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WELCOME AND SCHOOL

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

TORONTO, MAY 18, 1889.

[No. 10.]

Vol. VII.]

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

X.

To behold the full perfection of African manhood and beauty, one must visit the regions of Equatorial Africa, where one can view the people under the cool shade of plantains, and amid the luxuriant plenty which those lands produce. Their very features seem to proclaim, "We live in a land of butter, and wine, and fulness, milk and honey, fat meads and valleys." Were it not for one

moulded balls of clay, small bits of juniper wood—suffice to propitiate him.

Proceeding from the outer court we enter the inner one by a side entrance, and the tall, conical hut, neatly constructed, with its broad eaves overshadowing the curving doorway. The hut is divided into two apartments—front and rear—by a wall of straight canes, parted in the centre, through which the peasant can survey—himself being unseen—any person entering. In the rear apartment are bunks arranged round the walls for the use of himself and family. Over the doorway

will be seen that the average native of Uganda has an abundance and a variety of good food, and that he is comfortably lodged, as far as his wants require.

The capital of the Emperor Mtesa is situated on a hill covered with tall, conical huts, whose tops peep out above the foliage of plantains and bananas, and lofty fences of cane. Up the hill's gradually ascending slopes run broad, smooth avenues, flanked by cane palisades, behind which clusters of huts show gray under a blazing sun, amid the verdure of the leafy groves around them.



RUBAGA, THE NEW CAPITAL OF THE EMPEROR MTESA.

thing, it might be said that the peasant of Uganda realizes the ideal happiness all men aspire after, and would be glad to enjoy. He may be indolent, if you please; but his gardens are thriving, his plants are budding, and his fields are covered with grain. His house has just been built, and needs no repairs; and the fenced courts round it are all in good condition.

Let us step within, and judge for ourselves of his mode of life. Within the outer court we come to a small square hut, sacred to the genius of the family. This genius, by the dues paid to him, seems to be no very exacting or avaricious spirit, for the simplest things—such as snail shells,

of the hut within may be observed a few charms, into whose care and power the peasant commits the guardianship of his house and effects. A couple of carved stools, and a tray for native backgammon; some half-dozen earthenware pots, and a few wicker and grass basins; some bark cloth and a few spears; a shield, a drum, a bill-hook or two, a couple of hoes, some knobsticks and pipe-stems, and a trough for the manufacture of banana wine, complete the inventory of his household effects.

If the picture is not a faithful one of all his class, it may be attributed to his own indolence, or to some calamity lately befallen him. From it

The avenues are thronged by natives, clad in picturesque costumes. White clothes gleam in the sunshine, in strong contrast to red and brown. The people are wending their way to the imperial quarters on the summit of the hill. While no ingress is permitted, they crowd around the gates in social gossip, exchanging morning greetings.

Suddenly the murmur of voices ceases, and the long, rumbling roll of the kettle-drum is heard, announcing that the monarch is seated on the burzah. The gates are at once drawn aside, and a multitude of chiefs, soldiers, peasants, strangers, rush up tumultuously, through eight or ten courts, towards the audience-hall; and in their noisy haste

we may see the first symptoms of that fawning servility characteristic of those who serve despots.

The next scene we have is a section of a straw-house, with a gable-roof—twenty-five feet high, sixty feet long, and eighteen feet in breadth.

At the farther end—by the light afforded by the wide entrance—we perceive the figure of a man clad in an embroidered scarlet jacket and white skirt, seated on a chair, guarded on either side by a couple of spearmen, and two men bearing muskets. Two long rows of men are seated along the caned walls of the hall of audience, facing towards the centre, which is left vacant for the advent of strangers and claimants, and the transaction of business, justice, etc. Being privileged, we also enter and take a seat where we can scrutinize the monarch at our leisure.

The features—smooth, polished, and without a wrinkle—are of a young man who might be of any age between twenty-five and thirty-five. His head is clean shaven, and covered with a fez; his feet are bare, and rest on a leopard skin, on the edge of which rests a polished white tusk of ivory; and near this are a pair of crimson Turkish slippers. The only natural peculiarities of the face, causing it to differ from other faces round me, are the glowing, restless, large eyes, which seem to take in everything at a glance.

But hush! Here advance some ten or twelve people along the centre, and prostrate themselves before the Emperor, and begin—through a spokesman—to tell him of something to which, strangely enough, he does not seem to listen.

By means of an interpreter, we are informed that it is an embassy from the lawless bandit Mirambo, who, hearing that Mtesa was likely enough to send fifty thousand sharp spears to hunt him up, has sent three men with propitiating gifts, and a humble declaration that he has no cause to quarrel with Uganda. The gifts are unrolled to view, and counted. So many cloths, so much wire, some half-dozen dinner-plates of European make, an ample brass coffee-tray, a silver-hilted Arab dagger, and a scarlet coat.

Mtesa has been meanwhile carelessly talking to his chiefs while the embassy addressed him, but suddenly he turns on the embassy his large, glowing eyes, and speaks quickly and with decision:

"Tell Mirambo from me, that I do not want his gifts; but I must have the head of his man who slew my chief, Singiri, a year ago, as he was returning from Zanzibar to Uganda, or I will hunt him up with more Waganda than there are trees in his country. Go!"

The Emperor rises. Then the drummer beats the long roll on his drum, and all the chiefs, courtiers, pages, claimants, messengers, and strangers start to their feet. The Emperor—without a word more—retires by a side-door into the inner apartments, and the morning burzah is ended.

On first acquaintance, as I have already said, Mtesa strikes the traveller as a most fascinating and a peculiarly amiable man; and should the traveller ever think of saying this pagan continent from the purgatory of heathendom, the Emperor must occur to him as of all men in Africa the most promising to begin with. Had he been educated in Europe, there can be little doubt but that he would have become a worthy member of society; but, nursed in the lap of paganism, and graduate only in superstition and ignorance, he is to-day no more than an extraordinary African.

Flattering as it may be to me to have had the honour of converting the pagan Emperor of Uganda to Christianity, I cannot hide from myself the fact that the conversion is only nominal, and that, to continue the good work in earnest, a

patient, assiduous, and zealous missionary is required. A few months' talk about Christ and his blessed work on earth, though sufficiently attractive to Mtesa, is not enough to eradicate the evils which thirty-five years of brutal, sensuous indulgence have stamped on the mind. This, only the unflagging zeal, the untiring devotion to duty, and the paternal watchfulness of a sincerely pious pastor can effect. And it is because I am conscious of this insufficiency of my work, and his strong evil propensities, that I have not hesitated to describe the real character of my "convert." The grand redeeming feature of Mtesa, though founded only on self-interest, is his admiration for white men.

When the traveller first enters Uganda, his path seems to be strewn with flowers. Greetings, with welcome gifts, follow one another rapidly; pages and courtiers kneel before him, and the least wish is immediately gratified—for to make a request of the Emperor is to honour him with the power of giving. But now approaches the time for him to make return, to fulfil the promise tacitly conveyed by his ready and friendly acceptance of gifts and favours. He is surprised by being asked if he can make gunpowder, manufacture a gun, cast a cannon, build a ship, or construct a stone or a brick house.

If a priest ordained—and his garb and meek, quiet behaviour prove it—his work is ready cut for him. He has only to teach and preach. But if a soldier, why should he not know how to make guns, cannon, ships, brick-houses, etc.?

If he informs the Emperor that he is ignorant of these things, why, then, he must pay in other coin. He has guns with him—he must "give;" he has watches—"give." He has various trifles of value, such as a gold pencilcase, or a ring—"give;" he has beads, cloth, wire—"give, give, give;" and so "give" to his utter beggary and poverty. If he does not give with the liberality of a "Speki" or a "Stamlee," who will henceforth be quoted to his confusion and shame, there will be other ways to rid him of his superfluities.

From these exactions only the resident missionary would be exempt, because he will be able to make ample amends for all deficiencies by staying to teach and preach, and he, in time, would in reality be the Emperor. To him Mtesa would bend with all the docility of a submissive child, and look up to with reverence and affection. Mtesa is the most interesting man in Africa, and one well worthy of our largest sympathies; and I repeat, that through him only can Central Africa be Christianized and civilized.

In person the Waganda are tall and slender. I have seen hundreds of them above six feet two inches in height, while I saw one who measured six feet six inches. It has been mentioned above, that they surpass other African tribes in craft and fraud; but this may, at the same time, be taken as an indication of their superior intelligence. This is borne out by many other proofs. Their cloths are of finer make; their habitations are better and neater; their spears are the most perfect, I should say, in Africa, and they exhibit extraordinary skill and knowledge in the use of that deadly weapon; their shields are such as would attract admiration in any land; while their canoes surpass all canoes in the savage world.

They frequently have recourse to drawing on the ground, to illustrate imperfect oral description; and I have often been surprised by the cleverness and truthfulness of these rough illustrations.

Nearly all the principal attendants at the court can write the Arabic letters. The Emperor, and many of the chiefs, both read and write that character with facility, and frequently employ it to send messages to one another, or to strangers at a

distance. The materials which they use for this are very thin smooth slabs of cottonwood. Mtesa possessed several score of these, on which he written his "Books of wisdom," as he styles the results of his interviews with European travellers. Some day a curious traveller may think it worth while to give us translations of these proceedings and interviews.

The power of sight of these natives is extraordinary. Frequently a six-guinea field-glass was excelled by them. Their sense of hearing is also very acute.

After allowing a few days to transpire for rest, I began to recall to the Emperor's mind the original purpose of my visit to him, and of his promise to conform to my request. He consented to my departure, and kindly permitted me to make my own choice out of his chiefs for the leader of the force which was to give its aid to our expedition for the exploration of the country between Muta Nzigé and Lake Victoria. I selected Sambuzi, a young man of thirty years of age, or thereabouts, whose gallantry and personal courage had several times been conspicuously displayed during the war with the Wavuma. Mtesa, admitting that Sambuzi was a wise choice, stated that he should have five thousand warriors, and all the chiefs at the levee concurred with him. On my request that he would repeat, clearly and within hearing of all, his commands to Sambuzi, Mtesa called the chief to him, who, while prostrate on the ground, received the following command, in a loud and clear voice:—

"Sambuzi, my guest Stamlee is going to Muta Nzigé. He has asked that you should lead the Waganda to the lake, and I have consented. Now go, muster all your men, and I shall send four chiefs, with one thousand men each, to assist you. Do whatever Stamlee advises or suggests should be done, and by no means return to Uganda until you have absolutely performed my commands. If you do return without Stamlee's letter authorizing you to abandon the project, you will dare my anger. I have said."

"Thanks, thanks, thanks! Oh! thanks, my lord!" Sambuzi replied, rubbing his face in the dust. Then, standing up, he seized his spears, and levelling them, cried out: "I go at the Emperor's command to take Stamlee to the Muta Nzigé. I shall take Stamlee through the heart of Unyoro to the lake. We shall build a strong boma, and stay there until Stamlee has finished his work."

The eve of my departure was spent in conversation with the Emperor, who seemed really sorry that the time had arrived for a positive and final leave-taking. The chief subject of conversation was the Christian church, which had just begun to be erected, where the rites of the Church were to be performed by Dallington, after the style and manner shown to him by the Universities Mission at Zanzibar, until one more worthy to take his place shall arrive.

We went together over the grounds of the Christian faith, and Mtesa repeated to me, at my request, as much as he knew of the advantages to be gained by the adoption of the Christian religion, and of its superiority to that of Islam, in which he had first been taught. At night I left him with an earnest adjuration to hold fast to the new faith, and to have recourse to prayer to God to give him strength to withstand all temptations that should tend to violate the commandments written in the Bible.

(To be continued.)

I HAVE learned that he that will be a hero, will barely be a man; that he that will be nothing but a doer of his work is sure of his manhood.

The Wreckers.

BY C. C. BURLEIGH.

HARK to the roar of the surges,
Hark to the wild winds' howl;
See the black cloud that the hurricane urges
Bend like a maniac's scowl!
Full on the sunken lee ledges
Laps the devoted bark;
And the loud waves, like a hundred sledges,
Smite to their doomed mark!

Shrill the shriek of the seamen
Cleaves like a dart through the roar;
Harsh as the pitiless laugh of the demon
Rattles the pebbled shore.
Ho! for the life-boat, brothers:
Now may the hearts of the brave,
Hurling their lives to the rescue of others,
Conquer the stormy wave.

Shame for humanity's treason!
Shame for the form we wear
Blush at the temple of pity and reason
Turned to a robber's lair!
Worse than the horrible breakers,
Worse than the shattering storm,
See the rough-handed, remorseless wreckers
Stripping the clay yet warm.

Plucking at girlhood's tresses,
Tangled with gems and gold;
Tearing love-tokens from manhood's caresses,
Clenched with a dying hold.
What of the shrieks of despairing?
What of the last faint gasp?
Wreckers, who lived would but lessen your sharing:
Gold—'twas a god in your grasp!

Boys in their sunny brown beauty,
Men in their rugged bronze,
Woman whose wail might have taught wolves a duty,
Dead on the merciless stones.
Tenderly slid o'er the plundered
Shrouds from the white-capped surge;
Loud on the traitors the mad ocean thundered—
Low o'er the lost sang a dirge.

Friends! there are deadlier breakers,
Billows that burn as they roll!
Flanked by a legion of crueler wreckers—
Wreckers of body and soul;
Crested with wine redly flashing,
Swollen with liquid fire,
How the strong ruin comes fearfully dashing,
High as the soul walks, and higher!
What though the soul of a drunkard
Be lost on the reefs of crime,
What though his children by beggary conquered
Sink in pollution's slime.
Gold has come in to the wreckers,
Murder has taken his prize;
Gold, though a million hearts burst on the breakers,
Smothers the crime and the cries!

About being "The Captain."

I HEARD a droll story the other day about a company of little fellows who were formed into a club by their teacher. She had planned a great many delightful things for the club to do. They were to go on excursions, to play baseball, to have regular military drills, and I don't know what else, which boys take pride and pleasure in.

But all the fine plans came to nothing! Can you imagine why? When they met to organize the club, all the boys wanted to be "captain." No body would consent to be in the ranks; and, as all could not command, the little teacher gave up in despair.

It is very well to be "captain," boys, but Aunt Marjorie wants you to remember that before one can lead, one must always learn to obey orders. The great armies which have conquered in the battles of the world, have had splendid soldiers to command them; but they have also had columns of splendid men, who were glad to do just as they were told, without the least delay and without any thinking of duty.

A person who wishes to be "captain," must

learn, in the first place, to control himself. You know what the Bible says about this, do you not? "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." "He that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down and without walls."

A captain who flies into a rage, or gets into a fright whenever there are difficulties in the way, will never be able to manage his forces. Control yourself, and then you may hope to govern others.

You see that though it is quite simple, yet the office of "leader" has its grave cares. Before you can guide you must know how to follow; and before you can rule others you must have yourself in hand.

Then, too, you must learn a great deal, and be quick to see what ought to be done, and prompt in ordering it. "King" means the man who "can" do a thing; and when a boy is "Rex," or "King," on the play-ground, or at the picnic, or in the school-room, you may make up your mind that he is a lad who can do some things better than his comrades, and of whom the other boys are proud.

What One Glass of Wine Did.

MANY thrilling stories of saddened and ruined lives are heard in the Central Union Mission, but one of the saddest was told at a Sunday afternoon meeting a few weeks ago. It was a powerful temperance sermon in itself, as it showed the awful results—not from years of dissipation—but of one single night's debauch. A stranger, whose hair was prematurely gray, and whose face bore indelible marks of sorrow that had burned into his soul, and could never be effaced, rose one day to give his testimony. His story, told in hopes that it might save some one from the awful effects of a similar sin, was as follows:—

Eighteen years ago he started out from a happy home in the South, with high hopes and anticipations, to go to college, in New York. He got along finely in his studies, made friends, and kept out of temptation. He had promised his mother never to touch liquor, and he kept his promise. One night some of his lady friends gave a party, and, with other of his young companions, he was present. But there was wine among the refreshments, and a young woman foolish enough—in the light of experience we should say wicked enough—to offer wine to the young men who were her guests. This young man refused, and she laughed at him. He refused again; telling her of his promise to his mother—and she urged him still harder. Finally, when sneers were added to pleadings, he yielded, and tasted the wine. It was good, and he tasted again. The promise once broken, was forgotten; and again and again he drank.

When he and his chum, whom he loved as a brother, left the house at a late hour, it was to finish in a wild debauch in a saloon. What was done there he scarcely knew at the time, but he awoke from his drunken stupor in the morning to find himself in a police-cell, and to be told that, in that saloon, he had murdered his friend that he loved so well. He was tried, and sentenced to be hanged; but, through the interposition of friends, his execution was delayed. He lay for two years in the Tombs, in New York City, and then his sentence was commuted by Governor Fenton to life imprisonment.

The law was stern and relentless against this one mother's boy, whose first and only crime had been committed under the inspiration of wine, forced upon him by the demands of society, and whiskey drank in a licensed saloon. His whole

soul revolted against the sin he had committed, and the producing cause of it. There was no murder in his heart, but the law must take its course now. It let vile criminals, who hated society, and scattered death and destruction wherever they went, to escape; but this college boy must expiate his one crime to the full extent, and they felt that the limits of generosity were exceeded when his life was spared. Then he was taken to Sing Sing, and for long years he stayed there a hopeless prisoner.

There came a day when the love of a Saviour for such wretches as he dawned upon his darkened soul, and the joy of sins forgiven filled his whole being. For twelve years he lived only in that joy—his only comfort.

Through an accident, he had the opportunity of saving the life of a keeper that was threatened by a hardened criminal who was a fellow-prisoner. Because of this good act, his case obtained favourable notice, and he was pardoned by Governor Hill, and was now on his way to Atlanta, to see his mother. But, oh! how different from the way he had left it eighteen years before—his life before him, beautiful and bright and full of promise! Now, hopes are blasted—his young manhood gone—the future dark—the stain of a crime and a prison upon him—broken-hearted friends to look mournfully upon him—and all because of one glass of wine!—*American.*

A Noble Offering.

THE superintendent of one of the street-car railways leading out of New York into the country, told a touching story to a friend, the other day, which found its way into a city paper.

Sitting alone in his office one day, a strange gentleman entered, who proved to be an officer in the army. He carried a little box in his hand. After some hesitation, he said—conquering great agitation:—

"I have a favour to ask of you. I had a little boy, and I have lost him. He was all the world to me. When he was alive, my wife used to search my pockets every night, and whatever loose change she found she would put away for the baby. Well, he's gone! Here is the box. We talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion we could not do better than to bring the money to you, to pay the fares of poor, sick children out of town during the summer. It would please him to know that he is helping to save the lives of other poor children. As soon as the box is empty we will fill it. While we live we will keep up the bank."

The box has been twice emptied and filled, and hundreds of sick or dying children have owed to this dead baby their one breath of fresh air this summer.

How much more tender and true is such a memorial of the beloved dead than a pretentious monument, or even a painted church window, beautiful though it be.

In England it is a frequent practice to build and furnish a life-saving station on the coast, in remembrance of a friend who is gone; and in this country memorial beds in hospitals are becoming a usual way of keeping in memory of those we have lost.

Surely, if the dead can look back on earth, they are better pleased to know that kind, living deeds are done in their name, than to see them emblazoned on cold stone in forgotten graveyards.—*Youth's Companion.*

A SABBATH-SCHOOL teacher once asked her class: "How did the Queen of Sheba travel when she went to see Solomon?" A little girl answered: "She went on the cars; for it says that she came with a very great train."

Meet the Issue.

BY A. PARKE BURGESS, D.D.

MEET it with the sword of truth,
Meet it with the strength of youth;
Smite it with the ballot box,
As the lightning smites the rocks.

Meet the mighty issue now:
Lay the mighty giant low;
Match his weapons, face his frown,
Bring the great Goliath down.

Let the sad days shortened be,
End the dreadful agony;
Stay a nation's flowing tears,
Usher in the happier years.

Meet the issue fair and square,
Braver be to do and dare;
Cavaliers, with martyr blood,
Meet it in the truce of God.

Hasten ye, no longer wait;
Lo, the foe is at the gate!
And these hours of dread delay
Brook disaster and dismay.

Ye who now are young and strong,
Yours to lead the hosts along;
Guard the citadel of State,
Rout the foe, and conquer fate.

Then from city and from town
Rise and hunt the evil down;
Whip the rum hoards anyhow,
Meet the issue—meet it now.

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

TORONTO, MAY 18, 1889.

SPECIAL OFFER OF SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

IN order to clear out all back numbers of the Illustrated Sunday-school papers before removing to our new publishing premises, these papers will be sent in assorted parcels of *one hundred each*, for the nominal sum of 10 cents per 100—only one-tenth of regular price. Schools opening in the spring may thus get the back numbers. Poor schools may get papers for every scholar. Embrace the chance while the stock lasts—give them to all the children—distribute them as tracts—send them to hospitals, poor-houses, gaols—to lumbermen, fishermen, railwaymen. Only 10 cents per 100, post free.

TO SCHOOLS OPENING IN THE SPRING.

MORE schools than ever are taking the *Methodist Magazine* to circulate instead of libraries, as being fresher, cheaper, and more attractive. The splen-

didly illustrated articles are of great value to both teachers and scholars. The *Magazine* makes a highly-attractive announcement for 1889. By a change of type, it will contain a good deal more reading, which will be largely devoted to high class serial and short stories, by "Saxe Holm," Mrs. Barr, and others. Among the illustrated articles will be "The Lands of the Bible," with over one hundred fine engravings; "Round About England," "Here and There in Europe," "The German Fatherland," "Flemish Pictures," "Paris During the Exhibition of 1889," "Home Life in Holland," "The Mountain of the Monks," "The Salt Mines of Austria," "Life Sketch of Lady Brassey," "On the La Plata," "The Wonders of the Yosemite," and "The Saguenay," by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D.; "Balloons and Ballooning," "Mission Life and Labour in China," "Swiss Pictures," "Italian Pictures," "The Land of the Pharaohs," "In the Levant," etc. etc. All these will be copiously illustrated. Also, "Daily Life of the Insane," by Dr. Daniel Clark, Superintendent of the Toronto Lunatic Asylum; "Vagabond Vignettes," "Methodism in the Black Country," "The Miseries of a Palace," etc., etc.

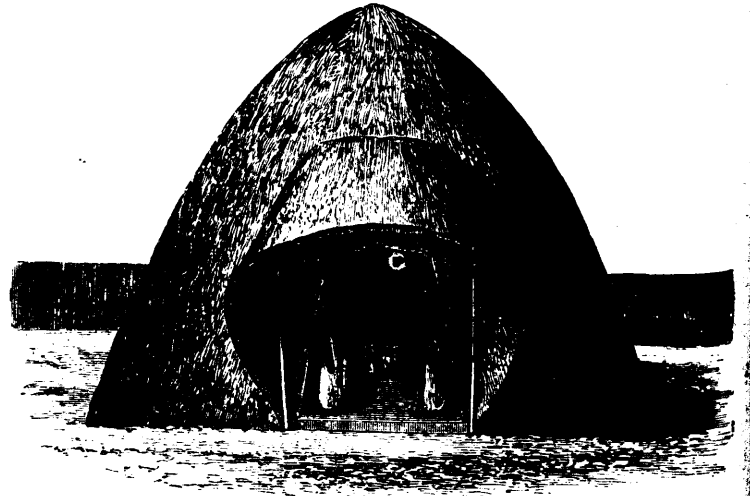
SPECIAL TERMS TO SCHOOLS.

Some schools have taken 10 copies. Send for special rates. Circulars and specimens free on application. Back numbers supplied. Subscriptions taken by any Methodist minister; or may be sent to the **METHODIST BOOK ROOMS**, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

"A Sample Room."

WHENEVER I go to church, or up town on a shopping expedition, I pass a corner where a gilded sign hangs over the door, bearing the words, "Sample Room." On the side of the building, near the door, is a large black-and-gold shield, and upon it, again in gold letters, we see "Sample Room." Very often we hear a piano and violin going within, and men singing; and sometimes we see some of the "samples" they make inside, leaning against a tree-box, or staggering along the sidewalk, or even lying in the gutter. Now you know what I mean. They make drunkards inside that corner building, and then turn them out as "samples" of their work.

Not long ago, a young man went into one of these "Sample Rooms" with three hundred dollars in his pocket. He had just sold a horse to a friend, and at his friend's urgency he stepped in to take a glass of beer, in honour of the trade. He had seldom entered such a place; but he went this time, took the one glass of beer, then a glass of whiskey, and stopped to see a game of cards played. Next morning he awoke in jail, and presently found himself in court, sentenced to pay a fine of ten dollars, or to go to jail for ten days. He put his hand in his pocket—not a dime there! Yesterday, three hundred dollars; to-day, not a dime! That was another "sample" of the work done in the corner saloon. He could remember nothing, except that he went in there, and took two drinks—beyond that his memory failed. Having no money, he had to go to jail, and bear the disgrace of having the story known at home, as well as the dreary imprisonment. Had he kept



AUDIENCE HALL OF MTESA'S PALACE.

away from that place, he might have gone gaily home with his money in his pocket. As it was boys, did he gain or lose by going there?

Parents Gone.

THE time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the field and from the neighbourhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they will not answer. Dead! dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow, just before they buried her; and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think, and think, and wish you had done just as they had wanted you to; and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts.

God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better if he had never been born! Better if, in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid across the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchred.

There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery, rending the hair and wringing the hands, and crying, "Mother! Mother!" Oh, that to-day, by all the memories of the past, and by all the future, you would yield your heart to God. May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!—*Talmage*.

A Mission Testimony.

A CARTER, an inveterate and hard drinker, said, "I was never happy unless I had a quart pot stuck under my nose, now I am never happy unless I am either singing or talking about Jesus. If you want to know what change Jesus has done in me and my house, you just ask my missus; why, afore I could never eat aught, never wanted food, or aught of that sort, but now my wife tells me I eat so much that she has to have an extra baking. Why that drink it does none on us any good, only takes away your appetite, robs your children, and damns your soul. I thank God that ever this mission was started; I have been now eleven months a happy and sober man, and I pray God to keep me humble and help me to serve him as well and better than I used to serve the devil." This man speaks well; his wife is converted too. Both are communicants.

"THE fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

The Holy Name.

PRECIOUS name! no tongue can utter
All its wondrous depth and power,
Growing deeper, growing stronger,
Day by day, and hour by hour.
Jesus, Jesus, night and morning
From my lips that holy name,
All the while my soul exulting,
Beareth on the self-same strain.

Many beauteous names thou bearest,—
Brother, Shepherd, Friend and King;
But they none unto my spirit,
Such divine support can bring.
Other joys are short and fleeting,—
Thou and I can never part;
Thou art altogether lovely,
Jesus, treasure of my heart.

Earthly loves are very tender,
Passing, passing fair they seem;
But they come and go before us,
Like some bright and happy dream.
Thy dear love alone is real,
From that sweet dream I'll never wako;
Those I cast aside are nothing,
Dearest Jesus, for thy sake.

In thy own fair realms of glory,
In the holiest above,
Choirs of angels chant the story
Of thy wondrous, matchless love.
All my longings are contended,
All my wanderings turn to thee;
Pole-star of my reckless spirit—
Jesus, all in all to me.

When the sun of life is setting,
When the shades of evening fall,
And upon earth's fire-st visions
Cometh darkness like a pall,—
Then, O Jesus, best beloved,
I shall see thy glorious face,
Finding in thy loving bosom,
My eternal resting-place.

Supply the Wants of Others.

I KNEW a little boy a number of years ago, who had a very loving and tender heart. He believed his mother to be the noblest woman on earth. His little heart was pained when she was in want of any thing. His father was poor. He had met with heavy losses, and had been sick—so the family were poor. The mother was a careful, saving woman, and taught her children to be so. She never allowed them to have money to spend foolishly.

One day the little boy did an errand for a neighbour, and received five cents for pay. He said, "Now I will buy some salt for mamma, for I heard her say she needed some." He ran to the store and bought five cents worth of salt, and took it home to his mother. She was much pleased with this act of her son, and told him he had been very kind and unselfish to think of her wants first.

Do you not think this little boy was very much happier than he would have been had he spent his money for candy? Do you always think first of the wants of others before you please yourself? Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. Try this, and see if you are not happier.—
Sunshine.

Sunday Dinner Quickly Prepared.

"I've had it on my mind several weeks to write you something about Sunday dinners. You know, when there is a family of five or six persons, more or less, and all want to go to the morning service, and stay to Sunday-school, their appetites are pretty well sharpened by the time they get home—especially if there is a ride of two or three miles. I have experimented in various ways, that we may have our dinner as soon as possible after getting home; or each one begins to help himself, which causes much confusion, and spoils the meal.

that by leaving the tea-kettle on the stove, and filled, with a little fire, the water is in a condition to boil quickly, and mush is soon prepared. In cold weather, nothing is better than oyster soup, which requires but a few minutes' cooking. A good meal is quickly prepared by having a chicken made ready over night, by dressing and stuffing, and then it is ready to put into the oven when the family sit down to breakfast. It requires little care, and is nicely browned by church-time, and keeps warm in the oven until wanted for dinner. I find it a great help to have potatoes ready to warm over. Often meat is boiled or roasted on Saturday, which relishes well cold. A rice-pudding, made without eggs, and left in the oven, is nice with sugar and cream."

It is easy, by taking thought—especially a day or two before—so to provide that Sunday shall be not only to the family, but to the help, a "day of rest."—*American Agriculturist.*

Teachers' Department.

Sunday-School Prayer-Meetings.

BY THE REV. F. E. CLARK.

WE do not now mean prayer-meetings for the superintendent and teachers, in which prayer shall be offered for the Sunday-school—though these are excellent in their way, and most helpful—but we mean meetings to be held directly after the session of the Sunday-school, to which all the boys and girls, as well as the teachers, shall be urged to stop. At these meetings, let it be understood that there is to be direct hand-to-hand work for the salvation of souls; and let the very youngest understand that the object of these meetings is to bring them to the Saviour. Many will go out when Sunday-school is done, very likely; but many more will remain, in response to the invitation—some from curiosity, some because their companions remain, and some because they really desire to be Christians. Let the pastor or superintendent, or some judicious teacher, take charge of the meeting, and in a few direct, forcible words, tell the children what it is to be a Christian; that Jesus longs to receive the smallest one, that it is a matter of choice for the child as well as for the man, and that Christianity is best shown by consistent, every-day living for Jesus—at home, at school, and on the street.

At the first meeting, it may be well to ask all the children who are willing to think the matter over seriously, and try and decide before next Sunday whether or not they will become Christians, to rise. It is our experience that a large number will rise at such an invitation; some out of sympathy with others, and many because they sincerely desire, in a childish way, to become the followers of Jesus. In the week that intervenes they will have time to think the matter over; and if they have Christian parents, they should be urged to talk to them. If they cannot talk with their parents, then with their Sunday-school teachers, or some experienced friend.

The next Sunday all these children, and very likely others, will remain to the Sunday-school prayer-meeting, and it may be well to ask them how many have thought the matter over carefully, and have finally decided to devote their lives to the Saviour. It would seem best to make their decision seem a very plain and simple matter, but also a very serious matter, and to warn the boys and girls that they must make no pledges lightly, or without full determination to carry them out.

The great danger at this stage is, that some—
influenced by others, and with a feeble, half-formed

determination to do better—will pledge themselves without really meaning anything by it. But this danger can largely be guarded against by a few minutes of serious explanation of the nature of the Christian life, and of its being a matter of eternal import, and, therefore, not to be trifled with.

The serious may further be sifted out from the frivolous by asking all the children who wish to know more about the Christian life, and who are really in earnest to be followers of the Saviour, to come to the pastor's house some week-day—appointing one day for the girls and another for the boys. For the most part only those who are really in earnest will accept such an invitation; and the opportunity this will give for private, personal, hand-to-hand talk with each of the children will be invaluable.

After four or five such Sunday-school prayer-meetings, followed by such supplementary meetings at the pastor's house, it will be easy to sift the merely impulsive from the deeply serious or truly converted. And then it might be well to present to the boys and girls some simple pledge, to which they shall sign their names, and which they can keep in their Bibles, and read over every day, until it is ingrained into their minds. Every pastor will choose to make out his own pledge, perhaps, but we would suggest the following as very simple, and yet comprehensive:—

Trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise him that I will try to do whatever he would like to have me do; that I will pray to him and read the Bible every day; and that, just so far as I know how, throughout my whole life, I will try to lead a Christian life.
Signed.....

The children, as we have said, should be encouraged in every way to talk with their parents and other friends about the matter, and, perhaps, if they are quite young, should take the pledge home, and show it to their parents before they sign it. Very few parents will refuse to allow their children to sign such a pledge, and it will please them to know that everything that is done for their boys and girls is open and aboveboard.

And now the real work of Christian nurture begins. The start has been made, the entering wedge has been driven, the door has been opened for the admission of the Spirit, and now comes the pastoral training, and all the many good influences which an active Church can throw around its children. Now comes in the opportunity for the Young People's Society, which we have before described, to set these young Christians at work, and fit them for future usefulness.

Now may properly be formed a church-membership class for these lambs, in which they shall be instructed as to the requirements and duties of the Church, and from which, in due time, they shall be graduated into the Church of God.

We make these suggestions because, in practice, this plan has been found to work admirably. Doubtless there are many modifications and improvements which each pastor, in his practical application of it, can suggest; but is not the Sunday-school prayer-meeting one method of leading the boys and the girls—the hope of the Church in years to come—to take the first step?

God remembers the sparrows, and he surely will not forget the children, each one of whom is of more value than all the sparrows.

Men sometimes talk about the idle wind; but the wind is always busy, and, like a cheerful farmer, whistles at his work.

"Mary."

WHEN in compassion Christ came down from heaven,
To bless this stricken earth
To Mary, favoured Nazarene, was given
The honour of his birth.

When crowned with thorns he bore our condemnation,
And shed his precious blood,
Round the dear cross of his humiliation
The faithful Mary stood ;

And on the morning of the resurrection,
With spices and perfume,
To pay the last sad tribute of affection,
She hastened to his tomb.

Mary, whose story lives by his appointment,
Memorial of his care,
Anointed his beloved feet with ointment,
And wiped them with her hair.

And though by scribe and Pharisee rejected,
With hope again deferred,
She saw in him the Saviour long expected,
And listened to his word.

Thus from the manger till he ascended
To God's right hand above,
A band of Marys on his steps attended,
And shared his priceless love.

Thus—bright examples to all coming ages—
Portrayed by skill divine,
In the unerring gospel's sacred pages,
Their peerless virtues shine.

Senator John Macdonald on "The British Empire."

I HAVE no doubt that there are in this gathering those whose business or inclination have brought them to these lovely islands of the sea—the West Indies. For them, nothing that I can say of their appearance, their products, or their people, will be new; but there are others, and, I am safe in saying, by far the greater number, who have not the slightest conception that, within five or six days' journeying from our own city, there are islands so strangely beautiful—so wonderfully productive; islands where perpetual summer reigns, and where—while with us winter has asserted its power, has robbed the forest of its foliage and the fields of their verdure—that amid them the palm-trees bend their graceful forms; oranges, limes, bananas, and sapodillas, and, indeed, every kind of tropical fruit, surround the passer-by; while tropical flowers skirt every roadside, and border many of the great cane-fields, whose delicate green—with the feathery arrow of the cane—rises and bends to every breeze, as do the waves of the sea; whose lofty mountain peaks rise to the height of 5,000 or 6,000 feet; and whose low lands present such pictures of loveliness, arising from their great fertility and marvellous vegetation, as are not to be surpassed on the face of the earth.

It is under such circumstances that one realizes—to some extent, at least—the vastness and the power of the British Empire, as they thus see it embracing within itself every climate, almost every class of people, and every product of the earth.

While on our outward voyage from New York we spent some four hours opposite Staten Island, adjusting our compasses; and, during that brief period, some nine or ten great ocean steamers entered the harbour. Not so much was I impressed with the thought as to where they came from; not so much either as to where they were going: this it was that struck me, that, with one exception only, they all bore the British ensign, giving one some faint idea of how widespread, and how far apart, must be the oceans over which it floats; on each of which it is to every subject an object of pride; to

every oppressed one, an assurance of protection. Indeed, no one thinks of asking the question: Where to look for it? The question is: Where is it not to be found?

In the month of July, when amid the icebergs of Labrador, in latitude somewhere about 52° 20' north, and when on that rocky coast, at anchor, by reason of the fog, the very first object that met my eye, when the fog lifted, was the ensign of St. George, floating on one of Her Majesty's vessels stationed there to guard the interests of her Newfoundland fishermen. And at the close of the year—as I found myself at British Guiana, in something like six degrees north of the equator, and where the mariner oftentimes takes his bearings from the Southern Cross—I found the same ensign floating from British merchant ships, which had brought there the riches of many lands, over many seas, to take back to as many lands the products of Britain's colonies.

I cannot describe the feelings which took possession of me as I tried to realize what a privilege—what a glory—it was to be the subject of an empire upon whose possessions the sun never sets! the effect of whose civilization is felt wherever the habitations of men are found.

I feel that I cannot bring my remarks to a close more fittingly than by putting into a very few words the impressions which, in my journeying, I found took possession of me:—

Steaming from about 52° 20' north, where our way lay through immense icebergs, sixty of which we would see in one day, and where the hardy Newfoundlander—amid snow and ice—plies his trade; steaming onward and southward to within six degrees of the equator, where the temperature of the ocean is 83°, and where summer perpetually reigns, I found on that great expanse of ocean continuous evidence of the dominance of British commerce.

I found in every colony I visited, not only that Britain had left upon each the marks of her prowess, but the blessings of her civilization. I felt, as I never had realized before, under circumstances and conditions as opposite as they could well-nigh be, that at each extreme the power and influence of the empire were equally great, and equally great for good. Connected with such a power, I thought upon our possibilities of development—I thought upon our future—I thought upon our destiny!

But this was the one thought which most impressed me: That our destiny was in our own hands, and not in the hands of any foreign power, however near or however great. And realizing this fully, I felt that if in working it out we were but true to those great underlying principles of truth and righteousness, which are the guarantees not only of a nation's prosperity but of a nation's stability; if we were but true to our country and true to ourselves, nothing could stand in the way of our progress—nothing could by any possibility retard our development. For then we should be prosperous and contented at home, and we should be honored and respected abroad.

For Ambitious Boys.

A BOY is something like a piece of iron, which in its rough state isn't worth much, nor is it of very much use; but the more processes it is put through, the more valuable it becomes. A bar of iron that is worth only five dollars in its natural state, is worth twelve dollars when it is made into horseshoes; and after it goes through the different processes by which it is made into needles, its value is increased to \$350. Made into penknife blades,

it would be worth \$3,000; and into watchsprings, for watches, \$250,000. Just think of that, boys—a piece of iron, that is comparatively worthless, can be developed into such valuable material!

But the iron has to go through a great deal of hammering and beating and rolling and pounding and polishing; and so, if you are to become useful, educated men, you must go through a long course of study and training. The more time you spend in hard study, the better material you will make. The iron doesn't have to go through half so much to be made into horseshoes, as it does to be converted into delicate watchsprings—but think how much less valuable it is!

Which would you rather be, horseshoe or watchspring? It depends on yourselves. You can become which ever you will. This is your time of preparation for manhood. Don't think that I would have you settle down to hard study all the time, without intervals for fun. Not a bit of it! I like to see boys have a good time, and I should be very sorry to see you grow old before your time; but you have ample opportunity for study and play, too; and I don't want you to neglect the former for the sake of the latter.—*Pittsburgh Christian Adv.*

Spare the Sick Mother.

CHILDREN do not always know how much noise they make, nor do they always seem to care; and many a noisy boy makes a sick mother's head ache with noise and anxiety, and does not seem to think how unkind and heedless and unmanly he is. Men feel differently, for some of them know something of the worth of a mother.

The German Baron von Karlstine, in his book about New York, relates that, on Washington's birthday, he was standing in a crowd on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, waiting for the grand procession to arrive. The first drums were heard in the distance, when a young man—hatless, and in his shirt-sleeves—passed through the assembled multitude, and addressed the policeman who kept the people back.

"Officer," he exclaimed, "my mother is sick in a house near Sixth Avenue. She has suddenly been taken much worse, and the doctor says that if the procession passes our house the noise will kill her."

"O. K., young fellow," said the policeman, and left him to run up the avenue, where he stood some twenty feet before the procession, and screamed "Halt!" holding up a light rattan cane with both hands.

The word was passed along the line, an adjutant galloped forward, bent over his horse's neck, and exchanged a few words with the policeman.

Suddenly the command, "Forward! March!" was heard, and the immense body of men proceeded to the corner of Fourteenth Street without any music, except the lightest possible tapping of drums. Then came "Right wheel!" and nearly fifty thousand men, whom immense crowds were waiting to see and cheer, wheeled up Fourteenth Street to Broadway, and down Broadway they marched without music until they were beyond the distance at which they might disturb the sick woman.

No one asked why an army of well-drilled, admirably-equipped men—many of them battle-scarred veterans—turned out of their path at the simple request of a single policeman, armed with but a little rattan cane. It would have been but a trifling matter for them to have taken the city; but no, the General in command, when he received the young man's thanks, reminded him that his very natural request was addressed to gentlemen and soldiers. And a gentleman, be he a soldier or not, reverses the sacred name of mother.—*Selected.*

Only a Boy.

I AM only a boy, with a heart light and free;
I am brimming with mischief and frolic and glee;
I dance with delight, and I whistle and sing,
And you think such a boy never cares for a thing.

But boys have their troubles, though jolly they seem;
Their thoughts can go farther than most people deem.
Their hearts are as open to sorrow as joy,
And each has his feelings, though only a boy.

How oft when I've worked hard at piling the wood,
Have done all my errands and tried to be good,
I think I might then have a rest or a play;
But how shall I manage? Can any one say?

If I start for a stroll, it is "Keep off the street!"
If I go to the house, it is "Mercy, what feet!"
If I take a seat, 'tis "Here! give me that chair!"
If I lounge by a window, 'tis "Don't loiter there!"

If I ask a few questions, 'tis "Don't bother me!"
Or else, "Such a torment I never did see!"
I am scolded or cuffed if I make the least noise,
Till I think in this wide world there's no place for boys.

At school they are shocked if I want a good play;
At home or at church, I am so in the way;
And it's hard, for I don't see that boys are to blame,
And 'most any boy, too, will say just the same.

Of course a boy can't know as much as a man,
But we try to do right just as hard as we can.
Have patience, dear people, though oft we annoy,
For the best man on earth once was "Only a Boy."

The Scotch Thistle.

LITTLE Minnie, in her eagerness after flowers,
had wounded her hand on the sharp, prickly thistle.

"I do wish there was no such thing as a thistle
in the world," she said, pettishly.

"And yet the Scottish nation think so much of
it that they engrave it on their national arms,"
said her mother.

"It is the last flower that I should pick out,"
said Minnie. "I am sure they could have found a
great many nicer ones, even among the weeds."

"But the thistle did them such good service
once," said her mother, "that they learned to es-
teem it very highly. One time the Danes invaded

Scotland, and they prepared to make an attack on
a sleeping garrison. So they crept along, bare-
footed, as still as possible, until they were almost

on the spot. Just at that moment a barefooted
soldier stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt
made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain. The

sound awoke the sleepers, and each man sprang to
his arms. They fought with great bravery, and
the invaders were driven back with much loss.

So, you see, the thistle saved Scotland, and ever
since it has been placed on their seals as their
national flower."

"Well, I never could suspect that so small a
thing could save a nation."—*Selected.*

Lessons for Little White Men from Little Red Men.

Most of an Indian baby's first year is spent
strapped up in a tight little cradle, such as you
have seen in pictures. When those little feet get

out of the cradle, they will soon learn to run about.
Then the little red man will mount on a corn-stalk,
and take just such rides as you take on a cane or

broom. He would say that his horse is much
better, because it makes such a dust.

As soon as the little red woman is out of her
cradle, she begins to carry a doll, or a puppy, upon
her back—just as her mamma used to carry her-
self. She makes cunning little wigwams, too, and

plays "keep-house," while her little brother plays
at hunting and fishing.

But the little red men and women do not play all

the time. They learn to help their mothers, and a
good Indian mother takes great pains to teach her
children to be polite. She teaches them that they
must never ask a person his name; they must
never pass between an older person and the fire;
and they must never, never speak to older people
while they are talking. When a little red man
forgets these very good rules, and is rude, what do
you suppose his mother says to him? I am sure
you can never guess. She says: "Why you act
like a white child!"

Can it be that these little red men can teach us
lessons in politeness?—*Children's Work.*

That Kiss of My Mother.

GEORGE BROWN wanted to go somewhere, and
his mother was not willing. He tried to argue
the matter. When that would not do, instead of
saying, "I should really like to go, but if you
cannot give your consent, dear mother, I will try
to be content to stay," he spoke roughly, and went
off, slamming the door behind him. Too many
boys do so. George was fourteen, and with his
fourteen years' experience with one of the best of
mothers, one would have thought better of him.
"But he was only a boy. What can you expect of
boys?" So say some people.

Stop! Hear more. That night George found
thorns in his pillow. He could not fix it in any
way to go to sleep on. He turned and tossed, and
he shook and patted it—but not a wink of sleep
for him. The thorns kept pricking. They were
the angry words he had spoken to his mother.
"My dear mother, who deserves nothing but kind-
ness and love and obedience from me," he said to
himself. "I never do enough for her! Yet how
have I behaved? Her oldest boy! How tenderly
she nursed me through that fever!"

These unhappy thoughts quite overcame him.
He would ask her to forgive him in the morning.
But suppose something should happen before morn-
ing! He would ask her now—to-night—this
moment. George crept out of bed, and went softly
to his mother's room.

"George!" she said. "Is that you? Are you
sick?" For mothers, you know, seem to sleep with
one eye and ear open, especially when the fathers
are away—as George's father was.

"Dear mother," he said, "kneeling at her bed-
side, "I could not sleep for thinking of my rude
words to you. Forgive me, mother—my dear
mother!" And may God help me never to behave
so again!"

She clasped the penitent boy in her arms, and
kissed his warm cheek. George is a big man now,
but he says that was the sweetest moment of his
life. His strong, healthy, impetuous nature became
tempered by a gentleness of spirit. It softened its
roughness, sweetened his temper, and helped him
on to a true and noble Christian manhood.

Boys are sometimes ashamed to act out their
best feelings. Oh, if they only knew what a loss it
is to them not to do so!—*Mother's Magazine.*

Seeing God.

A CHILD in Burma was permitted by his parents
to go to a mission school because they wished him
to learn to read. By-and-bye they found he was
losing faith in the idols. This made them feel very
badly. So the father took him to one of the gayest
of the temples and showed him the idol, covered
with gold and silver ornaments, surrounded by
flowers and candles and fragrant incense. "Here,"
said the father, "is a god you can see, but the
Christians cannot show you their God."

"Yes," said the child, "we can see your god,

but he cannot see us. We cannot see the Chris-
tian's God, but he sees us all the time."

Was this child not wise in choosing the God
from whom even the thoughts of the heart cannot
be hid?

Scientific Experiments.

BY LAURA B. STARR.

AN interesting home-made method of natural
decoration consists simply in taking a glass or
goblet and placing in the interior a little common
salt and water. In a day or two a slight mist will
be seen upon the glass, which hourly will increase
until in a very short time the glass will present a
very beautiful appearance, being enlarged to twice
its thickness and covered with beautiful salt crys-
tals, packed one upon another like some peculiar
fungus or animal growth.

A dish should be placed beneath the glass, as the
crystals will run over. The colour of the crystals
may be changed by placing in the salt and water
some common red ink or a spoonful of bluing; this
will be absorbed and the white surface covered with
exquisite tints. No more simple method of pro-
ducing inexpensive or beautiful ornaments can be
imagined, and by using different shapes of vases
and shades an endless variety of beautiful forms
can be produced. The glass should be placed where
there is plenty of warmth and sunlight. It is an
experiment which any child can make, and it will
be found both novel and interesting to watch it
growing gradually day by day, until the outside of
the goblet is covered over with beautiful crystals,
blue, red, or white, according to the colouring
matter which has been used.

Another scientific experiment which may interest
some of the older as well as the younger members
of the family may be made by suspending from the
ceiling a thread which has previously been soaked
in very salt water and then dried. To this fasten
a light ring and announce that you are about to
burn the thread without making the ring fall. The
thread will burn, it is true, but the ashes it leaves
are composed of crystals of salt, and their cohesion
is strong enough to sustain the light weight of the
ring attached to the thread.

Another form of the same experiment is to make
a little hammock of muslin to be suspended by
four threads, and, after having soaked this in salted
water, and dried it as before directed, to place in
it an empty egg-shell. Set the hammock on fire;
the muslin will be consumed, and the flame reach
the threads which hold it, without the egg falling
from its frail support. With great care you may
succeed in performing the experiment with a full
egg in place of an empty shell, taking the precau-
tion, however, to have it previously hard boiled,
that you may escape an omelet in case of failure.

Another curious experiment is that of putting
an egg into a bottle without breaking the shell.
Soak the egg, which must be fresh, for several days
in strong vinegar. The acid of the vinegar will eat
the lime of the shell, so that while the egg looks the
same it is really very soft. Only a little care is
required to press the egg into the bottle. When
this is done, fill it half full of lime water, and let
it stand. The shell will absorb the lime, and be-
come hard again, and after the lime water is poured
off you have the curious spectacle of an egg the
usual size in a small-necked bottle, which will be a
great puzzle to those who do not understand how it
is done.

THE little one made a beautiful answer, without
knowing it. "What! kiss such a homely man as
papa?" said the mother, in fun. "Oh! but papa
is real pretty in his heart," was the reply.

A Kind of Man.

I LIKE a man who all mean things despises,
A man who has purpose firm and true;
Who faces every doubt as it rises,
And murmurs not at what he finds to do.

I like a man who shows the noble spirit
Displayed by knights of Arthur's table
routed;
Who, face to face with life, proves his real
merit,
Who has a soul that dwells above the
ground.

And yet one who can understand the worry
Of some chance brother fallen in the road,
And speaks to him a kind word 'mid the
hurry,
Or lay an-easing hand upon his load.

Large-hearted, brave-souled men to-day are
needed,
Men ready when occasion's doors swing
wide;

Grand men to speak the counsel that is
heeded,
And men in whom a nation may confide.

The world is wide and broad its starry
arches,
But lagging malcontents it cannot hold;
The way of life to him who upright marches
Has ending in a far-off street of gold.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK.

A.D. 30] **LESSON VIII.** [May 26
JESUS BETRAYED.

Mark 14. 43-54. Memory verses, 48-50
GOLDEN TEXT.

Betrayest thou the Son of man with a
kiss? Luke 22. 48.

OUTLINE.

1. Betrayed, v. 43-49.
2. Deserted, v. 50-54.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACE.—Gethsemane. Jerusalem, in the
high-priest's palace.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The sound of the
Hallel had hardly died upon their lips before
this sorrowful company had gone out of the
city down into the valley of the Kedron,
and up the low foot slope of Olivet to old
Gethsemane. Here had come to the Saviour
the climax of his earthly suffering, and while
the words of his prayer are yet being whis-
pered among the tree tops the flaming
torches and clanking armour betoken the
approach of the soldiers and the Jewish
rabble under the traitor's guidance. And
here begins our lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The chief priests, scribes,
and the elders*—Thus it seems every official
body united to destroy Jesus. *Whosoever
I shall kiss*—The kiss was the common
Oriental salutation in token of peace, like
our hearty hand-shake. *A certain young
man*—It is generally supposed that this was
Mark. *The high-priest*—This was Caiaphas,
who by virtue of his office stood at the head
of the whole ecclesiastical system of the
Jews. *All the chief priests, etc.*—This was
a full meeting of the Sanhedrin for trial.
Not with the servants—He was in the outer
court, where he could see what passed.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Betrayed.*
What had occurred just before the coming
of Jesus?
In what did the betrayal by Judas consist?
How can it be said that Jesus was be-
trayed, since he knew all about it by
his omniscience?
What happened after the kiss and before
the arrest? John 18. 4-8.
What was probably the purpose of this
one who drew the sword? ver. 31.
What rebuke did he receive from Jesus?
Matt. 26. 52, 53.
Why was this night arrest regarded
necessary?
What evidence can you find of two parties
among the populace, one for and one
against Jesus?
Why was there no attempt at rescue on
the next day?
2. *Deserted.*
What is the relation between ver. 50 and
ver. 27?

What evidence is there that there were
more than the eleven disciples in the
company?
What is the belief of the Church concern-
ing the young man of vers. 51, 52?
Whither was Jesus first led?
What evidences of a well concerted plan of
action by the ecclesiastical authorities?
What became of the eleven disciples who
had fled?
Was there any other disciple near Jesus
in this hour? John 18. 15.
To whom was Peter indebted for his en-
trance into the outer court of the palace?
What prophecy was fulfilled by this night
of desertion? Zech. 13. 7.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

"One of the twelve." There is no heart
which Satan will not try. There was one
that yielded in that small company. Is
there one in your class who will yield to sin?
How mean sin is! It chose love's sign to
do its work of hate.
How cowardly sin is! It gathered a
great crowd to take one unarmed and
defenceless; and it went in darkness. Sin
always works in darkness if it can. Beware
of that thing which you are tempted to do
unseen by any one. How weak it makes a
man! ver. 50.
All! Should like trial come now would
all forsake? Would you?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Study all that Judas had done that
night, and write it out.
2. Study carefully the end of his life.
3. Learn what you can of Oriental custom
in salutation.
4. Read Psalm 22. 6; Isa. 53. 7, and Dan.
9. 26.
5. Study about the Sanhedrin and learn
about this night gathering. Was it legal?
What was its plan?
6. Read the whole story of Peter's down-
fall from the four evangelists.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How did Judas reveal Jesus to the
crowd? He called him Master, and kissed
him. 2. What did Jesus say to him? "Be-
trayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?"
3. With what did Jesus reproach them all?
For not taking him openly. 4. Whither
did they first lead him? To the palace of
Annas. 5. Who followed him thither? Peter
and another disciple.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Human sin-
fulness.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

23. What other proof is there that the
Bible is inspired?
Its wonderful and heavenly power over
the human heart. Hebrews iv. 12, 13; 2
Timothy iii. 16.
24. How must we then esteem the Scrip-
tures?
As the true word of God; the sure and
sufficient rule of faith and practice.

A.D. 30] **LESSON IX.** [June 2
JESUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.

Mark 14. 55-65. Memory verses 55, 56
GOLDEN TEXT.

They hated me without a cause. John
15. 25.

OUTLINE.

1. The False Witnesses, v. 55-59.
2. The True Witness, v. 60-62.
3. The Cruel Sentence, v. 63-65.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACE.—Jerusalem: before the Sanhedrin
CONNECTING LINKS.—The lesson simply
continues the story of the last lesson

EXPLANATIONS.—*The chief priests*—The
heads of the different priestly courses. *All
the council*—The whole Sanhedrin. *The
high priest*—The chief ecclesiastic of the
Jewish Church, and the most important of
the nation during their subordination to
Rome.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The False Witnesses.*
Why did the council seek witnesses
against Jesus?
On what kind of charge only could this
court try one?
How many witnesses were required by
their law? Deut. 17. 6.
How many witnesses did they have against
him?
What was the reason they could not con-
demn?
How did they finally surmount this diffi-
culty? Matt. 26. 60-61.
In what did the falsity of their witness
consist? ver. 58.

2. *The True Witness.*

Why did the high-priest at this juncture
rise?
Why did Jesus refuse answer to his first
question?
Why did he answer so quickly to the
second question?
Had Jesus ever made similar declarations
in his teaching? Matt. 16. 27, and
24. 30.
What made this blasphemy in the eyes of
the high-priest?
What makes it a true witness in the eyes
of the Church?

3. *The Cruel Sentence.*

Why was there no need of further wit-
nesses?
What was the Mosaic sentence on blas-
phemy? Lev. 24. 16.
Was the sentence here given just?
Of what was the allowance by the council
of the scene in ver. 65 a proof?
Could the council have now punished
Jesus by stoning?
What do they seem still to have feared?
What would be a sure prevention of mob
violence by the friends of Jesus?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

The world still bears false witness against
Jesus. It denies him to be the Son of God,
and so charges him once more with blas-
phemy.

But the world's witness still fails to agree.
Notice the calmness of Jesus where only his
teachings are misrepresented. Calumny
and lies moved him not at all. See how
fearlessly he witnessed for the truth when
that was called in question? "What do
these say?" No answer. "Art thou the
Christ?" "I am."
Learn from this scene to hate meanness,
and lying, and malice; and to love patience,
and peacefulness, and truth. And when
truth depends on your word for vindication,
speak it for your Master.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Study the reasons why they did not
stone Jesus to death, but did stone Stephen.
2. How many years before was the sen-
tence "destroy this temple" spoken, and
under what circumstances? John 2. 19.
3. Find all that you can about Annas and
Caiaphas; their previous and subsequent
history.
4. Nicodemus belonged to the Sanhedrin.
What can you say of him?
5. Write out your opinion why they
found no witnesses to agree.
6. Write out your opinion upon this trial.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What body of men tried Jesus? The
chief priests, elders, and scribes. 2. Who
pre-ided at the trial? The high-priest,
Caiaphas. 3. On what charge was he tried?
The charge of blasphemy. 4. On whom did
they rely to prove him guilty? On false
witnesses. 5. What was the final means of
his conviction? His own declaration, "I
am the Christ." 6. What prophecy was
fulfilled in the riotous scene that followed?
"They hated me without a cause."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The second
coming of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

25. If after prayerful and patient study
and inquiry we still find difficulties in the
Bible, how must we deal with them?
We cannot expect to know all things while
we live in this world, nor fully to un-
derstand all that has been made known. 1
Corinthians xiii. 10.

WHEN the first vessel completed the
passage of the new Erie Canal, in 1825,
there being no such thing as a telegraph
in those days, the news was communi-
cated to New York and Buffalo by
cannon placed within hearing of one
another all the way along from Albany
to each of the other cities. The signal
was passed along in this way from
Albany to New York City and back
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THINK what an accomplished man
he would be who could read well, write
a clear hand-writing, talk well, speak
well, and who should have good man-
ners!

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