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HOME AND SCHOOL

TORONTO, APRIL 20, 1889.

[No. 8.]

VOL. VII.]

Through the Dark Continent.

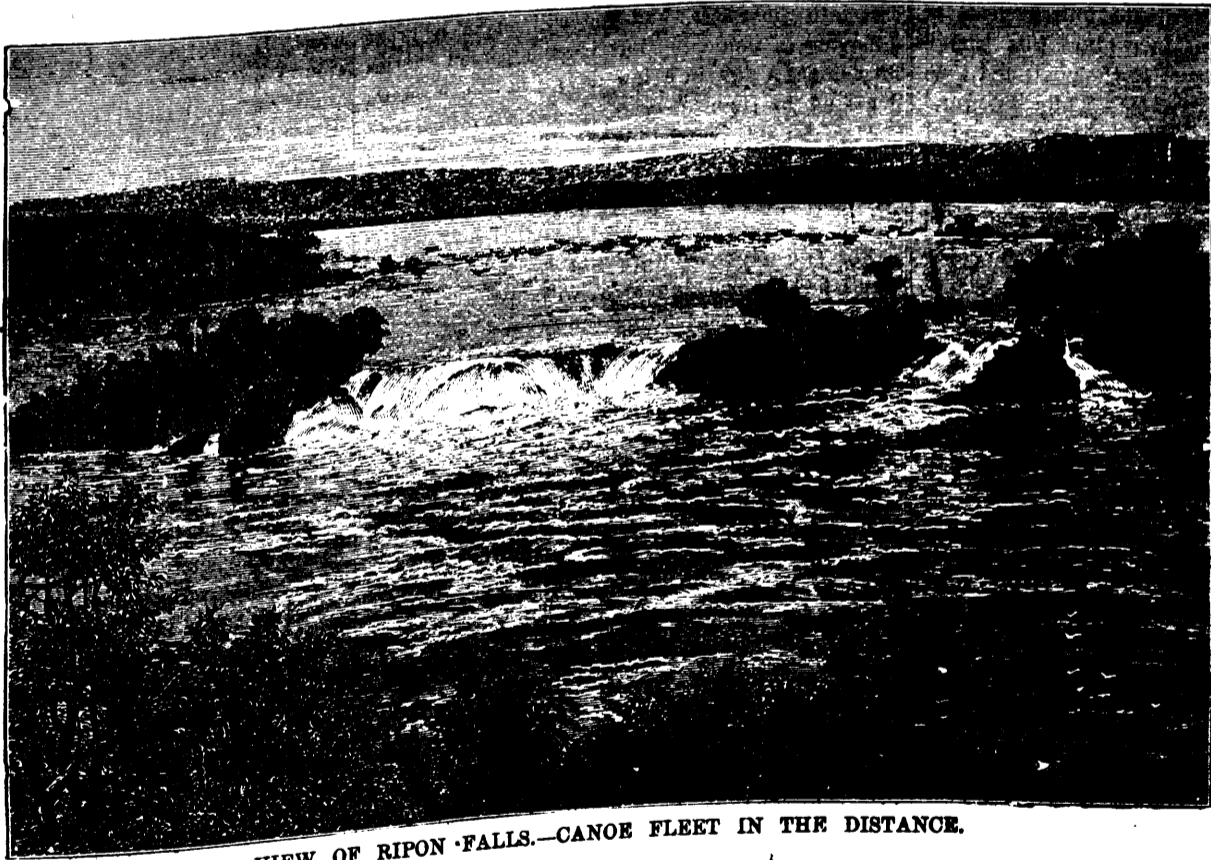
BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

VIII.

At Dumo rumour and gossip were busy about a war and a mighty preparation which Mtesa, the Emperor of Uganda, was making for an expedition against the Wavuma. He had not been as yet actually engaged, it was said, though it was expected he would be shortly. In the hope, then, of finding him at his capital, I resolved to be speedy in reaching him, so that, without much delay, I

and half an hour later the pages came to conduct me to the presence of Mtesa. As I advanced, Mtesa arose, and came to the edge of the leopard-rug on which his feet rested while seated, and there was even greater warmth in this greeting than on the former occasion. Mtesa was then informed of the purpose of my coming, which was to obtain the guides he had promised me on my first visit, to show me the road; and I begged he would furnish them without much delay. Mtesa replied that he was now engaged in a war with the rebellious people of Uvuma, who insolently refused to pay their

the 27th August, Mtesa struck his camp, and began the march to Nakaranga, a point of land lying within seven hundred yards of the island of Ingira, which had been chosen by the Wavuma as their depot and stronghold. He had collected an army numbering 150,000 warriors. Besides this great army must be reckoned nearly 50,000 women, and about as many children and slaves of both sexes, so that at a rough guess, after looking at all the camps and various tributary nations which at Mtesa's command had contributed their quotas, I estimated the number of souls in Mtesa's camp to be about



VIEW OF RIPON FALLS.—CANOE FLEET IN THE DISTANCE.

might be able to return and prosecute my journey to Lake Albert. Arriving next day at the Ripon Falls, two messengers came up breathless from the imperial camp—which I could see covering many miles of ground—with yet an additional welcome, and pointed out on the opposite side Mtesa and his chiefs, most picturesque in their white dresses and red caps, with a large concourse of attendants. Crossing the channel amid the noise and bustle of many thousands, we soon found ourselves in the midst of the vast army that Mtesa had collected from all parts of his empire.

The next day at the usual levee hour of Mtesa—8 a.m.—the drums announced the levee as begun,

tribute; that it was not customary in Uganda to permit strangers to proceed on their journeys while the *Kabaka* was engaged in war, but that the war would soon be over, when, if I would wait, he would send a chief with an army to conduct me to the Albert Nyanza.

After this intelligence I saw that I had either to renounce the project of exploring the Albert, or to wait patiently until the war was over, and then make up by forced marches for lost time. But being again assured that the war would not last long, I resolved to stay and witness it as a novelty, and to take advantage of the time to acquire information about the country and its people. On

250,000. The advance-guard had departed too early for me to see them, but, curious to see the main body of this great army pass, I stationed myself at an early hour at the extreme limit of the camp.

First came a chief with 30,000 warriors and camp-followers. Next came the musket-armed body-guard of the Emperor, with their drums beating, pipes playing, and standards flying, and forming quite an imposing and warlike procession. Mtesa marched on foot, bare-headed, and clad in a dress of blue check cloth, with a black belt of English make round his waist, and his face dyed a bright red. After Mtesa had passed by, chief after

chief, legion after legion, followed, each distinguished to the native ear by its different and peculiar drum-beat. The vast multitude, rolled by steadily, in wave after wave, a living tide of warriors.

Four days afterwards, or on the 1st September, the army of Mtesa occupied Nakaranga, where it commenced to construct its camp, each chief surrounded by the men of his own command in the position assigned him. By sunset the army was comfortably housed in some 30,000 dome-like huts, above which here and there rose a few of a conical shape and taller than the rest, showing the temporary residences of the various chiefs.

Amid all the hurry and bustle the white stranger "Stamlee" was not forgotten. Commodious quarters were erected and allotted to him and his boat's crew, by express orders from Mtesa. Anxious to see what chances Mtesa possessed of victory over his rebellious subjects, I proceeded along the road over the mountain to a position which commanded a clear view of Ingira Island, whither the rebels had betaken themselves, their families, and a few herds of cattle. Considered as being in possession of some twenty thousand savages, whose only weapons of war were the spear and the sling, Ingira Island presented no very formidable obstacle to a power such as the Emperor of Uganda had amassed on this cape, only seven hundred yards from it. The people of the entire coast had voluntarily enlisted in the cause of Uvuma, and had despatched over one hundred and fifty large canoes, fully manned, to the war. The confederates, in arranging their plan of action, had chosen Ingira Island as the rendezvous of the united fleets of canoes. Mtesa's plan was to capture this island, and to cross over from Ingira to the next, and then to Uvuma, when, of course, only immediate and complete submission would save them; and I rejoiced that I was present, for I was in hopes that at such a period my influence might be sufficient to avert the horrors that generally attend victory in Africa. Though I had no reason to love the Wavuma, and for the time was a warm ally of Mtesa, I was resolved that no massacre of the submissive should take place while I was present.

The Uganda war fleet numbered three hundred and twenty-five large and small canoes. These canoes for the assault would be crammed with fighting men, the largest class carrying from sixty to one hundred men exclusive of their crews; so that the actual fact is that Mtesa can float a force of from 16,000 to 20,000 on Lake Victoria for purposes of war.

On the third morning Mtesa sent a messenger to inform me that the chief Sekebobu was about to start, and I hastened up to the beach to witness the sight. I found that almost all the Waganda were animated with the same curiosity, for the beach was lined for three or four miles with dense masses of people, almost all clad in the national brown, dark-cloth robes. The Wavuma meanwhile kept their eyes on Sekebobu, and from the summit of their mountain-island discerned what was about to be done; and to frustrate this, if possible, or at least to gather booty, they hastily manned one hundred canoes or thereabouts, and darted out like so many crocodiles.

A hundred canoes against three hundred and twenty-five was rather an unequal contest, and so the Wavuma thought, for as the fleet of Mtesa approached in a compact, tolerably well-arranged mass, the Wavuma opened their line to right and left, and permitted their foe to pass them. The Waganda, encouraged by this sign, began to cheer, but scarcely had the first sounds of self-gratulation escaped them when the Wavuma paddles were seen

to strike the water with foam, and, lo! into the midst of the mass from either flank the gallant islanders dashed, sending dismay and consternation into the whole Uganda army.

A pause of two or three days without incident followed the arrival of Sekebobu's legion and Mtesa's fleet. Then Mtesa sent for me, and was pleased to impart some of his ideas on the probable issue of the war to me, in something like the following words:—"Stamlee, I want your advice. All white men are very clever, and appear to know everything. I want to know from you what you think I may expect from this war. Shall I have victory or not? It is my opinion we must be clever, and make headwork to take this island."

Smiling at his naive, candid manner, I replied that it would require a prophet to be able to foretell the issue of the war, and that I was far from being a prophet; that headwork, were it the best in the world, could not take the island unassisted by valour.

He then said, "I know that the Waganda will not fight well on the water; they are not accustomed to it. They are always victorious on land, but when they go in canoes, they are afraid of being upset; and most of the warriors come from the interior, and do not know how to swim. The Wavuma are very expert in the water and swim like fish. If we could devise some means to take the Waganda over to the island without risking them in the canoes, I should be sure of victory."

I replied, "You have men, women, and children here in this camp as numerous as grass. Command every soul able to walk to take up a stone and cast into the water, and you will make a great difference in its depth; but if each person carries fifty stones a day, in a few days you can walk on dry land to Ingira."

Mtesa at this slapped his thighs in approval, and very soon the face of the mountain was covered with about 40,000 warriors toiling at the work of making a causeway to Ingira Island.

For two days the work was carried on in the way I had described, namely, with rocks, and then Mtesa thought that filling the passage with trees would be a speedier method, and the Katekiro was so instructed. For three days the Waganda were at work felling trees, and a whole forest was levelled and carried to Nakaranga Point, where they were lashed to one another with bark rope, and sunk. On the morning of the fifth day Mtesa came down to the point to view the causeway, and was glad to see that we were nearer by 130 yards to Ingira Island. About 100 men out of 150,000 were seen lounging idly on the causeway and that was all, for the novelty of the idea had now worn off.

Nothing more was heard of the bridge, for Mtesa had conceived a new idea, which was, to be instructed in the sciences of Europe. I was to be a scientific encyclopædia to him. Not wishing to deny him, I tried, during the afternoon of the day, to expound the secrets of nature and the works of Providence, the wonders of the heavens, the air and the earth. We gossiped about the nature of rocks and metals, and their many appliances, which the cunning of the Europeans had invented to manufacture the innumerable variety of things for which they are renowned. The dread despot sat with wide dilated eyes and an all-devouring attention, and, in deference to his own excitable feelings, his chiefs affected to be as interested as himself, though I have no doubt several ancients thought the whole affair decidedly tedious, and the white man a "bore." The more polite and courtly vied with each other in expressing open-mouthed and large-eyed interest in this encyclopædic talk. I

drifted from mechanics to divinity, for my purpose in this respect was not changed. During my extemporized lectures, I happened to mention angels. On hearing the word, Mtesa screamed with joy, and to my great astonishment the patricians of Uganda chorused, "Ah-ah-ah!" as if they had heard an exceedingly good thing. Having appeared so learned all the afternoon, I dared not condescend to inquire what all this wild joy meant, but prudently waited until the exciting cries and slapping of thighs were ended.

The boisterous period over, Mtesa said, "Stamlee, I have always told my chiefs that the white men know everything, and now, Stamlee, tell me what you know of the angels."

Verily the question was a difficult one. I attempted to give as vivid a description of what angels are generally believed to be like, and as Michael Angelo and Gustave Dore have laboured to illustrate them, and with the aid of Ezekiel's and Milton's descriptions I believe I succeeded in satisfying and astonishing the king and his court; and in order to show him that I had authority for what I said, I sent to my camp for the Bible, and translated to him what Ezekiel and St. John said of angels. The Emperor cast covetous eyes on the Bible and my Church of England Prayer Book, and perceiving his wish, I introduced to him a boy named Dallington, a pupil of the Universities' Mission at Zanzibar, who could translate the Bible for him, and otherwise communicate to him what I wished to say.

Henceforth, during the intervals of leisure that the war gave us, we were to be seen—the king, court, Dallington, and I—engaged in the translation of an abstract of the Holy Scriptures. There were readers enough of these translations, but Mtesa himself was an assiduous and earnest student. Having abundance of writing paper with me, I made a large book for him, into which the translations were fairly copied by a writer called Idi. When completed, Mtesa possessed an abridged Protestant Bible embracing all the principal events from the creation to the Crucifixion of Christ. St. Luke's Gospel was translated entire, as giving a more complete history of the Saviour's life.

When the abridged Bible was completed, Mtesa called all his chiefs together, as well as the officers of his guard, and when all were assembled he began to state that when he succeeded his father he was a heathen, and delighted in shedding blood because he knew no better; but that when an Arab trader, who was also a Mwalim (priest), taught him the creed of Islam, he had renounced the example of his fathers, and executions became less frequent, and no man could say, since that day, that he had seen Mtesa drunk with poubé. Now, God be thanked, a white man, "Stamlee," has come with a book older than the Koran of Mohammed, and Stamlee says that Mohammed was a liar, and much of his book taken from this; and this boy and Idi have read to me all that Stamlee has read to them from this book, and I find that it is a great deal better than the book of Mohammed, besides it is the first and oldest book. The prophet Moses wrote some of it a long, long time before Mohammed was even heard of, and the book was finished long before Mohammed was born. Now I want you to tell me what we shall do. Shall we believe in Isa (Jesus) and Musa (Moses), or in Mohammed? Chambarango replied, "Let us take that which is the best."

Mtesa smiled and said, "True, I want that which is the best, and I want the true book. The white men, when offered slaves, refuse them, saying, 'Shall we make our brothers slaves? No; we are all sons of God.' I have not heard a white man

tell a lie yet. Speke came here, behaved well, and went his way home with his brother Grant. They bought no slaves, and the time they were in Uganda they were very good. Stamlee came here and he would take no slaves, and of all that Stamlee has read from his book I see nothing too hard for me to believe. The book begins from the very beginning of this world, tells us how it was made, and in how many days; gives us the words of God himself, and of Moses, and the prophet Solomon, and Jesus, the son of Mary. I have listened to it all well pleased, and now shall we accept this book or Mohammed's book as our guide?"

To which question, no doubt seeing the evident bent of Mtesa's own mind, they all replied, "We will take the white man's book;" and at hearing their answer a manifest glow of pleasure lighted up the Emperor's face. In this manner Mtesa renounced Islamism, and professed himself a convert to the Christian Faith, and he now announced his determination to adhere to his new religion, to build a church, and to do all in his power to promote the propagation of Christian sentiments among his people, and to conform to the best of his ability to the holy precepts contained in the Bible.

I, on the other hand, proud of my convert, with whom I had diligently laboured during three months, promised that, since Dallington wished it, I would release him from my service, that he might assist to confirm him in his new faith, that he might read the Bible for him, and perform the service of a Bible reader until the good people of Europe should send a priest to baptize him and teach him the duties of the Christian religion.

"Stamlee," said Mtesa to me, as we parted, nearly two months after, "say to the white people when you write to them, that I am like a man sitting in darkness, or born blind, and that all I ask is that I may be taught how to see, and I shall continue a Christian while I live."

(To be continued.)

The Easter Joy.

VARIOUS will be the expressions of the Easter joy all over the earth. Bells will ring it. Cannon will roar it. Voices will shout it. In the chambers of many hearts will be a quiet peace that the world will not hear in any outcry. Spoken or silent, joy should thrill our hearts. If the exaltation be there, it will get into our lives, and be felt as a new uplifting force.

The spiritual significance of Easter is many-sided. One side of that truth is the impotency of death. When Christ broke the bondage of the linen wrappings of the tomb, he showed how weak this cold, icy fetter really was. Death, he declared, does not interrupt the stream of our existence, but only veils it for a little time. It is like the flow of a brook that, meeting the white, icy cover of a December, ceases its prattle, disappears, and seemingly is lost. It runs on, though; and in April, there it is again. It shatters and melts its bonds, and the music of its flow echoes down through the valley.

Death is only a short strip of December ice, hiding, not destroying life. What an issue of the latter, amid the green fields of the everlasting spring! What a breaking forth into joy by the ransomed ones of God! Now teach all this. Make it as emphatic as did the early Christians in their symbolism and inscriptions down in the catacombs where they buried so many of their dead. How they greet us, those inscriptions asserting immortality! It is life, life, life, they affirm, printed deep on the walls of that dark, dusty burying-place. Let a like impression of immortality be

made clear and distinct on your scholars' memories, so that they shall share in Christ's triumph, and never, never fear death. Let the warm, tender hearts of your scholars, rather than the dead walls of a tomb, be the surface where you will stamp deep this Easter lesson. Imperishable far beyond any on catacomb wall will be your work. Through your scholars other hearts will be reached. Your work will be perpetuated in other lives. Have no fears for the certainty of this result. The Easter joy that you claim and sing, communicated to others, will go echoing down, down, from generation to generation. Hallelujah, Amen! Christ is risen to-day!—S. S. Journal.

On Easter Day.

BY ALICE EDDY CURTISS.

How shall we keep our Easter Day,
For love of the Lord who lives again?
Oh, once he slept in the twilight gray,
All worn with sorrow and spent with pain;
Around was the garden, still and lone;
The door of his tomb was sealed with stone,
And sad was the earth where the Lord lay slain!

Oh, sorrowful hearts that wept that night,
Close hid together in grief and fear!
"Alas!" they say, "for the world's dear Light!
They have quenched its glory in darkness drear!
And where shall the sad and the suffering go
For strength and healing and joy in woe,
Now the pitiful Christ is laid on bier?"

Ah, little they knew, those weeping ones,
That fresh with the dawn their joy would rise—
That sweetest light of a thousand suns
Would flash through the morrow's golden skies!
For oh! with the morning's dewy breath
The Lord came back from the gates of death,
And never again in the tomb he lies!

And still for the sick and sad at heart
Is comfort sweet at the dear Lord's side!
And never a sinner need depart
Unpardoned now, from Christ who died!
And over the children yearns a Friend
In love unfailing without an end—
The risen Lord who was crucified!

Sing out, O bird in the budding tree!
O bells, your gladdest praises ring!
Bloom, flower! and in fragrant charity
The joy of our hearts shall break and spring!
'Tis thus we keep our Easter Day,
With praise and blessing along life's way,
For love of Christ, our risen King!

Lord Salisbury Invited to Class.

AN Irish paper reports a speech by the Rev. Wallace M'Mullen, Vice-President of the Wesleyan Conference in Ireland, in the course of which he said that a friend of his, a solicitor, was staying at the watering-place of Tunbridge Wells, and that being in a Methodist chapel there, and on looking around the congregation, he recognized the Marquis of Salisbury. Meeting him afterwards on board a vessel going to the Continent, the solicitor said he thought he had had the pleasure of seeing his lordship in the chapel at Tunbridge Wells. The Marquis said he was there. He was passing along the street, and seeing the people going in, he went in likewise—not knowing but it was an Episcopalian church. After a little, the Marquis found it was a Methodist chapel, and right well he was pleased with the service, and with the sermon the minister preached.

The sermon was scarcely over, when an old gentleman turned, and, shaking hands with his lordship, asked was he a stranger there? The Marquis said he was. The old gentleman asked, "Have you joined class yet?" "No," said the Marquis, "not yet." The old gentleman said that a class met at his house on Thursdays, and if he—the Marquis—remained in town he would be glad to see him

there. "Well," said the Marquis, "I have not made up my mind to join class yet." Then the old gentleman informed his lordship that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper would be administered that evening, and invited him to remain. Lord Salisbury said he had another engagement, but, turning to his (Mr. M'Mullen's) friend, his lordship said, "If that be the way you Methodists do, I don't wonder you get on as well as you do."

The Angels of Easter.

God hath sent his angels to the earth again,
Bringing joyful tidings to the sons of men.
They who first at Christmas thronged the heavenly way,
Now beside the tomb-door sit on Easter Day.

In the dreadful desert, where the Lord was tried,
There the faithful angels gathered at his side;
And when in the garden grief and pain and care
Bowed him down with anguish, they were with him there.

Yet the Christ they honoured is the same Christ still,
Who, in light and darkness, did the Father's will.
And the tomb, deserted, shineth like the sky,
Since he passed out from it into victory.

God has still his angels, helping at his word
All his faithful children, like their faithful Lord;
Soothing them in sorrow, arming them in strife,
Opening wide the tomb-doors leading into life.

Father, send thine angels unto us, we pray;
Leave us not to wander, all along our way.
Let them guard and guide us, wheresoe'er we be,
Till our resurrection brings us home to thee.

Tired Workers.

You have no idea, boys and girls, how much of the best work of the world is done by those already well-nigh worn out with labour before they began it. The neatly-made clothes you wear, the clean and tidy room that welcomes you home from school, the nice stories you read—are many of them the product of weary hands and heads.

Almost anyone can work when they feel fresh and rested, but it requires determination and force of will, moved by love or sense of duty, to persevere in endeavour when powers of mind and body beg for repose.

Now, we are not going to champion what is called "the cramming process," or the disastrous system of overtaxing the mental or physical capabilities. Yet neither do we believe in encouraging a weak shrinking from considerable tasks. Fatigue in moderation will not hurt anyone, in presentable health, young or old. On the contrary, it is only exercise to the point of fatigue that will successfully develop the energies. The people of most account in the world are those who can work when they are tired; they are those that parents, employers and customers can depend on to keep their promises and be faithful to their duties.

The ability to attain to this high standard of usefulness is, of necessity, partly physical. The strongest will and the most conscientious soul cannot give strength to the body when it is once seriously debilitated. So if you want that power of endurance which goes so far to make reliable men and women, you must not ruin your constitution by rich, unhealthy food, by late hours, by indulging in indolence or excesses of any sort. All these things tend to enervate, to take the power out of nerve and muscle, besides weakening the moral sense. Be self-denying and temperate, and you will leave far behind you, in the race of life, the self-indulgent and intemperate.

"O MAMMA," said a little fellow, "I am so glad there was a flood!" "Why, dear?" exclaimed mamma. "Because, if there had not been any flood I shouldn't have had a Noah's ark; and I do love my ark."

An Easter Message.

We read the Easter texts to-day,
We sing, "The Lord is risen indeed!"
But, do we hear our Lord's command,
And do we mean his words to heed?

"Go ye," he says to every one,
"And tell the people that I live!"
And to the willing who obey,
His richest blessings will he give.

With one consent we make excuse,
"How can I go?" we feebly ask:
As if the Lord, who loves us so,
Would set his child too great a task.

How can we go? In heart, by prayer,
Through willing gifts, by loving deeds;
What if each soul should always give
Proportionate to its own needs?

O ye, whose daily needs are met
By royal bounty, rich and free,
Make in his name your offerings
To spread the Easter victory!

And you, who have this "blessed hope,"
An anchor sure, whate'er betide,
Share the sweet cordials of your cup
With those who sorrow at your side.

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Home and School.

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

TORONTO, APRIL 20, 1889.

Daily Bread.

SOMETIMES children think the Lord's Prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," asks only for wheat bread; and one friend told me of his little boy who used to add: "And butter, please!" But as they grow older they begin to think it means more than wheat-bread, and more than mere food. The translation of the Church of Rome expresses it exactly: "Give us day by day our supersubstantial bread." Only we can hardly call it English. But "supersubstantial," something higher and beyond the mere loaf we hold between our hands, the material or substantial bread for our mouths, is really the thought here present. Our Lord elsewhere says: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." And so, praying the Lord's Prayer, we ask for mercy, love, protection, goodness—all we need for this day.

And many people think they can see this further in it too: "Give us" implies more than one praying, and "this day" implies meeting together daily to pray; and where could the coming together to pray and the praying thus every day be so perfectly seen as in family prayer? But no one prays this



THE WATCH AT THE SEPULCHRE.

prayer, if he is able to work, and then sits down in idleness, waiting for the loaf of bread or the joint of meat to come. God gives us bread, but he does not give it to us ready-baked out of the oven. He gives us strength to work, and soundness of mind to do business, and rain and sunshine to make the grain grow. And we take the money we earn and buy the bread the farmer and miller and baker have produced. But it is God who gives it to us all the same. So God gives us faith. I have heard men dispute whether God gives us faith. I say to them: God gives us faith just as he gives us bread. He gives you all the materials for bread, life and health and strength and skill and money, or, failing these, kind friends, and you put them together and you have bread. So he gives you Jesus and his atonement; he urges you by his Word and his Spirit to let your mind receive and believe what is true and reject what is false: he gives you all the materials for this "supersubstantial" bread. When you receive them they are faith, and you thank God, who is the great Giver of it all.—*Sel.*

Edward VI. and the Bible.

KING EDWARD VI. has been called "the Josiah of England." When he came to the throne, at the age of ten, the people were glad, as they knew he had been taught to love the Holy Bible.

A few weeks after the death of his father, Henry VIII., the coronation of Edward took place; and when the three swords of state, which are borne before the sovereign on that occasion, were brought to him, Edward asked for the fourth. The noblemen, in wonder, inquired what he meant, and he replied: "The Bible; that is the sword of the Spirit, and is better than these swords. That book ought to govern kings; for without it they are nothing and can do nothing. All we have of grace and salvation and divine strength comes from the Bible." The wise words were repeated everywhere, and the people in England who loved the truth looked now to see the kingdom of God soon set up on earth, since the king, although so young, knew so well the worth and the power of the word of God.

It is also related of young Edward that on one occasion he ordered an attendant to get a book from a shelf in the library. The page was not tall enough to reach it, and took a large Bible which was by his side to stand upon, when the youthful king stepped forward and cried, "Not that book! that is God's book."

But the early promise of his reign was soon blighted. He was seized with disease, and died after a short reign of about six years.

The Watch at the Sepulchre.

FROM East to West I've marched beneath the eagles;
From Pontus unto Gall,
Kept many a watch on which, by death surrounded,
I've seen each comrade fall.

Fear! I could laugh until these rocks re-echoed,
To think that I should fear—
Who have met death in every form unshrinking—
To watch this dead man here.

In Dacian forests, sitting by our watch-fire,
I've kept the wolves at bay;
On Rhetian Alps escaped the ice-hills hurling
Close where our legion lay.

On moonless nights upon the sands of Libya,
I've sat with shield firm set
And heard the lion roar; in this fore-arm
The tiger's teeth have met.

I was star-gazing when he stole upon me,
Until I felt his breath,
And saw his jewel-eyes gleam: then he seized me,
And instantly met his death.

My weapon in his thick-veined neck I buried,
My feet his warm blood dyed;
And then I bound my wound, and till the morning
Lay couched upon his side.

Here, though the stars are veiled, the peaceful city
Lies at our feet asleep;
Round us the still more peaceful dead are lying
In slumber yet more deep.

A low wind moaning glides among the olives,
Till every hill-side sighs;
But round us here the moanings seem to muster,
And gather where *he* lies.

And through the darkness faint pale gleams are flying,
That touch this hill alone;
Whence these earthly lights? and whence the shadows
That move upon the stone?

If the Olympian Jove awoke in thunder,
His great eyes I could meet;
But his, if once again they looked upon me,
Would strike me to his feet.

He looked as if my brother hung there bleeding,
And put my soul to shame,
As if my mother with his eyes was pleading,
And pity overcame,

But could not save. He who in death was hanging
On the accursed tree.
Was he the Son of God? for so in dying
He seemed to die for me.

And all my pitiless deeds came up before me,
Gazed at me from his face;
What if he rose again and I should meet him!
How awful is this place!

THE wealth of man is the number of things
which he loves and blesses, and which he is loved
and blessed by.



THE FIRST EASTER.

Easter.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HAIL to the wonderful jubilant morn,
Beauty for ashes and rapture for tears!
Hail to the triumph o'er malice and scorn,
Hail to the dawning of glorious years!
Hail to the splendor of lilies in bloom,
Hail to the ceasing of sorrow and gloom,
Hail to the Life that hath riven the tomb,
Hail to the Love that hath banished our fears!

Weak was our faith when they laid him away,
Out of our sight in the darkness of death;
Small was our strength for the shock and the fray;
Faltered our courage, a sigh was our breath.
Lo! as he said, hath the Master arisen,
Breaking the bonds of the seal-guarded prison;
Earth wears the robes of a brightness Elysian,
Jesus forever is victor o'er death!

Trailing so slowly, with spices and myrrh,
O'er the paths we had trodden with him,
Hope was too timid our pulses to stir;
Stumbling we walked, for the way had grown dim.
Suddenly heard we the voice of an angel,
Speaking fulfilment of pledge and evangel;
Suddenly burst on our vision the angel,
Bidding our souls with new gladness to brim.

Thanks be to God that no more shall his own
Bend o'er the grave in a desolate dread!
Thanks be to God that there streams from the throne
Promise of life for his loved from the dead!
Sleeping or waking, our darlings are never
Lost from the care that shall guide them forever.
Sleeping or waking, not death shall dis sever
Souls he has ransomed from Jesus their Head.

Waft, then, the incense of sweet-hearted flowers;
Lift the long chorus of praise to the sky;
Hail to the dawn of the hope-brightened hours;
Watch the procession of victors on high;
Wide fling the banners of him who hath bought us,
Borne with us, pardoned us, patiently sought us,
All the rich lore of his heaven hath taught us;
Sing to the Love that was mighty to die!

Sing to the Love that was mighty to live;
Join with the armies that follow his train;
Honour and power and glory we give
Hence evermore to the Lamb that was slain!
Hail to the Lord who is going before,
Leading the way for his saints to pass o'er!
Hail to the Saviour the ages adore,
Hail to the glory that never shall wane!

Be gentle and obliging to your brothers and
sisters, and to all with whom you come in contact.

The First Easter.

BUT Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping; and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white sitting, one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they said unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God. Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.—*John xx. 11-18.*

The Passover Moon.

It is passover at Jerusalem, that holy Hebrew feast. From all quarters have gathered the people of God. Like children coming to a dear mother, the Hebrew pilgrims have clustered in and about Jerusalem. They crowd the houses within the city. They pitch their tents on the emerald turf without the walls. They only wait for the opening of the great festival services. But look toward Olivet. Watch the crest of the hill around which darkens the evening, but above it, beyond it, what taper of light is that flashing its silver rays up into the heavens!

It grows. It swells. Now it is like a graceful dome on the horizon. It rises higher, swings clear of the hill, and there is the round, full-orbed, glorious passover-moon. We seem to hear acclamations of joy, shouts of welcome, hymns of praise, echoing through the night.

But look northward! What responsive flush is that from yonder hill-top? And, farther away, what beacon-light is that suddenly glowing from another eminence? And, farther still, a third

crimson signal is kindled. And so, from hill top to hill-top, the news is sent far away to the sojourners by the Euphrates, to the exiles from the beloved city, that passover has begun. So runs the ancient story.

We have come to our great festal season, to that which passover prefigured, into which passover grew even as the taper above Olivet expanded into the glorious moon. It's our Easter. The Paschal Lamb has been slain. Calvary's sacrifice has been offered. But, lo, Christ has risen! He is alive again. The Old festival is merged into the New, is expanded into the glory and joy and peace and hope of Easter. When you see at Easter a moon that turns toward the earth all the unclouded splendour of its face, you think of that passover-moon announced from hill-top to hill-top. Now proclaim the joy and blessedness of your Easter heritage! Tell it everywhere that Christ is risen. Let the light of your proclamation go everywhere, that there is a finished salvation for all. Tell it to that homeless lad. Tell it to that tempted young man. Tell it to that drunkard. Tell it to that criminal. Tell it to the widow in her sorrow, and the children needing a father's love. Tell it to the sick, the poor, the forsaken. Tell it to other lands in darkness—to Africa, China, Turkey, and the Isles of the Sea. Flash the light everywhere! Proclaim that Christ is risen! Hallelujah!—*S. S. Journal.*

An Easter Carol.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

Two Marys came on Easter Day,
As early shone the sun,
To that dear spot where Jesus lay
When all his work was done.
Spices they brought and ointments rare.
Where is their Lord? O, where? O, where?

The sepulchre stands open wide,
The stone is rolled away;
Two shining angels keep the place
Where lately Jesus lay.
The Saviour's burial robe is there;
But where is their Lord? O, where? O, where?

A moment more, they waiting, stay,
And then the angel said:
"Fear not, for Jesus rose to-day;
The Saviour is not dead.
Where is the Christ? He is not here.
He lives again; ye need not fear.

"Now gone before, to Galilee,
He waits your coming there,
And you once more his face shall see,
His presence once more share.
Forget your grief; forget your care.
Where dwells your Lord? O, there! O, there!"

So on this happy Easter Day,
With loving hearts we sing;
An angel rolled the stone away,
And Christ the Lord is King.
He is the King—he rules to-day;
Our risen Lord o'er us holds sway.

A CONTEST has long been waged among educators as to which is of greater practical value in education—the Classics or the Sciences. For many years the friends of the Classics had it pretty much their own way, but of late the scientists have been putting in some strong pleas in behalf of their side of the case. The latest of these, about to be issued in book form by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, is by the well-known author and scientist, Dr. Alexander Winchell, University of Michigan, and is entitled, "Shall we Teach Geology?" While his treatise is a special plea for teaching geology in the public schools, it is intended to cover the whole ground of contest between the Sciences and the Classics, and hence promises to be of great interest, not only to teachers, but to all who are interested in observing the tendencies of modern education.

Resurrection.

[The following beautiful Easter poem was written by Mary A. Lathbury, and published in the *Sunday School Journal* several years ago:]

I WAS a corn of wheat
That fell in the ground—
Out in the sunlight sweet,
Out of the sound
Of human voices and the song of birds,
Yet in the damp and death I heard the words,
Once spoken in the dark, and now more plain,
"Ye must be born again."

"O Earth, Earth, hear!" I cried,
"The voice of the Lord!
Open your prison wide—
Fulfil his word!"

But denser, darker, round me closed the earth;
It was a day of death, and not of birth;
And crushing human feet passed o'er the sod
That shut me out from God.

There was no way—no choice—
No night—no day—
No knowledge—no device—
Only decay!

Yet at my heart a little flickering life
Remembered God, and ceased its useless strife;
Remembered the command it could not keep,
And fell asleep.

When life began to dawn,
The song of a lark,
With a subtle sense of morn,
Fell through my dark,
And tender sounds of happy growing things,
Or the soft stirring of a chrysalis' wings,
Thrilled all the under world, sunless and dim,
With an Easter hymn!

Then the great sun leaned low
And kissed the sod.
Ah! what was I, to know
The touch of God!

The dumb earth melted at his voice, and I
Stood face to face with him beneath his sky,
And all around—within—below—above—
Was life and love.

Facts Concerning Easter.

BY GEOFFREY WILLISTON CHRISTINE.

VERY few people, even among devout Christians, can give any accurate account of the origin of the Easter festival, or can tell why it occurs on a different day each year, and how that day is determined. Its name, like those of the days of the week, is a survival of the old Teutonic mythology. To the Germans it was known as Ostern, and to the Anglo-Saxon as Eastre, or Eostre, a name derived from Eostre or Ostara, the Anglo-Saxon goddess of Spring, to whom the fourth month, answering to our April, thence called Eostur monath, was dedicated. The name of the goddess comes from the Saxon oster, to rise.

To the French, Easter is known as Paques; to the Italians, as Pasqua; and to the Spanish, as Pascua—all of which are derived from the Latin Pascha and the Greek Parxa, which are Chaldee or Aramaean forms of the Hebrew word Pesach, signifying the "Passover," by which was meant the passing over of the houses of the children of Israel in Egypt by the destroying angel when he smote the Egyptians, commemorated by the great annual feast so often spoken of in the Scriptures as the Feast of the Passover.

Easter, which from its earliest day has been styled the "Queen of Festivals," was the perpetuation of this feast by the first Christians, who, from their close connection with the Jewish Church, naturally continued to observe the Jewish festivals. Thus the Passover, ennobled by the thought of Christ, the true Paschal Sacrificial Lamb—the first fruits from the dead—became the Christian Easter.

But there quickly sprang up between Christians of Jewish and Gentile descent, a long-continued

and bitter controversy as to the proper time for the observance of this festival. The former insisted that Lent should terminate at the same time as the Paschal fast of the Jews, to which it was analogous on the fourteenth day of the moon, and that Easter should immediately follow, without regard to the day of the week. Gentile Christians, on the contrary, maintained that the first day of the week should be observed as that of our Lord's resurrection, and that the preceding Friday should be kept as the occasion of his crucifixion, without regard to the day of the month. By reason of their observance of the fourteenth day of the moon, the former class were derisively styled "Quartodecimani," or fourteen-day men, by the latter, who also stigmatized them as heretics.

It was the Church of Rome that gradually harmonized these differences. The Council of Nicæa, called by the Emperor Constantine, A.D. 325, partly to settle this controversy, finally agreed that "Easter shall hereafter be kept on one and the same day throughout the world, and none shall hereafter follow the blindness of the Jews."

It was also the Church at Rome which established the rule that the day for the celebration of our Lord's resurrection should be the first Sunday after the fourteenth day of the calendar moon, which happens on or next after March 21—the vernal equinox—thus allowing it to occur as early as March 22, or as late as April 25. This old Roman rule is still observed throughout the Christian world; though as the churches of Russia and Greece, and indeed the Oriental churches generally, still observe the old Julian calendar instead of the more modern Gregorian one, their Easter occurs sometimes before and sometimes after that of the Western Church—though very rarely—as in 1865 it falls upon the same day.

Easter customs, sports, and superstitions afford a wide field of interest. While many of them have existed almost from the first celebration of this festival, and are found among Christians of all nationalities, there are others which are peculiar to peoples and places. In the middle districts of Ireland there is a superstition that the sun dances in the heavens on Easter morning. About eight or nine o'clock of the previous evening, called "Holy Saturday," the wives of prosperous farmers place many a fat hen and choice piece of juicy bacon in the family pot, and woe betide the luckless wight who ventures to taste before cock crow. At midnight, among universal expressions of joy, there are heard loud cries of "Out with the Lent!" Then, after a short period of merriment, the household retires to rest, rising again by four o'clock in the morning, "to see the sun dance." Nor is this superstition confined to the lower or middle classes, for I have been assured by persons of wealth and culture that they have repeatedly seen the sun dance on Easter morning.

The use of flowers to decorate churches at Easter has been in vogue from time immemorial, and they were originally intended as direct emblems of the resurrection, having risen in the spring from the earth in which, during the severe winter, they seem to have been buried.

There is an old superstition, that unless some new article of dress is worn on Easter, misfortune will be sure to follow throughout the year, as stated by the following couplet in "Poor Robin's Almanac":—

"At Easter let your clothes be new,
Or else be sure you will it rue."

An old English name for Easter was "God's Sunday." In Twickenham, England, it was long customary to divide two large cakes among the young people in the parish church; but, in 1645,

it was directed by Act of Parliament that thenceforward there should be bought, in lieu of the cakes, loaves of bread for the parish poor, and for many years it was customary to throw these loaves from the church tower, to be scrambled for by the poor children on the Thursday following Easter.

Among the peasantry of Spain it is the custom to choose an Easter King; and a good story is told of Charles the Fifth, that, during one of his journeys, he encountered one of these royal personages with a tin crown upon his head and a spit in his hand for a sceptre. Wholly ignorant of the real king's rank, the peasant ordered him, rather roughly, to take off his hat to the King of the Easter!

"Your Majesty," said the Prince, uncovering with a profound obeisance, "if you find royalty as troublesome as I do, you will soon be glad to abdicate."

Abstinence from meat on Easter Sunday will, it is said, avert fevers during the ensuing year. In certain parts of England, the first dish brought to the table on that day is a red herring, fashioned by the cook after the likeness of a man riding on horseback. A piece of bacon is then eaten to show abhorrence to Judaism. The usual Easter morning salutation among the primitive Christians was "Christ is risen," to which the response was, "He is risen indeed," or else, "And hath appeared unto Simon."

Parish clerks in the counties of Dorset and Devon leave, as an Easter offering, at the house of every parishioner, immediately after the church service on Good Friday, a large and a small white cake, having a mingled sweet and bitter taste. This is evidently a survival of the "bitter herbs" of the Passion Supper.

The oldest, most familiar, and most universal of all Easter customs, are those associated with eggs. Hundreds of years before Christ, eggs held an important place in the theology and philosophy of the Egyptians, Persians, Gauls, Greeks, and Romans, among all of whom an egg was the emblem of the universe, while the art of colouring it was profoundly studied. The sight of street boys striking their rival eggs together to see which is the stronger and shall win the other, was as common in the streets of Rome and Athens two thousand years ago, if we are to believe antiquarians, as it is in any of our American cities to-day. These eggs, now called Easter eggs, were originally called "Pasche eggs," corrupted to "Paste eggs," because connected with the Paschal, or Passover Feast.

One reason for associating an egg with the day on which our Saviour arose from the dead, may be that the little chick, entombed so to speak, in the egg, and rising from it into life, was regarded as typical of an ascension from the grave.

An old North-of-England custom is the exchanging of Easter eggs as presents, to which usage the sending of cards and other Easter offerings, of late years so much in vogue in this country, may be traced. It is also customary in England's northern counties, to elaborately "engrave" Easter eggs, by scraping off the dye with a penknife, thus leaving the design in white upon a coloured ground. The full name of the decorator, and the date of his or her birth, are often recorded in this manner, and these eggs, preserved as mantel ornaments for generations, present as reliable evidence of dates as the records of a family Bible.

At the Centenary of Sunday-schools in London, in 1880, a speaker said he asked a boy if his father was a Christian. The boy replied: "Yes, sir, he's a Christian, but he doesn't do much at it."

Easter Lilies.

A LITTLE maid walked smiling on her way,
Bearing white lilies on an Easter day;
Herself, a lily, pure and fair as they.

But as she passed they bore along the mart
A little child whom death had set apart,
His small hands lying empty on his heart.

Close to the bier the little maiden pressed,
And laid her lilies on the pulseless breast,
Saying, "Take these to light thee to thy rest."

"If to my Lord I bring no lily bell,
He is so near my heart he knows full well
I love him more than any tongue can tell."

She heard the organ's solemn voice that soared,
As if in heaven to seek the risen Lord,
Crowned by his angels, by his saints adored.

The little maid knelt down with reverent grace,
And a great light fell on her upturned face,
Bringing a vision of the heavenly place;

Wherein she saw her Lord, with smiling eyes,
Amid the countless hosts of Paradise,
Bearing the little child by death made wise.

Her very heart ran o'er with joy to see
Her lilies blooming by the Master's knee,
Grown fair as any deathless flowers might be.

While from the blessed child this message fell:
"Dear Lord, thy little maid who loves thee well,
Sends these, by me, her faithful love to tell."

Blessed are they whose prayers in deed find wing
Whose hands the gifts of humble service bring,
And in his lowly children serve their King.

Blessed are they who hear the Master plead
In every cry of human woe or need;
Lo! in their hearts the Lord is risen indeed.

One Easter Offering.

SHE was such a queer-looking little body. The faded dress and forlorn shoes were quite in keeping with the old red shawl which was thrown over her head and held tightly under the chin. But there was a brave look in her bright eyes as she stopped on the corner, as if hesitating which way to go.

Ruth and Rachel, on their way to school, walked a little slower, that they might watch the little stranger without being impolite.

"I believe I'll speak to her," said Ruth, who was the elder sister, and usually did the talking.

"Have you lost your way, little girl?" Startled, she only shook her head, and turned the other way.

"If you are going to school, this is the way," said Rachel, kindly.

This seemed to awaken unhappy thoughts, for she turned to them, the tears coming to her eyes.

"I can't go any more."

"Why not?" asked Rachel, much distressed.

"Tell us all about it."

"Cause I haven't any shoes, nor dress, nor—nothing," said the little stranger, desperately.

"The boys all call me 'rag-bag,' so mother said I shouldn't go again; but I'm going to have some soon"—brightening—"for I'm looking for some."

"Looking for some!"

"Yes. You know the mission-teacher says if we look for what we ask God for, we will find it—certain, sure; so I'm going to keep on. But, say," growing confidential, "would you go down the fine streets or the poor ones?"

"There's the bell, Rachel!" exclaimed Ruth; "we must go. Where do you live, little girl, and what is your name?"

Giving the name of a cross street not far distant, she added: "My real name is Katherine Marlow, but they all call me 'Kitty Marl,' 'cause my name is too long."

"We'll come to see you," called Rachel, as she ran after Ruth, who was walking very fast toward

the ringing bell. Just in time to escape the dreaded tardy mark, Rachel took her seat, thinking more of Kitty than of coming studies.

Queer how, all the long morning, thoughts of shoes and dresses would come into the lessons! The map of Africa looked like an immense shoe, just ready to walk off to join its mate, South America; and instead of figuring the cost of potatoes, as the Arithmetic lesson would have it, Rachel found herself trying to calculate the price of a calico dress.

It seems that Ruth's thoughts were travelling in the same direction, for as they walked toward home she said, abruptly: "Rachel, what size shoes do you wear?"

"I don't know," said Rachel, stopping to study the toe of her well-fitting boot. "Do you suppose mine would fit her?"

"Nonsense! You can't give her your shoes; we must manage to get her a pair somehow, for it's dreadful to think of her praying for something and not getting it—for may be all the time God means us to try and get the things, don't you see? Still, we haven't any money but our Easter offering, and, of course, we can't use that."

Ruth and Rachel had for months been saving toward an Easter offering, and it looked like a large sum to them; and it was large, if counted by self-denial and sacrifice. There was a bright silver dollar—Ruth's birthday present—to be spent just as she chose. Then there was a ten-cent piece, earned by Rachel wiping the dishes on Monday mornings; and several copper cents, representing as many self-denials of butter-scotch. The money counted four dollars and sixty-three cents, and it seemed a positive necessity to raise it to five dollars in the two weeks yet remaining before Easter Sunday.

However, this Easter offering never reached the much-desired sum. A queer little girl, living on a narrow street, was, before Easter-day, wearing a pair of shoes which took part of the money; and several other bright pieces had gone to pay for a plain hat, a dress, and other things. With mother's help, it was surprising how much the money bought.

"So we haven't any Easter offering, after all," said Ruth, dismally, the day before Easter Sunday. "But we can carry some wild flowers, any way."

And a beautiful basketful they had. The morning dawned for a bright day, and instead of the usual Easter-card, both Ruth and Rachel found upon their dressing-tables cards, on which was printed in gilt letters: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."—*Our Sabbath Home.*

Easter Thoughts.

THE world owes to Easter the best music and the best songs of the ages. Who can sing in this world, if there be no hope to pitch the key-note? If death is the *finale*, why should there be more in music than a moan? Build no organs. String in music no harps. Write no songs. Let the souging of the winter winds through the dark pines suffice. At best, chant requiems. Leave no place for Hal-lujahs! Plant cypresses and weeping willows, and give them names after the old mythological gods—Chaos and Erebus and Mors and Nox. And when our beloved die, bury them under the shadows of these trees of death, and raise no mound. Plant no flowers. Let the dead be dead, and let Love die, and Hope and Joy also; and let us call life a failure and a delusion. But, somehow, the Hymn of the Ages refuses to let Hope and Joy and Love die out of the world!

The Hymns say that "Death and sorrow, earth's

dark story, To the former days belong;" that "Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow, And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend;" that "Henceforth in Christ are no more dead, The grave hath no more prey." And with a vision of glory before his eyes, the poet sings:—

"The morning kindles all the sky,
The heavens resound with anthems high;
The shining angels, as they speed,
Proclaim, 'The Lord is risen indeed!'"

Now, all this that the poets sing has a foundation in fact. Jesus Christ did arise from the dead. He became the first-fruits of them that sleep. There is life after death. There is hope for the dying. There is comfort for the bereaved. And, better than all, the life which is brought to light is more than life. It is Life. It must be spelled with a capital letter, for it is more, vastly more, than warm vitalized blood, more than heartbeat, more than motion and force. It is Life. It is more than existence. It is Life from God. Life with God, Life from God, Life in God. Easter-day signifies all that Life at its best and largest signifies—Love, Strength, Hope, Peace, Rest. That Fact more than 1,850 years ago, which we commemorate on Easter Day, meant then, and means now, everything that the most capacious and richly-endowed and royal soul of man can conceive of and long for. It means that all glorious possibilities lie before the redeemed man, and simply await his willing embrace. Thank God for Easter Day, and all that it suggests and signifies!—*Our Youth.*

Easter Day.

'Twas Easter Day, glad Easter Day!
But Death, relentless, claimed as prey
Our best beloved; we prayed him nay
In vain that Easter Day.

For other hearts the song and bloom,
Our thoughts but lingered at the tomb;
We felt the hush, the loss, the gloom
That cheerless-Easter Day.

And ah! for her whose short'ning breath
Too surely owns the victor Death,
'Can ought atone, the human saith,
For pang of Easter Day?

For her celestial bloom and psalm,
And health, and joy, and rest, and calm;
For her the harp, the robe, the palm,
O blessed Easter Day.

May we not join Earth's glad refrain?
She lives with God, released from pain,
The one we loved. Aye, Death but gain,
This joyous Easter Day.

The Kingfisher.

THE kingfisher is a large and beautiful bird, is very fond of fish, and is a skilful fisherman. Seated on a branch which overhangs a stream he watches with his keen eyes every movement in the water beneath. As soon as he sees a fish he darts into the water and usually succeeds in capturing him. If the fish be small he swallows him at once; but if it be of good size he carries it to a stump or stone and beats it two or three times against wood or rock until it is insensible, and then swallows it at his leisure.

Sometimes, however, in his greediness, Mr. Kingfisher gets too large a mouthful, and then he chokes to death or is carried into the water and drowned by the fish he has caught, or which has caught him. A gentleman once saw a kingfisher thus struggling in the water with a fish, when a huge pike came to the surface and took both bird and fish with him down to the cavernous depths below, where he doubtless made a good meal of both of them. Fishing is a very uncertain business.

Easter Bells.

BY L. A. MORRISON.

EASTER bells! Glad Easter bells!
Ring your silver jubilee;
Earth's redemption-chorus swells
In your matin melody.
Breaks the light o'er land afar,
Long in error's sadden'd sway;
Rolls apace the tones which are
Heralds of millennial day.

Peal with joy for Easter morn!
Golden glory gilds the sky:
Once, the Son—of Mary born—
Born for human weal to die.
In the cross and passion paid
All the penalties of sin;
For the full atonement made,
Rising, brought the Easter in.

So, sweet bells, ring hope and peace
Unto all who hear your chime;
Bid the restless surgings cease—
Quell the turbulence of Time.
Laud the right and leash the wrong;
Praise the truth, and on your wings
Bear her Easter triumph song,
Till the world its homage brings.

Easter bells! Glad Easter bells!
Ring for Freedom's golden reign,
And the harmony which dwells
Where her peaceful laws obtain!
Peal for Christ, and crown him King!
By his grace our souls are free;
Then your silver tongues may sing
Easter golden jubilee!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK.

A. D. 30] LESSON IV. [April 28

DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE FORETOLD.

Mark 13. 1-13. Memory verses, 1, 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But I say unto you, That in this place is one greater than the temple. Matt. 12. 6.

OUTLINE.

1. Prophecy, v. 1, 2.
2. Warning, v. 3-8.
3. Advice, v. 9-13.

TIME.—30 A. D.

PLACES.—Jerusalem. Mount of Olives.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The teaching of Jesus was done. He had bidden farewell to the temple, and was returning for the rest at Bethany before he should come back to the passover and death. On the summit of Olivet, or somewhere on the pathway winding up its western slope, he paused, and spoke the words of the lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*What manner of stones.*—The immense size was what fastened the attention of the disciples. Some of them were twenty-four feet in length by six in thickness. *Thrown down*—Or, loosened down by gradual demolition. *Rumors of wars*—Or, threats of war; there were three such—one by Claudius, one by Caligula, and one by Nero. *Earthquakes*—Between this prophecy and the year 70 A. D., there were earthquakes in Crete, in Rome, in Laodicea, etc. *Famines*—There were four famines during the reign of Claudius, attended with great suffering, and terrible natural calamities. *Take no thought beforehand*—That is, be not anxious, or do not give way to worrying care.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Prophecy.*
By how many ways might Jesus have gone from the temple?
Where were the very great stones to which the disciples called his notice?
Did they refer to the temple when they spoke of the buildings?
What was the prophecy that Jesus made? ver. 2.
Was it ever fulfilled?
Does it show any thing concerning his character?
2. *Warning.*
What was the effect of this prophecy upon the disciples?
Why did only these four ask the question of ver. 4?

Did Jesus answer them as they desired?
What were the warnings which Jesus gave?
What historic evidence can you find that these warnings were well founded?
Mention some of the historic occurrences which fulfilled the prophecy of these warnings?

3. *Advice.*

How soon was action on the advice of Jesus needed?
What ones of the disciples were brought before councils and tried?
What one of the apostles was brought before kings?
What ones, if any, were scourged?
Does the advice of Jesus in ver. 11 mean that men should preach or teach without preparation?
What preparation had these men already had for their work?
What great need of the Church to-day is pointed out in ver. 11?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Earthly insignificance is here taught. The great stones of the arch of the bridge from David's palace to the royal porch have crumbled and fallen. Christ's word stands stronger in this century than in any previous one.

Many false Christs and false religions have arisen, and will. Many have been deceived. But God is not deceived. As you sow, so will you reap.

How hard human ills are to bear! See the picture in vers. 12 and 13. But there is salvation for fidelity. For God is stronger than all sin.

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day mus win."

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Read very carefully the first fourteen verses of the 24th chapter of Matthew.
2. This lesson should be studied with an historical commentary, to see how much of this prophecy was fulfilled.
3. Read such parts of Josephus as bear on the story; or any good history of the Jews under Claudius, Caligula, Nero, Vespasian, and Titus.
4. From the Acts of the Apostles find all mention of persecutions and sufferings endured by Peter, James, and John.
5. Read Paul's own account of his sufferings in 2 Cor. 11. 21-28.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What prophecy did Jesus make in this lesson? The destruction of the city. 2. What question did four disciples ask? When it should be. 3. What did Jesus say must first come? Wars, sorrows, earthquakes, famines. 4. How widely did he say the Gospel must first be published? Among all nations. 5. What previous utterance of Jesus is proven by these prophecies? "But I say unto you," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The end of the world.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

19. How did Jesus Christ show that he was a teacher sent from God?
By performing signs and wonders such as could be performed only by the power of God.

A. D. 30] LESSON V. [May 5

THE COMMAND TO WATCH.

Mark 13. 24-37. Memory verses, 35-37.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is. Mark 13. 33.

OUTLINE.

1. The Son Coming, v. 24-32.
2. The Servants Watching, v. 33-37.

TIME.—30 A. D.

PLACE.—Mount of Olives.

CONNECTING LINKS.—This a part of the same conversation which was begun in the last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*From the four winds*—That is, from every part of the earth. *The uttermost part of the earth*, etc.—That is, from the farthest part of the earth, then believed to be a great plain met everywhere by the sky. *Branch yet tender*—The new green sprout of the tree. *At the cock-crowing*—At three o'clock in the morning. These divisions mark the quarters of the night.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Son Coming.*
How has the prophecy of this lesson changed from that of the last?

What great natural phenomena shall mark this era?

How had Jesus in another place described this coming? Matt. 25. 31, etc.

What prophecy did angels afterward make concerning it? Acts 1. 11.

What is to be his first act at his coming?

How does Paul describe this same scene? 1 Thess. 4. 16, 17.

Does ver. 30 refer to the first part of this chapter or the last?

How much was fulfilled before the generation had passed?

To what does ver. 32 refer?

Will you explain the thought in ver. 32?

2. *The Servants Watching.*

If the thought of ver. 32 is true, what is the evident duty of all Christians?

By what parables had Jesus previously illustrated this truth? Matt. 24. 43; 25. 1-12.

How does the close of these parables compare with our present lesson? Matt. 24. 44 and 25. 13, and vers. 35 and 37 of this lesson.

How is the Son of man like the man in ver. 34?

For what was the porter here commanded to watch?

In what sense are Christians like these servants?

Why ought good servants not to be found sleeping?

What things prove that this instruction could not have been designed simply for the hearers? vers. 32, 35, and 37.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Notice thoughtfully the circumstances under which Jesus spoke these words; then remember:

There is an end coming. Are you ready?

There is to be a separation when he comes. The elect will be gathered to his kingdom. Are you one?

There will be some, perhaps, sleeping. Will you?

He has laid great duties upon us, not of performance, but of patience. Take heed. Watch!

You are ignorant; watch and pray.

No man is omitted: to every man he gives a work; therefore, watch!

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. We advise each student to commit all of this lesson to memory.
2. Do not try to force these words down to actual application to any occurrences. They are partly fulfilled, and partly unfulfilled. But study them with believing hearts.
3. Make practical application of ver. 31. Show how the last clause has been repeatedly fulfilled.
4. Read Christ's description of the judgment given in Matt. 25.
5. Read carefully all the teachings of Scripture concerning Christ's second coming. Zech. 14. 5, last clause; Acts 1. 11; 17. 31; 1 Thess. 4. 16; 2 Thess. 1. 7; Heb. 9. 28; Rev. 1. 7.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Of what day is Jesus speaking in these verses? Of his final coming. 2. By what signs will it be attended? "The powers in heaven shall be shaken." 3. With whom only did he say rested the knowledge of these things? Only with God the Father. 4. What duty did he lay upon the disciples because of this uncertainty. "Take ye heed," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christian watchfulness.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

20. What do you mean by the Holy Spirit's inspiration?
That he put it into the minds of holy men to write, and instructed them how to write.

WHAT a man can do in the world is largely decided by what a man is determined that he will do in the world. A tallow-candle can be driven through an oak plank, if only a fair charge of powder is at the back of it in the rifle-barrel.

THERE is a town in Australia called Random. A resident of that place, being absent from it and being asked where he lived, said he "lived at Random." He was taken up as a vagrant.

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