

Children's Department.

THE FOUR ANCHORS.

The night is dark, but God, my God,
Is here and in command;
And sure am I, when morning breaks,
I shall be "at the land."
And since I know the darkness is
To Him as sunniest day,
I'll cast the anchor Patience out,
And wish but wait for day.

Fierce drives the storm, but winds and waves
Within His hand are held,
And trusting in Omnipotence,
My fears are sweetly quelled.
If wrecked, I'm in His faithful grasp,
I'll trust Him though He slay;
So letting go the anchor Faith,
I'll wish but wait for day.

Still seem the moments dreary, long
I rest upon the Lord;
I muse on His "eternal years,"
And feast upon His word;
His promises, so rich and great,
Are my support and stay;
I'll drop the anchor Hope ahead,
And wish, but wait, for day.

O wisdom infinite! O light
And love supreme, divine!
How can I feel one fluttering doubt,
In hands so dear as Thine?
I'll lean on Thee, my best Beloved,
My heart on Thy heart lay;
And casting out the anchor Love,
I'll wish, and wait, for day.

THE MIGHT OF PRAYER.

TO-DAY was once called Rogation Sunday, or the Sunday of prayer, and its Gospel contains words of the greatest encouragement to prayer. "Whatsoever ye ask the Father in My Name, He will give it you. . . Ask, and ye shall receive; that your joy may be full." Powerful indeed is the weapon thus offered to our hands to-day. Abraham interceding for Lot, the woman of Canaan for her stricken daughter, Elijah on Mount Carmel, Cornelius in his secret chamber—all testify to the power of prayer. Nor need we look back to those early days alone. "God's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, nor His ear heavy that it cannot hear:" now, as of old, He shows Himself to us a prayer-hearing, prayer-answering God. Thus it was in answer to twenty years of daily earnest prayer that the first missionary to the Pongas set foot in that benighted country.

On the west coast of Africa, more than one hundred miles north of Sierra Leone, lies the country of the Pongas, a rich and fertile district, thickly peopled by natives, though unhealthy to Europeans. It was once well known to slave traders, who collected their large cargoes of wretched Africans and carried them across the Atlantic to slavery. Now its inhabitants live peacefully in villages, each governed by its chief; but they are idolaters, grossly superstitious and immoral in their lives. The chief of the village of Fallangia, however, had been brought to England in his youth and had received some Christian teaching and learnt to read and write English. On returning to his native land, though retaining the English name of Richard

Wilkinson, he fell back into practical heathenism, till in the year 1835, at the age of forty, he was visited by a dangerous illness. Conscience then awoke and accused him of many sins against God. Forgotten truths crowded on his mind, and he longed for more instruction and for means of grace. He vowed, should his life be spared, to pray daily that God would send a missionary to him and his people. He recovered and he kept his vow.

Meanwhile there lived on the other side of the Atlantic an active, pious clergyman, of the name of Leacock. He was of the same age with the chief Richard Wilkinson, and had laboured partly in America, partly in the West Indies. In 1854 he was in his native island of Barbadoes, interesting himself for Western Africa, the country which had so long supplied the West Indies with slaves. While raising money to support a mission there, the cholera broke out in Mr. Leacock's parish. He and his wife devoted themselves to the sick and dying, then the disease attacked her, and she was taken from him. When the first sorrow was over the good man saw in the blow a call to a yet more devoted life, and he offered himself to the bishop as first missionary from the West Indies to Western Africa. He was gladly accepted, and with a young negro (Mr. Dupont) as his assistant, sailed the next year for Africa by way of England.

He went in faith, doubtful on what part of the vast coast-line of Africa to set up the standard of the Cross, knowing nothing yet of Fallangia and its chief. So he placed himself at the disposal of the Bishop of Sierra Leone, and worked with him at Freetown for a short time. He then heard of the Pongas as a country wholly given to idolatry and grievously wronged by the slave trade. His heart burned to go there: the Bishop bade him God-speed; the captain of an English man-of-war offered to convey him to the very place, and without delay he and Mr. Dupont set sail, and were landed on the shores of the river Pongas, whence the country takes its name.

In the presence of the English captain the missionaries were cordially welcomed by Matthias Katty, king of the Pongas, and the chief Kennyback Ali, who promised them a house and garden and their protection if they would remain and teach their children. Accordingly they settled themselves in a hut in the village of Tintama, and prepared to open a school. But when the captain had sailed all was changed; the children were kept back, and they were neglected and even plundered by the natives. Though discouraged, Mr. Leacock was still waiting and hoping, when one day he was surprised by a visit from a young black man, who with a respectful manner and in good English said, "Sir, my name is Lewis Wilkinson, and I am a son of Mr. Wilkinson, the chief of Fallangia. I bring an invitation from my father, and an apology for his not having called to see you before. He is now very sick, but wishes to know when it will suit you to come to him that he may send for you." Seeing, however, that Mr. Leacock was suffering dreadfully from the wretchedness of his accommodation, he went on, "My father had desired a day or two to make preparations for receiving you, but I cannot leave you in this state. You must return with me to Fallangia this evening." Surprised, but full of thankfulness, Mr. Leacock accepted the invitation. At Fallangia he was warmly received by its aged chief, who met him saying, "Welcome, dear sir, thou servant of the Most High, you are welcome to my humble roof;" and then, other words failing to express what he felt at seeing a Christian minister in his house, he broke out into the Church's great song of praise, the "Te Deum," and repeated it with great solemnity. A short silence followed, then the chief gave a brief sketch of his past life: he went on to say, "You are, sir, an answer to my prayers for twenty

years. And now I know that God hears prayer, and that a blessing is come to my house. Here you are welcome. There is much work here to be done. In Fallangia there are over thirty children, which will be the beginning of a school for you. You can use my house; and next fall I will assist in putting up a house for you and a church. In the meantime I will divide my house with you; you can have a private table if you prefer it, and if you should be sick I will help nurse you." Well might Mr. Leacock say to himself, "Surely the Lord must have sent me here, and I have nothing to do but to remain."

For five months only was Mr. Leacock permitted to work at Fallangia. Fever attacked him soon after his arrival there, but he struggled against it. He passed what time he could with his host, whom he soon received into the Church by Baptism, together with his son Lewis. Every evening he prayed with the assembled family and those who joined them, making a short address. On Sundays larger congregations assembled, and when he had preached to them the chief would explain what they had not understood. The school was well attended by children, and even by some grown men. All this was done with failing strength. Then Mr. Leacock's health gave way entirely, he was obliged to leave all in Mr. Dupont's hands, and go to Sierra Leone. Then he rallied a little, and would have returned to his work, but fresh illness seized him, and he fell asleep August 20, 1856, in his sixty-first year.

Others have entered into his labours. Mr. Dupont, now an ordained minister, waters the goodly plants he planted. But when we hear of the Pongas we must needs think of its first missionary so wonderfully sent there in answer to the unwearied prayers of that African chief.

THE CHIPMUNK.

THE chipmunk likes to dig his hole in the dry banks, and you may often hear a rustling in the thick beds of dry leaves loud enough to attract your notice from a distance of fifteen or twenty rods. A cautious approach to the spot will show you a couple of chipmunks chasing each other round and round through the leaves. They will cease their sports as you come near, but, if you sit down quietly, they will soon conclude that you are not dangerous, and commence again. They often include the trunk of a fallen tree in their circuit, running along its whole length; then, plunging like divers into the leaves, they rush headlong through them, seeming greatly to enjoy the noise and stir which they make. They play in this way for hours; if one stops, the other turns back to look for him, and away they go again. The chipmunk can climb as well as any squirrel, and frequently does so when the coast is clear, but if danger threatens he makes haste to descend. He never can realize that a tree affords him the least safety. If you get so near before he sees you that he dares not come down, he plainly considers the situation to be very serious. Sometimes he makes a desperate rush for the ground within reach of your hand, and as soon as you withdraw he comes down and scampers away, evidently feeling that he has got well out of a bad scrape. Let his larger cousin, red, black, or grey, depend on trees for safety if they choose; his trust is in stone walls and brush heaps, not to mention his burrow. Within reach of these, his easy impudence is in striking contrast with his panic-stricken condition when treed.

HAPPY is he who endeth the business of his life before his death; who, when the hour of death cometh, hath nothing to do but to die.

OFFERINGS.

My hands, and lips, and heart impure,
I offer up to Thee,
Whose offering did from God procure
Atoning grace for me.

My brethren, depart not with the notion that you have heard nothing of Christ this morning. It is a deep-rooted error that, under the law, men were commanded to do, but under the Gospel they are forbidden; that then salvation was a work, but now it is only a contemplation. The contrary is the truth. Men might contemplate, and wait idly and dreamily before their Redeemer came; they must be up and doing, now that He has laid His hand upon them, and given them a life-long, arduous, self-sacrificing work to do.

It is because Christ has purchased you wholly, body, and soul, and spirit, thoughts, words, and deeds, talents and substance, to be an entire and constant sacrifice unto Him; it is because He is watching over you, and working for and in you, to make you that sacrifice; it is because presently He will judge and deal with you, according as you have been or have not been what He required, that I have enforced on you the pre-eminently Christian lesson of taking solemn, anxious heed that you offer not unto the Lord your God of that which doth cost you nothing.

PROGRESS OF SIN.

THE trees of the forest held a solemn Parliament, wherein they consulted of the wrongs the axe had done them. Therefore they enacted, That no tree should hereafter lend the axe wood for a handle, on pain of being cut down. The axe travels up and down the forest, begs wood of the cedar, ash, oak, elm, even to the poplar. Not one would lend him a chip. At last he desired so much as would serve him to cut down the briars and bushes, alleging that these shrubs did suck away the juice of the ground, hinder the growth, and obscure the glory of the fair and goodly trees. Hereon they were content to give him so much; but when he had got the handle he cut down themselves too. These are the subtle reaches of sin. Give it but a little advantage, on the fair promise to remove thy troubles, and it will cut down thy soul also. Therefore resist beginnings. Trust it not in the least.

Or him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive.

THE mind is never so sensibly disposed to pity the sufferings of others, as when it is itself subdued and softened by calamity.

NOTHING short of that uniform, stable principle, that fixedness in religion which directs a man in all his actions, aims, and pursuits, to God as his ultimate end, can give consistency to his conduct, or tranquility to his soul.

We should be careful how we create enemies; it being one of the hardest things in the Christian religion to be have ourselves as we ought towards them.

We often loose the benefit of the blessings in our possession, by hunting after those which are out of our reach.

LIVER, KIDNEY AND BRIGHT'S DISEASE.—A medicine that destroys the germ or cause of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney and Liver Complaints, and has power to root them out of the system, is above all price. Such a medicine is Hop Bitters, and positive proof of this can be found by one trial, or by asking your neighbours who have been cured by it.

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