

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de l'image sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

|                          |                          |                          |                          |                          |                          |                          |                          |                          |                          |                          |                                     |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 10X                      | 12X                      | 14X                      | 16X                      | 18X                      | 20X                      | 22X                      | 24X                      | 26X                      | 28X                      | 30X                      | 32X                                 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input type="checkbox"/> | <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> |

# WELCOME AND GOODNIGHT SCHOOL

Do unto others  
As ye would  
That they  
Should  
Do unto  
You.

TORONTO, JUNE 1, 1889.

[No. 11.]

VOL. VII.]



A "RUGA-RUGA," ONE OF MIRAMBO'S PATRIOTS.

## Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

### XI.

EARLY next morning my convert sent me many presents as tokens of his esteem, such as four shields, sixteen spears, twelve knives, ten bill-hooks, six walking-sticks, twelve finely prepared skins and furs of wild animals, twenty pounds of myrrh, four white monkey-skins, ten beeves, sixteen goats, bananas and beer and wine, and an escort of one hundred warriors, to proceed by the lake to Dumo.

Four days after leaving Mtesa's capital we arrived at Dumo, and greeted the expedition, after an absence of three months and five days. Frank Pocock had enjoyed splendid health; and the soldiers showed, by their robust forms, that they lived on the best, and that the Emperor's commands respecting them had not been neglected.

A few days sufficed to re-form the expedition, re-pack all loads, and to prepare the boat—which had now been nearly nine

months of rough service on Lake Victoria—for transport overland to Muta Nzige. The *Livingstone* canoe was also taken to pieces, and made into portable loads for the journey. This canoe was twenty-three feet long, and was formed of four long planks and one keel-piece, sewn together with cane fibre, which formed light portable loads for seven men.

On the seventh day after my return to Dumo we began the march towards the general rendezvous of the exploring army on the Katonga River. The crossing of the Katonga consumed an entire day, and was effected by means of the *Lady Alice*, which had to be forced through the dense reeds. On the sixth day after our arrival at Ruwewa, we marched to Laugurwe, where we met—as couriers had pre-informed us—General Sambuzi, Mtesa's officer and guide, with a thousand men. In the afternoon I called to pay my respects to the general—for common-sense informed me that the best way of attaining the objects in view was to pay the utmost possible attention to the failings of this African general, and to observe all ceremony and politeness towards him.

As I entered the court, which had been constructed with a view to enhance his dignity—if space can be said to increase dignity—I observed

that the general stood up from amongst his subordinates, and stiffly maintained that position until I grasped him by the hand, when he managed to utter a faint greeting in response to mine. I was not altogether unprepared for this result of his promotion; still, it chilled me, angered me a little, I must confess, and induced me to ask him if anything was wrong.

"No," he said; "nothing was wrong."  
"Then, why are you so stiff with your friend?" I asked. "Do you not like the idea of going to Muta Nzige? If you regret your appointment, I can apply for another man."

"My liking or not liking the journey will not alter the command of *Kubaka*," he replied. "I have received my commands to take you to Muta Nzige, and I will take you there. Sambuzi, your friend at Uvuma, is changed now to Sambuzi, the general. You understand me?"

"Perfectly," I answered. "I have a few words to say in reply, and you will then understand me as well as I understand you. I wish to go to Muta Nzige lake. So long as you take me there, and do exactly as the Emperor has commanded you, you shall have as much honour and respect from me as though you were the Emperor himself."

Sambuzi's force was twenty times stronger than mine, and was my only means of pushing through Unyoro. Prudence counselled me, therefore, not to let false pride be an obstacle to the accomplishment and success of the enterprise, and I determined to listen to its counsel.

Following our little army of 2,300 fighting men, there were about 500 women and children, giving a grand total of 2,800 souls.

On New Year's Day, 1876, the exploring army filed out from under the plantain shades of Kawanga, each detachment under the flag of its respective leader, and each known



STANLEY MARCHING AT THE HEAD OF HIS EXPEDITION.

by the particular style of music adopted by the great chief to whom it owed martial service. Thus Sambuzi's own force could be distinguished at a great distance by a peculiar strain, which, as the Waganda explained, announced "Mta-usa, Mta-usa is coming!" or, "The Spoiler, the Spoiler is coming!"

On emerging from under the shelter of our plain-embowered camp, we were drawn up in a long line along the narrow road, and at sunrise the great drum of Sambuzi gave the signal for the march. Early on the 2nd we crossed the Nabwari River, and entered hostile Unyoro, and, undisturbed, made a march of ten miles, occupying at the end of it several villages.

While in Uganda, bananas formed our principal food—and very good, wholesome, and digestible they proved. Throughout Unyoro our diet consisted of sweet potatoes and salt, varied with such other vegetables as foraging could obtain. It was an amusing scene to see the haste with which the several detachments rushed about to dig up their rations. It appeared, at first glance, as if we had brought the exploring army to recultivate Unyoro, so thickly strewn and so busy were the diggers over the village fields.

In the meantime, our advance was unchecked. Sambuzi drew from this sinister auguries. "The Wanyoro," said he, "must be mustering elsewhere to oppose us; for usually, when we make a raid on this country, the natives hail us from the hill-tops, to learn the motive of our coming; but now the country is all silent and deserted—not one native can be seen."

On the 9th of January, the drums sounded for the march two hours before sunrise, for we had a long journey before us, and Uzimbi—the country of Chief Ruigi—was to be entered on this day. Soon after noon, the main column arrived at the centre of a dip in the Uzimba ridge, 5,600 feet above the sea, whence, far below us, we viewed the fields, gardens, and villages of the populous country of King Ruigi. But the sudden advance of the vanguard amongst the surprised natives, with banners flying and drums beating, had depopulated for a time the fair, smiling country, and left a clear, open road for the main body. At night, however, the great war-drum of General Sambuzi revealed, far and wide, the character of the force, and announced that the Waganda were amongst them.

A council of all the chiefs and leaders of our expedition was held next day, at which it was resolved to send out that night two hundred men to capture a few prisoners, through whom we could communicate our intentions to Ruigi. As the lake was only four miles distant, it became necessary to know how we were regarded by the natives, and whether we might expect peaceful possession of a camp for a month or so.

Some ten prisoners were captured, and, after receiving gifts of cloth and beads, were released, to convey the news to their respective chiefs, that the Waganda had brought a white man, who wished to see the lake, and who asked permission to reside in peace in the country a few days; that the white man intended to pay for all food consumed by the strangers; that he would occupy no village, and injure no property, but would build his camp separate from the villages, into which the natives having food to sell, were requested to bring it, and to receive payment in cloth, beads, brass, or copper; assured that, as long as they offered no cause of offence, and kept the peace, they should receive no annoyance. An answer, we said, was expected within two days.

On the 12th an answer was brought, that the inhabitants were not accustomed to strangers, and

did not like our coming into their country; that our words were good, but our purposes, they were assured, were not the less wicked; and that we must, therefore, expect war on the morrow. This answer was brought by about three hundred natives, who, while they delivered their message, were observed to have taken precautions not to be caught at a disadvantage. Having announced their object they withdrew. This declaration of war unsettled the nerves of the Waganda chiefs—principally the inferior chiefs and the bodyguard of Mtesa—and a stormy meeting was the result.

The danger of a panic was imminent, when I begged that Sambuzi would listen to a few words from me. I explained to him that, though we were only a bullet's flight from the Nyanza, we had not yet seen the lake, and that Mtesa had ordered him to take me to the Nyanza; that, before we had even looked for a strong camp, we were talking of returning; that, if they were all resolved to return, I required them to give me two days only, at the end of which I would give them a letter to Mtesa, which would absolve them from all blame.

Large numbers of natives, posted on the summit of every hill around us, added to the fear which took possession of the minds of the Waganda, and rumours were spread about, by malicious men, of an enormous force advancing for the next day's fight. The members of the expedition even caught the panic, and prepared in silence to follow the Waganda, as common-sense informed them that, if a force of over 2,000 fighting men did not consider itself strong enough to maintain its position, our expedition, consisting of 180 men, could by no means do so.

At 5 p.m. a messenger from Sambuzi called me to a council—at which all his chief men were present—to discuss what advantages we possessed for offence and defence, for meeting the danger, or for flight. Sambuzi asked me to speak. Wrath almost choked my speech. However, I summoned up my patience, and said: "I do not see much use in my saying anything, because I know you will act against all advice that I can give. As your friend, I advise you to stay here two days, while I fix the boat and canoe. At the end of two days I will write a letter to Mtesa, which will absolve you from all blame. There is no great danger in staying a couple of days; but in returning to Uganda without my letter, you go to certain death. I have spoken."

After a little pause, Sambuzi said: "Stamlee, you are my friend—the Emperor's friend—and I want to do my duty towards you as well as I am able to. But you must hear the truth. We cannot do what you want us to do. We cannot wait here two days, nor one day. We will fight to-morrow at sunrise, and we must cut our way through to Uganda. The only chance for our lives is to pack up to-night, and to-morrow morning, at sunrise, to march and fight our way through them."

(To be continued.)

### Time-Candles.

ALFRED THE GREAT lived in an age when means of measuring time were very rude, and could only be applied during the day. Alfred knew the value of time, and was very careful in the use of it. Each day he gave eight hours to sleep, to meals, and to exercise; eight to matters of government, and the remaining eight to study and devotion.

He measured his time by the burning of wax candles or torches twelve inches long. These were notched at regular distances. One of these torches would last four hours, or three inches of the torch one hour, or one inch twenty minutes.

This was King Alfred's own invention, and at

first it seemed to work very well. It was soon found, however, that the wind, coming in through doors and windows, consumed the wax in an irregular manner. Then the king made a case of transparent white horn and wood, which kept his candle from wasting or flaring.

King Alfred won his title, "The Great," by the system and patience and perseverance which are shown in just such little matters as this. He felt that he must measure his time lest some of it be wasted. But he had no time-piece that would enable him to do this. He did not fold his hands before this difficulty, but overcame it by his wonderful courage and his strong will.

The story of his patience and ingenuity comes down to us to-day as a rebuke, if we are indolent and easily discouraged.

### Heirship.

JULIA C. R. DOW.

LITTLE store of wealth have I;

Not a rood of land I own;

Nor a mansion fair and high,

Built with towers of fretted stone.

Stocks, nor bonds, nor title-deeds,

Flocks nor herds have I to show;

When I ride no Arab steeds

Toss for me their manes of snow.

Yet to an immense estate

Am I heir by grace of God—

Richer, grander than doth wait

Any earthly monarch's nod.

Heir of all the ages, I—

Heir of all that they have wrought,

All their store of emprise high,

All their wealth of precious thought.

Every golden deed of theirs

Sheds its lustre on my way;

All their labours all their prayers,

Sanctify this present day!

Heir of all that they have earned

By their passion and their tears;

Heir of all that they have learned

Through the weary, toiling years!

Heir of all the faith sublime,

On whose wings they soared to heaven;

Heir of every hope that time

To earth's fainting sons hath given

Aspirations pure and high:

Strength to dare and to endure;

Heir of all the ages, I.

Lo! I am no longer poor!

### A Pathetic Unselfishness.

I REMEMBER being taken by mother, when I was a child, to see a poor woman who was dying of a cancer. The disease was eating its way to a vital part, and the doctor had given her a month as her utmost limit of life. She was preparing for her end in a way that seemed practical and prosaic enough, but that was pathetic in its self-forgetfulness. She was sitting up in bed, with a basket beside her, finishing up the family mending, showing her eldest daughter—on whose thirteen-year-old shoulders the burden of household care was soon to fall—how to fell down seams in the little brother's knee patches, and how to darn the heel of father's sock so that he would never feel the difference. She had impressed upon the girl how to make her father's favourite potato pone, how to manage her young sister when she got into the sulks, what to do for her father when he had his periodical fit of cramps, and everything else she could think of that would insure comfort in the humble home she was leaving. She had all the work planned which she would do during the short span of life that was given to her. Her burial clothes were folded away in a drawer, with sweet basil leaves among them.

## The Child in the Midst.

BY CHRISTIAN BURKE.

THERE stood a tiny convent,  
So olden legends run,  
In a green and fertile meadow  
Of which, when day was done,  
The children made a playground,  
And frolicked in the sun.

But the old monks spoke complaining:  
"They drive all thought away,  
In the woods the birds keep singing  
Throughout the live-long day,  
And the laughter of the children  
Disturbs us when we pray."

Then spake the kind old abbot:  
"The woodland music sweet,  
The sound of little voices,  
And the tramp of childish feet,  
Are surely sent to gladden  
And hallow our retreat.

"They bring with them a blessing,  
These happy guileless things:  
When I catch the children's laughter,  
Or when some small bird sings,  
I think upon the angels  
And hear their rustling wings.

"For myself I love the children,"  
The abbot said and smiled,  
"Amid a world of evil  
They as yet walk undefiled,  
A likeness of the Saviour  
Who for us became a child.

"I love to watch them fitting  
To and fro among the trees,  
And to feel their clasping fingers  
As they cling about my knees.  
And they who enter heaven  
Must be even such as these.

"They have taught me many a lesson,  
For their pure and earnest eyes  
Read many a mystery hidden  
From the world-worn and the wise,  
For they were lately walking  
In the fields of Paradise.

"He who 'suffered' little children  
Loves and watches o'er them still;  
In the green and pleasant meadows  
They are safe from every ill;  
Should we drive them hence, my brethren,  
Are we sure we do his will?

"Our eyes are often holden,  
Our faith is often dim,  
Then bethink you well, my brothers,  
Lest thro' any foolish whim  
In turning from the children  
We also turn from him."

Then the brothers all made answer  
As each sought his silent cell,  
"In the green and fertile pastures  
Christ's lambs shall surely dwell.  
They are welcome, Father Abbot,  
For we see thou speakest well."

So the song-birds sang and mated  
Beside the convent gray,  
And the old monks watched the children,  
And smiled upon their play,  
Then found a double blessing  
As they knelt to praise and pray.

And the convent grew and flourished  
As a house of holy rest,  
And with many a heavenly vision  
Was the saintly abbot blest,  
For the Lord who loved the children  
Tarried always as his guest.

A LITTLE boy called out to his father, who had mounted his horse for a journey, "Good-by, papa. I love you thirty miles long!" A little sister quickly added: "Good-by, dear papa. You will never ride to the end of my love!" This is what Jesus means to say: "My love has no limit: it knoweth knowledge."

## Four Maine Boys.

THIRTY years ago I knew, in the town of G—, in Maine, two brothers, whose identity I will disguise under the names of Willard and Langdon Newman. In the same town I knew, also, two boys—not brothers—whom I will call Charles Smallman and George Winfast. The two former were sons of a farmer; the two latter, sons of master mechanics. The farmer lived in the outskirts of the town—in the wild country—which rendered them plebeians; the latter in the village, which made them patricians as boys saw those things.

From the time they were nine and ten years of age, Willard and Langdon had to assist in the farm-work in summer-time, and, therefore, could not attend school. They worked at planting and hoeing and haying, from five in the morning until eight or nine at night, in the longest days. In the winter, for a few years more, ten weeks at school was possible, for which they walked nearly a mile—going home for dinner between twelve and one.

When the civil war came on, times were hard in those Maine country towns. Willard and Langdon, by 1863, were compelled to leave school, and go into the forests to cut and haul wood. At fourteen the latter used to yoke his oxen before light on those short winter mornings, drive into the woods through snow from two to four feet deep, load a cord of wood—heavy sticks, four feet long—and haul it to the railway station, a mile distant. This he would do four times a day, frequently eating his dinner on a stump, with the thermometer at zero.

But all this time these two boys were occupying their few spare moments in improving their minds. Their evenings were passed around the great fireplace, where they studied their books and read the weekly papers. I have seen one or the other of them sitting on an ox-sled, on a cold winter day, reading the newspaper. Occasionally, in the fall, they would still attend a part-term at the academy, and thus, amid hardships and privations, prepared themselves to be teachers.

They had brown faces; big, rough hands; and wore old clothes, frequently much patched; in summer went "barefoot;" and in winter wore great, heavy, cowhide boots."

The village boys, Charles and George, were little dandies. Their parents supported them in idleness. They had every opportunity to attend school—an opportunity which they improved but little. They "looked-down" on the farmer-boys, made fun of their old clothes, called them "Shadageetes;" and, because they were known to be studious, nicknamed Langdon "Little Wisdom." So every time he went to the village, George and Charles would call out to him: "Hello, Little Wisdom! How are things over in Shadagee? Taters all dug?" or something equally tantalizing.

At last hard times overtook the two patricians. One lost his father, and the father of the other failed, and they had to go to work. They had not education enough to enable them to enter on any of the more "genteel" pursuits, and no trades. When I visited the town last summer, both were trying to scrape a living out of little, rocky farms. They were as poor, and ragged, and dirty as ever the Shadagee boys were.

And where were the Shadagee boys, do you ask? Willard, a graduate of a Maine College, is now a successful principal of an academy in his native State. Langdon has already attained high rank in one of the professions; has written several successful books; lectured before large audiences; travelled north, south, east, and west, and in Europe.

He has been elected to positions of honour and responsibility in a large New England city. And this is "Little Wisdom," as his wife sometimes jokingly calls him.

Willard and Langdon improved their small opportunities. George and Charles neglected their great opportunities.—*Wide Awake*.

## De-Legalize the Traffic, and Save the Boys.

THE Scott Act kills the treating system. Degraded men, who have acquired the drinking habit, may manage to get liquor in disreputable dives and dens, even where the law is in operation, but the boys are not tempted by the seductiveness of the open bar, and the terrible traffic is robbed of its potent attractions of joviality, warmth, good-fellowship, sparkle, light, and fun.

This fact was well brought out in reference to Maine, some time ago, by Mr. D. R. Locke, who visited the State named, to inquire into the working of prohibition.

## A STRONG ARGUMENT.

Mr. Locke said: "The best argument I found in Maine for prohibition was by an editor of a paper in Portland, who was, for political reasons, mildly opposed to it. I had a conversation with him, which ran something like this:—

"Where were you born?"

"In a village about sixty miles from Bangor."

"Do you remember the condition of things prior to prohibition?"

"Distinctly. There was a vast amount of drunkenness, and consequent disorder and poverty."

"What was the effect of prohibition?"

"It shut up all the rum-shops, and practically banished liquor from the village. It became one of the most quiet and prosperous places on the globe."

"How long did you live in the village after prohibition?"

"Eleven years; or until I was twenty-one years of age."

"Then?"

"Then I went to Bangor."

"Do you drink now?"

"I never tasted a drop of liquor in my life."

"Why?"

"Up to the age of twenty-one I never saw it; and after that I did not care to take on the habit."

## THEY WANT THE BOYS.

That is all there is in it. If the boys of the country are not exposed to the infernalism, the men are very sure not to be. This man and his schoolmates were saved from rum by the fact that they could not get it until they were old enough to know better. Few men are drunkards who know not the poison till after they are twenty-one. It is the youth that the whiskey and beer men want.

## A Boy's Business.

It exactly suits the temperament of a real boy to be very busy about nothing. If the power, for instance, that is expended in play by a boy between the ages of eight and fourteen could be applied to some industry, we should see wonderful results. But a boy is like a galvanic battery that is not in connection with anything; he generates electricity and plays it off into the air with the most reckless prodigality. And I, for one, wouldn't have it otherwise. It is as much a boy's business to play off his energies into space as it is for a flower to blow, or a cat-bird to sing snatches of the tunes of all the other little birds.



## Your Own.

WHAT if your own were starving,  
Fainting with famine pain,  
And yet you knew where golden grew  
Rich fruit and ripened grain?  
Would you hear their wail  
As a thrice-told tale,  
And turn to your feast again?

What if your own were thirsting  
And never a drop could gain,  
And you could tell where a sparkling well  
Poured forth melodious rain?  
Would you turn aside,  
While they gasped and died,  
And leave them to their pain?

Yet, what else are you doing,  
O ye by Christ made free,  
If you'll not tell what you know so well  
To those across the sea,  
Who have never heard  
One tender word  
Of the Lamb of Calvary;

"They're not our own," you answer,  
"They're neither kith nor kin."  
They are God's own: his love alone  
Can save them from their sin;  
They are Christ's own:  
He left his throne  
And died their souls to win.

## OUR S. S. PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

|  |        |
|--|--------|
| Christian Guardian, weekly .....   | \$2 00 |
| Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated .....   | 2 00   |
| Methodist Magazine and Guardian together .....   | 3 50   |
| The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly .....  | 1 50   |
| Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly .....   | 0 60   |
| Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16pp. 8vo .....   | 0 06   |
| Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100;<br>per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100 |        |
| Home and School, 8 pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies .....  | 0 30   |
| Less than 20 copies .....  | 0 25   |
| Over 20 copies .....   | 0 22   |
| Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies .....  | 0 30   |
| Less than 20 copies .....  | 0 25   |
| Over 20 copies .....   | 0 22   |
| Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies .....  | 0 15   |
| 20 copies and upwards .....  | 0 12   |
| Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies .....   | 0 15   |
| 20 copies and upwards .....  | 0 12   |
| Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month .....   | 5 50   |

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

J. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS,  
3 Bleury Street, Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal. Halifax, N.S.

## Home and School.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 1, 1889.

## With God Each Morning.

A TRAVELLER visiting at Aix-la-Chapelle, noticed one morning a number of boys and girls on their way to school. On their backs were their book-knapsacks, secured after the German fashion. They were young soldiers in the great school army, moving forward so attack and carry such formidable heights as arithmetic, grammar, geography. The traveller noticed that these warriors of peace entered a roomy church. He followed them into the house of God; and was it hushed and silent? No! A great throng of children had gathered there. Hundreds were present. On one side of the church were boys, and on the other were girls. They knelt, and their voices were blended in devout prayer. Then, birdlike, they warbled together a cheerful hymn. No teacher seemed to be there to oversee them; no clergyman to guide them in worship. It seemed to be a voluntary act of child worship, not on any special day, but as a fitting preface of their daily tasks. Was it any wonder

that the visitor was deeply impressed by this scene?

How many of our young people are particular to begin each day with a look into God's word, and then a look in prayer up to God himself? The school-world has its temptations; prayer fights them down. It has its duties; prayer helps us to climb those steps of obligation. You need not visit a church each morning to prepare yourself, but you should withdraw to the stillness of some chamber of devotion, and there—alone with God—begin the day.

## Rest at Last.

Experience of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, as recorded by herself.

FOR some three or four years past there has been in my mind a subdued undercurrent of perplexity and unhappiness, in regard to myself in my religious experience. I have often thought, when sitting by myself, "Why am I thus restless? Why not at peace? I love God and Jesus Christ with a real and deep devotion; and in general I mean to conform my life to him. I am as consistent as many Christians are; then why not satisfied?"

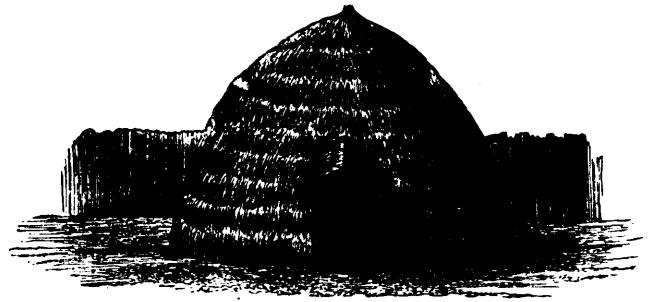
I could conceive of a style of Christian devotion as much higher than my present point, as my present position is above that of the world. I often saw, as by a dart of sunlight, that an entire identity of my will with God's, would remove all disquiet, and give joy even to suffering; as says Paul, "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

The more I groaned in spirit, and longed and prayed, the more inveterate and determined and unsubdued seemed every opposing desire. The sensitive fear of blame, the ever-luring, self-conscious desire of proving to myself and others that I was right, I perceived to be stronger and more efficient in me than the love of Christ, the fear of his opinion, and the desire of his will.

"Am I then not a Christian?" thought I. Then why do I, why have I, loved Christ—loved him so deeply as I know I have; nay, as I know I do? I cannot tell. I think I love him above all; yet certainly my will is, at best, only in a small degree subjected to his. "Well, then," I thought, "if you see that entire union and identity of your will with Christ is the thing, why do you not have it? Just submit—give up all these separate interests. Unite your soul to him in common interest. Why not?" Ah! why not? Words of deep meaning to everyone who tries that vain experiment! Every effort breaks like a wave upon a rock. We reason, reflect, resolve; and pray, weep, strive, love—love to despair; and all in vain. In vain I adjured my soul, "Do you not love Christ? Why not, then, cut wholly loose from all these loves, and take his will alone? Is it not reasonable, since you can be blessed in no other way? What else can you do?"

Something said to me, "You are a Christian, perhaps, but not a full one." "Learn of me," said Christ, "and ye shall find rest." I do not find rest, consequently I do not learn of him. I perceived that the New Testament ideal of a Christian was different from the higher than what I ever tried or purposed to be; that I was only trying at parts, and allowedly in some things living below. Nor did it comfort me at all to think that other Christians did so, and even good ones, too; for I remembered, "He that shall break one of these least commandments," etc.

The question was distinctly proposed to me, "Will you undertake and make a solemn and earnest effort to realize the full ideal of Christ's



RUMANIKA'S TREASURE-HOUSE.

plan, though not one other Christian should?" The obstacles were many. "It will do no good to try. With a lower standard have I striven, wept, prayed, despaired in vain; and shall I undertake this? I shall never do it." This was my discouragement. "How can I see God clearer than I have seen him? Can I ever be searched and penetrated and bowed by a deeper love than I have known, and which yet has been transient—has never wholly subdued me? Can I make deeper, sincerer resolutions? Can I have more vivid views? No. What then?" I thought of this passage: "I will love him, and my Father will love him; and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." "That is it," I thought. "Christ has been with me by visits and intervals; this permanent abode is what I have not known."

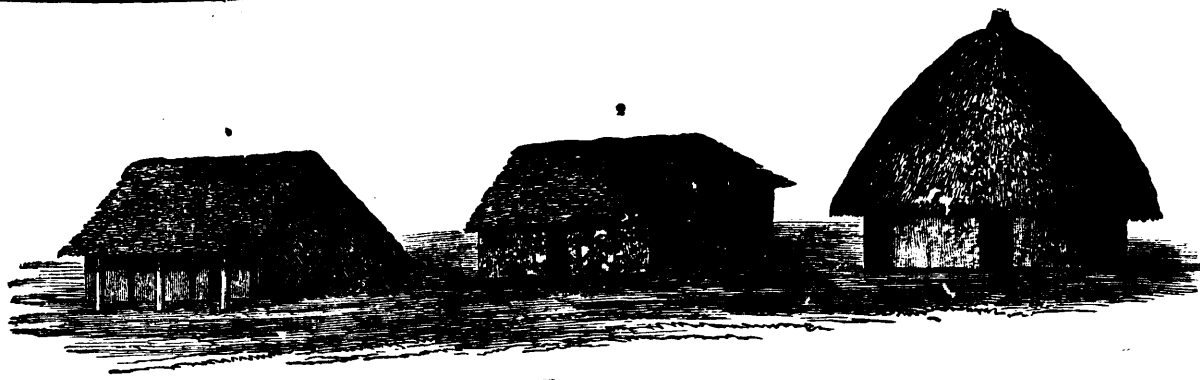
Again, "Abide in me, and I in you"—a steady, ever-present Christ within, who should exert an influence steady as the pulse of my soul. This I needed. I copied that class of texts. I prayed with prayer unceasing that Christ would realize them. I despaired of bending my will. I despaired of all former and all present efforts; but at his word I resolved to begin, and go for the whole. As James and John: "He said unto them, Launch out now and let down the net. They say unto him, Master, we have toiled all night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless, at thy word we will let down the net; and lo! the net brake with the multitude of fishes."

What was the result? When self-despair was final, and I merely undertook at the word of Christ, then came long-expected and wished-for help. All changed. Whereas, once my heart ran with a strong current to the world; now it runs with a current the other way. What once it cost an effort to remember, now it costs an effort to forget. The will of Christ seems to me the steady pulse of my being, and I go because I cannot help it. Skeptical doubt cannot exist. I seem to see the full blaze of the Shekinah everywhere. I am calm but full, everywhere and in all things instructed, and find I can do all things through Christ.—*Exchange.*

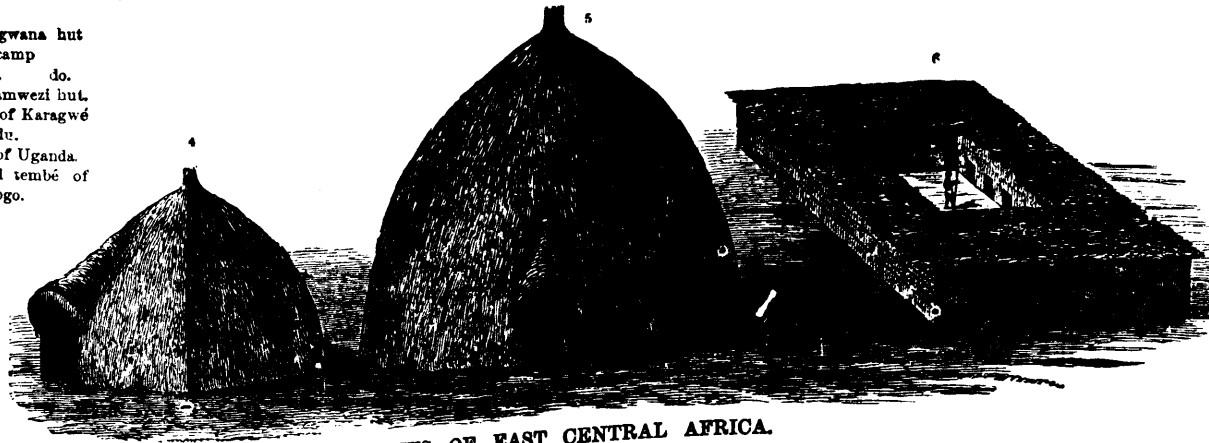
## Unprofitable Toil.

THERE was a man in the town where I was born who used to steal his firewood. He would get up on cold nights and go and take it from his neighbour's woodpile. A computation was made, and it was ascertained that he spent more time and worked harder to get his fuel than he would have had to if he had earned it in an honest way, and at ordinary wages. And this thief is a type of thousands of men who work a great deal harder to please the devil than they would have to do to please God.

A LITTLE girl remarked: "When I make the bad thoughts go away, the hole fills up with more." One day, when reproved for behaving badly, she said: "It makes me feel bad inside unless I let the bad out."



1. Wangwana hut in camp
2. Do. do.
3. Unyamwezi hut.
4. Hut of Karagwe Udu.
5. Hut of Uganda.
6. Small tembe of Ugogo.



HUTS OF EAST CENTRAL AFRICA.

### Homely Counsel.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

It isn't worth while to fret, dear,  
To walk as behind a hearse.  
No matter how vexing things may be,  
They easily might be worse;  
And the time you spend complaining  
And groaning about the load  
Would better be given to going on,  
And pressing along the road.

I've trodden the hill myself, dear—  
'Tis the tripping tongue can preach,  
But though silence is sometimes golden, child,  
As oft there is grace in speech—  
And I see, from my higher level,  
'Tis less the path than the pace  
That wearies the back and dims the eye  
And writes the lines on the face.

There are vexing cares enough, dear,  
And to spare, when all is told;  
And love must mourn its losses,  
And the cheek's soft bloom grow old;  
But the spell of the craven spirit  
Turns blessing into curse,  
While the bold heart meets the trouble  
That easily might be worse.

So smile at each disaster  
That will presently pass away,  
And believe a bright to-morrow  
Will follow the dark to-day.  
There's nothing gained by fretting;  
Gather your strength anew,  
And step by step go onward, dear,  
Let the skies be gray or blue.

### Lost and Found.

A GOOD man was travelling through a wood in a dark night, in a foreign land, many years ago. The frightful howl of the wolf, and the terrible yell of the catamount, every now and then, broke the silent stillness of the dark night. As he rode slowly along, he heard a soft and gentle cry. He thought it was a child. He stopped and listened. It seemed a great way off. He said to himself: "What shall I do? It may be a catamount, for this creature sometimes imitates the cry of a person in distress, to draw people to it, that it may devour them; or it may be a robber, who seeks to lure me out of my path and get my money. If it is really a child, it is so dark I am afraid that I cannot find it."

He listened again, and still heard the cry as of

a child. He was a kind-hearted, resolute man. He said to himself again: "It may be a child. I will go to its relief, though I may risk my own life." So he got off his horse, and tied him to a tree, and went into the woods in the direction where he heard the cry. After going some distance he heard it, as he thought, still farther off—in a different direction. Still he followed on. After going for some time, he stopped to listen, and felt a little hand pulling his clothes. He stooped down to see what it was, for he did not know but it might be a black snake winding itself around him; but he heard a low, sweet voice say: "Pa, is it you?"

The gentleman took up the little boy, who was about four years of age. But now he was in danger of being lost himself, for he did not know how he should find his way back in the dark to his horse. However God directed his feet, and he came out in the right place. He got on his horse, with the boy in his arms, and rode on till he came to a house, when he got off, and went in, and lo! it was the house of the boy's father.

And there was joy in that house. The father and mother fainted when they saw their little son, for they thought he was dead. The children jumped and clapped their hands, and cried: "Henry's come! Henry's come!" Poor little fellow! he had been lost from his father's house almost three days. He was pale, and almost starved. Oh, how glad he was to get home! And they were all glad, and rejoiced, for they were mourning for him, thinking he was dead. He had been lost, and was found.

Now, do you not think this boy would love this kind friend, who went among the wolves and catamounts, and risked his own life to save him? Would he not think of him a great deal, and do everything to please him? But if the little boy had refused to go with the man who found him in the woods, he would not only have been very ungrateful for his kindness, but he would not have been saved.—*Selected.*

A LITTLE boy, who came to be received into the Church, was asked how he expected to lead a Christian life, and he sweetly replied: "I will put my hand in Jesus' hand, and I know he will lead me right."

### Do Not Wait.

MANY children who long to do good are in haste to grow up, so that they may accomplish some of God's work which is always waiting for some swift foot, some ready hand, some loving heart. The youngest child who wishes to help God need not wait.

Many a father who goes home at night out of heart, because some one has failed to do his duty, takes new courage when he sees the confiding face of his son, who has never deceived him.

Many a mother, toiling alone all day that she may send her little girl to school, forgets all her weariness when the daughter comes home with the evidence of duty well done, lessons well learned, bringing with her a smiling face and grateful heart to cheer the lonesome, tired mother. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

Children need only not to spoil themselves to make others happy.

All the world loves a child who is not fretful, not disorderly, not disobedient, not ungentle. Take good care of the "nuts," and you will get and give happiness, dear children. One does not need to try hard to be good. Simply, do not in the least degree let yourselves be bad. That is sometimes hard to do, for there are a great many things that tempt children and grown people to do wrong; then both grown people and children must ask God to fight the battle, and he will surely do it and win if they will stand "on the Lord's side."

### A Temperance Sermon by a Publican.

ONE Sunday night, in Kinnaird Hall, a temperance discourse was delivered from Heb. xii. 1, by Mr. Gilbert Archer, of Leith, head of the Good Templar organization in Scotland. Mr. Macrae, who presided, read from the 19th chapter of Acts the account of the Ephesian sorcerers, who, on being converted to Christianity, gathered their books of sorcery and burned them in sight of all the people. Mr. Macrae doubted if Paul himself ever preached a sermon in Ephesus that made such an impression on the public mind. A similar sermon, he said, had once been preached in Dundee on the temperance question. It was preached in 1828 by a publican. Old Thomas Lamb—afterwards the founder of Lamb's hotel, one of the best temperance hotels in the kingdom—was at that time a spirit dealer in the Murraysgate. He was convinced by a series of lectures which were delivered in Dundee that year by William Cruikshanks that it was a bad thing to use strong drink, and a worse thing to sell it. Mr. Lamb thereupon decided to abandon the trade. No only so; instead of disposing of his stock as many would have done, he took the whole of the liquor and destroyed it. He had made up his mind that neither through him nor through others would harm be done to man or woman through that liquor. Mr. Lamb was said to be a very poor public speaker. But no temperance orator had ever (Mr. Macrae said) preached a more powerful or a more memorable temperance sermon in Dundee than Thomas Lamb preached that day when he ran his whole stock of drink into the gutter. It was such another sermon as the converted sorcerers preached in Ephesus, when they gathered their bad books and burned them before the eyes of the people.

### The Sand Fort.

THE children at the seashore  
Were playing on the sand ;  
"Let's make a fort," cried Bertie,  
"Broad and high and grand."  
"I'll bring the sand," said Edna ;  
"Bertie'll pack it tight ;"  
And little May stood gazing  
To see if all went right.

They heard the wild waves roaring,  
Breaking on the shore ;  
The tide they never heeded,  
Rising more and more.  
They were so busy building,  
Of course they would forget,  
But quick enough they scampered  
When their feet were wet

"We'll run and get dry stockings,  
And come again," they said ;  
"We'll have our castle builded  
Before we go to bed."  
They were so sure, the children ;  
But when with setting sun  
Back to the spot they hastened,  
Behold ! their fort was gone.

For oh, my dears, the water  
Had washed it all away !  
Sand-houses never tarry  
Longer than a day.  
Since all our earthly pleasures  
Are houses built of sand,  
We'll seek for something better—  
Something that will stand.

## Teachers' Department.

### Preparation for Teaching.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

How shall the Sunday-school teacher prepare himself to meet his class? He needs two kinds of preparation—that of the head and that of the heart. I shall speak only of his intellectual preparation, and shall describe a method that I have found very useful in the conduct of a Bible-class.

First, consider the lesson without note or comment. Try to imagine that you are reading it for the first time in your life. Each verse thus considered will be likely to suggest some question to your mind. Write down all such questions. Then call to mind the different members of your class, and try to put yourself in their places. Look at the lesson from their mental stand-point, and write down such questions as you think would be likely to arise in their minds. The work is then blocked out, the questions as yet remaining unanswered. It is to be presumed that the teacher will use some one of the excellent lesson-helps that are now so abundant.

Taking that, and reading it carefully, he will come upon answers to at least a part of the questions that he has noted down. It will interest him to see how his own views are sometimes confirmed and sometimes modified—for he comes to his lesson-help with some opinions that are the inevitable result of his carefully framed questions.

He will also find that some new questions will arise. Put these new-comers down on paper among their kindred, under their respective verses. This part of the work—the breaking-up of the ground—should be done in the early part of the week, and always before the teachers' meeting.

Take the material you have collected when you go to the teachers' meeting. Don't forget, also, to take a lead pencil. When you have entered upon the consideration of the lesson, you will be very likely to discover that there are always two sides, and sometimes even three, to a question.

One of the teachers, it may be, is conservative.

He will scrutinize sharply any new interpretation of precious old truths. Another has been pestered with sceptical doubts. He does not hesitate to state his opinions, lest some one should doubt his orthodoxy. Each mind in the teachers' class acts upon the lesson like a cog in the wheel of a cider-mill. The juice must come out.

It will be very strange if our teacher, who came with questions in his pocket and on his mind, does not, from this contact of mind with mind, get some new light.

After the teachers' meeting, at your convenience, read carefully the lesson comments in all the papers you have access to, noting whatever is valuable. Then you have your material in hand.

The next step should be to classify it. Some of the publications for the use of teachers, noticeably "The Pilgrim Teacher," arrange each lesson by topics—an excellent idea. Let our teacher now take these topics and arrange his material logically under them, with all the thoughts upon each in perfect order.

But, says one, that will take time and labour. Yes, it will; but if you grudge these you have no business to be a teacher. By such a course of thought and study, begun early in the week, the lesson is on the teacher's mind all the time. Why should it not, then, be under perfect command on Sunday?

With a lesson so studied, a fair average teacher can hardly fail to interest a class. If he fails to interest them he can be of very little use to them, for Bible-classes and Sunday-school classes do not remain after the morning service simply to be bored. They can have a pleasant time at home, and are very likely to stay there if not interested in class.

### Intemperance and Vice.

DR. BARNARDO, the English philanthropist, writes thus:—"In the daily course of my rescue work, my path is strewn with wreckage from the drink traffic. Unhappy children, the direct victims of the system, meet me at every turn, and for this and other reasons I have long felt that manufacturers or vendors of drink, distillers, brewers, publicans, and the like, should not be invited to take prominent positions in such Christian and philanthropic work as ours; and that their doing so would be manifestly inconsistent, and is calculated to bring all such work into contempt.

"The independent testimony of judges, medical men, and others competent to speak with authority, is unanimously to the effect, that an enormous proportion of the crime, pauperism, and disease in the community is caused by its drinking habits. It was with these facts in view—facts borne home upon me every day in my own direct hand-to-hand conflict with the worst phases of life in our overcrowded cities—that I arrived at the judgment already announced. I have, therefore, never willingly associated myself or the 'Homes' with the patronage of brewers and distillers, although by taking such a course, no doubt, I have lost large sums of money which would otherwise have been gladly given for the support of our work.

"But I think it right to add, that I have not the least objection, *per se*, to receive for the maintenance of my poor children the money which brewers, distillers, or publicans may feel disposed to send me; far from it, for if I and others are right in saying that an enormous amount of the crime, destitution, and child-suffering of our great cities is caused through the very success of manufacturers and vendors of strong drink, then, surely, it is but a logical sequence that a considerable share of the means which these possess should go

to repair the wounds which their awful traffic has inflicted.

"Take but one instance. Some time ago a woman was tried and sentenced to imprisonment for neglecting and otherwise cruelly ill-treating her poor little baby. When sober, the woman appeared to be at times affectionately disposed to her child, but when under the influence of drink, her mania took the form of downright and unreasoning hatred to the unfortunate baby whom she had borne. The wretched little mite, reduced to a skeleton, and covered with marks of ill-treatment, came into my care after the mother's committal to prison. But some time elapsed before I discovered that the child was *quite blind!* And then inquiry and investigation revealed this terrible—this almost incredible fact. The miserable mother had deliberately placed the child on her lap, and, with a needle, had pricked both its eyes, so that the vitreous humour had escaped! She boasted of this in drink to a neighbour; but no part of it transpired at the trial, nor was she punished for the offence. It was only when the marks of the needle were observed on each eye after the child's admission here, that inquiries were instituted, with the result that this terrible tale was proved to be true in every particular.

### How Girls Can Follow Jesus.

A TEACHER asked four girls in her class: "What have you done this week to follow Jesus?"

The first answered: "I have prayed every day."

"That is right," said the teacher; "for Jesus often prayed."

The second answered: "I have read the Bible every day."

"That is also like Jesus," was the teacher's answer.

The third said: "I have been good at school."

"Just what Jesus would have done in the same place," was the kind reply.

The fourth girl hesitated, but at last almost whispered, as if ashamed of herself; "I washed the dishes for mother."

The other girls smiled; but the kind teacher was pleased with the answer, and explained to the class that Jesus wanted us to follow him, by doing cheerfully and well all that we ought to do. "Jesus," said she, "worked at the carpenter's trade, and nobody who follows him need be ashamed of work."

So dish-washing and scrubbing and helping father and mother are a part of religion; and in doing them we are serving God and making ourselves and the world better and happier.

Some children, and some older people, too, think that to be religious you must always look sober and never play. They tell us that Jesus often wept; but never was known to smile. These people do a great deal of harm to religion. Jesus went to marriages and to feasts, and his whole life was a cheerful doing of duty. In following Jesus we have a great deal of happiness and joy.

A little girl heard a lady say one day: "I think Susie is a Christian." Susie was a girl that she often played with, and she felt sad, for she thought Susie would not play any more. But the very next day Susie, all smiles, came to her and wanted her to play. At play she did something that vexed her, but Susie did not speak unkindly. Her mother called her to go on an errand; and, although interested in the game, she obeyed at once. Susie was a happier girl than she was before, and soon her playmate also wanted to be a Christian.

Children, it is good and wise to walk in the footsteps of Christ, for that will take us to where he has gone—to heaven.—S. & Hise.

## "Papa is in the Other Room."

BY EDWARD BAILEY.

DURING a heavy thunderstorm  
George Herbert stood to watch the rain,  
Which came in torrents from the skies,  
And splashed against the window-pane.  
He heard the pealing thunder roll  
With startling suddenness above;  
He saw the lightning's vivid flash,  
But from the window did not move.

I do not say the child was wise  
At such a time to keep so near  
The glass through which the lightning flashed,  
But still it proved he had no fear.  
At length he felt disposed to rest,  
And on the floor, amid the gloom,  
Laid down, and said: "I shall be safe;  
Papa is in the other room."

The pretty blue eyes gently closed,  
And though the storm still raged around,  
Dear little George, upon the floor,  
Was in a slumber sweet and sound.  
His father came into the room,  
And with a smile of love and joy,  
Stooped down to stroke the silken hair,  
Then lifted up his sleeping boy.

George half awoke, and nestled close  
In that good father's loving arms,  
There was a shelter from all storms—  
A resting-place—without alarms.  
Ere long the raging storm was o'er,  
And then, instead of wind and rain,  
The warm and cheering sunny rays  
Came shining through the window-pane.

At last the little sleeper woke,  
And clapped his hands with childish glee,  
Then, pointing to the brightened skies,  
Cried: "Papa! there's the sunshine, see."  
"Were you afraid," the father said,  
"Of thunder, lightning, rain and gloom?"  
"No, papa dear," his child replied;  
"Why, you were in the other room!"

Dear reader, do you love the Lord?  
The Heavenly Father, Guide and Friend?  
If so, look up, in spite of storms  
He'll guide you to the journey's end.  
You cannot see the future—no!  
The path is hidden by the gloom  
Which overhangs this fleeting life;  
Still, God is in the other room.

"I will not leave, I'll not forsake!  
Though tempests rise, and dark waves fill  
The little bark,—I will be there;  
And you shall hear my Peace, be still!  
Sunshine shall chase away the gloom,  
Darkness shall end in brightest day,  
Partings shall never more be known,  
And tears shall all be wiped away."

### Flies.

THE Fly Family is certainly sufficiently large and interesting to claim a share of our attention. There are about eight hundred species, and they are found in various parts of the world. Their lives lend force to Goethe's words: "Thus Nature addresses herself to the recognized, tho' misused, and unknown senses: thus by thousands of phenomena she speaks with herself and to us. To the attentive listener, she is nowhere dead—never silent." The fly, although a despised member of society, can boast of a long pedigree, and demands our respect for various useful services rendered to mankind. The larvæ of flies are useful in removing putrid matter, and the full-grown insect is active in much the same direction. One naturalist asserts that a fly with its progeny could dispose of a case more quickly than a lion. There has been a noticeable scarcity of flies during the reign of some epidemics.

These insects disappear as cold weather advances. Some fall victims to the cold; but many are killed by other insects, and birds. Some seek warm, sheltered nooks, where they remain until the breath of

spring bids them awake from their long sleep. The female fly, guided by unerring instinct, quickly deposits her eggs upon some suitable decaying substance. She is said to deposit seventy, eighty, or ninety eggs at a "sitting." The eggs are soon hatched, transformations follow, and the full-fledged fly appears.

The fly is marvellously formed. It has a large number of small but perfect eyes, so that it can see in all directions at one and the same time, and the same object is multiplied many times. It is fully equipped with the means to supply its wants. Its trunk, or proboscis, is a remarkable organ. With this it tastes its food, and also extracts the necessary juices. It has two beautiful gauze-like wings, with which it passes through space at the rate of six feet in a second of time. Its feet are also wonderfully constructed; and it walks on any surface, assuming positions which bid defiance to the law of gravitation. There are small hollows in the foot of the fly, which act on the principle of a sucker, and aid the insect in clinging to an object. The fly is an inquisitive insect, and in carrying on its operations has no regard for time or person. A story is told of John Wesley, who, brushing off a persistent fly, said: "Go, sir; there is room enough for both of us." The record fails to state the effect of these forbearing words upon the fly.

The Horse-fly is armed with a most formidable weapon. It possesses six lancets, so sharp and strong as to be capable of piercing through the leather of a boot. When not in operation they are folded away in the sucker. The male passes his short life very harmlessly. He has but four lancets, and rarely uses them to afflict animals. He feeds upon an airy diet, subsisting upon the dew, or the water of rippling streams. These flies appear in June, and are supposed to spend the winter in a pupa state. The mother fly lays her eggs in moist places, where there are cattle. When the eggs are hatched, the footless maggot which appears, makes all necessary journeys, by stretching and closing the segments of its body, and its head is supplied with two hooks, with which it gets its food. When it has fed sufficiently, it goes down into the damp earth, where it reposes for some weeks, when it bursts the pupa case, and comes forth a large black fly.

The Sewer-fly resembles the Cesspool-fly, but it lives in cleaner places, and has a less complicated apparatus. The mother fly lays her eggs where they may be reached by the fluid from the sewer. The little creatures are soon hatched, and floating on the water take in all its bad qualities. They are created for just this element, for they die at once if placed in pure water. They dart swiftly about in the water, and can stay below the surface nearly a minute, when they must ascend to breathe. They seek a dry spot after they have eaten awhile; and when their wings have grown, emerge from the pupa state regular insects like their mothers. We have little idea how greatly we are indebted to the Cesspool and Sewer flies.

The Vigilant Flesh, or Blow Fly, is watchful to the last degree, and bristles about in our cellars and pantries in search of the bad meat and other offensive substances which are often found in the summer season. It is a broad, stout fly, dressed in a suit of gray and black, and attracts attention by the loud buzzing caused by an unusually large pair of winglets. She hatches her young in an abdominal sac, from fifteen to thirty at a time, and deposits them as full-grown maggots. The eggs are coiled up in her abdomen, much after the fashion of a watch-spring. These eggs have been uncoiled and counted, and found to number many thousands.

This fly lives but a few weeks—just long enough to provide for her offspring. The young maggot possesses an excellent appetite, and speedily devours the substance upon which it is placed. It then crawls away, and seeks the ground; but failing to reach it, contents itself with taking possession of the nearest crack, from which it finally issues a bustling, energetic, public servant, ready to set its children to work for the common good.—*Our Young People.*

### How It Hurts the Little Ones.

A LITTLE girl laid ten pennies on the counter beside a black bottle, and said: "Ten cents' worth of gin." The barman, anticipating her order, had already drawn from a case the odorous liquid.

The child was barefooted. Her little, thin legs were bare to the knees. She wore not even a hood. Her only attire was a ragged, thin, calico dress. As she passed out the door, the cold, piercing wind sent a shiver through the little one's frame. In a garret, on Mulberry Street, in a foul room, lying in a drunken stupor on an old mattress, were a man and woman, clothed in rags. Two ragged children were on the cold floor, crying for bread. There was no coal in the stove—no warmth in the house.

Listening to the cries of the drunkard's children was a poor woman, who resided in a room adjoining. She enters hastily, with a small basin of milk and a loaf of bread. The little ones seized the food as eagerly as do the wild animals in the Central Park. They ate as if half-starved. The oldest child entered with the black bottle. The two parents, who had not heard their children's cries for food, seem instinctively to know their own physical longings were to be gratified. The father sprang to his feet, and clutched the bottle; the mother, half rising, clutched at it. Her feet were bare, for the money that paid for the gin had been obtained by pawning the woman's shoes. "One-half the world does not know how the other half lives."—*New York Telegram.*

### Sago-Palms.

PERHAPS you have often eaten sago-pudding. Sago is the pith of a tree which is found in the great island of Ceylon, and other islands of the Indian Ocean.

The sago-tree is a kind of palm. It grows in swamps. When it is ten or fifteen years old it flowers, and then dies. When sago is to be made, a full-grown tree is picked out just before it is going to flower. Then a man cuts it down close to the ground, clears away all the leaves and leaf-stalks, and takes a broad strip of the bark off the upper side of the trunk. The pith is then cut or broken down into a coarse powder. It is afterward washed and strained, and the sago-starch is separated from the fibrous or stringy portion. The fibrous part is not good to eat. The starchy part is only used for food. This is made into large, heavy parcels, is neatly covered with sago-leaves, and sold as raw sago.

In the islands where this curious tree grows, the people make sago bread and cakes. The cakes are very good when mixed with butter and sugar and grated cocoa-nut. Many of the people have neither vegetables nor fruits, but live almost entirely on sago and a little fish. It is very strange to see a whole tree-trunk thus turned into food with so little labour.

Great quantities of this article are sent to far-off parts of the world; and here, many thousands of miles distant, we enjoy the privilege of adding sago to the pleasant variety with which our heavenly Father blesses our tables.



**Let the Bairnies Play.**

BY MARY INGLES.

O! LET the bairnies play themsel's,  
I like to hear their din,  
I like to hear each restless foot  
Come trippin' oot and in.  
I like to see each face sae bright,  
And each wee heart sae gay;  
They mind me o' my ain young days—  
O! let the bairnies play.

O! dinna check their sinless mirth,  
Or mak' them dull and wae  
Wi' gloomy looks or cankered words,  
But let the bairnies play.  
Auld douce wise folks should ne'er forget  
They ance were young as they,  
As fu' o' fun and mischief, too—  
Then let the bairnies play.

And never try to set a heid  
Wi' ould age grim and gray  
Upon a wee saft snawy neck—  
No! let the bairnies play.  
For, O! there's mony a weary nicht  
And mony a waefu' day  
Before them, if God spare their lives—  
Sae let the bairnies play.

**LESSON NOTES.**

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK.

A.Γ 30] LESSON X. [June 9

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

Mark 15. 1-20. Memory verses, 14, 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Pilate saith unto them, Take ye him, and crucify him. John 19. 6.

OUTLINE.

1. Pilate and Jesus, v. 1-5
2. Jesus or Barabbas, v. 6-15.
3. The King of the Jews, v. 16-20.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, before the procurator.

CONNECTING LINKS.—In passing from one lesson to the other here, the incident of Peter's denial is passed by. After that we come to the next move of the enemies of Jesus, to prevent the possibility of rescue and to make sure of his death.

EXPLANATIONS.—*In the morning*—After six o'clock the formal meeting was held in which their action was planned. *And bound Jesus*—He was first bound in the garden, but was probably released during his trial before Caiaphas. *King of the Jews*—That is, in a political sense. *Released one prisoner*—This was a voluntary custom of the procurator. *Insurrection*—Revolts were continually being made against the Romans. Nothing is known of this particular one. *Clothed him with purple*—This was the colour of the empire, and was a symbol of kingly power.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Pilate and Jesus.*  
Who was Pontius Pilate?  
Why did the Sarchedrin carry Jesus before him?  
What was the charge made against him here?  
How did Jesus answer that charge?  
John 18. 36.  
How can you account for the difference between the accounts of Mark and John?  
What was the effect on Pilate of the demeanour of Jesus?  
*Jesus or Barabbas.*  
Before this suggestion by Pilate what had he done with Jesus? Luke 23. 7.  
What was probably Pilate's expectation of the choice the Jews would make?  
To what level did his proposition bring Jesus in the people's view?  
Between two malefactors which would they, under the circumstances, naturally choose?  
What danger confronted the rulers at this proposition?  
How did they avoid it? ver. 11.  
What was the character of Barabbas?  
What was Pilate's testimony as to the character of Jesus? Luke 23. 14, 15.

3. *The King of the Jews.*

At what point did Jesus pass out of the hands of the Jews into the hands of the Romans?

Was the act of the soldiers unnatural? What was the feeling of Roman soldiers for all Jews?

Why was Jesus scourged by Pilate? Who were probably the movers in this scene of shame?

In what sense was Jesus a king? What triumphant and kingly act was soon to crown him in the eyes of the world?

Do you accept him as your king?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

How men bent on sin press with violent haste to accomplish their purpose?

Satan never lets a man walk so slowly to evil that he may repent. He rushes him into it.

Pitiable Pilate! Shrewd Roman! He tried to defeat Satan by devices. He failed. Satan cornered him by his own methods.

No man can win in a game with that opponent.

Noise seems to have turned the scale. They cried the more; he yielded. Clamor and outcry and fear that there may be outcry silences many an honest man and makes him a coward.

Pitiable Pilate! Patient Jesus! And all this was for you! Do you accept it?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. You ought to study very carefully each evangelist's account of this scene.
2. Write all the things that they say Jesus said.
3. Write out the different steps in Pilate's surrender.
4. Study all the marginal references in your Bible for fulfilled prophecy.
5. If you have SENIOR LESSON BOOK for 1886 study the outline Bible reading on page 160.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. On what charge was Jesus delivered to Pilate? He had made himself a king. 2. When Pilate questioned him of the charge how did he answer? I am a king. 3. What was Pilate's purpose in offering Jesus or Barabbas for release? It was to release Jesus. 4. When the Jews demanded Barabbas what did he do? Released Barabbas and scourged Jesus. 5. What was his final sentence? "Pilate saith unto them," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The kingdom of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

28. What do you mean by saying that God is infinite?

I mean that his nature and attributes are high above all understanding, and without any limit.

Canst thou by searching find out God? Job 11. 7.

His understanding is infinite. Psa. 147. 5. Behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee. 1 Kings 8. 27.

A. D. 30] LESSON XI. [June 16

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

Mark 15. 21-39. Memory verses, 25-28

GOLDEN TEXT.

He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Phil. 2. 8.

OUTLINE.

1. The Crucified, v. 21-28.
2. The Revilers, v. 29-32.
3. The Darkness, v. 33.
4. The End, v. 34-39.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACES.—Jerusalem. Golgotha.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The story runs rapidly on. The lesson follows immediately upon the last, with no circumstance omitted.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Bear his cross*—The criminal was compelled to bear his own. But Jesus was too exhausted. *Win with myrrh*—This was to deaden pain by producing stupor. *Parted his garments*—Divided the outer robe by ripping the seams.

*Casting lots*—The inner garment they could not thus divide, so they cast with dice, which every Roman soldier carried. *His accusation*—Over the crucified criminal was nailed a board which contained a record of his crime. This he also wore suspended from his neck, as he went to crucifixion. *Wagging their heads*—Shaking their heads in malignant joy. *The sixth hour*—That is, at twelve o'clock of our day. *The ninth hour*—Three o'clock in the afternoon. *Vinegar*—The

sour wine, the regular drink of the Roman soldier. *Veil of the temple*—The great veil which hung before the holy of holies.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Crucified.*  
Who crucified Jesus, the Romans or the Jews?

Where was Jesus led to be crucified?

What customs attending crucifixions are mentioned by Mark? ver. 21, 23, 24, 26.

Why did Pilate write this particular superscription of ver. 26? Why in three languages?

Why is the fact of ver. 27 so carefully told?

What class of persons only were punished with crucifixion?

2. *The Revilers.*

Had not hate done all it could in crucifying Jesus?

Who joined in heaping insults on the sufferer?

What part did the malefactors take in this reviling? Luke 23. 39-42.

What great truth did the chief priests unconsciously speak?

Why was it absolutely impossible for the Christ to do both of these acts of saving?

What in their spirit shows that had the taunt of ver. 32 been made real they would not have believed?

3. *The Darkness.*

What was the occasion of this portent?

What other wonders occurred to terrify the populace? Matt. 27. 51-53.

4. *The End.*

In what sense had God forsaken Jesus?

In the act of verse 36 what prophecy was fulfilled? Psa. 69. 21.

What was the popular opinion of Elias which is here suggested?

What was the dying utterance of Jesus?

What testimony did the end of this life draw from a pagan?

What is your testimony to-day?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Simon bore the cross. So must every one that comes after Jesus. Read Matt. 16. 24. Have you? O how little our crosses are! But what a heavy one was his! On it were the sins of the world.

They railed on him. So has the world ever since. So it does to-day. Wherever a man or a woman stands out boldly against specific sin, it rails and blasphemes.

Himself he cannot save. No, ah, no! What Christ could not do, you cannot do. You cannot save yourself. But he saved others. Thank God! Yes; he saves others. And he can save you. Will you be saved?

"The Son of God." A pagan testified thus; and you?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Learn all that you can about the proper names mentioned in the lesson. Acts 4. 16; 19. 33; Rom. 16. 13.

2. Learn where Golgotha was, and how the throng reached it.

3. Write ten different things which are said to have happened during the lesson.

4. Study Matt. 27. 46; Luke 23. 34, 43, 46; John 19. 28, 30.

5. Find out all you can about a cross; how it was regarded; how the Romans used it for an oath, etc.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where was Jesus crucified? At Golgotha, also called Calvary. 2. How was he crucified? Between two malefactors. 3. What Scripture was thereby fulfilled? He was numbered with transgressors. 4. How was he treated by all in this hour of misery? He was mocked and reviled. 5. What great lesson does his crucifixion teach us? To bear God's will patiently. 6. What does our GOLDEN TEXT say of this sacrifice? "He humbled himself," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The atonement.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

27. What is an eternal Spirit? One who is without beginning and without end.

From everlasting to everlasting thou art God.—Psalm 90. 2.

THERE is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behaviour, like the wish to scatter joy, and not pain, around us.

DON'T fret. Fretting is often a worse fault than the thing which causes it.

ODD LOTS  
OR  
BOOKS

TO BE SOLD

Without Regard to Cost

BEFORE REMOVAL TO OUR NEW BUILDING.

Having on hand a lot of books suitable for our young folks, which we wish to dispose of, we offer them now at the following low prices, which offer will hold good until the stock is exhausted. In some cases, we have only one copy of the book, and so, "first come first served." Postage included.

|   | Reduced from |
|---|--------------|
|   | cts. cts.    |
| Fairy Frisket; or, Peeps at Insect Life. By A. L. O. E. ....  | 60 to 30     |
| Michael Kemp, The Happy Farmer's Lad. By Annie Woodruff. .... | 60 " 30      |
| The Boys' Book of General Information. ....                   | 60 " 30      |
| Holiday Chapter of Stories. By A. L. O. E. ....               | 60 " 30      |
| The Jewish Twins. By Aunt Friendly. ....                      | 60 " 30      |
| Stamp On It, John, and other Narratives. ....                 | 60 " 30      |
| Annals of the Poor. ....                                      | 60 " 30      |
| Sambo's Legacy, and other Stories. ....                       | 60 " 30      |
| Lamp and Lantern. ....  | 50 " 25      |
| Sunday Chaplet of Stories. By A. L. O. E. ....                | 60 " 30      |
| Ruth and Her Friends, a Story for Girls. ....                 | 60 " 30      |
| Original Poems for Infant Minds. ....                         | 50 " 15      |
| Aunt Edith; or, Love to God the Best Motive. ....             | 75 " 30      |
| Near Home, a Book of Travel for the Young. ....               | 75 " 30      |
| The World of Waters, a Book of Travel for the Young. ....     | 75 " 30      |
| Ned Manton. By A. L. O. E. ....                               | 75 " 30      |
| Louis and Frank; or, Three Months Under the Snow. ....        | 75 " 30      |
| Jolly and Katy in the Country. ....                           | 75 " 30      |
| Giles Oldham. A Story by A. L. O. E. ....                     | 75 " 30      |
| The Last Week; Story of a Young Man's Conversion. ....        | 50 " 20      |
| Little Crowns, and How to Win Them. ....                      | 50 " 20      |
| The Torn Bible. ....  | 75 " 25      |
| Little Lychetts, and other Stories. ....                      | 75 " 25      |
| Pet Rabbits, and other Stories. ....                          | 75 " 25      |
| Needle and Rat. By A. L. O. E. ....                           | 75 " 30      |
| Passing Clouds; a Story for Girls. ....                       | 75 " 30      |
| Clara Stanley; or, a Summer Among the Hills. ....             | 75 " 30      |
| Cripple Dan. ....   | 50 " 25      |
| Rescued from Egypt; the Story of Moses. By A. L. O. E. ....   | 75 " 30      |
| Lionel St. Clair; a Story for Boys. ....                      | 75 " 30      |

WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
PUBLISHER,  
78 & 80 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.