

foreheads, are bushel baskets full of plaintains or cassave roots and heaped until there is nearly a bushel on top, and, perhaps, an additional burden in each hand, till they look like pack mules rather than women. You say to the man, "Why do you make your wives carry such heavy loads?" In surprise he answers, "Why they are my women." "I know they are," you reply; "but why don't you carry the basket for that poor woman and let her carry your gun?" "Me! Why I'm a man! It is the work of the women to carry the loads!" And so women are the burden-bearers, and they age rapidly under it. As a rule, youth is past at twenty-five, and at thirty-five or forty she looks sixty or seventy.

But it is in the marriage customs of Africa that woman's degradation is most marked. Betrothed when a mere child, she grows up bound to a man who is certainly ten or fifteen and perhaps forty years her senior. She may dislike him, even hate him, it makes little difference. She is taken from her home at the age of eight or ten and goes to live in the family of her future husband, where her mother-in-law teaches her that her great duty in life is to obey her husband and the great business of life is to serve him. Here she begins at once to cook his food and to wait on him, and, as soon as he chooses, she becomes his wife without any further ceremony. If she fails to show her husband due respect, if his abuse and imperious demands cause her to lose her temper (for she still has one, and a tongue too), then he beats her. You remonstrate: "Stranger, why do you beat this woman?" "She's my wife." "Yes, but you abuse her?" "She did not obey me." "But why do you expect more deference from her than you show to her?" "Did I not," he replies, "pay for her more than two hundred dollars, the wages of a year's work? She's mine." There you have the story. Greed prompted her father to sell her, and he tries to satisfy his parental instincts by calling it marriage. Selfishness prompts her husband to oppress her, to take advantage of her weakness, to make her his slave, his drudge. The only remedy is the gospel of love which requires "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." "Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them."—*A. C. Good, in Woman's Work for Woman.*

#### JERUSALEM MY HAPPY HOME.

Another crusade is needed to start for Jerusalem, a crusade in this nineteenth century greater than all those of the past centuries put together. A crusade in which you and I will march. A crusade without weapons of death, but only the Sword of the Spirit. A crusade that will make not a single wound, nor start one tear of distress, nor incendiary on a homestead. A crusade of gospel peace! And the cross again be lifted on Calvary, not as once, an instrument of pain, but a signal of in-

vation, and the mosque of Omar shall give place to a church of Christ, and Mount Zion become the dwelling place not of David but of David's Lord, and Jerusalem, purified of all its idolatries, and taking back the Christ she once cast out, shall be made a worthy type of that heavenly city which Paul styled "the mother of us all," and which St. John saw "the holy Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God." Through its gates may we all enter when our work is done, and in its temple, greater than all the earthly temples piled in one, may we worship. Russian pilgrims lined all the roads around the Jerusalem we visited last winter. They had walked hundreds of miles, and their feet bled on the way to Jerusalem. Many of them had spent their last farthing to go there, and they had left some of those who started with them, dying or dead by the roadside. An aged woman, exhausted with the long way, begged her fellow pilgrims not to let her die until she had seen the holy city. As she came to the gate of the city she could not take another step, but she was carried in, and then said, "Now hold my head up till I can look upon Jerusalem," and her head lifted, she took one look, and said: "Now I die content, I have seen it! I have seen it!" Some of us before we reach the heavenly Jerusalem may be astirred as that, but angels of mercy will help us in, and one glimpse of the temple of God and the Lamb, and one good look at the "King in his Beauty" will more than compensate for all the toils and tears and heart-breaks of the pilgrimage. Hallelujah, Amen!—*Talmage.*

#### NEW CREATURES.

A Profane persecutor weeps.—"During the mission at Old Heath, Essex, last year, there was among the hearers a very rough-looking man, and as he was there every night I became greatly interested in him. On inquiring about him I found that he had been a very Saul in persecuting those who professed the name of Christ, and had for years been living a very godless and profane life, known as one of the worst characters in the neighborhood. At the close of the first week's services, though he had been regular in his attendance, it seemed as if very little impression had been made on him, but the good seed which was sown during this time was to spring up and bear fruit. One night I had just finished my address, when, with the tears streaming down his face, he shouted out before every one: 'Pray for me, sir; I can stand this no longer.' Bible in hand I tried to put the way of life still more clearly before him—as simply and as plainly as I knew how, and that night he obtained peace with God through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and he went home rejoicing in his new-found joy. His mother soon heard of it: she was herself unconverted, and she said, 'Well, if there is any truth in the change I shall soon know it: he has not spoken to me for many a