressions of the Easter joy all over the earth. Bells will ring it. Cannon will roar it. Voices will shout it. In the chambers of many hearts will be a quiet peace that the world will not hear in any outcry. Spoken or silent, joy should thrill our hearts. If the exaltation be there, it will get into our lives, and be felt as a new uplifting force.

The spiritual significance of Easter is many-sided. One side of that truth is the impotency of death. When Christ broke the bondage of the linen wrappings of the tomb, he showed how weak this cold, icy fetter really was. Death, he declared, does not interrupt the stream of our existence, but only veils it for a little time. It is like the flow of a brook that, meeting the white, icy cover of a December, ceases its prattle, disappears, and seemingly is lost. It runs on, though; and in April, there it is again. It shatters and melts its bonds, and the music of its flow echoes down through the valley.

Death is only a short strip of December ice, hiding, not destroying life. What an issue of the latter, amid the green fields of the everlasting spring! What a breaking forth into joy by the ransomed ones of God! Now teach all this. Make it as emphatic as did the early Christians in their symbolism and inscriptions down in the catacombs where they buried so many of their dead. How they greet us, those inscriptions asserting immortality! It is life, life, life, they affirm, printed deep on the walls of that dark, dusty burying-place. Let a like impression of immortality be

made clear and distinct on your scholars' memories, so that they shall share in Christ's triumph, and never, never fear death. Let the warm, tender hearts of your scholars, rather than the dead walls of a tomb, be the surface where you will stamp deep this Easter lesson. Imperishable far beyond any on catacomb wall will be your work. Through your scholars other hearts will be reached. Your work will be perpetuated in other lives. Have no fears for the certainty of this result. The Easter joy that you claim and sing, communicated to others, will go echoing down, down, from generation to generation. Hallelujah, Amen! Christ is risen to-day!—S. S. Journal.

On Easter Day.

BY ALICE EDDY CURTISS.

How shall we keep our Easter Day,
For love of the Lord who lives again?
Oh, once he slept in the twilight gray,
All worn with sorrow and spent with pain;
Around was the garden, still and lone;
The door of his tomb was sealed with stone,
And sad was the earth where the Lord lay slain!

Oh, sorrowful hearts that wept that night,
Close hid together in grief and fear!
"Alas!" they say, "for the world's dear Light!
They have quenched its glory in darkness drear!
And where shall the sad and the suffering go
For strength and healing and joy in woe,
Now the pitiful Christ is laid on bier?"

Ah, little they knew, those weeping ones,
That fresh with the dawn their joy would rise—
That sweetest light of a thousand suns
Would flash through the morrow's golden skies!
For oh! with the morning's dewy breath
The Lord came back from the gates of death,
And never again in the tomb he lies!

And still for the sick and sad at heart
Is comfort sweet at the dear Lord's side!
And never a sinner need depart
Unpardoned now, from Christ who died!
And over the children yearns a Friend
In love unfailing without an end—
The risen Lord who was crucified!

Sing out, O bird in the budding tree!
O bells, your gladdest praises ring!
Bloom, flower! and in fragrant charity
The joy of our hearts shall break and spring!
'Tis thus we keep our Easter Day,
With praise and blessing along life's way,
For love of Christ, our risen King!

Lord Salisbury Invited to Class.

AN Irish paper reports a speech by the Rev. Wallace M'Mullen, Vice-President of the Wesleyan Conference in Ireland, in the course of which he said that a friend of his, a solicitor, was staying at the watering-place of Tunbridge Wells, and that being in a Methodist chapel there, and on looking around the congregation, he recognized the Marquis of Salisbury. Meeting him afterwards on board a vessel going to the Continent, the solicitor said he thought he had had the pleasure of seeing his lordship in the chapel at Tunbridge Wells. The Marquis said he was there. He was passing along the street, and seeing the people going in, he went in likewise—not knowing but it was an Episcopalian church. After a little, the Marquis found it was a Methodist chapel, and right well he was pleased with the service, and with the sermon the minister preached.

The sermon was scarcely over, when an old gentleman turned, and, shaking hands with his lordship, asked was he a stranger there? The Marquis said he was. The old gentleman asked, "Have you joined class yet?" "No," said the Marquis, "not yet." The old gentleman said that a class met at his house on Thursdays, and if he—the Marquis—remained in town he would be glad to see him

there. "Well," said the Marquis, "I have not made up my mind to join class yet." Then the old gentleman informed his lordship that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper would be administered that evening, and invited him to remain. Lord Salisbury said he had another engagement, but, turning to his (Mr. M'Mullen's) friend, his lordship said, "If that be the way you Methodists do, I don't wonder you get on as well as you do."

The Angels of Easter.

God hath sent his angels to the earth again,
Bringing joyful tidings to the sons of men.
They who first at Christmas thronged the heavenly way,
Now beside the tomb-door sit on Easter Day.

In the dreadful desert, where the Lord was tried,
There the faithful angels gathered at his side;
And when in the garden grief and pain and care
Bowed him down with anguish, they were with him there.

Yet the Christ they honoured is the same Christ still,
Who, in light and darkness, did the Father's will.
And the tomb, deserted, shineth like the sky,
Since he passed out from it into victory.

God has still his angels, helping at his word
All his faithful children, like their faithful Lord;
Soothing them in sorrow, arming them in strife,
Opening wide the tomb-doors leading into life.

Father, send thine angels unto us, we pray;
Leave us not to wander, all along our way.
Let them guard and guide us, wheresoe'er we be,
Till our resurrection brings us home to thee.

Tired Workers.

You have no idea, boys and girls, how much of the best work of the world is done by those already well-nigh worn out with labour before they began it. The neatly-made clothes you wear, the clean and tidy room that welcomes you home from school, the nice stories you read—are many of them the product of weary hands and heads.

Almost anyone can work when they feel fresh and rested, but it requires determination and force of will, moved by love or sense of duty, to persevere in endeavour when powers of mind and body beg for repose.

Now, we are not going to champion what is called "the cramming process," or the disastrous system of overtaxing the mental or physical capabilities. Yet neither do we believe in encouraging a weak shrinking from considerable tasks. Fatigue in moderation will not hurt anyone, in presentable health, young or old. On the contrary, it is only exercise to the point of fatigue that will successfully develop the energies. The people of most account in the world are those who can work when they are tired; they are those that parents, employers and customers can depend on to keep their promises and be faithful to their duties.

The ability to attain to this high standard of usefulness is, of necessity, partly physical. The strongest will and the most conscientious soul cannot give strength to the body when it is once seriously debilitated. So if you want that power of endurance which goes so far to make reliable men and women, you must not ruin your constitution by rich, unhealthy food, by late hours, by indulging in indolence or excesses of any sort. All these things tend to enervate, to take the power out of nerve and muscle, besides weakening the moral sense. Be self-denying and temperate, and you will leave far behind you, in the race of life, the self-indulgent and intemperate.

"O MAMMA," said a little fellow, "I am so glad there was a flood!" "Why, dear?" exclaimed mamma. "Because, if there had not been any flood I shouldn't have had a Noah's ark; and I do love my ark."