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WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
that they
should
do unto
you.

Vol. VII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 23, 1889.

[No. 4.

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

IV.

WE halted four days at Suna, as our situation was deplorable. A constantly increasing sick list, culminating in the serious illness of Edward Pocock, the evident restlessness of the natives at our presence, the insufficient quantity of food that could be purchased, and the growing importunacy of the healthy Wangwana to be led away from such a

the symptoms, I perceived that it was unmistakably a case of dreadful typhus.

There were two or three cases of sickness equally dangerous in camp, but far more dangerous was the sickness of temper from which the natives suffered. It became imperative that we should keep moving, if only two or three miles a day. Accordingly, on the 17th January, after rigging up four hammocks, and making one especially comfortable for Edward Pocock, roofed over with canvas, we moved from the camp through the

urged by our destiny, we struggled on, though languidly. Our spirits seemed dying, or resolving themselves into weights which oppressed our hearts

On arriving at the camp, one of the boat sections was elevated above Edward Pocock, as a protection from the sun, until a cool grass house could be erected. A stockade was being constructed by piling a thick fence of brushwood around a spacious circle, along which grass huts were fast being built, when Frank entreated me to step to his brother's side. I sprang to him—only in time, however, to



BURYING OUR DEAD IN HOSTILE TURU: VIEW OF OUR CAMP.

churlish and suspicious people, plunged me in perplexity.

We had now over thirty men ailing. Some suffered from dysentery, others from fever, asthma, chest diseases, and heart sickness; lungs were weak, and rheumatism had its victims. Edward Pocock, on the afternoon of the day we arrived at Suna, came to me, and complained of a throbbing in the head—which I attributed to weariness, after our terribly long march—and a slight fever. I suggested to him that he had better lie down and rest. The next day the young man was worse. He complained of giddiness, and great thirst. The fourth day he was delirious. By carefully noticing

populated district at a very slow pace; Frank Pocock and Fred Barker at the side of the hammock of the sick European. Hundreds of natives fully armed, kept up with us on either side of our path.

Never since leaving the sea were we weaker in spirit than on this day. Had we been attacked, I doubt if we should have made much resistance. The famine in Ugogo, and that terribly protracted trial of strength through the jungle, had utterly unmanned us; besides, we had such a long list of sick, and Edward Pocock and three Wangwana were dangerously ill, in hammocks. We were an unspeakably miserable and disheartened band; yet

see him take his last gasp. Frank gave a shriek of sorrow when he realized that the spirit of his brother had fled for ever, and, removing the boat section, bent over the corpse and wailed in a paroxysm of agony.

We excavated a grave at the foot of a hoary acacia, and on its ancient trunk Frank engraved a deep cross, the emblem of the faith in which we all believe, and, when folded in its shroud, we laid the body in its final resting-place during the last gleams of sunset. We read the beautiful prayers of the Church service for the dead, and, out of respect for the departed, whose frank, sociable, and winning manners had won their friendship and regard,

nearly all the Wangwana were present to pay a last tribute of sighs to poor Edward Pocock.

When the last solemn prayer had been read, we retired to our tents, to brood in sorrow and silence over our irreparable loss. The frontispiece shows this said scene, and the general appearance of our camp—the sections of the boat, the tents and piles of stores, and the grass huts of the blacks.

Descending into the basin of Matongo, we soon discovered that we had already lost the regular path. But the natives, though they were otherwise tolerant of our presence, and by no means ill-disposed, would not condescend to show us the road, and we were, therefore, exposed to a series of calamities which, at one time threatened our very existence. According to our custom, the camp was constructed on the summit of a slightly swelling ground, between a forest and the fields in the basin. Everything promised at night to be peaceful, though anxiety began to be felt about the fate of Kaif Halleck, the bearer of the letter-bag to Livingstone, in 1871, who had lingered behind. He had not been seen for two days. Some suggested he had deserted, but "faithfuls" rarely desert upon mere impulse, without motive or cause. It was necessary therefore, to halt a day to despatch a searching party. Meanwhile Frank, Barker, and myself were occupied in reducing our loads, and rejecting every article that we could possibly subsist without. Our sick were many, twenty had died, and eighty-nine had deserted. While examining the cloth bales, we discovered that many were wet from excessive rains, and to save them from being ruined, it was imperative, though impolitic, that we should spread the cloths to dry. In the midst of this work a great magic doctor came to pay me a visit, bringing with him a good fat ox as a peace-offering. He was introduced to my tent, and after being sociably entertained with exceedingly sweet coffee, he was presented with fifteen cloths, thirty necklaces, and ten yards of brass wire, which repaid him fourfold for his ox. Trivial things, such as empty sardine boxes, and jam tins, were bestowed on him, as he begged for them. While he stayed, I observed with uneasiness that he and his following cast lingering glances upon the cloths which were drying in camp.

But before retiring for the night, the scouts returned with the report that "Kaif Halleck's" dead body had been discovered, gashed with over thirty wounds, on the edge of a wood.

"We cannot help it, my friends," I said, after a little deliberation. "We can mourn for him, but we cannot avenge him. Go and tell the people to take warning from his fate not to venture too far from the camp, and when on the march not to lag behind the caravan; and you, who are the chiefs, and in charge of the rear, must not again leave a sick man to find his way unprotected to camp."

The next day the magic doctor appeared about eight a.m., to receive another present, and, as he brought with him about a quart of curded milk, he was not disappointed. He also received a few beads for his wife, and for each of his children. Half an hour after the departure of the magic doctor, while many of the Wangwana were absent purchasing grain, and others were in the forest collecting faggots, we heard war cries. I mustered a small party on the highest ground of the camp, in an attitude of doubt and inquiry, and presently saw a large body of natives armed with spears, bows and arrows, and shields, appear within a hundred yards on a similar high-ground outside the camp. We soon discovered that one of the Wangwana had stolen some milk, and that the natives had been aroused to "make war" upon us because of the theft. They were informed that war was

wicked and unjust for such a small crime. A liberal present of cloth was made, and the affair had apparently terminated.

But as this mob was about to retire peacefully, another large force appeared, and Souidi, one of our men, came hastily upon the scene. He had a javelin gash near the right elbow joint, while a ghastly wound, from a whirling knobstick, had laid open his temples. He reported his brother Suliman as lying dead near the forest, to the west of the camp.

We decided, nevertheless, to do nothing. We were strong disciples of the doctrine of forbearance, for it seemed to me then as if Livingstone had taught it to me only the day before. "Keep silence," I said; "even for the last murder I shall not fight; when they attack the camp, it will be time enough then." To Frank I simply said that he might distribute twenty rounds of ammunition without noise to each man, and dispose our party on either side of the gate, ready for a charge, should the natives determine upon attacking us.

The possible hostilities might have been averted, had not the murderers of young Suliman, advancing red-handed and triumphant, extorted from all the unanimous opinion that it would be better after all to fight "the cowardly Wangwana and the white men, who were evidently only women." They quickly disposed themselves, delivered large whoops of triumph, prepared their bows, and shot their first arrows. The Wangwana became restless, but I restrained them. We still waited without firing. The savages, not comprehending this extraordinary forbearance, advanced once more. The interpreters were requested to warn them that we should delay no longer. They replied, "Ye are women, ye are women," saying which they twanged their bows. It was only then, perceiving that they were too savage to understand the principles of forbearance, that the final word to "fight" was given. A brisk encounter was maintained for an hour, and then, having driven the savages away, the Wangwana were recalled to camp.

Meanwhile Frank was busy with sixty men armed with axes in constructing a strong stockade, and on the return of the Wangwana they were employed in building markamen's "nest's" at each corner of the camp. We also cleared the ground to the space of two hundred yards around the camp. By night our camp was secure, and perfectly defensible.

On the morning of the 24th we waited patiently in our camp. Why should we attack? We were wretched enough as it was, without seeking to add to our wretchedness. We numbered only seventy effective men, for all the others were invalids, frightened porters, women, donkey boys, and children. The sick list was alarming, but, try how we might, the number was not to be reduced. At nine a.m., however, the enemy appeared, reinforced both in numbers and confidence, for the adjoining districts on the north and east had been summoned to the "war." We, therefore, wait until they advance upon our camp, and drive them from its vicinity as we did the day before. Our losses in this day's proceedings, were twenty-one soldiers and one messenger killed, and three wounded. As we had twenty-five on the sick list, it may be imagined that to replace these fifty men great sacrifices were necessary on the part of the survivors, and much ingenuity had to be exercised. Much miscellaneous property was burned, and on the morning of the 26th, just before daybreak, we resumed our interrupted journey. One day I shot a giraffe and a small antelope; on the next, five zebra; and the third, two gnu, one buffalo, and a zebra. Meat was now a drug in our camp. It

was cooked in various styles, either stewed, roasted, fried, or pounded for cakes. On the 10th of February we reached the hospitable village of Mombiti.

A fresh troop of porters was here engaged to relieve the long-suffering people, and with renewed spirits and rekindled vigour, and with reserve stores of luxuries on our shoulders, we plunged into the jungle. During the second day's march, Gardner, one of the faithful followers of Livingstone during his last journey, succumbed to a severe attack of typhoid fever. We conveyed the body to camp, and having buried him, raised a cairn of stones over his grave.

On the morning of the 27th February we rose up early, and braced ourselves for the long march of nineteen miles, which terminated at four p.m. When the bugle sounded the signal to "Take the road," the Wangwana responded to it with cheers, and loud cries of "Ay, indeed; ay, indeed, please God;" and their good-will was contagious. The natives, who had mustered strongly to witness our departure, were affected by it, and stimulated our people by declaring that the lake was not very far off—"but two or three hours' walk." Ascending a long gradual slope, we heard on a sudden, hurrahing in front, and then we, too, with the lagging rear, knew that those in the van were in view of the Great Lake!

Frank Pocock impetuously strode forward until he gained the brow of the hill. He took a long sweeping look at something, waved his hat, and came down toward us, his face beaming with joy, as he shouted out enthusiastically with the fervour of youth and high spirits, "I have seen the Lake, sir, and it is grand!"

Presently we also reached the brow of the hill, where we the Expedition halted, and the first quick revealed to us a long broad arm of water, which a dazzling sun transformed into silver, some six hundred feet below us, at the distance of three miles. It stretched like a silvery plain far to the eastward, and away across to a boundary of dark blue hills and mountains. The blacks struck up the song of triumph:—

Sing, O friends, sing; the journey is ended;
Sing aloud, O friends; sing to the great Nyanza.
Sing all, sing loud, O friends, sing to the great sea;
Give your last look to the lands behind and then turn to the sea.

Long time ago you left your lands,
Your wives and children, your brothers and your friends;
Tell me, have you seen a sea like this
Since you left the great salt sea?

CHORUS.

Then sing, O friends, sing; the journey is ended
Sing aloud, O friend; sing to this great sea.

This sea is fresh, is good, and sweet;
Your sea is salt, and bad, and unfit for drink.
This sea is like wine to drink for thirsty men;
The salt sea—bah! it makes men sick.

Lift up your heads, O men, and gaze around;
Try if you can see its end.

See, it stretches meane away,
This great, sweet, fresh-water sea.

The song, though extemporized, was eminently dramatic, and when the chorus joined in, it made the hills ring with a wild and strange harmony.

In a short time we had entered the wretched-looking village, and Kaduma was easily induced to proffer hospitalities to the strangers. A small conical hut, about twenty feet in diameter, badly lighted, and with a strong smell of animal matter—malicious persistence, kept popping in and out of their nests in the straw roof, and rushing over the walls—was placed at my disposal as a store-room. Another small hut was presented to Frank Pocock and Fred Barker as their quarters.

In summing up, during the evening of our arrival at this rude village on the Nyanza, the number of statute miles travelled by us, as measured by two rated pedometers and pocket watch, I ascertained it to be seven hundred and twenty. Our marches averaged a little over ten miles per day, or, including halts, seven miles per diem.

(To be continued.)

My Love for Mother.

BY THOS. KLMES.

I THOUGHT I loved my mother dear,
In childhood on her knee,
Or when in youth she knelt in tears,
And to her God gave me,
But when in manhood sickness came,
To mother 'gain I flew;
To rest awhile, from worldly gain,
And test her love anew.
She nursed me fondly, night and day,
And pressed my aching brow,
I thought I loved her years ago—
I know I love her now.

I heard her, O! how cautiously,
Open my bedroom door,
I heard her step so noiselessly,
To my couch across the floor;
I felt her hands my temples press,
Her lips just touching mine,
And in my anguish and distress
'Twere sinful to repine.
I thought my sands were nearly run,
I'd passed life's mountain brow,
I thought I loved her years ago—
I know I love her now.—

Her face was hovering over mine,
Her warm tear on my cheek,
Her whispered prayer of thought divine,
Rose fervently and meek;
Her bosom rested on my arm,
I felt its troubled throb
I knew the cause of its alarm,
I knew its source of woe;
And then the blood my pulses through
Came throbbing on my brow,
I thought I loved her years ago—
I know I love her now.—

Thus watched the tired and patient one,
By night as well as day,
In sadness and almost alone,
Till weeks had passed away;
Bereft of sleep, deprived of rest,
Oppressed, borne down with care
Till O! her labours have been blessed,
For God hath heard her prayer.
Her cheek regained its wanton glow,
And placid was her brow,
I thought I loved her years ago,—
I know I love her now.

Possibilities of Work.

MARK draws aside the curtain, and gives us a glimpse of the busiest life that was ever lived. One Sabbath-day's record will suffice to show how Jesus of Nazareth taught and wrought. First we have an expository sermon in a synagogue, and the healing in the same place of a wretched demoniac. Passing out of the synagogue and into a private house, he cures a fever patient. And as the day wears on, the crowds increase, and all the city is gathered at the door—demoniacs and people afflicted with all manner of diseases—and he restores them to health and sanity.

The miracles of Christ that are circumstantially recorded in the gospels are comparatively few. And this is well. A skilful painter is accustomed to put only a few strong figures in the foreground, else there would be only confusion, and lack of clearness and definiteness of impression.

Even so the evangelists bring out upon the canvas a limited number of representative discourses and miracles, while giving us hints, suggestions, and glimpses of a great multitude more. So

many, indeed, that the last one of them, as he is about to lay down his pen, is constrained to say: "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

Never a moment of time lost he, nor a single opportunity. "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Such was the language of his boyhood, and such was the spirit of his manhood. He never loitered by the way. "I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day; the night cometh, when no man can work." This explains the urgency with which he pursued his mission.

Instead of economizing our time, utilizing our spare moments, "buying up the opportunity," and packing our days with pious deeds, we allow our lives to run to waste, wondering, meanwhile, how in the world the saintly men and women, whose biographies we read, ever managed to do so much; and, by-and-by, at the grave's mouth, we wake up to the awful consciousness that we have done just next to nothing. The truth of the matter is, that the most of us do but trifle when we ought to be dead in earnest. And if we only were, and had, besides, a little sanctified common sense, we should presently be astonished to discover how much of beneficent labour could be crowded into a day, and more and more, as the years went by, would each of our days be like one of the days of the Son of man.—*Baptist Teacher.*

Her Energy Directed.

THE Potts family, one of the oldest in Pennsylvania, preserve among their annals record of a member of the family who was one of the most remarkable women of the early days of the Republic.

Benjamin Franklin, it is reported, wished to marry her when she was a gay, beautiful girl, but she was already betrothed to Robert Grace. Her husband died a few months after their marriage, and she retired from the world, and devoted herself with energy to working the coal mines of which she was the owner in the mountains of Pennsylvania. Her beauty and firm will gave her an ascendancy over the rough miners which no overseer could obtain.

Whitefield, when in this country, visited Pottstown and preached to these men on their drunkenness. The sermon was so offensive that they swore to kill him if he preached again. The next Sunday they assembled, with clubs and guns, in the field in which he was to preach.

Whitefield mounted the platform, and at the same moment "the lovely Mistress Grace" rode up in hot haste, her horse covered with foam and mud, took her station under the temporary pulpit and fixed her keen, commanding eyes on her men, whom she controlled until the sermon began.

It was one of the famous preacher's most powerful efforts. A great silence fell upon the mob. Mrs. Grace turned and faced the speaker. Before the service was over she and the miners were kneeling side by side, weeping and praying together.

Mistress Grace never married again, but became a devout Christian and laboured faithfully among her workmen, showing as much energy in her Master's service as she had formerly displayed in business affairs.

When she was an old woman she heard that Franklin was dying, and made the journey from her home in the mountains to see him. They met for the first time since she was a girl. She prayed and talked earnestly with him, and when she bade him farewell, declared her conviction that "though

he was no Methodist, his soul was just before God."

It was a time when strongly marked characters asserted themselves, unsoftened as now by friction with popular opinion; and Mistress Grace, with her beauty, her obstinate will, and her zeal, powerfully influenced her generation, and always to pure and good ends.

And all this seemed to result from a little thing,—the animosity aroused in the breasts of rough men by the plain speaking of a preacher, which compelled this woman to go to hear the man, in order to preserve order and prevent violence. But in eyes that are wiser than ours no events are little or insignificant.—*Youth's Companion.*

Triumph By-and-by.

THE prize is set before us,
To win, our Lord implores us,
The eye of God is o'er us
From on high!
His loving tones are falling
While sin is dark appalling,
'Tis Jesus gently calling,
He is nigh.

CHORUS.

By-and-by we shall meet him,
By-and-by we shall greet him,
And with Jesus reign in glory,
By-and-by.

We follow where he leadeth,
We pasture where he feedeth
We yield to him who pleadeth
From on high;
For naught from him can sever,
Our hope shall brighten ever,
And faith shall fail us never;
He is nigh.—*Cho.*

Our home is bright above us,
No trials dark to move us,
But Christ our Lord to love us
Dwells on high;
We'll give our best endeavour,
And praise his name forever,
His precious words can never,
Never die.—*Cho.*

Little Women.

THE seven-year-old daughter of a very busy mother, who in consequence of her husband's early death was obliged to carry on his business, was asked one day by a friend what she was able to do in the way of help.

"I can only pray to God and hem the dusters," was the child's reply, in all seriousness; but it showed that she had learned to do the duty that lay nearest her. As years went on she developed into the steady, reliable, cheerful girl to whom the whole household looked for help, and seldom, if ever, looked in vain.

Very pleasant are the hours spent by our little Mary in the kitchen, still under "mother's" wing, or that of some trusty or reliable servant. How she enjoys picking the bits of stem from among the currants, stoning raisins, buttering the cake tins, and cutting any spare dough or paste that may be over, when the pies are made, into rounds with the top of a glass. And what a crowning joy it is, when she is allowed to have a whole gooseberry or a tiny apple to make a dumpling for her own dinner or nursery feast! And what an important personage she is when on busy days she may even be trusted with washing up the breakfast things!

If all little girls were allowed these early visits to the kitchen, with real participation in its work, the world would not hear so much about undomesticated wives and housekeepers, who cannot teach their servants what they have never learned themselves.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*

Your Mission.

If you cannot, on the ocean,
Sail among the swiftest fleet—
Rocking on the highest billows,
Laughing at the storms you meet—
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay—
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready at command—
If you cannot to the needy
Reach an ever-open hand—
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do,
While the fields are white to harvest,
And the Master calls for you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare;
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

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Home and School.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 23, 1889.

The Purpose of Prophecy.

Our Lord furnishes us the key of all prophecy when he says, "I have told you before it come to pass, that, when it is come to pass, ye might believe." It is given us to strengthen faith when we see God's fulfilment of it. If it were given merely to inform us before the time, it would be given us with perfect plainness. And then, it is much to be feared, when we saw the time approaching, sit down and do nothing but wait for its coming. A tribe of Ojibway Indians, with whom I am acquainted, know within a few days when the agent from the seat of government is coming to bring them their half-yearly allowances, and they can do no work for a fortnight—just lie on the river-bank and watch for his canoe coming.

Take, for an example of prophecy, this: "He made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death," and fancy any doctor of the law, how evangelical soever, trying before the occurrence itself to explain the allusion. How impossible to make anything of it! But the two thieves and Joseph of Arimathea make it all clear. And how consoling and strengthening to the first believers it must have been! How calculated to take away the horror they must have felt at Christ's dying in

such unworthy company, and how strengthening to their faith to see that it was all predicted, even to the fact of his being buried in a rich man's tomb; a circumstance unimportant in itself, but important as being a unique and conspicuous mark of God's foreknowledge and divine control.

When we approach prophecy, let us come, therefore, with the key our Lord has given us. When we use God's key we shall unlock God's treasures.

Value of the Bible.

IMMENSELY as the literature of this country has increased in this century, the Bible now occupies a larger proportionate space in that literature than ever it did. No book raises so many inquiries or touches so many interests. The Bible sends the student to libraries and archives. To the Bible we owe much of the intense and spreading interest in languages and in the originals of customs and of peoples. It directs the traveller to buried cities, to the tombs of kings, to the records of States once great and well-nigh forgotten. Wherever the battle of opinion is now the liveliest, wherever the race for discovery is most eager, wherever the earth at last reveals her buried history, it is to add to our knowledge of the sacred story, and to our understanding of the sacred volume.

Excursion to Europe.

DR. WITHROW'S "PROGRAMME" of his seven weeks' excursion to London and Paris and return, and an extended tour through Switzerland, Germany, the Rhine and Belgium, covering eleven weeks, is now ready, and will be sent, post-free, to any address. Ten days will be spent in London, and ten days in Paris, where the World's Exposition will be a great attraction. For particulars write to Dr. Withrow, at his residence, 240 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

Montreal Sunday-Schools.

THE annual gathering of the Methodist Sunday-schools of Montreal, was held on New Year's morning, in the lecture-hall of St. James', Dominion Square, and Mountain Street churches. There were large and enthusiastic and well-conducted gatherings in each, the interest being as great as on any former years. Brief addresses were made in each church by selected speakers, and the following friendly messages were read:—

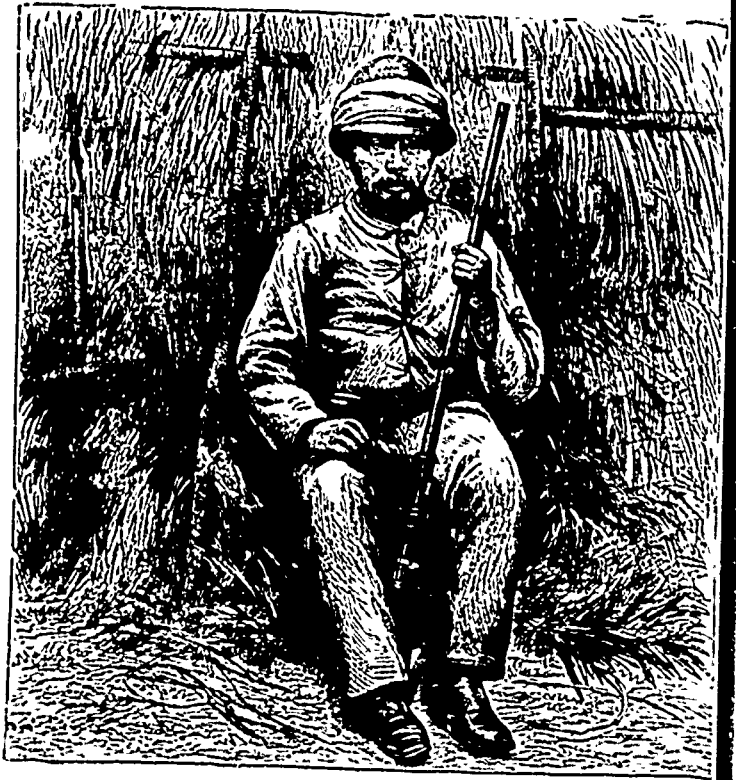
"Montreal, Jan. 1, 1889.

"The Methodist Sunday-schools send very cordial New Year's greetings to the Presbyterian Sunday-school of Montreal. We heartily rejoice in your prosperity, determined, by the Divine blessing, to reach the same measure of success. To you and to us God has given the religious instruction of more than two-thirds of the Protestant youth of this city. We pray that our labours may result in lives marked by honesty and intelligence, and by Christian faith and devotion.

"On behalf of the Methodist Sunday-schools of Montreal.
WILLIAM I. SHAW."

"Montreal, Jan. 1, 1889.

"On behalf of the Presbyterian Sunday-school



FRANK POOCK. (From a photograph by the Author.)

Association of Montreal, I desire most heartily and cordially to reciprocate the kindly greetings of our friends of the Methodist Sunday-school Association. We rejoice to hear of the good work which under the blessing of God, you have accomplished, and pray that you may long continue to do good service for God and man in the city. We join hearts and hands with you in imparting sound Scriptural knowledge to the youth of our city, that thus a generation may be trained to be strong and of good courage, thoroughly familiar with the whole Word of God, and to become good citizens and valiant soldiers of Jesus Christ.

"J. MURRAY SMITH."

Mr. S. J. Carter, of the Sunday-school Union, submitted the report of missionary collections in the various Sunday-schools. The report speaks volumes in praise of the liberality and earnestness of the Methodist Sunday-schools of Montreal.

A LADY sends the following:—

"Dear Sir,—I enclose to you the sum of \$2.40. Will you kindly send twenty copies of THE SUNBEAM, for one year, to some minister or reliable person in the Parry Sound District, for distribution among the children, where, I hope, the blessing of God may accompany them, and make them a comfort to those who may read them.

"A LOVER OF CHILDREN.

"Name strictly private."

Her request is complied with. Who will follow!

Thank God! I See a Church!

A CREW of sailors who, as they said, did "not believe in missions to the cannibals," learned to change their minds. Cruising among one of the Pacific groups, their vessel struck a reef, and foundered.

There was nothing to be done but to take to the boats and row ashore, although, according to their information it was a choice between sharks and natives. The part of the coast where they landed happening to be uninhabited, they hid themselves in a hollow until it became necessary to procure something to eat, even at the risk of being eaten themselves. At length one of the boldest ventured to the top of a hill, where he could look over the populous valley beyond. All at once his fear-stricken companions saw him spring to his feet, and wring his hat shouting: "Come on, boys; it's all right. Thank God! I see a church!"



VIEW FROM THE VILLAGE OF MAMBOYA.



OUR CAMP AT MPWAPWA.

Feeding the Little Ones.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

WHAT was ailing the children?

They were filling the street with noise,
With the shout, and the whoop, and the loud hurrah,
They were telling abroad their joys.
I was puzzled to find the meaning,
But a friend, who was by me, said,
"This is the cause of their merriment,
To-day they have all been fed."

So this had been ailing the children!

We live in a country town,
And the bitter cry of the London poor
Had come but gently down;

And the poor of our own had raised no cry
So we thought that they hungered not,
And who would take trouble without a cause,
Or add to a plenteous lot?

But some who had noticed the children

Said together, "Let us see
If the children are really hungry.
And if need among them be;

Let us make the trial, and sell to those
Who are anxious to be fed,
A pint of soup for a halfpenny,
And a slice of wholesome bread."

And, oh, the sight of the children,
As they thronged about the door,
Ragged and eagerly hungry,

They looked unloved and poor.
But as soon as the soup was taken,
A shout that was like a song
Of gratitude, love, and gladness,
Arose from the merry throng.

With only a little money,
And only a little care,

We find that a thousand children
In the good of the world can share;
There are everywhere hungry little ones,
Like drooping, neglected flowers;
And many a town in the country,
Might take a hint from ours.

Mission Work on the Pacific Coast.

AN audience of ladies filled the lecture-room of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, on the occasion of the quarterly meeting of the city auxiliaries of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church. The receipts for the quarter were put at \$1,171.81.

The major portion of the afternoon was willingly given up to the Rev. Thomas Crosby, a returned missionary from among the Indians at Port Simpson.

After congratulating the society upon its marvellous growth since its inception at Hamilton some few years ago, Mr. Crosby tried to make the company understand where his field of labour lies. He described it as being the "jumping-off place" of our country, near to Alaska, about six hundred miles up the north-west coast of British Columbia.

A brief sketch of the salient points in his career, since he borrowed money, twenty-seven years ago, to go as a missionary to the Indians of lower British Columbia, was made exceedingly interesting by life-like descriptions of his various unique experiences with the degraded people among whom he laboured.

He began among the Flathead Indians in Vancouver, whose language he learned, and where the incoming of Christianity induced that people to give up the cruel practice of flattening the heads of their infants by strapping a board thereon. From there he went up to Port Simpson, where he found a more intelligent lot of Indians, among whom the work has been wonderfully successful. The central principle of their work had been to teach these Indians to be men and women—not mere paupers, to be supported by the Government and the missionary societies. He strongly urged that the Government should make treaties with these British Columbia Indians, and then put the money paid for their lands into a treasury, from which a fund for educational purposes could be drawn. It should not be paid to them in the form of rations and annuities, which only served to pauperise the recipients.

As an example of the manner in which they taught the Indians to help themselves, he stated how, on his arrival at Port Simpson, he called a meeting of the Indians, and asked them how much they would subscribe toward the building of a church. They grunted a decided demurrer at first, being under the impression that Mr. Crosby had come with lots of money, with which to build them not only a church, but also houses for each convert, as a sort of premium for becoming Christians. He speedily disabused their minds on this point, when they went to their houses and brought the only valuables they had—new blankets—and piled them at his feet, as their subscription to the new church. In this way over \$400 was raised at this first meeting. He also recommended that, while mission-schools should be furnished, the pupils should be made to buy their own books and slates. He likewise held missionary meetings on all these new charges, to inspire the new converts with a missionary spirit. Last year \$700 had been raised at Port Simpson for the missionary cause—and this wholly from among the Indians. They had now in that country fifteen churches and nine centres of mission work.

There was ample room for more missionaries among the Indians along the west coasts of Vancouver and British Columbia. He was now able to reach all this region, including 6,000 miles of coast-line from Puget Sound to Alaska, by means of the little missionary steamer *Glad Tidings*, and

could see the immense chance for Christian workers throughout the whole territory.

Mr. Crosby is now relieved from the pastorate of Port Simpson, and given a sort of roving commission on this steamer. He is visiting Ontario in the interests of the missions of Northern British Columbia, and will, doubtless, be heard in many Methodist Churches throughout the Province.

A Brave Young Soldier.

BETWEEN thirty and forty years ago, there was in the British army a young officer, by the name of Hedley Vicars. He became convinced that it was his duty to be a Christian, and, like a brave man and a faithful soldier, he did his duty.

One who knew him well says, that on the morning which succeeded the memorable night of Captain Vicar's conversion, he bought a large Bible, and placed it open on the table in his sitting-room, determined that an open Bible, for the future, should be his colours. "It was to speak for me," he said, "before I was strong enough to speak for myself."

His friends came as usual to his rooms, and did not altogether fancy the new colours. One remarked that he had "turned Methodist," and, with a shrug, retreated. Another ventured on the bolder measure of warning him not to become a hypocrite: "Bad as you were, I never thought you would come to this, old fellow." So, for the most part, for a time, his quarters were deserted by his late companions.

During six or seven months he had to encounter no slight opposition at mess, and "had hard work," as he said, "to stand his ground." But the promise did not fail: "The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall wax stronger and stronger."

After a while, his brother officers, finding him steadfast, learned to respect his courage and his piety; and the brave young captain became an instrument of great good in the army. He showed the genuine character of his conversion by his daily life, and died at last in the service of his country and faithful to his God.

"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

A LITTLE girl came home from her Sunday-school one day, and her father asked her if she had learned the text. "Yes," she said; "I keep my soul on the top." Her father laughed, and asked her to find the passage. She pointed it out to him triumphantly, and he read: "I keep my body under." He who keeps his soul on top is free indeed from the bondage of appetite.

Heaven.

OH! Heaven is nearer than mortals think,
When they look with a trembling dread
At the misty future that stretches on,
From the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle on a boundless main,
No brilliant but distant shore,
Where the lovely ones who are called away
Must go to return no more.

No, heaven is near us; the misty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
That we cannot see the angel bands
On the shore of eternity.

The eye that shuts in a dying hour
Will open the next in bliss;
The welcome will sound in the heavenly world
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We pass from the clasp of mourning friends
To the arms of the loved and lost,
And those smiling faces will greet there
Which on earth we have valued most.

Yet oft in the hours of holy thought
To the thirsty soul is given
That power to pierce through the mist of sense
To the beautiful scenes of Heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall;
Till the soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angel's call.

I know when the silver cord is loosed,
When the veil is rent away,
Not long and dark shall the passage be
To the realms of endless day.

Teachers' Department.

Mark's Keynote.

THE New Jerusalem lieth four-square. So does the gospel. We have four gospels and yet one—one from four different points of view. The philosophy of this form of treatment is discoverable in the stereopticon, where two pictures blend to give you something different from either, and the object represented, instead of seeming to be a flat surface, stands out like a solid. And yet even then you can see only half of it, and two more pictures would be needed to give to the beholder completeness of presentation. And this is precisely what is given us by the four evangelists. Each picture is unique, and all combine to give a perfect whole. Four faces, such as Ezekiel saw in a vision by the river Chebar, and yet the living creature was not fourfold, but one.

And if, as many suppose, there was here a pre-figuration of the gospel, then it would not be difficult to determine to which of the evangelists each one of the several faces belonged. The Gospel of Matthew is the gospel of completed sacrifice. Very naturally, therefore, it comes first. Its purpose is especially to show how all the types of the old sacrificial dispensation found their perfect fulfilment in the work and sacrifice of Jesus Christ. The ox was alike the symbol of toil and sacrifice, and it is the face of an ox that Matthew presents. And the keynote of Matthew is the constantly recurring phrase, "that it might be fulfilled."

Luke's gospel is the gospel of humanity. It is not for the Jew, but for the race. Christ's genealogy is not traced back to Abraham simply, as in Matthew, but all the way to Adam—"which was the Son of God." The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—these are the great truths that illumine Luke's pages. The one beaming upon us in the parable of the Prodigal Son, and the other in the parable of the Good Samaritan—two precious pearls entrusted alone to Luke to pre-

serve. From the gospel of Luke there looks out upon us the face of a man, shining with sweetest benignity, and his keynote is the "Son of man."

John, from the very first, soars sublimely aloft. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and THE WORD WAS GOD." This is his keynote, and he strikes it in the opening sentence. Up—up—up he soars, until our eyes are dazzled by the splendours of the great white throne. John's is clearly the face of an eagle.

But the Gospel of Mark, with which at present we have specially to do, is the gospel of intense, energetic, and heroic action. It shows us unmistakably the face of a lion—the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, that hath prevailed to open the book, and loose the seals thereof. And its keynote is not an elaborate sentence, but a single word, characteristic of the book, "short, sharp, decisive." In our common English Version it is indiscriminately rendered by "immediately," "straightway," but in the Greek there is one word, and that one word is "entheos."

Almost twice as often is this to be found in Luke as in all the other gospels together. Entheos, entheos, entheos—it rings out everywhere in the record of Luke. The quick spring, the resistless might of the divine power, is concentrated in that word. "Immediately (entheos) the fever left her." "Immediately the leprosy departed from him." "Immediately he arose and took up his bed." "Immediately he recovered sight." "Immediately the fountain of her blood was healed." "Immediately his ears were opened."

Even such is Christ's method to-day with souls that are sick and sinful. Forgiveness is not a thing that needs to be waited for through the stretch of weary months and years. Let a man, in faith, fling himself upon the divine mercy, and immediately his sins are pardoned—immediately his soul is saved, and immediately he ought to go forth and publish to all men the praises of his benefactor.

With reference to the acceptance of salvation, sinners are only too apt, with Pharaoh, to say, "to-morrow," and to wait for a convenient season that is likely never to come. And Christian people, even, too commonly postpone to some "convenient season" the duty that ought to be done to-day.

Let the keynote of the gospel we are studying be the keynote of the year upon which we are entering, and what our hands find to do let us do it with our might—and do it IMMEDIATELY.—*Baptist Teacher.*

BESIDES the main point, which should be pressed home with all the power the teacher possesses, there should be many minor points which should find lodgment in the mind and hearts of the scholars. Each lesson, while prominently presenting some one great truth, inculcates many other truths also. The aim of the teacher should be to make every truth stick that he presses upon the attention of his class. It will not do so unless it has point. It will not have point unless he works over it a good deal in his study, with the inquiry in his mind, How can I put this so as to make it penetrate and stay? He cannot afford to leave its shaping to the inspiration of the moment. One who faithfully works over what he is to teach with this question in mind will succeed finally in making each lesson bristle with points, so that it will have as many holding-places as a burr. Throw a burr, and some of its many small spines will take hold; and any slight attempt to remove it will only cause some more of its spikes to penetrate and give it a firmer grip. This is what is needed—more burr-lessons.—*Pilgrim Teacher.*

Faithful in Obeying Orders.

THE late Lord Derby, in England, was having one of his country-houses decorated. The men were busy painting the walls and the floor of the great central-hall. A young man, tall and strong, was at work on one of the walls. The Earl ordered a number of slippers to be placed by the door-mat. He told this young man if any one came in, he must order him to put on a pair of slippers before crossing the passage; then he added, "And if anybody is not willing to do this, you must just take him by the shoulders and turn him out."

"I'll do it, my Lord," said the young man. Soon after, a hunting-party came to the house. Among them was the great Duke of Wellington. The Duke's boots were covered all over with mud. He opened the door, and was about to walk across the hall, when the young man immediately jumped off the ladder on which he was painting. He offered the Duke a pair of slippers, but he declined to put them on. Then the young man seized the Duke by the shoulders, and fairly pushed him out of the house.

The painter said, afterwards, that the eagle eye of the Duke went right through him, and as he was not acquainted with him he could not help wondering who he was.

In the course of the day, Lord Derby, on hearing what had taken place, called his household into the library, with the men who were working for him, and demanded who had had the rudeness to push the Duke of Wellington out of his house?

The painter came forward, trembling, and said, "It was I, my Lord."

"And pray," said his Lordship, "how came you to do it?"

"Because, my Lord," said the painter, "you told me to put any one out who should attempt to walk across the hall without putting on slippers—and I was only obeying your orders."

Then the Duke, who was present, turned round to Lord Derby, with a smile, and taking a sovereign from his purse, handed it to the astonished painter, saying, as he did so:

"You are right, young man, to obey orders. Always be faithful to your orders if you want to succeed in your business."—*Selected.*

Temper and Tongue.

A LONDON merchant had a dispute with a Quaker about a bill. The merchant said he would go to law about it; the Quaker tried all means to keep him from doing so. One morning the Quaker resolved to make a last attempt, and he called at the merchant's house and asked the servant if his master was at home. The merchant heard him, and knowing his voice, called out from the stairs:

"Tell that rascal I am not at home."

The Quaker, looking up at him, calmly said:

"Well friend, God grant thee a better mind." The merchant was struck with the meekness of the reply, and he looked into the disputed bill, and found that the Quaker was right and he was wrong. He called to see him, and, after confessing his error, he said:

"I have one question to ask you: How were you able so often to bear my abuse with patience?"

"Friend," said the Quaker, "I will tell thee. I had once as bad a temper as thou hast. I knew that to yield to this temper was sinful, and I found that it was unwise. I noticed that men in a passion always spoke loud, and I thought if I could control my voice I should keep my passion. I have, therefore, made it a rule never to let my voice rise above a certain key, and by carefully observing this rule I have, by God's help, mastered my temper."

Tobacco.

I AM the Spirit Nicotine ;
 'Tis I who glide the lips between ;
 Through the lips I trace the brain ;
 There I am a mighty pain.
 I pursue my fatal track
 Down the arched and marrowy back :
 And the vertebræ grow slack.
 Naught can hinder, naught can swerve,
 I pervade each secret nerve ;
 Pick my meal with knife and dart
 From the palpitating heart ;
 Quaff the leaping crimson flood
 Of the rich and generous blood.
 I the yellow bile diffuse,
 Paint the face in ghastly hues.
 Muscle and sinew
 May not continue
 To hold their wonted haughty pride,
 The while I through the system glide.
 Slowly I my purpose wreak,
 Slowly fades the blooming cheek.
 Gloomy fancies I suggest,
 Fill with fears the hardy breast.
 The limbs then fail,
 The lamp burns dim,
 Life hears Death's hail,
 And answers him.
 Heart and liver, lungs and brain,
 All their powers lose amain,
 And yield to me ;
 And I ! and I !
 Laugh to see
 My victim die.

John Ploughman's Almanack.

THE illustrated broadside issued annually by Mr. Spurgeon and known as "John Ploughman's Almanack," was published a little later than usual this year in consequence of Mr. Spurgeon's illness. But it has lost none of its brightness and gives still a proverb for every day in the year. The following are among the more striking :—

If it rained porridge the shiftless would have no spoon.
 Fools run in packs, the wise oft walk alone.
 He is a stupid who has no patience with a stupid.
 Don't change a one-eyed horse for a blind one.
 Women talk less in February than in any other month.
 If lies were Latin, learning would be common.
 Some excellent advice is given to married people.
 It is not every couple that is a pair.
 Let every husband remain a lover.
 Let every wife remain a sweetheart.
 It is easier to find a wife than to feed a wife.
 He that feeds upon charity, feeds upon cold victuals.
 He that marries a fool is a fool.
 When a goose is fat it is still a goose.
 Although the teetotal saws may not be so numerous as on some former occasions, we are advised,
 Drink none, and you'll not drink too much.
 There are short articles as usual ; and from that on "Darby and Joan" we quote this for husbands and wives :
 There, show your own wisdom by loving for your choice those whom you choose for your love. You can get on well enough if you will only feed those two bears—bear and forbear, and try to be lovers and sweethearts all your days. Quarrels between husband and wife are very silly things ; for neither party is the better for them, and generally both are much the worse. He who vexes his wife makes vexation for himself. It is something like the hand striking the nose, or the feet kicking each other. What's the good of it !
 From what is said in the article "Oil the Wheels," it is shown that

TIMES ARE NOT SO BAD.

Times are not so bad as they might be, even to

the man who is the bottom sawyer. Times are going to be better, though there will never be seven Sundays in a week, nor thirty shillings to a pound. "There's nothing much to fret about," as the lark said when it got on the top of a cloud. Our task in life is not too hard after all. "I'm sure I can do it," as Master Tom said when he made up his mind to settle off the pudding. Let us set a stout heart to a stiff hill. Let us trust in God, and put our shoulder to the wheel ; and, above all, never let our spirits go down ; and, depend upon it, the time will come when night shall be turned into day.

In one place we have a personal reference.

John Ploughman has seen a good deal of rough weather of late. He is sometimes as lame as a tree and as full of pain as an old church window ; but, thank God, mercies mingle with his miseries ! There is life in the old dog yet, and John Ploughman can still carry his sack to the mill and grind his corn. Hard as the frost may be the stream of life is not frozen up, but still ripples over the stones. Let us be jolly, however rough the road may be ! Whites and blacks make up the chequers ; summer and winter make up the year ; and comforts and trials make up our lives. Life is a rare bottle of all sorts. It is a good mixture, however ; for our Heavenly Father measures out the quantities and makes all things work together for good.

Here is a good word about thrift in the home.

To have a shilling is a small matter ; to know how to spend it is the great business. Poor people have so little to do with, that it is a great pity they should do so badly with that little ; and many of them could hardly do worse. Any poor dog will lie down and curl himself up and so make both ends meet ; but often enough their masters and their mistresses can't make both ends meet, and don't seem as if they cared to do so. Many men don't pay their way when they are in full work, and what will they do when bad times come ? Do ! Why, they will go off cadging and beg of anybody they meet. A Christian workman believes in God as the God of Providence, and therefore he imitates God by being provident himself.

The Panama Canal.

THE great scheme to construct a canal across the Isthmus of Darien, from the Bay of Limon on the Atlantic, to Panama on the Pacific, seems to have collapsed ; at least, in the hands of its French projectors under the lead of the aged M. de Lesseps.

This scheme was first put in operation by M. de Lesseps, in 1881. At that time, its estimated cost was one hundred and seventy million dollars. The route of the canal, as laid out, was to go by the way of the River Chagres, to traverse the valleys of the Obispo and the Rio Grande, and to enter the Pacific by the Bay of Panama.

But in the course of over seven years, less than a fourth of the canal has been constructed. The natural obstacles in its way have been formidable. The climate is unfavourable to white labour ; and the estimated cost has been proved to be far below the necessary expenditure. In the middle of 1887 no less than two hundred and thirty million dollars had been spent, and, as has been said, only a small part of the work was done.

Although the whole length of the proposed canal would only be about fifty miles, these obstacles have proved insuperable.

After vainly attempting to raise money by loans and lotteries, M. de Lesseps and his colleagues have been forced to seek the aid of the French Government. They wished the period of the payment of their liabilities to be delayed ; and that the govern-

ment should share the financial responsibility of the company.

The French Chamber of Deputies has refused to accede to these proposals ; and the affairs of the canal have been taken out of the hands of the Lesseps company, and placed in those of temporary administrators.

That is, the company, in the business sense of the word, has "failed" ; its condition is one of practical bankruptcy ; and the interests of its eight hundred and seventy thousand shareholders, many of them people of very moderate means, are gravely imperilled.

So long as the project of the Panama Canal has been pursued by a private company, the United States has not deemed it wise to interfere with its operations. The government and public opinion in this country, however, have not looked with favour upon a scheme for making and controlling, in the interest of a European Government, a waterway on this continent, connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific.

In spite of the failure of the Lesseps company and scheme, it is highly probable that in the near future a ship canal will connect the two oceans in some part of Central America. A scheme to do so is already under way, under American auspices, in Nicaragua, north of the Panama route, the project being to start from Port St. Juan on the Atlantic, and to debouch into the Pacific at Port Brito. This route is more than three times as long as that of the Panama Canal, but the difficulties of engineering are said to be less.

Projects for a canal across the Isthmus of Darien have been proposed many times, for more than three hundred and fifty years, the first having been mooted in 1520. In our day, this long-contemplated idea seems likely to be carried, by some route, to a successful end.

Prove that it Moves.

TAKE a good-sized bowl, fill it nearly full of water, and place it upon the floor of a room which is not exposed to shaking or jarring from the streets.

Sprinkle over the surface of the water a coating of lycopodium powder—a white substance, which is sometimes used for the purposes of the toilet, and which can be obtained at almost any apothecary's. Then, upon the surface of the coating of powder make, with powdered charcoal, a straight black line, say an inch or two inches in length.

Having made this little black mark with the charcoal powder on the surface of the contents of the bowl, lay down upon the floor, close to the bowl, a stick or some other straight object, so that it shall be exactly parallel with the mark. If the line happens to be parallel with a crack in the floor, or with any stationary object in the room, this will serve as well.

Leave the bowl undisturbed for a few hours, and then observe the position of the black mark with reference to the object that it was parallel with.

It will be found to have moved about, and to have moved from east to west ; that is to say, in that direction opposite to that of the movement of the earth upon its axis.

The earth, in simply revolving, has carried the water and everything else in the bowl around with it ; but the powder on the surface has been left behind a little. The line will always be found to have moved from east to west, which is perfectly good proof that everything else has moved the other way.—*Frankfort Educational Journal.*

SUCH as are careless of themselves are seldom mindful of others.

In Peace.

EVERY day there are foes to meet,
And fighting that must be done;
We stand each morn where the battles rage
That have to be lost or won;
But God can give us for weakness, might,
And the troubles cease,
And the heart has peace,
When the cause is that of right.

Every day there are cares that spread
Like mists across the skies;
There are fears that silence the happy song,
And sorrows that dim the eyes;
But the sun is shining the clouds above,
And the troubles cease,
And the heart has peace,
With rest in the Father's love.

Every day is a fading time;
Some leaf, some flower must go,
Wherever the night-dews fall around,
Wherever the cold winds blow;
Yet winter is but the nurse of spring,
And the troubles cease,
When the heart has peace,
And the trustful soul can sing!

And so, whatever the day may be,
We may raise our song of rest;
If God be for us then all is well,
We are rich, we have the best;
And all beside can be left to him,
For the troubles cease,
And the heart has peace,
Let the days be bright or dim.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK.

A.D. 29] **LESSON IX.** [Mar. 3

JESUS THE MESSIAH.

Mark 8. 27-38; 9. 1. Memory verses, 36-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me. Mark 8. 34.

OUTLINE.

1. The Christ, v. 27-30.
2. The Cross, v. 31-37.
3. The Kingdom, v. 38; 9. 1.

TIME.—29 A.D.

PLACE.—Country near Caesarea Philippi.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The story of the life and work of Jesus has run rapidly on. The inevitable struggle between him and the leaders of the church had begun, and developed into a settled hatred that was to be sated with nothing but the death of the fearless teacher. Miracle after miracle had been performed, each more wonderful than its predecessor. John the Baptist was dead. The journey through all northern Palestine was done, and the days when Jesus would finally leave Galilee were near at hand.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The Christ*—The Anointed, long expected to come to restore Israel to power and glory. *Tell no man of him*—That is, not to tell at that time, since his work was not yet accomplished, and it would only make an uproar, and increase the hostility of his enemies. *After three days*—Rather on the third day after the arrest he should rise. *Peter took him*—That is, laid his hand upon him as if in reproof. *Have seen the kingdom, etc.*—This is commonly understood to refer to the rising of Jesus from the dead when he came again with power.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Christ.*
What confession did Jesus elicit from the disciples?
Why did he put them to this test?
Did he not know what men thought?
What notable person had said that Jesus was John the Baptist?
Why did Jesus enjoin silence on the disciples?
Does the question show that the disciples mingled more familiarly with the people than Jesus did?
2. *The Cross.*
What singular teaching followed closely upon this question?
What did the disciples confidently expect the Christ would do?

Why should Peter rebuke such a declaration?

What other instance of surprise at the idea of a crucified Christ is given in the gospels? John 12. 32-34.

What did Jesus mean by calling Peter Satan?

What does Paul say of the doctrine of a crucified Christ? 1 Cor. 1. 18.

3. *The Kingdom.*

Although Jesus had said he was to be crucified, what did he still announce? ver. 38. and chap. 9. 1.

What in ver. 31 shows how this could be? Who does he declare were to be the members of his kingdom?

What is the law of discipleship or membership of this kingdom? ver. 34. Was the prophecy of ver. 1, chap. 9, fulfilled? See first chapter of Acts.

How did the kingdom of God come with power? Matt. 28. 1-8.

What promise has been made to the faithful follower? Matt. 19. 28.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

How many things men say of Christ. One says: "A good man;" another: "Let us imitate him;" another: "He was a fearless reformer;" another: "He was the flower of the ages." All those deny him. He alone confesses who says, "My Lord and my God." What do you say?
A life that spends itself on itself is always lost.

Solve this problem of Christ if you can: Man; the world; the soul.

Man + the world - his soul = (?)

See this picture: A soul in the world with its face away from Christ; ashamed. See the other: The Christ in judgment with his face turned away from the soul.

Is that soul yours?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Get such a knowledge of the facts of this lesson that keeps itself constantly in your mind.

2. Trace on a good map the journey of Jesus through the region about Caesarea Philippi.

3. Read carefully all the incidents between the last lesson and this one, so as to have all the connection.

4. Learn all you can of what the people expected of the Messiah who was to come. This may explain Peter's action.

5. Find all the references that contain the same thought that is given in ver. 38. For example, see Matt. 23, 31; Acts 1. 11; 3. 21; 17. 31; 1 Thess. 4. 16. and others.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What confession concerning Jesus did Peter make? "Thou art the Christ." 2. What did Jesus then say he must suffer? Arrest and trial and crucifixion. 3. What did he say was the path which his disciples must also tread? "Whoever will come after me," etc. 4. What did he teach concerning the world and all it could give? That it was worthless. 5. What did he teach concerning the soul? That it was priceless. 6. What was his searching question? "What shall a man give?" etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The crucified Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

11. What is his warning to them? That his word shall condemn them at the last day.

John xii. 48. He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my sayings, hath one that judgeth him: the word that I spake, the same shall judge him in the last day.

A.D. 29.] **LESSON X.** [March 10

THE CHILD-LIKE SPIRIT.

Mark. 9. 33-42. Memory verses 36, 37

GOLDEN TEXT.

Whoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. Mark 10. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. True Greatness, v. 33-37.
2. True Loyalty, 38-40.
3. True Service, v. 41, 42.

TIME.—28 A.D.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

CONNECTING LINKS.—From the final preaching tour among the towns of Galilee and Palestine Jesus returned to Capernaum. He still continued his teaching and wrought some miracles of healing among the people. The greater part of his word, however, seems to have been now the preparation of the disciples for his departure, and for their future. He once more foretold his crucifixion and resurrection, and they heard in wonder and fear, but without any comprehension of his meaning. One of their discussions forms the subject of our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*In the house*—Probably his own home as heretofore explained. *Disputed among yourselves*—Discussed or argued as they journeyed homeward. *The greatest*—That is, prime minister in the new kingdom—they discussed this again the night before the crucifixion. *Took a child*—Greek, "A little boy." *Casting out devils in thy name*—He must have been a true believer, and John's conscience smote him now, for they had done exactly opposite to what Christ taught in ver. 37.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *True Greatness.*
How did Jesus know that a dispute had arisen between the disciples? John 2. 25.

What idea concerning the kingdom does their question show?

Who had doubtless been leaders in this discussion? Mark 10. 35-37.

What may have stirred this jealous spirit? Matt. 16. 18, 19.

What did Jesus announce as a rule of greatness for his kingdom? ver. 35. Does ver. 35 mean ambition shall be punished, or that elevation comes only through humility?

2. *True Loyalty.*
What illustration by means of an object lesson, did Jesus give?

What is the test, then, of nearness of God in spirit?

Of what did this illustration make John think?

When had this incident doubtless happened? Mark 6. 7.

What law of loyalty did Jesus then utter? Is the converse of this law also true? Matt. 12. 30.

3. *True Service.*
What is meant by giving a cup of water, etc?

Does Jesus teach here that salvation can be earned by philanthropy?

What is the qualifying test of the worth of this water-giving?

What state of mind toward Christ himself would that display?

What is meant by offend, etc, in ver. 42? How can men offend Christ's little ones?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

See how keen conscience was in these disciples. They were ashamed to tell of their petty discussion. Nearness to Christ makes conscience keen. Is yours?

In earthly empires power rules. In Christ's love rules. Love always serves. Do you? To receive a child is to receive Christ. To receive Christ is to receive God. In that is the measure of greatness.

For Christ, or against him. No middle ground. Where do you stand.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Read carefully after you have read the lesson, the remainder of the chapter.

2. See how many things you can find that show how very human these disciples were; Acts 1. 6, Luke 24. 11, and many such references. Find ten, and carry them to your class.

3. Find all the allusions to Jesus and the children, and learn how he regarded them.

4. If you think the transfiguration had any effect to produce the discussion mentioned in ver. 34 write out the reasons which make you think so.

5. Apply the thought in ver. 38-40 to our times. A man not a member of our church, our society, etc.

6. What must it surely lead us to, if we are honest?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the question which made the disciples ashamed? Who of them should be greatest. 2. What did Jesus teach concerning this question? That humble service was true nobility. 3. How little a service did he say would be accepted? Giving a cup of cold water. 4. Who did he say would be received as having paid true service? One who receives a little child. 5. Who did he teach would be rejected? "Whoever shall not receive," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Humility.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

12. What blessing does he pronounce on believers?

To Peter he gave it thus: Matthew xvi. 17. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon Bar jona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my father which is in heaven.

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