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WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As ye would
that they
should
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TORONTO, APRIL 6, 1889.

[No. 7.]

VOL. VII.]



A MANYEMA CHIEF.

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

VII.

FRED BARKER, according to Frank Pocock, had good health till the middle of April; after which he began to experience aguish fits. On the 23rd, he complained of feeling ill, and lay down, and soon the poor man was dead. I missed young Barker very much. He had begun to endear himself to me by his bright intelligence and valuable services. When ill, my least wish was immediately gratified;

he understood the least motion or sign. But Frank had other bad news to tell. Mabruki Speke, the faithful servant of Burton, Speke, Grant, Livingstone, one of the most trusted men of my present following, was dead, and four others.

Our return to Kagehyi was followed by Sabbath repose and rest, fairly earned and much needed. I found I weighed only 115 pounds, just 63 pounds less when leaving Zanzibar. I owed this excessive reduction of flesh to scant fare and days of hunger, not to sickness. Sweet were those first days of rest! Frank was

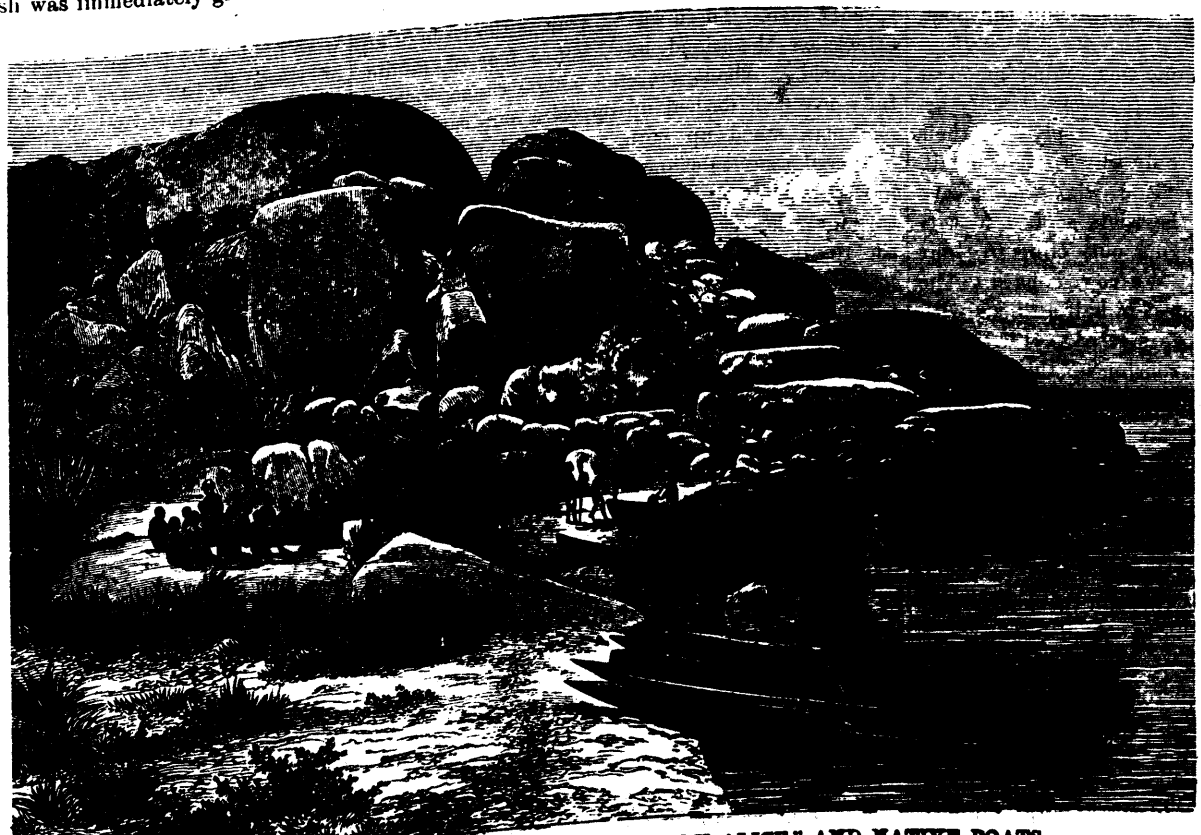
eager to hear all that had befallen us in our thousand miles' sail round the lake, and the Wangwana formed circles many deep, to hear the Iliad of our woes. What hearty sympathizers those poor, black, untutored men were! Kaduma was all amazement. Then came sickness. The African fever, having found my frame weakened from privations, attacked me vigorously, and reduced me seven pounds in weight. But I quinnized myself thoroughly from dawn of day to set of sun, and the fifth day stepped out, sallow, pale, weak, and trembling, it is true, with jaundiced eyes, palpitating heart, and ringing ears—but the fever had been conquered.

My duty urged me to proceed to Uganda. Lake Albert must be visited, for I had given my word of honour that I would attempt it. Yet the land route was impassable, and to all appearance so also was the lake route. On the 29th, after providing myself with presents such as might win any African's good will—fine rugs, blankets, crimson cloth, and striped cloths of Kutch and Muscat, besides beads of a rare quality, and other things too numerous to mention, equal to about eight hundred dollars' worth—I started for Msossi. When I arrived, the king, a handsome, open-faced, light-coloured young man of twenty-six years old, merely

gazed his fill. No business could be commenced on this day. On the second day, with the greatest possible suavity, I proposed that he should either sell or lend me thirty canoes. All his objections were met and overruled by the exhibition of my presents. But when he saw me thus publicly expose the gorgeous cloths in broad daylight, he trembled, and bade me cover them up quickly, saying that he would visit me in my hut at night, and that I might rest assured he would do his best for me. On the evening of the 4th of June, he stole into my hut at night, in company with his faithful premier and four principal chiefs, and here I presented him with two fine rugs, one Scotch plaid, two red blankets, ornaments of copper, thirty fine cloths, fifty fundo of beads, and two coils of brass wire, besides various other things, such as dishes, plates, tin pots, etc. His chiefs received five cloths each and five fundo (a fundo consists of ten necklaces) of beads, and two fathoms each of brass wire. Said he, "I am going to give you twenty-three canoes and their paddles. Good-bye. I have said all."

Meanwhile I had despatched messengers to all districts around to summon the people to a grain market, whereat all grain brought to Kagehyi would be purchased. By the 19th of June, twelve

thousand pounds of grain, millet, and Indian corn, and five hundred pounds of rice, had been purchased and stowed in cloth sacks, each containing about one hundred pounds. At early dawn we began the embarkation of one hundred and fifty men, women, and children, with one hundred loads of cloth, beads, and wire, eighty-eight sacks of grain, and thirty cases of ammunition; and as I could not delegate to others the care of the flotilla without feeling uncontrollable anxiety about it, the *Lady Alice*, loaded with most of the ammunition, led the way at 9 a.m. to Mabibi.



GRANITE ROCKS OF WEZE ISLAND. THE "LADY ALICE" AND NATIVE BOATS.

At length intense darkness set in. We could not see one another, though we could hear the measured, rhythmic beat and splash of oar and paddle, but no voices. Now and then I flashed a wainght over the dark waste as a beacon to the thoughtless and unwary. By this means, and by threats of punishment to those who strayed from the line, the canoes were kept together. We had proceeded quietly for three hours in the darkness, when suddenly shrill cries were heard for "the boat." Hurrying to the spot, I managed to distinguish, to my astonishment, round dark objects floating on the water, which we found to be the heads of men who were swimming towards us from a foundering canoe. We took the frightened people on board, and picked up four bales of cloth, but a box of ammunition and four hundred pounds of grain had sunk. We moved forward again, but had scarcely gone half a mile when again piercing cries from the deep gloom startled us. "The boat, oh, the boat!" was screamed in frenzied accents. As we steered for the spot, I lit a wax taper and set fire to the leaves of a book I had been reading during the afternoon, to lighten up the scene. Heads of struggling men, and bales, were seen here likewise in the water, and a canoe turned bottom up with a large rent in its side; and while distributing these among the other canoes, we heard to our alarm that five guns had sunk, but fortunately no lives were lost or other property, except four sacks of grain.

My boat was now up to her gunwale with twenty-two men and thirty loads, and if a breeze rose, she would, unless we lightened her of property, inevitably sink. Through the darkness I shouted out to the frightened men, that if any more canoes collapsed, the crews should at once empty out the grain and beads, but on no account abandon their boats, as they would float and sustain them until I could return to save them. I had scarcely finished speaking before the alarming cries were raised again: "Master, the canoe is sinking! Quick, come here. Oh, master, we cannot swim!" Again I hurried up to the cries, and distinguished two men paddling vigorously, while five were baling. I was thinking how I could possibly assist them, when other cries broke out: "The boat! Bring the boat here! Oh, hurry—boat, the boat!" Then another broke out, "And we are sinking—the water is up to our knees. Come to us, master, or we die! Bring the boat, my master!"

It was evident that a panic was raging amongst the timid souls, that the people were rapidly becoming utterly unnerved. In reply to their frenzied cries, and as the only way to save us all, I shouted out sternly: "You who would save yourselves, follow me to the islets as fast as you can; and you who are crying out, cling to your canoes until we return." We rowed hard. The moon rose also, and cheered us in half an hour with a sight of land, for which we steered. Her brightness had also the effect of rousing up the spirits of the Wangwana; but still the piteous cries were heard far behind: "Master, oh, master! bring your boat—the boat!"

"Hark to them, my boys—hark," I sang out to my crew, and they responded to my appeal by causing the *Lady Alice* to fly through the water, though the waves almost curled over her sides. "Pull my men; shoot her through the water; life and death hang on your efforts. Pull like heroes." She hissed through the waves, as ten men, bending with the wildest, most desperate effort, spurred her with their oars. "Hurrah, my boys, here is our island! pull and defy the black water—your brothers are drowning!"

We reached land—shot the goods out, lightened

her of the wreck men, and flew back again, skimming over the dark surface. Away we flew to the rescue, blowing the bugle to announce our approach. We passed three or four canoes, racing by us to the islets. The lake was calm, and the moon shone clear and strong, casting a golden light upon the waters.

"You are brave fellows; pull, my sons; think of those poor men in the lake in sinking canoes." The crew almost cracked their hearts in the mighty efforts they made; their quick-swaying figures, the deep sighs which burst from their breasts, the careering boat, the excited helmsman, everything sympathized with me. I seized one of the oars myself to relieve a lad, and to assist the force which now dashed the boat over the water. She seemed instinct with life.

We now heard the cries for aid, "Oh, the boat! Master, bring the boat!" came once more pealing over the golden lake from the foundering canoes.

"Do you hear, men? break the oars—lift the boat over the water. We will save them yet. It is to-night or never!"

With fresh force she bounded onward. Every fibre of our straining bodies, and the full strength of our energies were roused, and in five minutes we ran alongside first one canoe, then a second and a third—until again the boat was down in the water to within an inch of her gunwale. But all the people, men, women, and children, were saved. The light material of which the canoes were constructed had sufficed to float the loads that were in them.

We rested until help should arrive, and presently Uledi's and Shumari's canoes were seen advancing side by side, with lines of pale foam flashing from each bow, as they were driven with the force of strong men towards us. With loud, glad cries they stopped their furious career alongside, and the first words they uttered were, "Are all safe?" "Yes, all," we replied. "Elhamd-ulillah!" ("Thanks be to God!") they answered fervently. Our loss during this fearful night was five canoes, five guns, one case of ammunition, and twelve hundred pounds of grain.

On the 6th July I re-embarked all the people, animals, and effects of the Expedition from Refuge Island.

Including the crews of the canoes, and the natives, I had now a force of four hundred and seventy men. There was no fear of the issue of an attack on the island now, but a fear of famine remained. About sunset a single canoe, powerfully manned, dashed up opposite our camp, and one man stood up with spear and shield, and delivered a stout defiance, after which the canoe as hastily departed. It was apparent that our departure for Uganda would be hotly contested, but of the result there could be but one opinion. The number of canoes would be probably a hundred, which, with a crew of ten men in each, would amount to a thousand, against which number I could offer seventy guns, and about three hundred and fifty effective spearmen of Uganda.

Alone with myself, I began to discuss seriously the strict line of duty. If it were a military Expedition that I commanded, duty would have pointed out the obvious course to follow; but it was an Expedition organized solely for the purposes of exploration, with a view to search out new avenues of commerce to the mutual advantage of civilization and such strange lands as we found suitable for commercial and missionary enterprise. But whatever its character, its members possessed the privilege of self-defence, and might justly adopt any measures, after due deliberation, for self-protection. The principles of right and justice every educated Christian professes to understand, and

may be credited with a desire to observe, but in addition to these, it was desirable in a person in my position—knowing how frequently it is necessary to exercise them in barbarous lands—to remember charity and forbearance, in order to ensure the objects in view, and to create good impressions for the benefit of those who might succeed the pioneer.

The Expedition was now ready to move towards Uganda, but the waterway had first to be opened; whatever plot was on hand must be frustrated, and treachery punished; otherwise impunity would inspire an audacity which might be dangerous to our safety. There lay the vital, absolute, and imperative necessity of meeting the savages lest they should meet us. For they were by this time reinforced by about two thousand auxiliaries from the mainland. As I could not see any way to avoid the conflict, I resolved to meet them on their own island, and by one decisive stroke break this overweening savage spirit. Accordingly next morning a couple of ammunition boxes were opened, and twenty rounds distributed to each man who bore a rifle or musket; two hundred and thirty spearmen and fifty musketeers were detailed for a fighting party, and eighteen canoes were prepared to convey them to Bumbireh. The force was mustered, and I addressed it to this effect:—"My friends and Wangwana,—We must have the sea clear. Whatever mischief these people have meditated must be found out by us, and be prevented. I am about to go and punish them for the treacherous murder of our friends. I shall not destroy them, therefore none of you are to land unless we find their canoes, which we must break up. We must fight till they or we give in, for it can only be decided in this manner. While in the fight, you will do exactly as I tell you, for I shall be able to judge whether their fierce spirit is broken, or whether we will have to fight on land."

As the distance to Bumbireh was about eight miles, we did not arrive until about 2 p.m. before the former island. It was evident that the savages had expected us, for the heights of the hilly ridge were crowded with large masses, and every point was manned with watchmen. It was clear that the main force of the natives was ready in the shadows of the grove. Calling the canoes together, I told the chiefs to follow my boat, and to steer exactly as I did. We made a feint of entering into the cove, but when near the point, seeing that we were hidden by the lofty hill from the observation of those in the grove and of the lookouts, we swerved to the left, and, clinging to the land, pulled vigorously until we came to a cape, after rounding which we came in view of a fine and noble bay to our right.

By this manœuvre the enemy was revealed in all his strength. The savages, imagining we were about to effect a landing hurried from their coverts, between two thousand and three thousand in number. Arrived within one hundred yards of the land, we anchored in line, the stone anchors being dropped from midships that the broadsides might front the shore. I told Lukanjah of Ukerewé to ask the men of Bumbireh if they would make peace, whether we should be friends, or whether we should fight.

"Nangu, nangu, nangu!" ("No, no, no!") they answered loudly, while they flourished spears and shields. "We will do nothing but fight."—"You will be sorry for it afterwards."

"Huh," incredulously. "Come on; we are ready."

Further parley was useless; so each man having taken aim was directed to fire into a group of fifty or thereabouts. The savages, perceiving the disastrous effect of our fire on a compact body, scattered, and came bounding down to the water's edge, some of the boldest advancing until they were

hip-deep in water; others, more cautious, sought the shelter of the cane-grass, whence they discharged many sheaves of arrows, all of which fell short of us. The savages gallantly held the water-line for an hour. Perceiving that their spirit was abating, we drew the canoes together, and made a feint, as though we were about to make a precipitate landing, which caused them to rush forward by hundreds with their spears on the launch. The canoes were then suddenly halted, and a volley was fired into the spearmen, which quite crushed their courage, causing them to retreat up the hill far away from the scene. Our work of chastisement was complete.

Having thus shown sufficient boldness in meeting the enemy and demonstrated our ability for the encounter, it was now clear that the passage of the channel, with the women and children and property of the Expedition, might be performed without danger. Accordingly, on the 5th August, at early dawn, we began the embarkation. The fourteen Kiganda canoes were large, with ample storage room, and all the goods, ammunition, and asses, and all the timid, men, women, children, and Wanyamwezi, were placed in these. Our twenty-three smaller canoes proved sufficient to transport the remainder, consisting of the more active members of the party, who were directed, in the event of trouble, to range on either side.

At the tap of the drum, without which no party of Waganda march, and a cheery blast from Hamadi's bugle, the thirty-seven canoes and boat, containing six hundred and eighty-five souls, departed from our island cove towards Bumbireh. We coasted along the much indented shores of the savage island, and on the 12th August reached Dumo, in Uganda.

(To be continued.)

An Unaccountable Knock.

SOME years ago a gentleman removed into a new house, with his family. Shortly after, he was aroused in the middle of the night by a distinct knocking at his bed-room door. He called out, "Who is there?" but there was no reply. After a few minutes, the knocking was repeated as distinctly as before. Again the question was asked, "Who is there?" and again no reply. The third knocking was very loud, and the irritated gentleman sprang out of bed and rushed to the door, determined to catch the knocker. But there was no one outside! And no one could have escaped down the staircase, which was a well-staircase, and, moreover, brilliantly lighted by the moon.

It did seem rather mysterious, and the bewildered man returned to bed with a beating heart, and ears painfully awake. Again came the knocking, clear and distinct as before! Although feeling rather uneasy, the gentleman crept silently to the door, and lay down with his head on the boards, a few feet from the door, to find out, if possible, from what part of the door the knocking proceeded. When it came again he could distinctly refer it to the lowest panel. Suddenly he opened the door, but again with no result. He discovered, however, the knuckle-bone of a leg of lamb, and, fixing his eyes on this, he saw that it was jerked repeatedly against the skirting of the boards.

The mystery was now revealed. A mouse had dragged this bone to the entrance of its hole, but could not pull it through. It was holding on by the tough bit of sinew attached to the end of the bone, and was jerking it back and forward, thus producing the knocking sound which had seemed so mysterious.

This story shows that many sights and sounds which seem mysterious, may be explained by a little perseverance and common sense.

George III. in the Private Chapel at Windsor.

A GENTLEMAN, who was present in the private chapel about a year before His Majesty's last illness, has given a touching description of the scene, as witnessed by him. He says, "As the clock struck eight a.m., the gates of the castle were opened, and the King was conducted to the private chapel by an attendant, who left him there alone. The chaplain soon after came, and while he was looking over the prayer-book, after his private devotion, the King was led to his chair, having entered the chapel followed by two of the princesses and a lady in waiting.

"When the service began, His Majesty acted as clerk through every prayer, in audible voice. At the petition, 'Give peace in our time, O Lord,' His Majesty, with his hands uplifted, responded, 'Because there is none other that fighteth for us,' adding, with the strongest emphasis, 'but only thou, O God!'

"The King followed the chaplain through the Psalms, apparently very seldom at a loss, but saying the words as correctly as if he possessed his eyesight, and had a book before him. The words of the Creed were repeated after the minister with specially distinct and audible voice.

"I afterwards saw His Majesty's prayer-book, and was shown that where we implore the Almighty to bless and preserve 'Thy servant George, our most gracious king and governor,' these words had been crossed through with a pen, and the words substituted, in the King's own writing, 'An unworthy sinner.'

"That the devoutness of the King in public worship did not consist in outward form, we know from the whole tenor of his life, and notably from what is recorded of the deeply-affecting interviews with his favourite daughter, the Princess Amelia, during her last illness.

"My dear child," he said on one of these occasions, 'you have always been a good child to your parents. We have nothing to reproach you with. But I need not tell you that it is not of yourself that you can be saved, and that your acceptance with God must depend on your faith and trust in the merits of the Redeemer.'

"I know it," said the Princess, gently, yet decidedly; 'I know it, and I could wish for no better trust.'

"It was truly a striking scene, the old and almost blind father bending over the couch, and thus speaking to his loved child."

Worth Imitating.

AN English Sunday-school teacher said to her scholars, recently:

"Don't go away thinking what great things you can do; but with open eyes, and hearts, and hands, be ready for any opportunities that may come in your way.

Not long since, a little, hungry-looking girl knocked at my door, and asked for some water to drink. Such a strange thing, I thought, for a child to want on a cold morning; but I took down a cup, and told her where she could draw some; and then another little girl, with a baby in her arms, came up, and wanted to have some too. I was rather busy, and should have let them go when they brought back the cup; but just then the thought came to me, perhaps here was some one for me to minister to; and I stayed to ask them a few questions. They had had very little breakfast, and their mother had gone out to work, and told them not to beg, and they should have some supper when she came home. They had no fire at home, when she came out for a walk. I brought them

in to have a warm at our fire, wondering what more I could do. The saucepan was on the fire ready to boil the potatoes for dinner. It did not take long to wash, and scrape, and boil them, with something more I found to put in the saucepan; and it did make me feel happy to see how those hungry little girls ate it up.

"I have mentioned this incident to show that we should always consider others before ourselves; leave things we want to do, and do things we don't like doing, to prove that our love is not selfish, but real and true."

Reader, do you not think that this Sunday-school teacher's example is worth imitating? She obeyed the impulse of her heart, and seized the opportunity at hand to do good, and thus was enabled to feed the hungry, thereby securing to herself a great blessing; for Christ has said: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Keep Nothing From Mother.

AND they spun the fine white thread;
One face was old the other young—
A golden and a silver head;
They sat at the spinning together.

At times the young voice broke in song
That was wonderfully sweet,
And the mother's heart beat deep and calm,
Her joy was most complete.

There was many a holy lesson,
Inwoven with silent prayer,
Taught to her gentle, listening child,
As they sat spinning there.

"And all that I speak, my darling,
From older head and heart,
God giveth me one last thing to say,
With it thou shalt not part:

"Thou wilt listen to many voices,
And O that these must be!—
The voice of praise, the voice of love,
And the voice of flattery.

"But listen to me, my little one,
There's one thing thou shalt fear—
Let ne'er a word to my love be said
Her mother may not hear.

"No matter how true, my darling one,
The word may seem to thee,
They are not fit for my child to hear,
If not indeed for me.

"If thou'lt ever keep your young heart pure,
Thy mother's heart from fear,
Bring all that is told thee by day
At night to thy mother's ear."

As thus they sat spinning together,
An angel bent to see
The mother and child whose happy life
Went on so lovingly.

A record was made by his golden pen;
This on the page he said:
The mother who counselled her child so well
Need never feel afraid;

For God would keep the heart of the child
With tender love and fear,
Who liaps at her mother's side at night,
All to her mother's ear.

Interesting Daughters.

AT a woman's missionary conference, not long since, while discussing the question, "How shall we interest our daughters in the subject of missions?" it is said that a sweet-faced old Methodist lady remarked that some things which had been said reminded her of a story of a farmer whom a stranger observed harnessing a colt with its mother. When asked the reason therefor, he replied: "O, it's the way I take to break him into the work. Trotting by the side of his mother, he soon learns to do just as she does, so that when the time comes for him to go alone, I have no trouble with him."

The Dawn of Spring.

WHILE the hedgerows and the trees are bare
From meadow and coppice and lane
Is wafted a fragrance rare
To gladden the earth again!
What is it? What is it?
What news does it bring?
'Tis the scent of the violet,
The breath of the Spring!

When the dark and the daylight meet,
High up in the vault of heaven
Is heard a song more sweet
Than any to mortals given?
What is it? What is it?
What news does it bring?
'Tis the song of the skylark,
The voice of the Spring!

The dull dark winter is passed,
And over the waking land
A wonderful beauty is cast,
That we cannot but understand!
What is it? What is it?
What news does it bring?
'Tis the grace of a maiden,
The face of the Spring!

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

TORONTO, APRIL 6, 1889.

God's Plans.

MANY men wreck their lives by determinedly carrying out their own plans without reference to the plans of God. In an army, every part, every brigade and regiment, must wait the commander's orders. If any battalion moves independently, though ever so heroically, it not only confuses the whole plan of battle, but brings disaster to itself as well in the end. So each individual must always wait for God's command to move. Keep your eye on the pillar of cloud and fire that leads. Rest when the pillar rests, move when it moves. Never lag behind, but be sure you never run ahead. You can make the clock strike before the hour by putting your own hands to it, but it will strike wrong. You can hurry the unfolding of God's providence, but you will only mar the divine plan unless you wait for him.

You can tear the rose-bud open before the time when it would naturally open, but you destroy the beauty of the rose. So we spoil many a gift or blessing which God is preparing for us by our own eager haste. He would weave all our lives into patterns of loveliness. He has a perfect plan for each. It is only when we refuse to work according to his plan that we mar the web. Stop meddling with the threads of your life as they come from the

Lord's hands. Every time you interfere you make a flaw. Keep your hands off, and let God weave as he pleases. Do you think you know better than he does what your life ought to be?

Deep-Sea Wonders.

BY EMMA J. WOOD.

WHEN reading the many stories of "Deep-Sea Wonders," did you ever think of the world in which these curious creatures live, and question as to what sort of a place the ocean may be?

It is a big, big place. So big that if Mr. Elephant and Mr. Whale should each make up his mind to take a journey—the one to travel all over the land and the other all over the ocean—Mr. Elephant would get through his trip, and have time for another, before Mr. Whale reached home again; for there is twice as much sea as land. But, then, the whale would have the best of it one way. He would come to no land that he could not swim around; for the oceans are so joined together as to be only one body of water, while the land is so divided up that it is impossible to get to every country without a boat.

The ocean traveller, looking down, would see where the corals, in all shapes, sizes, and colours, make a perfect garden of beauty. He would notice the glitter and sparkle of their scales, as the bright-coloured fish swam around over the soft carpet of sea-weeds, which many a pearly shell held in place. In some spots he would see tiny white specks, like the smallest snow-flakes, falling, falling all the time. These are little shells that are piling up on each other, and making great beds of chalk. He would go on and on, the water getting colder as he went, till he came to the ice-regions of the north or south, where he could

scarcely get along for the huge icebergs and great masses of ice so thickly crowded together on the surface. But, may be, Mr. Whale could manage to dive under, and so get up to the very pole, and find out all the secrets that men have tried so long to discover, but have not yet found out.

As our sailor goes along, he will find himself in a great stream, whose rushing waters carry him on like a river—which indeed it is—for there are rivers in the ocean as well as on land, only here they are called currents. If he gets into a current going toward the poles, he will find it warmer than the water around him; while, if it is going the other way, it will be very much colder. These ocean rivers are larger than any on land. One of them is said to be over thirty miles wide in some places, and nearly half-a-mile deep. Strange, is it not, that these currents go right along through the ocean without getting all mixed up with the rest of the water?

He can tell all about the saltness of the sea, but is not wise enough to know that if this salt were taken out and placed evenly over the earth it would make a layer over thirty feet high. But he knows that the water is saltier in some places than in others; for up there in the ice-regions it did not taste so very salt, and when he came down where that great river ran in from the land it was so very fresh that he had to hurry out of it as fast as he could.

But there are a great many things dissolved in the sea besides salt, and among these is silver. It is said there are over two million tons of it—enough to make a great many silver dollars! Ask him the colour of the ocean, and he begins to say over every colour he can possibly think of, for he has seen it look all sorts of ways. Although generally it is a bluish-green, yet if you put



DEEP-SEA WONDERS.



WARRIOR OF UKEREWE—WITH ARMLETS AND ANKLETS.

little in a vase it will be colourless. So it must be either the bottom, or something in the water itself, that makes it look so different in different places and at different times. It is light-green near shore, where that beautiful white sand covers the bottom; while if the sand is yellow, the green will be very dark. If there is red earth at the bottom, or the sea swarms with little animals, or there is a covering of sea weed down below, the waters will be red, yellow, or green, according to what is in them; and, of course, at night the phosphorescent animals do their part to make an ocean of fire.

Mr. Whale would almost laugh if you should ask him if the ocean is like a great basin, with sloping sides and a flat bottom; for he knows so well that in it are level plains, deep valleys, little hills, and high mountains; some so high that they stick out of the water, making islands. Then, too, down beneath the waves, are caves and caverns, and even springs of fresh water bubbling up—for the ocean is only land with water over it; and geologists tell us that, thousands and thousands of years ago, the very spot on which we now live was an ocean, too.

While talking about his travels, Mr. Whale might tell how the different sea people live. On the very bottom are shell-fish and worms; next, some fish that stay just about that deep, never going any higher or lower; above them still others; and so on, to the top, like a great tenement house, three or four miles high, each tenant having his own story to live in. There are a few that seem to be rich enough to afford a whole house to themselves; for they are found sometimes at the top, and then down at the bottom, stopping to get something to eat, or to frolic about a little on the way down.

And the great waves! Mr. Whale knows all about these, for was there not a great storm while he was taking his long journey, and did he not see the waves rise till they were thirty feet high? At least it seemed so to him. To be sure, that was only once, and he did not measure them that time; but often and often he saw them when they rose twice as high as a very tall man. He did not fancy these great waves very much. They were so strong that, heavy as he was, they could toss him up and down like a ball. When near the shore they would carry him straight along, and he would get somewhere; but out at sea they just rose and fell, and he would be carried backward and forward, and finally left in the place from which he started.

Ah! but the ocean is a world full of wonders. And now Mr. Whale must say "good-bye," and leave you to find out for yourselves the rest about the deep sea and its wonders.

Legend of the Fuchsia.

'Tis said that when upon the Cross
The sinless Saviour died,
And the soldier with his cruel spear
Had pierced his precious side,
The holy drops flowed at his feet
Then fell upon the sod,
Where Mary, kneeling, wept for him—
Her son and yet her God.

An angel who was kneeling near
Thus breathed a prayer to heaven:
"Oh, Father, let them not be lost,
Those drops so freely given,
But in some form of beauty, still
Let them remain on earth;
And here upon the rugged hill,
(Give some sweet flowers birth.)"

When forth from the ensanguined sod
A fuchsia sprang that morn,
Rich crimson—dyed with Christ's own blood—
Wrapped in his robe of scorn.
Drooping with sorrow yet it bows
Ever its graceful head;
Shivering in the slightest breeze,
Trembling with fear and dread.

For the dark shadows of the Cross,
Can ne'er forgotten be,
Where all the perfume of its breath,
Was lost on Calvary.
Yes, offering its rich fragrance there,
As incense at his feet,
The fuchsia, tho' beautiful,
Can nevermore be sweet.

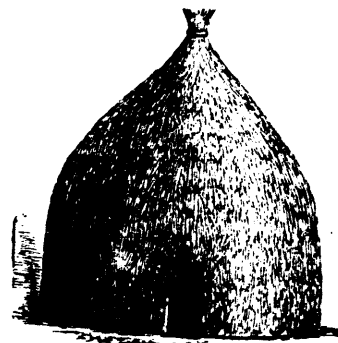
Words to Young Christians.

You have enlisted as a soldier of Christ. Every soldier needs to be trained and armed. Study the Bible closely, not merely for instruction in the truth, but as a means of spiritual strength for the practical duties of life. There are battles to fight, hence you must be armed with the whole armour of God. There is work to be done; you must be strong in the Lord, to do his work successfully. A true conversion means the full consecration of every power to the Master's service.

Be prayerful. God invites his children to cast their burdens upon him. The privilege of holding communion with God is an exalted and precious one. Through prayer we receive strength in weakness, light in darkness, and consolation in sorrow. All the great souls of the past were men and women of prayer. It is better to go to the Lord with your wants than to your best earthly friend. You may not always get the perplexing problem solved; but you can gain an increase of faith that will make it of less importance.

Be watchful. There are plausible and misleading forms of error, both in conduct and belief, against which you must constantly guard. It is wise to keep off doubting ground. Watch against the beginning of any wrong course. Some things which seem harmless in their initial forms, may be the beginning of a course which leads far away from God. There are things not positively wicked which may unduly occupy the mind and divert the thoughts from matters of supreme interest.

Be diligent. The experience of his salvation which God has given you is designed to qualify you to work and witness for Christ. There are always opportunities of helping others, if we only open our eyes to see them. There are children to whom the simple lessons of saving truth may be taught. There are wanderers to be brought back to the fold. There are weak and halting ones to whom a word of encouragement may be a benediction. No



NATIVE THATCHED HOUSE.

Christian can grow in faith and holiness who neglects the work which God calls him to do. Yet this work requires wisdom and tact. Without discretion, and a proper regard for the feelings of others, well meant efforts may do more harm than good.

Do not spend much time in examining your feelings and moods. Do not let your faith rest upon your feelings. The chief thing is to live near to God, and maintain an unfaltering purpose to do what he requires. Do not be satisfied with past attainments. It is the privilege of every child of God to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Rejoice Always.

Good friends, you may be sure of this, that God never sent a trial so bitter that a genuine Christ-filled Christian could not suck some honey out of it. God does not expect us to be callous under trial, nor ask us to make merry at a funeral; but offers to implant in us a calm, sober satisfaction—a serene sense that whatever God does is right; a sweet sense also of Christ's presence, and a delight in the smile of his countenance. This joy underlies the griefs of life and the disappointments, just as there is a profound peace in the depths of the Atlantic, while hurricanes are tossing its surface into foam.

Our happiness arises from what we are, not where we are. If we take Christ at his word when he says, "I am with you always," then we can rejoice in him always. That kind of joy is more than a privilege—it is a duty. Our Master commands us to "rejoice evermore;" to be wretched, therefore, is a sin. It dishonours our Lord, as every act of disobedience does. Spiritual joy is a sign of heart-health. Spiritual depression is an evidence of disease. When a baby moans and frets and cries, the mother says, "Something is wrong—this child is not well." Must not our loving Master, who is wiser and gentler than all mothers, regard us as disordered, and out of harmony with him, when we become sulky or morose, complaining and wretched?

We all expect to be happy when we reach heaven. Why not now? Why parse heaven in the future tense so perversely? It is a state, a condition of soul, as well as a locality. The possession of Christ is the beginning of heaven, and the more we have of him here, the more we shall have of him up yonder. Those who open every door and window of the heart to him, will find the same light and joy streaming in which shall constitute the bliss of the New Jerusalem. Wherefore, "again I say rejoice!"—*T. L. Cuyler, D.D.*

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.

The Voice in the Twilight.

I was sitting alone in the twilight,
With spirit troubled and vexed,
With thoughts that were morbid and gloomy
And faith that was sadly perplexed.

Some homely work I was doing
For the child of my love and care,
Some stitches half-wearily setting
In the endless deed of repair.

But my thoughts were about the building—
The work some day to be tried;
And that only the gold and the silver,
And the precious stones should abide.

And remembering my own poor efforts,
The wretched work I had done,
And, even when trying most truly,
The meagre success I had won—

"It is nothing but wood, hay and stubble,"
I said, "it will be burned,
This useless fruit of the talents
One day to be returned.

And I have so longed to serve him,
And sometimes, I know I have tried,
But I'm sure when he sees such a building,
He will never let it abide."

Just as I turned the garment,
That no rent should be left behind,
My eye caught an odd little bungle
Of mending and patchwork combined.

My heart grew suddenly tender,
And something blinded my eyes,
With one of those sweet intuitions
That sometimes make us so wise.

Dear child! she wanted to help me;
I knew 'twas the best she could do;
But, oh! what a botch she has made it,
The gray mismatching the blue.

And yet—can you understand it?
With a tender smile and a tear,
And a half compassionate yearning,
I felt her grown more dear.

Then a sweet voice broke the silence,
And the dear Lord said to me,
"Art thou tenderer for the little child
Than I am tender for thee?"

Then, straightway, I knew the meaning,
So full of compassion and love,
And my faith came back to its refuge,
Like a glad returning dove.

For I thought when the master builder
Comes down his temple to view,
To see what rents must be mended,
And what must be builded anew;

Perhaps as he looks o'er the building,
He will bring my work to the light,
And seeing the marring and bungling,
And how far it all is from right,

He will feel as I felt for my darling,
And will say, as I felt for her,
"Dear child, she wanted to help me,
And love for me was the spur.

And for the real love that was in it
The work shall seem perfect as mine,
And, because it was willing service,
I will crown it with plaudit divina."

And there in the deepening twilight
I seemed to be clasping a hand,
And to feel a great love constraining me,
Stronger than any command.

Then I new by the thrill of sweetness
'Twas the hand of the blessed one,
Which would tenderly guide and hold me
Till all the labour is done.

So my thoughts are nevermore gloomy,
My faith no longer is dim;
But my heart is strong and restful,
And my eyes are unto him.

BETTER be the cat in a poor man's family than
the mutton-pie at a king's dinner.

Teachers' Department.

What a Wise Teacher Will Do.

BY MRS. WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

A WISE teacher will prepare the way for the study of the lesson at home by previous explanation, just enough to start young truth-seekers in the right direction. The children are accustomed to having this done for them in their day-school lessons; at least this is so with those who have trained teachers. It is contrary to the best methods of teaching to set young minds to work on unknown subjects. A child could hardly be expected to become enthusiastic by himself in studying a question-book or lesson-paper; but he can be made so through the power of the teacher to arouse him. This end is sometimes gained by making assignments of different things to do in connection with the new lesson; for example, a map to be drawn, a picture of some edifice mentioned in the lesson, brief biographies of the several characters named, giving facts to be found outside the lesson, etc.

The wise teacher in the primary department will not expect the little folks to do anything with the lesson at home until it has been taught to them in the Sabbath-school, but will give them the paper containing the pictures and stories about the lesson taught, so that they may go home and tell mamma all about it, and next Sabbath recite the Golden Text, of which they have just learned the meaning. By this plan alone can they get the greatest profit out of their papers. The pictures mean more to them after the lesson has been taught than before.

The wise teacher engages all of the pupils in the class, stirring the dull ones out of their sloth, reassuring the timid ones, busying the mischievous ones, and giving the bright ones questions to match them. This power of adaptation becomes so natural through experience, that it would be almost impossible not to exercise it—impossible to teach a one-sided lesson with only the most ready pupils. The primary teacher has more difficulty in doing this impartial work than any other teacher, because of the greater number in the class. This is one of the strongest reasons for the subdivision of the primary department into small classes.

In order to facilitate this general arousement, the teacher must of necessity address questions to the class as a whole, and not to individuals, and never in rotation. But while questions should be put to the whole class, they should be answered individually. When children are allowed to answer what they please, and altogether, a sort of babel is produced—a jargon out of which can come no clearness of impression.

A wise teacher kindly receives even the wrong replies, so that the children may not be discouraged from expressing themselves again. In so far as these wrong replies contain ideas that will mislead, they are corrected, but otherwise the error is left unnoticed. These wrong replies come oftener than otherwise as a result of careless questions. A teacher who keeps himself at his best, finds his way pretty clear of perplexities of any sort.

A wise teacher will make each lesson very simple, teaching one truth at a time, so as to avoid confusion of ideas, and indicating so many things to be done, that it is impossible to decide upon anything. Scattered fire does not burn, neither does desultory teaching energize the life. The lesson must be gathered into a focus before it can have power. There will be a little duty for a little child, growing out of each lesson, and a larger duty for an older one. Not to be hearers only, but doers as

well, should be impressed upon each scholar every Sabbath.

So the wise teacher will give truth suited to immediate practice. In reply to the question: What should be the aim of the primary teacher? Faith Latimer replied: "To apply saving truth and living grace to the daily lives of the little children." There are persons who seem to think that living grace cannot enter into the lives of little children, and so argue that their minds must be stored with something that will benefit them in middle life or old age.

The way to be strong—physically, morally, and religiously—is to grow so, and growth is dependent upon exercise. The way, then, to grow in grace, is to exercise in grace day by day; thus shall a life "attain unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ."

The wise teacher will adapt truth to individual pupils. This will be done without mentioning names, or without significant glances. The Bible is sharper than a two-edged sword, if rightly handled. Even the youngest hearts should be pierced with its warnings before they become hardened by hearing them oft repeated.

Imprisonment for Life.

"IMPRISONMENT at hard labor for life," was the sentence. Yet how could it be—the prisoner was so young and pale, and there was still a kind expressive look in that haggard face—and still he had committed a murder. In a drunken row he had killed a fellow-man. Of course his brain was maddened with liquor; still, it made no difference, and he strode back and forth in his narrow cell, fully realizing that in the morning he would be taken to the prison where, for the remainder of his life, he would eke out a miserable existence, ever to repent of his folly.

Hark! he pauses; he hears the footsteps of his wife and child approaching—for the little baby girl and his wife have come to bid him a last farewell. The outer door has been opened and the child admitted next to the prisoner's cage. His face was suffused with tears, as with love he could place his hands upon the little girl's head, and she could kiss papa through the bars. He then folded his blanket and made the child a pallet, took off his coat for its pillow, laid it quietly to rest while he fanned its sweet face, and mingled his looks of sorrow and love with words of fondness. As sure as God lives there is righteous judgment to come. This man and his innocent wife and child are separated—he to linger and labor in prison; they to sorrow and starve without his help. And all for what? A drunken row.

The man who made the whiskey is still free; the one who sold it is ready to sell more. Distilleries still stand to curse and crush hundreds of other victims among untrained men of strong appetites.

Opportunity.

THERE is an old story of a beggar to whom one day there appeared by the wayside a beautiful being, with her hands outstretched, laden with treasures. As he gazed at her in stupid surprise, she glided past him; but she returned with her treasures still held out to him; and once more, with beseeching eyes, as if she would compel him to take what she offered, she passed slowly by and disappeared. She had no sooner gone than, as if waking from a dream, he hurried eagerly in the direction she had taken. He met a traveller, and said, "Have you seen a beautiful stranger, with her hands full of the things that I want, going along this road?" "Yes," replied the traveller; "her name is Opportunity. But once offered, and once missed, she never returns."

The Gloaming.

MARY BOWLES.

In fiery chariots of the west ascending
The day hath passed in triumph, Lord, to Thee;
Its fallen mantle glows, with twilight blending,
On the far shadowy spaces of the sea.
It is toward the evening, oft at noontide roaming,
Our hearts have met with thee in sweet accord,
Now in the peace and leisure of the gloaming
Abide with us, O Lord!

The ocean like a dreamless child is sleeping,
Hushed in the hollow of thy mighty hand,
One star a-tremble in the west is keeping
Lone watch o'er all night's silent borderland.
Enter, dear Lord; our loaf is yet unbroken,
Our water shall be wine by Thee outpoured,
We yearn to hear thy "Peace be with you" token;
Abide with us, O Lord.

Low murmurs through the seaward boughs are wafted,
A breath of roses steals along the shore—
More calm, more sweet, thy living words engrafted
In our responsive hearts for evermore;
Yet more we crave. Oh, tarry in our leisure,
And to the hunger of our souls afford
Thy love and joy in overflowing measure;
Abide with us, O Lord.

It is towards evening—soon from out the shadows
A deeper shadow on our brows must fall;
So soon across the dim, familiar meadows
The hour will come when we must leave them all.
Ah, leave us not with death alone to wander;
Let thine own hand unloose the silver cord;
Through nightfall here, until the daybreak yonder,
Abide with us, O Lord!

A Temperance Illustration.

BY THE REV. T. O. KEISTER.

A FEW years ago, a noted wild beast tamer gave performance with his pets in one of the leading London theatres. He took his lions, tigers, leopards, and hyenas through their part of the entertainment, awing the audience by his wonderful nerve and his control over them. As a closing act to the performance, he was to introduce an enormous boa-constrictor, thirty-five feet long. He had bought when it was only two or three days old; and for twenty-five years he had handled it daily, so that it was considered perfectly harmless, and completely under his control. He had seen it grow from a tiny reptile, which he often carried in his pocket, into a fearful monster.

The curtain rose upon an Indian woodland scene. The weird strains of an Oriental band steal through the trees. A rustling noise is heard, and a huge serpent is seen winding its way through the undergrowth. It stops. Its head is erected. Its bright eyes sparkle. Its whole body seems animated. A man emerges from the heavy foliage. Their eyes meet.

The serpent quails before the man—man is master. The serpent is under the control of a man. Under his guidance and direction it performs a series of frightful feats. At a signal from the man, it slowly approaches him, and begins to coil its heavy folds around him. Higher and higher they rise, until man and serpent seem blended into one. Its hideous head is reared aloft above the mass. The man gives a little scream, and the audience unite in a thunderous burst of applause; but it freezes upon their lips. The trainer's scream was a wail of death agony. Those cold, slimy folds had embraced him for the last time. They crushed the life out of him, and the horrified audience heard bone after bone crack, as those powerful folds tightened upon him. Man's anything had become his master. His slave for twenty-five years had now enslaved him!

In this horrible incident is portrayed the whole history of intemperance. The man who has taken that first glass of intoxicating liquor, has the boa constrictor in his bosom. If he throttles the

monster now, it is easily done; but if he permits it to live, feeds, and nourishes it, he may control it for even twenty-five years—but it is continually growing. And some day its soul-destroying folds will encircle his soul, and bear it to those regions of woe "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." The unchangeable decree of the Almighty God is: "No drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of God."

What Can We Know About Heaven?

BY THE REV. W. WYE SMITH.

PERHAPS not very much; and yet, by trying to interpret God's dealings with us and lessons to us, interpreting them with respect to heaven even as we interpret them with respect to earthly things, we may learn more than now we think. We may safely conclude—for we have it forced upon us by all our life-long experiences—that there is a spiritual lesson wrapped up in every providence, and a good moral to be drawn out of every experience—drawn out of it because God put it there, desirous that we should draw it out. Now, taking what we find in Scripture, and applying the same Christian common-sense to it that we do to matters relating to the Church and the home, what do we find about heaven?

Do they think about us in heaven? We say Yes; and we arrive at it in this way: We are told that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. Now, if the angels rejoice over the salvation of a sinner, is it to be supposed that they keep the secret among themselves, and do not communicate it to the saints? Have they so great an interest in a saint at the very beginning of his career, being happy in his happiness, and do they lose that interest and sympathy afterwards?

If there was great rejoicing among the angels when Saul of Tarsus was converted, would they when he got to heaven lose so much of their interest in him as to keep from him what they were then rejoicing at—the salvation of some other sinner? And would there be anything wrong in his asking the angels what they were rejoicing at? There would be nothing wrong in doing it among the saints on earth. Why should this experience of our spiritual fellowship—that of asking questions on spiritual things—be thrown away when we get to heaven? Then we conclude that the angels will have no desire to keep from the saints in heaven the news they circulate among themselves, of this one and that one being converted. And if for one moment we could suppose they had such a desire, they could not refuse to answer the saints' questioning.

And we shall have our memories in eternity. If not, how could we, as a matter of reward or punishment, receive consciously to ourselves, "according to the deeds done in the body?" In the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, there was in all the parties a perfect remembrance of this life, and our Lord never gives us in his parables specific circumstances which teach false general principles. And if we remember this life, shall we not remember our friends? And shall we not often think of them and speak of them? It was one of our great pleasures here. Will it cease to be a pleasure there? Yes; our friends in heaven think of us.

Shall we know each other there? It is not certain that we shall in every case at first. We may need introductions to help our recognition. Ben-jamin Franklin came home, and when the forward fellow insisted on being allowed to stay all night, his mother let him sit in the arm-chair, instead of giving him the "spare bedroom," because she did not know it was her son! And how often must

such cases of non-recognition occur in the emigrating from earth to heaven. But how do saints do on earth in such cases? Even if the features of that "spiritual body," whatever that expression may mean, do not give a recognized likeness in cases of long separation, perhaps the voice may. And if neither looks nor voice lead to identification, what is to hinder us from asking?

Do babes grow up in heaven? Yes; why not? All earthly analogy points in that direction. It seems unreasonable to suppose that a babe of a day old will the next day be a mature intelligence in heaven, and able to take its place in work and praise with the apostles, martyrs, and angels, whose praises are so much mingled with past memories, and whose work is, doubtless, founded upon so much past experience. And it seems equally unreasonable to suppose an immature infant always remaining just as it enters heaven. We have no reason to believe that we shall remain stationary in intelligence and spiritual development, but every reason to the contrary. Why should it be otherwise with a babe?

I can remember, at the age of four years, getting the most astonishing and rapturous piece of intelligence I ever got—that boys grew to be men. I never knew it before. I supposed that boys were always boys, and men always men. But now, oh, how my prospects widened out! Is it not equally a "childish thing" to be "put away," that babes are always babes in heaven? Well, if they neither leap at once to mature intelligence nor remain always as they are, there must be a "growing up" in heaven. And, oh, how much better a bringing up have they than we could give them! Angels and saints, and Christ himself, to take care of our babes; and all safe in their Father's house, and trained in their first speech to talk of our coming.

It will do us good to think of these things. Our imagination is given us by God for good and wise uses. Why should we not let it out sometimes in long flights toward heaven? The more we think about heaven, the more we know of it. And the more we know of it, the more we shall want to be there. And we may each say, as an old friend of mine said of himself, "I am bidden to the supper of the Lamb, and I intend to go."

Be Sociable.

WITH people of real manhood and womanhood this injunction is unnecessary. People of real worth are naturally ladies and gentlemen. In the church is the place to be sociable. Members of the same church may never visit each other at home, but this should not prevent social recognition in the house of God. About one year ago we were in a strange church, whose pastor was an eloquent doctor of divinity. A large audience was present, made up of rich and poor. At the close of the service men in broadcloth and women in silk took a place at the door and took every stranger by the hand, thanked them for being present, and urged them kindly to come again. This was not all; the name, number, and street was obtained. This was common-sense Christianity. There is a tendency among young people in the church to form themselves into sets, from which all but a few are excluded. The whole thing is a sort of church-club or close corporation. Sensible people see it, and many feel it, and in many instances stay away. In God's house there should be sociability and Christian courtesy. People should go to the house of the Lord to worship the Friend of sinners, and "be kindly affectionate one to another." A sneer there is out of place. While writing this, we know full well that a certain class of people will go on in the old way just the same as if nothing had been said.

The Mandate of the Century.

BY ELIZABETH YATES RICHMOND.

UPON the rushing whirlwind
Sweep the chariots of the Lord;
The clouds roll back before him,
And the seas obey his word.
His hand unclasps the fetters,
And through grated dungeon doors
That man's iron hand had bolted,
God's glorious sunshine pours.

Lo! on the distant hilltops
His standard-bearers gather,
And the solemn centuries listen
To the mandate that they bring;
"Bid the daughters of the nations
March forth beneath their banners,
And marshal in their cohorts
Where the hosts are gathering.

"There is danger on the ramparts,
There is rout upon the war-field;
There is wrong and woe in all the land
And stain upon our shield;
Bid the silent ranks come forward,
Come from their voiceless threshold,
And battling for their hearthstones,
Bear my standard to the field"

Shall his fiat fall unanswered
Along the silent highway?
Shall his mandate drop unechoed
And his heralds lick the dust?
No, not though thrones should topple,
Though the battlements should falter,
Though the sceptres should be shivered,
And earth's crowns should sink to rust.

It is written in the heavens,
It is carved upon the mountains;
And the thunders of the ages
Send their echoes on before;
And the tides roll swift and certain
As the rivers from their fountains,
And the human right shall rule the earth,
And wrong sit shrouded no more.

**LESSON NOTES.
SECOND QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK.

A.D. 30] **LESSON II.** [April 14
THE REJECTED SON.

Mark 12. 1-12. Memory verses, 6-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He came unto his own, and his own received him not. John 1. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Stone Rejected, v. 1-8.
2. The Head of the Corner, v. 9-12

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—On the night of the triumphal entry Jesus returned to Bethany. For a day or two more he returned in the morning to Jerusalem, and taught throughout the day. Then finally leaving the temple for the last time, he went out of the city, to return no more until the evening of the passover. It was during these two days of teaching that the parable of this lesson was spoken.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Parable*—An illustration of truth, real or imaginary. *The wine-fat*—Wine-press; it was cut in a sloping rock, with openings through into another trough or basin below, called by the Romans "the lake." *A tower*—A lookout station where one could keep watch over the vineyard. *Let it out*—Rented it, perhaps for part of the fruit. See ver. 2 *At the season*—The time for gathering the fruit. *The head of the corner*—Or, simply the corner-stone, which is symbolic of a completed house.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Stone Rejected.*
For what purpose did Jesus speak this parable?
Of what was it really a prophecy?
Of what was it also a history?
Did his hearers know for whom it was intended? Matt. 21. 45.
Was this parable applicable to them only?
In what way can it be applied to us?
What constitutes a rejection of the corner-stone?

What Scriptures does Jesus here quote?
See Psalm 118. 22, 23.
Mention some historic cases which substantiate that part of the parable in vers. 3-5.

2. *The Head of the Corner.*

In what sense was Jesus Christ the head of the corner?
Was it true that the spiritual building to be reared with him as Corner-stone had not yet been begun?
Why should the hearers think the parable was against them?
Was the part in vers. 7, 8, fulfilled?
Did they understand that?
What had the Sanhedrin agreed upon that would make it true?
Give a reason for supposing that they knew that he was aware of all their purposes.
What does Matthew add to this story that shows why they should have been angry? Matt. 21. 44.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Notice first: the wickedness of the husbandmen was voluntary. They were not compelled to be wicked. They chose to be. It is so to-day. Men cannot justly charge their sinfulness on God. He gives them every opportunity not only to care for themselves, but also to serve him. But they will not.

Notice second: the forbearance of this man was wonderful, and his trust in his servants was even more wonderful. But God's is indefinitely beyond it. But remember his word says, "He will not always chide, neither will he keep his anger forever."

Notice third: there is only one corner-stone—that is, Christ. Men cannot lay a corner-stone of their own—morality will not do. It is by Christ and through him alone that men can rise into a spiritual temple.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Explain fully this parable; write it in full.
The certain man means.....
The vineyard means.....
and so apply point by point.
2. Write the names of the prophets who were beaten, driven away, killed, stoned, etc.
3. Read Matt. 23. 27-39, to see what Jesus charged upon these Pharisees.
4. Why they feared the people is not told. Think of the reasons. What trouble would a popular tumult at this time have caused? etc.
5. Find in Paul's writings what he has to say about a corner-stone or foundation and building thereon.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To whom does Christ here liken God? To the owner of a vineyard.
 2. To whom does he let out his vineyard? To the chosen people.
 3. Who were the servants sent to his people? The prophets of Israel and Judah.
 4. Who was the son whom they slew? Jesus Christ the Saviour.
 5. How does our GOLDEN TEXT tell the truth of this parable? "He came unto," etc.
- DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The patience of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

18. How does the New Testament teach his religion?
It contains the history of his life and death, the record of his teaching while he was among men, and the doctrine which he taught the Apostles by his Spirit after he ascended into heaven.

A.D. 30] **LESSON III.** [April 21
THE TWO GREAT COMMANDMENTS.

Mark 12. 28-34. Memory verses 30, 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Love is the fulfilling of the law. Rom. 13. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. The Law, v. 28-31.
2. The Scribe, v. 32-34.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The last lesson closed with the anger of the Scribes and Pharisees at Jesus for his attack upon them. Twice more they deliberately attempt with worldly wisdom to entrap him, and each time are foiled. Then comes in the story of our lesson, like some gleam of sunshine through the gloom of a darkening day. Let us study it.

EXPLANATIONS.—*One of the Scribes*—Originally transcribers of the law, and afterward became expositors of the law and its traditions. Their teachings were not original evolutions of the truth, but simply repetitions of past traditions. *The first commandment.* This means the most important of the commandments. *Soul, mind, strength.*—That is, with all the powers with which God has endowed man. *Thy neighbour.* Any one with whom life brings a person into relations. *The kingdom of God.*—Here means, thou art not far from a correct understanding of the great principles of righteousness and from participation in their benefits. *Durst*—Dared.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Law.*
Who was the questioner who now came to Jesus?
What is this questioner called by Matthew? Matt. 22. 35.
What was the reason that caused him to ask the question?
What had been the chief subject of the teaching of Jesus?
Why did he ask the question?
Had he not his own opinion about these things?
In the answer of Jesus did he deny his own divinity?
Is there an argument here against the Trinity?
How are the answers of Jesus correct reproductions of the Ten Commandments?

2. *The Scribe.*
What was the office of the scribe in Christ's day?
By whom is it supposed the order of scribes was founded?
What was the character of this particular one?
Is there any evidence that he was put forward by the hatred of the Sanhedrin to entangle Jesus in his words?
What was the Saviour's attitude toward this scribe?
What was his attitude toward the scribes as a class? Mark 12. 38-40.
What did the scribe lack of being in the kingdom of God?
Why did no man after that dare to ask him questions?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

How many there are who are ready to ask questions about the scheme of salvation!
It is worse to be near the kingdom and to miss it than never to have heard of it.
Being near the kingdom saves no one. He must be in it who would be saved. For this, one must be *born again*.
Knowledge saves no one. The scribe was discreet and wise.

Agreement with Christ as to the principles of the law saves no one.
Such a one, though not far from the kingdom, is nevertheless not in it.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Write the one word which makes the central thought of this lesson.
2. Think of five things which it will make the soul do, and write them out.
3. Put all of the commandments from Exod. 20 which belong under Christ's first answer into a column. Do the same with the second. How many are in the first column? In the second?
4. Compare this story with the story of the young man whom Jesus loved.
5. Write one evidence that this man was not in the kingdom of God.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who next came to Jesus? A scribe questioning him.
2. About what did he question Jesus? About the greatest commandment.
3. What did Jesus tell him was the first commandment? To love God supremely.
4. In what relation to this did Jesus place love to man? As like unto it.
5. How was this same truth afterward taught by Paul? "Love is the fulfilling of the law," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Love.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

19. How does the Lord teach us by his Spirit.
All the Scriptures were written under the Holy Spirit's inspiration; and he who inspired them will show their meaning to such as humbly ask him.

Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions.

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