

A CONTRAST.

BEHOLD them slumbering side by side,
 Fair smiling youth and hoary age;
 One dreams of worldly pomp and pride,
 Where men a godless warfare wage;
 The other dreams of summer bowers,
 Bright sunshine, warbling birds and flowers.

One brow is marked with lines of care,
 Which shows the world-worn spirit grieves;
 The other gleams 'neath clustering hair
 Like a fair star through quivering leaves.
 One heart is grasping, proud and cold;
 The other generous, warm and bold.

One breathes a long, a weary sigh,
 And dreams of earthly gain or loss,
 As with a keen, suspicious eye,
 He counts once more his glittering dross;
 The other bounds with joyous tread
 O'er fields of clover white and red.

A groan escapes the old man's lips,
 A groan of mingled rage and pain,
 For, lo! his schemes, like phantom ships,
 Have vanished 'neath the treacherous main.
 He stretches forth one wrinkled hand
 To find his treasure hoard but sand.

From parted lips of tender bloom
 A thrill of merry laughter steals,
 Whose fairy music fills the room—
 The happy boy in dreamland kneels
 Above a little crystal stream,
 Where rushes wave and pebbles gleam;

And he beholds with sparkling eyes
 His ship—a water lily—glide
 Beneath the rosy-tinted skies,
 Right bravely down the dimpling tide.
 His bark no sordid hopes doth bear,
 But dances on, he cares not where.

Hark! now the dreaming worldling speaks:
 "The path to wealth, how drear, how long!"
 "Ah!" cries the boy, with glowing cheeks,
 "How lovely is the skylark's song.
 High-soaring 'mid the blue above,
 Forever singing, 'God is love!'"

And when the morning sun shall rise
 To charm away the mists of night
 The boy will greet with gladdened eyes
 A world of beauty bathed in light,
 For a fond mother's loving kiss
 Will ope its golden gates of bliss.

But the poor worldling, what of him?
 Will he not seek the busy mart,
 Like some gaunt spectre, stern and grim,
 No joy within his withered heart?
 For life is empty, vain and cold
 To him who only seeketh gold!

The Bishop of Bloemfontein started from Shoshong, at the beginning of May, upon a long tour into the interior. The Mashona are said to be a quiet, industrious people, not yet reached by any Missionary. They are subject to the Matabele, a wild and warlike tribe, whose King has given the Bishop permission to pass through his land. If he had delayed another year, a great opportunity would have been lost. The region is reported to be a great gold producing country. There may be bloodshed between Boers and natives, but the powers in Bechuanaland are doing much to promote friendly relations. The Administrator has

helped the Bishop in every way, and the S. P. G. provides most of the expense of the expedition, the rest being from a private source, and given strictly for that purpose. The Bishop has lost two months by an accident to his arm, and the climate will compel him to start homewards about October or November. His absence will be less felt in Bloemfontein, as he has been unceasingly travelling around the Diocese, and holding confirmations everywhere, since his arrival. The Bishop writing from Shoshong, on May 2, said: "The attempt to go towards the north is progressing very well. The natives and half castes with me are a peculiarly useful and good party, and I have hopes of meeting a European at Buhawayo." It was also reported that the Bishop's arm was so far well that he could use his gun, which is of course a necessity of life north of Shoshong.

There is news of fresh troubles and disturbances in Central Africa. The Rev. W. P. Johnson says that it is important to observe that the immediate cause is not from the Arabs themselves, but from the black coastmen, who act as their allies and agents. He visited Mr. Moir, of the Scotch African Lakes Company, on board their steamer, the *Ilala*, and found him still suffering acutely from the severe wounds which he received in the fray with the Arabs last year. It is now hoped that he may escape without amputation of a limb. Of the black coastmen he says: "Their caravans are everywhere, Arabs only here and there." Archdeacon Hodgson reports threatening movements of the Magwangwara tribe, and the intercepting of some Newala letters in May. In April Mr. Porter wrote from Newala that Matola and his people were expected to migrate shortly thence to a place of greater security. Mr. Porter reports a visit to the Makonde country, to which he thinks the Mission might be transferred.

The Rev. C. E. Gardner, in a letter from Mazagon, on July 1, says: "We heard from Mr. Sibbald a sad account of the degraded condition of some of the native Roman Catholic Christians in India. The cholera had attacked one of their villages, whereupon all the people abandoned it, leaving the sick shut up in the deserted huts, and only going every day to take others who were attacked to the infected village, and to see if those left previously were still alive. They then used devil exorcisms to drive the cholera away. Yet these people are the descendants of generations of Christians, going back to the time of L. Francis Xavier. At Thana some complained of the way their priests neglected them. One said they were worse than heathens. Even the Jesuits, who are fast ousting the Goanese, still have to wink at their semi-heathen customs."

Native Christians in Japan, most of them with average wages of less than twenty-five cents a day, contributed last year \$27,000 to Mission work.