

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE

HAVE you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,
 Away in the sunny clime !
 By humble growth of an hundred years
 It reaches its blooming time ;
 And then a wondrous bud at its crown
 Breaks out in a thousand flowers ;
 This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
 Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
 But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
 For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you further heard of this Aloe plant,
 That grows in the sunny clime,
 How every one of its thousand flowers,
 As they drop off in their time,
 Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
 In the place where it falls on the ground ;
 And fast as they drop from the dying stem,
 Grows lively and lovely around !
 By dying it liveth a thousand fold
 In the young that spring from the death of
 the old.

Have you heard the death of the Pelican,
 The Arabs' Gimel el Bahr,
 That lives in the African soitudes
 Where the birds that live lonely are !
 Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
 And cares and toils for their good ?
 It brings them water from fountains afar,
 And fishes the seas for their food.
 In famine feeds them—what love can
 devise !
 The blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the Swan,
 The snow-white bird on the lake ?
 It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
 It silently sits in the brake ;
 For it saves its song till the end of life,
 And then, in the soft, still even,
 'Mid the golden light of the setting sun,
 It sings as it soars into heaven !
 And the blessed notes fall back from the
 skies
 'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

You have heard these tales ; shall I tell you
 one,
 A greater and better than all !
 Have you heard of Him whom the heavens
 adore,
 Before whom the hosts of them fall !
 How He left the choirs and anthems above,
 For earth in its wailings and woes,
 To suffer the shame and the pain of the cross,
 And die for the life of His foes !
 O Prince of the noble ! O Sufferer divine !
 What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine !

Have you heard this tale—the best of them
 all—
 The tale of the Holy and True ?
 He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
 Lives on in the world anew,
 His seed prevails, and is filling the earth,
 As the stars fill the skies above ;
 He taught us to yield up the love of life
 For the sake of the life of love.
 His death is our life, His loss is our gain ;
 The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
 Who for others do give up your all ;
 Our Saviour hath told you 'his seed that
 would grow,
 Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
 Must pass from the view and die away,
 And then will the fruit appear :
 The grain that seems lost in the earth below
 Will return many-fold in the ear.
 By death comes life, by loss comes gain.
 The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.
 —Dr. Henry Harbaugh.

As one result of Methodist Union,
 we expect the mightiest revival of
 God's work this land has ever known.
 The consolidation of forces will neces-
 sitate a grand onward movement ; the
 quenching of rivalries will beget a
 kindlier spirit ; hope and expectation
 will stimulate to prayer, and effort will
 bring the blessing. This has occurred
 already, and will occur on a far wider
 scale. One of the most blessed revivals
 of the year has been at St. Thomas,
 where a Union Service of the different
 Methodist Churches has resulted in the
 conversion of over 150 souls. Let all
 who love Christ and Methodism look
 and pray and labour for a glorious
 revival to consummate Methodist
 Union.—*Outlook*.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY
 SOCIETY.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK IN JAPAN.

WE have pleasure in giving the
 following extract from a
 recent letter from Miss
 Cartmell, the representa-
 tive in Japan of the Woman's Mis-
 sionary Society of our Church :—

I prize very highly the prayers of
 little children, and I long to have their
 sympathy awakened in my work, and
 to be able to tell the little folks here of
 the efforts of the children at home. I
 have not yet recovered from the deep
 impressions made upon me by the wel-
 come I have received from the Japan-
 ese themselves. Very many have called
 upon me, some even before I had ar-
 rived, they were so anxious not to be
 late in tendering their congratulations
 upon my coming among them. I am
 told that the attendance at the Sabbath-
 school is larger, owing to the children's
 eagerness to see the new comer. Their
 expectations from me are so far beyond
 the possibility of realization that I want
 to fall back upon something else, that
 they may find my coming has a practi-
 cal side, and be not too greatly disap-
 pointed. I am very much pleased that
 I bought some illumined cards with
 Scripture texts before leaving home.
 These I hope to use in stimulating regu-
 lar attendance at Sabbath-school. In
 San Francisco I also purchased a roll
 containing twelve scenes in the life of
 Christ. These are well executed and
 beautifully coloured pictures which I
 intend to take with me as I visit the
 schools once a month, showing one new
 picture each time and constantly re-
 viewing—the Superintendent explain-
 ing for me. I showed the first one last
 Sunday, the wise men presenting the
 infant Saviour with gold, frankincense,
 and myrrh. Afterwards the assistant
 told the children of how I had come so
 very far to teach them, how I wanted
 "to make their hearts good," and that
 they must remember all I said. But I
 had not said a word. I have not yet
 had any one who could interpret for
 me. It is just dawning upon me how
 very difficult this language must be.
 The ladies who have been for years in
 the country cannot give the simplest
 Sabbath-school lesson without the most
 laborious preparation ; much less in-
 terpret while another speaks, and the
 Japanese do not understand English
 well enough to do it. So I am shut up
 to the one resource—"praying to my
 Father in secret who can reward
 openly." Yesterday I commenced my
 visiting in the homes. Accompanying
 Mrs. Eby, I called on three families.
 We were received with evident plea-
 sure, and served with tea in their dainty
 little cups. With the tea, in the first
 house, we were given candy and pre-
 served oranges ; in the next, "mochi,"
 or cakes made of ground rice ; but in
 the next, three wonderful cakes were
 brought, and a pair of chopsticks. One
 cake looked something like a very
 large tomato, and was of a bright red
 colour ; another, green, represented a
 piece of bamboo, and the third, brown,
 must have been meant for a pine apple.
 We thought they looked too pretty to
 break. Finally, they were put into a
 nice little box and given to Nellie Eoy,
 who accompanied us and received her
 share of attention, the people being
 greatly pleased to hear her talk Japan-
 ese so correctly and fluently. After-
 wards we called at the hospital to see
 the mother of "Asagawa," one of the

native preachers. This good woman
 has been very ill for some time, and
 has been removed to this institution
 that she may receive the best attention.
 She is enduring her suffering with
 Christian resignation, and when she
 understood who I was,—among other
 things, she said, "Your Saviour is my
 Saviour." The devotion and tenderness
 of the son was very beautiful. I re-
 turned, thankful for the privilege I had
 enjoyed. I have commenced my studies,
 and have been fortunate enough to
 secure the services of Dr. McDonald's
 teacher for one hour each evening. My
 idea is to employ a young woman whose
 whole time can be at my disposal, one
 who will be able to teach me the lan-
 guage, translate what I may write in
 English, act as guide through the city,
 and as interpreter during my visits, etc.
 There is a Miss Wadda, who has long
 been anxious to become a teacher, and
 devote her whole time to Christian
 work, and, with this in view, has re-
 fused several offers of marriage. This
 is the person who said, "It seems like
 a thousand years till the ladies will
 come." I have thought it would be
 delightful to get a person whose heart
 the Lord has so prepared for His work,
 one whom I could train for a Bible
 woman.

DRINK AND THE SABBATH.

IN the intelligent city of Man-
 chester, every beer, wine, or
 spirit shop was visited on the
 Sabbath-day, and the number of
 those who entered during legal hours
 accurately counted. For though food
 may not be sold on Sunday, this per-
 nicious drink is vended under the
 sanction and protection of the law.
 The number of houses was 1,437 ; the
 number of visitors, men, 120,124 ;
 women, 71,609 ; children, 23,585 ; total,
 215,318 ; about half of the entire
 population of Manchester, although
 many may have made several visits.
 We shall not pollute these pages with
 an account of the scenes that were
 witnessed in that Christian city on the
 Lord's Day. One district is described
 as a "perfect hell upon earth." One
 house, the "Swan Inn," was visited by
 1,732 persons during the day. Many
 of the visitors were of very tender
 years. What fearful Sabbath desecra-
 tion is thus caused ! Besides this, it is
 said that there are 40,000 malsters in
 Great Britain employed all day long
 every Sunday in the manufacture of
 the liquor, to say nothing of those who
 are engaged in its sale.

Rev. Canon Stowell, M.A., says,
 "That dark and damnable traffic has
 turned the day of God almost into a
 day of Satan, and has made it question-
 able whether, for the mass of the
 people, it would not be better to have
 no Sunday at all."

The debauch begins on Saturday
 night, and frequently lasts all through
 the Sabbath and far into the week.
 It is said that 30,000 people go to bed
 drunk in Glasgow every Saturday
 night. The ale-house is their church,
 drinking their worship, and liquor their
 God. This vice turns the milk of
 human kindness into the gall of bitter-
 ness and hate, and converts the love
 of wife and child into a demoniac
 frenzy, impelling the human fiends to
 their destruction. This is the cause
 of that brutal wife-beating, which on
 the continent is considered the national
 characteristic of an Englishman, and

not that he is in any wise devoid of the
 natural affections.—*Withrow's Temper-
 ance Tracts.*

BREVITIES.

VOICES of the night—dogs that bark.
 A REAL teetotal curiosity—a pair of
 water-tight boots.

THE Bunyan article and pictures are
 necessarily postponed to our next
 number.

"A TART temper," says Washington
 Irving, "never mellow with age, and
 a sharp tongue is the only edged tool
 that grows keener with constant use."

AN Irishman once received a doc-
 tor's bill. He looked it carefully over,
 and said he had no objections to pay
 for the medicines, but the visits he
 would return.

"If you can't keep awake without,"
 said a preacher to one of his hearers,
 "when you feel drowsy, why don't you
 take a pinch of snuff?" "I think,"
 was the shrewd reply, "the snuff
 should be put in the sermon."

LITTLE two-year-old went to church
 for the first time, and the choir were
 in the high gallery, with a clock on
 the front. "What did you see at
 church?" asked auntie, when he came
 home. "I saw some folks sing, up on
 the clock-shelf."

OUR little Caddie, four years old,
 was accused by her mother of having
 lost her memory, and the child looked
 bewildered for a moment, and then
 light seemed to dawn upon her, for she
 exclaimed, "I dess I know what
 memory is. It's the ting I forget wiv."

A LITTLE girl in her second term at
 school was amusing herself one day at
 home by writing texts on a card. One
 read in this way: "Little children,
 keep yourselves from idles." Pretty
 good advice, though not exactly what
 the Bible verse means.

AN old farmer said to his sons,
 "Boys, don't you ever speckerlate or
 wait for somethin' to turn up. You
 might jest as well go and sit down on
 a stone in the middle of a medder,
 with a pail 'twixt your legs, and wait
 for a cow to back up to you to be
 milked."

"What are you doing there, Jane?"
 "Why, pa, I am going to colour my
 doll's pinafore red."

"But what have you got to dye it?"
 "Beer."

"Who on earth told you beer would
 dye red?"

"Why ma, ssid that it was beer
 that made your nose red, and—"

"Here, Susan, take this child."

A TOUCHING incident is related by
 the Bay City Tribune of Prof. Cocker,
 of Michigan University: "Shortly
 before his death he called the attention
 of his pastor to a worn and faded
 shawl spread on his bed, and requested
 to have it wrapped around his body
 and buried with him. He had made
 it himself when a young man in Eng-
 land, had worn it in all his journey-
 ings to and fro over the Atlantic and
 Pacific Oceans, when residing in
 Australia, when he escaped from the
 Fiji Islanders when they were pre-
 paring to kill and roast him, and when
 he was shipwrecked. It accompanied
 him when he landed in the United
 States, and even clad the remains of
 his dead child when, penniless and
 disheartened, he first arrived in America.
 His wish was gratified."