

Hymn by a Native of India.

VIA DOLOROSA.

WHITHER with that crushing load,
O'er Salem's dismal road,
All thy body suffering so,
O, my God! where dost Thou go?

CHORUS.

Whither, Jesus, goest Thou?
Son of God, what doest Thou
On this city's dolorous way
With that cross? O, Sufferer, say!

Tell me, fainting, dying Lord,
Dost Thou of Thine own accord
Bear that cross? or did Thy toes
'Gainst Thy will that load impose?

Patient Sufferer, how can I,
See Thee faint, and fall, and die,
Press'd, and pull'd, and crush'd, and ground
By that cross upon Thee bound?

Weary arm and staggering limb,
Visage man'd, eyes growing dim,
Tongue all parch'd, and faint at heart,
Bruised and sore in every part.

Dost Thou up to Calvary go
On that cross in shame and woe—
Malefactors either side—
To be nailed and crucified?

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Mission Notes.

Of the Montreal French Mission the Rev. L. N. Beaudry writes:

"Our Sunday-school gives signs of a steady growth. Its contributions to the Mission Fund are praiseworthy. Arrangements are being made by benevolent persons to furnish us with, at least, the nucleus of a library, which, we trust, will become a means of attraction and permanent good. In all this we recognize the hand of God, especially as most of this assistance comes to us unsolicited and from other denominations.

"After six years of anxious thought, deep feeling, and constant labour in this field, your Missionary is more than ever convinced, that the chief instrument in this work of evangelization, is the school for the young. Those whom Romanism has fashioned and controlled to advanced years, have become either skeptical in mind, or indifferent in heart, and usually demoralized in life. Our hope is with the young, and God has wonderfully given us access to this class. This is our chief encouragement. The standard of teaching in our Pro-

testant schools is so far superior to that of the Romish schools, and the treatment of the young among us is so much more humane, that the moment the doors of our schools are opened, the rush for entrance is far beyond our capacity and means. In this God indicates our duty. Every Mission should be furnished with a school as well as a church. No permanent work can be done without these twin sisters of Christianization."

THERE is a style of match-safes known as "self-illuminating." If they are kept during the day in a bright room, their substance is such, that they will absorb sufficient light from their surroundings, to make them luminous in the darkness after nightfall. Their advantage is, that when you enter a darkened room at night, you can be guided by such a luminous match-safe to the means of a more permanent and brilliant light. So it ought to be with every disciple of Jesus. In his hours of walking in the light of the Sun of Righteousness he should absorb sufficient light to enable him to glow with contained and reflected light in any darkened room he may be called to enter. By this means, those who would otherwise walk in darkness may be guided surely to the means of an abiding light as their own possession. We all know persons of this sort. They bring light into any room they enter. They seem to shed light out of surrounding darkness. And again we know persons who have the power of darkening the sunlight in the brightest room, by their presence. They come between the light and our eyes like a piece of smoked glass; and the sun is always eclipsed while they are with us. Whether we are to shed light, or to shadow light by our presence and influence is not a question of temperament merely. It is a question of personal duty.—*Sunday-School Times.*

OFTEN on slight examination of the lesson it seems like dry ground, and it will not do to put entire dependence upon the intellectual understanding, nor upon commentators; it is only by earnest prayer that "the blade, then in the ear, then the full corn in the ear" is revealed. It was Whitefield who remarked, in effect, that the fullest, clearest light fell upon the inspired word when he was upon his bended knees over the open Bible. Words, feather-tipped with prayer, will wing their way to the heart, when lengthened, clear expositions, sent from the head will fall cold and unheeded at the feet of careless listeners.—*E. C. Casey.*

It is a pitiful thing to see a young disciple going about and asking everybody how much he must "give up" in order to be a Christian. Unfortunately many of those who take it upon themselves to instruct him, give him the same impression of Christian discipleship—that it consists chiefly of giving up things that one likes and finds pleasure in. But a man in solitary confinement might as well talk about what he must "give up" if he is pardoned out of prison, or a patient in consumption about what he must "give up" in order to get well. The prisoner must give up his fetters, and the invalid his pains and his weaknesses—these are the main things to be sacrificed. It is

true that the one has the privilege of living without work; and the other the privilege of lying in bed all day; these are the privileges that must be relinquished, no doubt. And so there are certain sacrifices to be made by him who enters upon the Christian life, but they are "not worthy to be compared" with the liberty, and dignity, and joy, and peace into which the Christian life introduces us; and to put the emphasis upon this negative side of the Christian experience, as so many at the present time are inclined to do, is a very great mistake.—*Word and Work.*

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The Leopard Cubs.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

OUT in the offing lay the ship,
One tropic summer day,
That was to bear the Teacher home—
Three thousand miles away;
And gathered for a last farewell,
Around him pressed a crowd
Of dusky followers, on the beach,
Who wept and sobbed aloud.

Upon the surf the native boat,
Waiting to waft him o'er
The white-capped breakers, churned and
chafed

Against the pebbly shore.
His soul was sad with toil and pain,
So lately had he won
From rites of fetichev savagery
These children of the sun.

But soon the last good-bye was said,
For he must be afloat;
And with a prayer upon his lips
He stepped into the boat;
And stopping, heard a cry, and saw
Come rushing o'er the sand
A lad who held a leopard-cub
Aloft in either hand.

"Mas' Teacher, see!—De mudder beast,
Me watch her go,—den up
Me creep into de den and fetch
De little spotted pup;
Dis ebery ting me hab to bring
For pay de Captain fee;
Me want to learn big English so,
Wid you across de sea!

"Mas' Teacher! take de boy along!
De pups dey no shall bite;
Me keep him in me bosom close,
An' watch him day and night.
De 'Meiky man, he buy him glad;
Dollars an' dollars pay.
Me know big English,—me go teach
Big English den, some day."

Dim-eyed the Teacher left the shore,
And o'er the breakers' swell
He still could see the Grebo lad,
As rose the boat and fell,
Lying in silent, hopeless grief,
Stretched out upon the sands,
While in his breast the leopard cubs
Nestled, and licked his hands.