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WELCOME AND SCHOOL

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

ROLPH, SMITH - CO. TORONTO.

Vol. VII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 23, 1889.

[No. 6.

Through the Dark Continent.

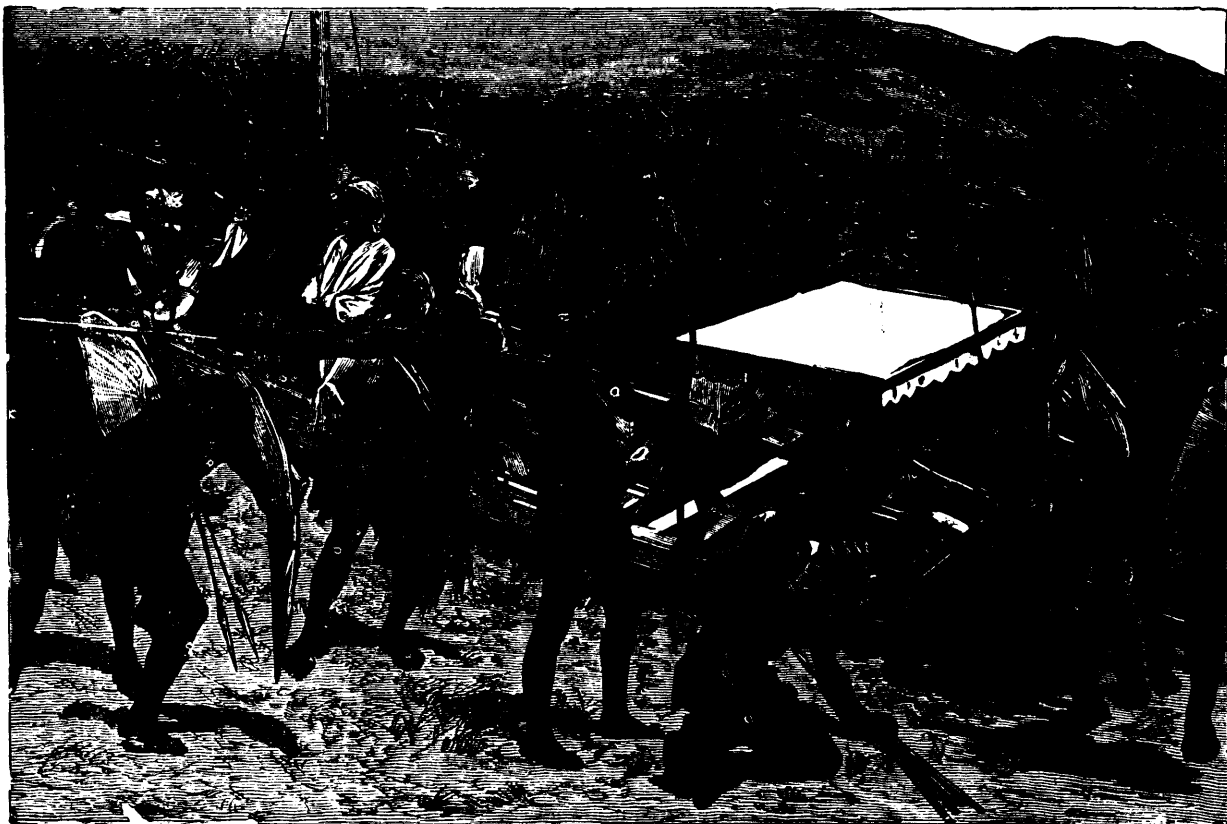
BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

VI.

THE period of my stay with Mtesa drew to a close, and I requested leave to depart, begging the fulfilment of a promise he had made to me that he would furnish me with transport sufficient to convey the Expedition by water from Kagehyi in Usukuma to Uganda. Nothing loth, since one white man would continue his residence with him till my return, and being eager to see the gifts I

Sabbath as well as the Muslim Sabbath. He has further caused the Ten Commandments of Moses to be written on a board for his daily perusal, as well as the Lord's Prayer and the golden commandment of our Saviour, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' This is great progress for the few days that I have remained with him, and, though I am no missionary, I shall begin to think that I might become one if such success is feasible. But, oh! that some pious, practical missionary would come here! What a field and harvest ripe for the sickle of civilization! Mtesa would give him anything he

law, and live a blameless Christian, inspired by liberal principles, charity to all men, and devout faith in heaven. He must belong to no nation in particular, but to the whole white race. Such a man or men, Mtesa, Emperor of Uganda,—an empire 360 geographical miles in length, and fifty in breadth—invites to repair to him. He has begged me to tell the white man that, if they will only come to him, he will give them all they want. Now, where is there in all the pagan world a more promising field for mission than Uganda? Colonel Linant de Bellefonds is my witness that I speak



RECEPTION AT BUMBIREH ISLAND, VICTORIA NYANZA.

told him were safe at Usukuma, he gave his permission, and commanded Magassa to collect thirty canoes, and to accompany me to my camp. On the 15th April we left Rubaga.

In the evening I concluded my letter dated 14th April, 1875, which was sent to the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald*, the English and American journals I represented here, appealing for a Christian mission to be sent to Mtesa.

The appeal written hurriedly, and included in the letter left at Usavara, was as follows:—

"I have, indeed, undermined Islamism so much here that Mtesa has determined henceforth, until he is better informed, to observe the Christian

desired—houses, lands, cattle, ivory, etc.; he might call a province his own in one day. It is not the mere preacher, however, that is wanted here. The bishops of Great Britain collected, with all the classic youth of Oxford and Cambridge, would effect nothing by mere talk with the intelligence of Uganda. It is the practical Christian tutor, who can teach people how to become Christians, cure their diseases, construct dwellings, understand and exemplify agriculture, and turn his hand to anything, like a sailor—this is the man who is wanted. Such an one, if he can be found, would become the saviour of Africa. He must be tied to no church or sect, but profess God and his Son and the moral

truth, and I know he will corroborate all I say. The Colonel, though a Frenchman, is a Calvinist, and became as ardent a well-wisher for the Waganda as I am. Then why further spend needlessly vast sums upon black pagans of Africa who have no example of their own people becoming Christians before them? I speak to the Universities Mission at Zanzibar, and the Free Methodists at Mombassa, to the leading philanthropists, and the pious people of England. 'Here, gentlemen is your opportunity—embrace it! The people on the shores of the Nyanza call upon you. Obey your own generous instincts, and listen to them; and I assure you that in one year you will have more converts to Chris-

tianity than all other missionaries united can number. The population of Mtesa's kingdom is very dense; I estimate the number of his subjects at 2,000,000. You need not fear to spend money upon such a mission, as Mtesa is sole ruler, and will repay its cost tenfold with ivory, coffee, otter skins of a very fine quality, or even in cattle, for the wealth of this country in all these products is immense. The road here is by the Nile or via Zanzibar, Ugogo, and Unyanyinbe. The former route, so long as Colonel Gordon governs the countries of the Upper Nile, seems the most feasible. M. Linant and his party of thirty-six soldiers were afterwards massacred."

Ascending a lofty hill my eye roved over one of the strangest yet fairest portions of Africa—hundreds of square miles of beautiful lake scenes—a great length of gray plateau wall, upright and steep, but indented with exquisite inlets, half surrounded by embowering plantains—hundreds of square miles of pastoral upland dotted thickly with villages and groves of banana. How long, I wonder, shall the people of these lands remain ignorant of him who created the gorgeous sunlit world they look upon each day from their lofty upland! How long shall their untamed ferocity be a barrier to the Gospel, and how long shall they remain unvisited by the Teacher!

But at present, verily, the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty. Oh, for the hour when a band of philanthropic capitalists shall vow to rescue these beautiful lands, and supply the means to enable the Gospel messengers to come and quench the murderous hate with which man beholds man in the beautiful lands around Lake Victoria.

Next day as we sailed a little distance along the coast, we caught sight of a few figures which broke the even and smooth outline of the grassy summit, and heard the well-known melodious war-cries employed by most of the Central African tribes, "Hehu-a-hehu-u-u!" loud, long-drawn, and ringing.

The figures increased in number, and fresh voices joined in the defiant and alarming note. Still, hungry as we were, with nothing eatable in our boat, we were obliged to risk something, reminding ourselves "that there are no circumstances so desperate which Providence may not relieve."

Immediately the natives rushed down the slopes, shouting war cries and uttering fierce ejaculations. I saw some lift great stones, while others prepared their bows.

We were now about ten yards from the beach, and Safeni and Baraka, two rowers, spoke earnestly, pointing to their mouths, and by gestures explaining that they were hungry. They smiled with insinuating faces; uttered the words "brothers," "friends," "good fellows," most volubly; cunningly interpolated the words Mtesa—the *Kabaka*. Their pleasant volubility seemed to have produced a good effect, for the stones were dropped, the bows were unstrung, and the lifted spears lowered to assist the steady, slow-walking pace with which they now advanced.

Safeni and Baraka then, with engaging frankness, invited the natives, who were now about two hundred in number, to come closer. The natives consulted a little while, and several advanced leisurely into the water until they touched the boat's prow. They stood a few seconds talking sweetly, when suddenly with a rush they run the boat ashore, and then all the others, seizing hawser and gunwale, dragged her about twenty yards over the rocky beach high and dry, leaving us almost stupefied with astonishment!

Then ensued a scene which beggars description.

Pandemonium raged around us. A forest of spears were levelled; thirty or forty bows were drawn; as many barbed arrows seemed already on the wing; thick, knotty clubs waved about our heads; two hundred screaming black demons jostled with each other and struggled for room to vent their fury, or for an opportunity to deliver one crushing blow or thrust at us.

In the meantime, as soon as the first symptoms of this manifestation of violence had been observed, I had sprung to my feet, each hand armed with a loaded self-cocking revolver, to kill and be killed. But the apparent helplessness of inflicting much injury upon such a large crowd restrained me, and Safeni turned to me, though almost cowed to dumbness by the loud fury around us, and pleaded with me to be patient. I complied, seeing that I should get no aid from my crew. I assumed a resigned air, though I still retained my revolvers. My crew also bore the first outburst of the tempest of shrieking rage which assailed them with almost sublime imperturbability. Safeni crossed his arms with the meekness of a saint. Baraka held his hands, palms outward, asking with serene benignity, "What, my friends, ails you? Do you fear empty hands and smiling people like us? We are friends, we came as friends to buy food, two or three bananas, a few mouthfuls of grain, or potatoes, or cassava, and if you permit us, we shall depart as friends."

Our demeanour had a great effect. The riot and noise seemed to be subsiding, when some fifty newcomers rekindled the smouldering fury. Again the forest of spears swayed on the launch, again the knotty clubs were whirled aloft, again the barbed arrows seemed flying.

I sprang up to reiterate, with the two revolvers in my left hand. I addressed myself to an elder, who seemed to be restraining the people from proceeding too far. I showed him beads, cloth, wire, and invoked the name of Mtesa, their king.

The sight of the heaps of beads and cloth I exposed awakened, however, the more deliberate passions of selfishness and greed in each heart. An attempt at massacre, they began to argue, would certainly entail the loss of some of themselves. "Guns might be seized and handled with terrible effect, even by dying men, and who knows what those little iron things in the white man's hands are!" they seem to be asking themselves. The elder, whatever he thought, responded with an affectation of indignation, raised his stick, and to right and left of him drove back the demoniac crowd. Other prominent men now assisted the elder, whom we subsequently discovered to be King of Bumbireh.

Half the crowd followed the king and his council, while the other half remained to indulge their violent, vituperative tongue on us, and to continually menace us with their club or spear. An audacious party came round the stern of the boat, and, with superlatively hideous gestures, affronted me; one of them even gave a tug at my hair, thinking it was a wig. His comrades swayed their lances, but I smilingly looked at them, for all idea of self-preservation had now almost fled.

The issue had surely arrived. There had been just one brief moment of agony, when I reflected how unlovely death appears in such guise as that in which it then threatened me. What would my people think as they anxiously waited for the never-returning master! What would Pocock and Barker say when they heard of the tragedy of Bumbireh! And my friends in America and Europe! Tut, it is only a brief moment of pain, and then what can the ferocious dogs do more? It is a consolation that, if anything, it will be short,

sharp, sudden. And after that I was ready for the fight and for death.

"Now, my black friends, do your worst; anything you choose; I am ready."

A messenger from the king and the council arrives, and beckons Safeni. I said to him, "Safeni, use your wit." "Please God, master," he replied.

Safeni drew nearly all the crowd after him, for curiosity is strong in the African. I saw him pose himself. A born diplomatist was Safeni. His hands moved up and down, outward and inward; a cordial frankness sat naturally on his face; his gestures were graceful; the man was an orator, pleading for mercy and justice.

Safeni returned, his face radiant. "Its all right, master; there is no fear. They say we must stop here until to-morrow."

"Will they sell us food?"

"Oh, yes, as soon as they settle their talk."

While Safeni was speaking, six men rushed up and seized the oars. Safeni, though hitherto polite, lost temper at this, and endeavoured to prevent them. They raised their clubs to strike him. I shouted out, "Let them go, Safeni."

A loud cheer greeted the seizure of the oars. I became convinced now that this one little act would lead to others; for man is the same all over the world. Give a slave an inch, and he will take an ell; if a man submit once, he must be prepared to submit again.

After the warriors had departed, some women came to look at us. We spoke kindly to them, and in return they gave us the consoling assurance that we should be killed; but they said that if we could induce Shekka to make blood-brotherhood, or to eat honey with one of us, we should be safe. If we failed there was only flight or death. We thanked them, but we would wait.

About 3 p.m. we heard a number of drums beaten. Safeni was told that if the natives collected again he must endeavour to induce Shekka with gifts to go through the process of blood-brotherhood. A long line of natives in full war costume appeared on the crest of the terrace. Their faces were smeared with black and white pigments. Their actions were such as the dullest-witted of us and Baraka were astounded, and their first words were, "Prepare, master. Truly, this is trouble."

"Never mind me," I replied, "I have been ready these three hours. Are you ready, your guns and revolvers loaded, and your ears open this time?"

"We are," they all firmly answered.

"Don't be afraid; be quite cool. We will try, while they are collecting together, the women's suggestion. Go frankly and smilingly, Safeni, up to Shekka, on the top of that hill, and offer him these beads, and ask him to change blood with you."

Safeni proceeded readily on his errand, for there was no danger to him bodily while we were there within one hundred and fifty yards, and their full power as yet unprepared. For ten minutes he conversed with them, while the drums kept beating, and numbers of men bepainted for war were increasing Shekka's force. Some of them entertained us by demonstrating with their spears how they fought. Their gestures were wild, their voices were fierce, they were kindling themselves into a fighting fever.

Safeni returned. Shekka had refused the pledge of peace. The natives now mustered over three hundred. Presently fifty bold fellows came rushing down, uttering a shrill cry.

"Here, Safeni," I said, "take these two fine red

cloths in your hand; walk slowly up after them a little way, and the minute you hear my voice run back; and you, my boys, this is for life and death, mind; range yourselves on each side of the boat, lay your hands on it carelessly, but with a firm grip, and when I give the word, push it down the hill into the water. Are you all ready, and do you think you can do it? Otherwise we might as well begin fighting where we are."

"Yes, Master," they cried out with one voice.

"Go, Safeni!"

I waited till he had walked fifty yards away, and saw that he acted precisely as I had instructed him.

"Push, my boys; push for your lives!"

The crew bent their heads and strained their arms; the boat began to move, and there was a hissing, grinding noise below me. I seized my double-barrelled elephant rifle and shouted, "Safeni! Safeni, return!"

The natives were quick-eyed. They saw the boat moving, and they swept down the hill uttering the most fearful cries.

My boat was at the water's edge. "Shoot her into the lake, my men; never mind the water;" and clear of all obstructions she darted out upon the lake.

Safeni stood for an instant on the water's edge, with the cloths on hand. The foremost of a crew of natives was about twenty yards from him. He raised his spear and balanced himself.

"Spring into the water, man, head first," I cried.

I sent two charges of duck-shot into their midst with terrible effect. The natives retreated from the beach on which the boat had lately lain.

Having checked the natives, I assisted one of my men into the boat, and ordered him to lend a hand to the others, while I reloaded my big guns, keeping my eyes on the natives. There was a point about one hundred yards in length on the east, which sheltered the cove. Some of the natives made a rush for this, but my guns commanded the exposed position, and they were obliged to retire.

The crew seized their rifles, but I told them to leave them alone, and to tear the bottom boards out of the boat and use them as paddles; for there were two hippopotami advancing upon us open-mouthed, and it seemed as if we were to be crushed in the water after such a narrow escape from the ferocious people ashore. I permitted one of the hippos to approach within ten yards, and, aiming between his eyes, perforated his skull with a three-ounce ball, and the second received such a wound that we were not molested by him.

Meanwhile the savages, baffled and furious at seeing their prey escape, had rushed, after a short consultation, to man two canoes that were drawn up on the beach at the north-west corner of the cove. Twice I dropped men as they endeavoured to launch the boats; but they persisted, and finally, launching them, pursued us vigorously. Two other canoes were seen coming down the coast from the eastern side of the island. Unable to escape, we stopped after we had got out of the cove, and waited for them.

Four shots sank two of the canoes. The two others retired to assist their friends out of the water. They attempted nothing further, but some of those on shore had managed to reach the point, and as we resumed our paddles, we heard a voice cry out, "Go and die in the Nyanza!" and saw them shoot their arrows, which fell harmlessly a few yards behind us. We were saved!

It was 5 p.m. We had only four bananas in the boat, and we were twelve hungry men. If we had a strong, fair breeze, a day and a night would suffice to enable us to reach our camp. But if we

had head-winds, the journey might occupy a month. Meanwhile, where should we apply for food?

A gentle breeze came from the island. We raised the lug-sail, hoping that it would continue fair for a south-east course. But at 7 p.m. it fell a dead calm. We resumed our extemporized paddles—those thin, weak bottom-boards. Our progress was about three-quarters of a mile per hour! Throughout the night we laboured, cheering one another. In the morning not a speck of land was visible; all was a boundless circle of gray water.

We resigned ourselves to the waves and the rain that was falling in sheets, and the driving tempest. Up and down we rose and plunged. The moon now shone clear upon the boat and her wretched crew, ghastly lighting up the crouching, wearied, despairing forms, from which there sometimes rose deep sighs that rung my heart. "Cheer up my lads," I said, to encourage them. One of the thwarts was chopped up and we made a fire, and with some coffee we felt somewhat refreshed. And then, completely wearied out, they all slept, but I watched, busy with my thoughts.

Though my men had only eaten four bananas between them, and tasted, besides, a cup of coffee, in sixty-eight hours, when I urged them to resume their paddles they rallied to my appeal with a manliness which won my admiration, responding with heroic will, but alas! with little strength. At 2 p.m.—seventy-six hours after leaving Alice Island—we approached land. We crawled out of the boat, and each of us thanked God and lay down on the glowing sand to rest. But food must be obtained. Within half an hour I had obtained a brace of large fat ducks; and Baraka and Safeni each two bunches of young green bananas. What glad souls were we that evening around our camp fire with the gracious abundance to which a benignant Providence had led us. No wonder that before retiring, feeling ourselves indebted to the Supreme Being who had preserved us through so many troubles, we thanked him for his mercies and his bounties.

We rested another day to make oars. Hoping to reach our camp next morning, we put forth our best efforts, hoisted sail, and the wind sent us merrily over the tall waves, straight toward camp. Shouts of welcome greeted us from shore, for the people had recognized us by our sail when miles away, and as we drew nearer the shouts changed to volleys of musketry, and the waving of flags, and the land seemed alive with leaping forms of the glad-hearted men. For we had been fifty-seven days from our people, and many a false rumour had reached them of our deaths, strengthened each day that our return was deferred and our absence grew longer. But the sight of our exploring-boat dissipated all concern and fear. As the keel grounded, fifty men bounded into the water, dragged me from the boat, and danced me round the camp on their shoulders, amid much laughter, and clapping of hands, grotesque wriggling of forms, and real Saxon hurrahing.

Frank Pocock was there, his face lit up by fullness of joy, but when I asked him where Fred Barker was, and why he did not come to welcome us, Frank's face clouded with the sudden recollection of our loss, as he answered, "Because he died twelve days ago, sir, and he lies there," pointing gravely to a low mound of earth by the lake!

(To be continued.)

THE parent who has the highest respect for his child's childhood, readily helps that child to be at his best, by permitting him to be his own self in all simplicity.

God's Land.

BY L. A. MORRISON.

THAT land of all the lands of earth,
The favoured land within whose bound
The prophets and the seers had birth,
And warrior sages world renowned,
Who blessed all nations by their worth.

That land, within whose sheltered vales
A holy people dwells secure,
Whose terraced hills and fertile dales
Increased the rich and blessed the poor,
God's benediction in its gales.

That land of narrow bound and scope,
Nor with wide plains extending far,
Within whose galaxy of hope
There glimmered on Earth's Morning Star,
To light the nations higher up.

That land, the land where Christ was born,
Hath been, and evermore shall be,
The fairest land, that Orient morn
In beauty flecks, to all who see
The light that doth its hills adorn.

For here he dwelt among his own,
A lowly man, though Son of God;
Out from the glory and the Throne
Of power he came to bear abroad
His Father's love and make it known.

And every hill his feet hath trod
In patient toil for human gain;
And every spot where lictor's rod
Or Roman malice brought him pain,
Speaks out again the Love of God.

A Lesson From Nature.

YOU have often seen the rainbow in the clouds. It is a most beautiful and wonderful thing. For a time it shines before us motionless, yet the clouds that span it are continually changing their shape and their place. More than that, the rain drops, which, by reflecting the light of the sun, cause the bow to appear, are also in motion, falling to the earth, so that not for a single moment do the beautiful colours we admire so much come reflected from the same drops of rain. The clouds are moving, the rain is falling, but steadfast stands the bow.

If you stand on the bank of a rivulet, you will observe the water rolling itself into little waves at certain points; and though these waves change their shape somewhat, yet it is always the same wave, in the very same spot; yet never for the extent of a moment is that wave formed by the same particles of water. If you put your hand into the water you will probably find that the wave is caused by a large pebble or stone, or some other obstruction. The water rolls over the stone, thus forming the wave. The latter remains permanently in its place, but the water flows on.

Now something of this same nature is taking place in every animal, plant, and mineral throughout the whole world. Though the tree stands before us with the appearance that it had the year before, yet the matter that then formed it is constantly taking to itself a different form and passing off; so that in the course of a very few years the matter that once formed the tree has given place to new matter; yet, to you, the form and appearance is the same.

Scientific men tell us that these bodies which we have are thus ever changing. The same atoms of matter that compose it this year pass away entirely, and new ones take their place, so that while our bodies are apparently the same, they are always different. Think of this, and it will help you to understand that it is not necessary for this same material body which we lay in the grave to rise again, in order that there should be a resurrection of our bodies.

Come to Jesus.

COME to Jesus, are you lonely?
Come and find the living God;
Only trust him, he will save you,
He has said so in his word.

By still waters he will lead you,
In green pastures you may rest;
For a home in heaven he'll give you,
In the mansions of the blest.

Come to Jesus, all you captives,
Come, and he will set you free;
For your liberty is purchased
By his death upon the tree.

Come to Jesus, do not tarry
There is danger in delay;
All your burdens he will carry
And your sins he'll wash away.
Last two verses by John Jones.

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Home and School.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 23, 1889.

REMEMBER
THE
S. S. AID COLLECTION
ON
REVIEW SUNDAY,
MARCH 31st.

THIS collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday, in September, is recommended as the best time for taking it up. Some schools neglected to do this. They will please take the collection on the Review Sunday in March 31st, that they may not be reported as delinquent at the May District Meeting. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall in line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in this respect, to be entitled to receive aid from the fund. Superintendents of Circuits and Superintendents of Schools will kindly see that—in every case—the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the Circuit, to be forwarded to

the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall, in turn, remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the lay-treasurer of the fund. The claims on this fund are increasing faster than the fund. We need a large increase this year to even partially meet the many applications made. Over 400 new schools have been started in the last three years by means of this fund. No fund of this comparatively small amount is doing more good.

The Eclectic Complete Geography. Large 4to, 114 pages. Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., New York and Cincinnati.

The Eclectic Elementary Geography. Small 4to. Same publishers.

We had occasion recently to commend very highly the *Eclectic Physical Geography*, published by this firm. It is our pleasing duty to give no less hearty commendation to the admirable general geographies above noted. We know of no more delightful and instructive study than that of geography, as taught in these volumes. Milton has called geography the "sister of history;" and so it is. Without a knowledge of geography, a correct knowledge of history is impossible. Indeed, without such a knowledge, even the foreign intelligence of the newspapers loses half its meaning. The books before us are among the best of the kind we have ever seen. They are characterized by the number and excellence of the maps, and the beauty and variety of the illustrations. These will attract to the study of the text, and will fix the information given indelibly upon the mind. Much attention in the larger book is also given to physical geography, and the physical characteristics and products of the countries described are clearly illustrated.

French at a Glance. Montreal: Theo. Robinson, publisher. Price 25 cts.

This book is constructed on the famous Meisterschaft system; but, it seems to us, it reaches the desired result by a much shorter process. We heartily commend it to persons desiring to acquire a working use of the French tongue.

The Adventures of Jimmy Brown. Montreal: Theo. Robinson, publisher. Price 25 cts.

Jimmy Brown is by no means a bad boy, although he gets into all sorts of scrapes, innocently enough. He is as far removed as possible from those odious "bad boys" who figure in certain recent books. Our young friends can have many a hearty laugh over this book, and be none the worse for it.

The Battle of the Swash. Same publishers and same price.

This is an account of the supposed destruction of New York, by a British fleet, in a war supposed to break out between England and the United States. We deprecate even the imagining of such a crime against humanity. Much more to our mind is Dr. Beers' splendid "Oration on Canada," of which we quote a part:—

"As a Canadian, I am at home when I land at Liverpool, at Glasgow, at Dublin, at Bermuda, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, New Guinea, Jamaica, Barbadoes, or Trinidad. Politically speaking, I have a large share in, and am proud of, the glorious old flag which waves over New Zealand, Australia, Gibraltar, Malta, Hong Kong, West Africa, Ceylon, St. Helena, Natal, British Honduras, Dominica, the Bahamas, Grenada, Barbadoes, and India. I need no other passport to the rights of a British subject and the citizen of

a great realm, comprising sixty-five territories and islands than my Canadian birthright. I do not measure my national boundary from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but from the Pacific to the Caribbean Sea. Under the reign of Victoria, no Canadian need be ashamed to belong to an empire which embraces a fifth of the habitable globe, and to know that his own Dominion forms nearly a half the whole; an empire five times as large as that which was under Darius; four times the size of that under ancient Rome; sixteen times greater than France; forty times greater than United Germany; three times larger than the United States, Australia alone being nearly as big as the States; India, nearly a million and a quarter of square miles; Canada, six hundred thousand square miles larger than the States without Alaska, and eighteen thousand square miles larger with it! An empire nearly nine millions of square miles, with a population of three hundred and ten millions."

We have received a pamphlet entitled *Directory and Summary of Work done by Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of Toronto District.* While looking over this little book, we could not but admire the efficient and business-like manner in which the ladies are carrying on their work. That the Woman's Christian Temperance Union is an immense power in our country, no one will deny. May their "bow abide in strength," and the "power of the Highest overshadow them."—*Outlook.*

Methodist Missions.

THE Missionary Society of the Methodist Church has upon Domestic, Indian, French, Chinese and Foreign Missions, 474 missionaries, 28 native assistants, 40 teachers and 13 interpreters. In all, 555 workers and 46,789 members. Total income last year, \$219,480.

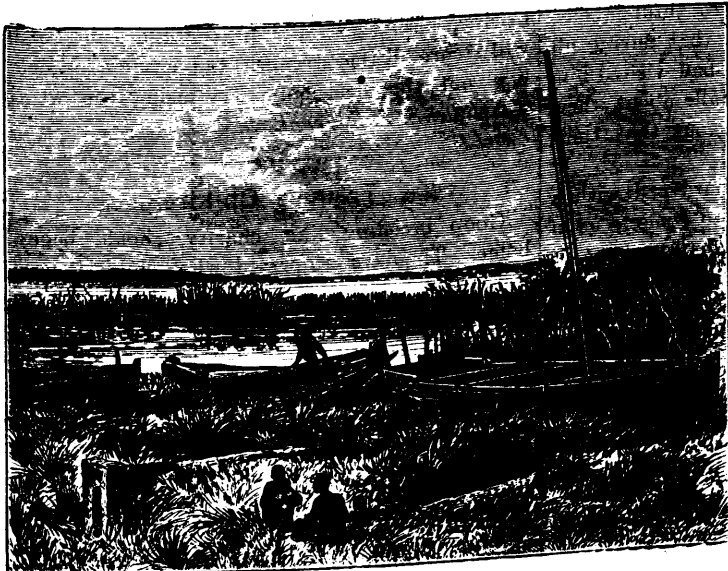
By multiplying 46,799—the number of actual communicants in the mission-fields—by $4\frac{1}{2}$, we get 210,595, as the number ministered to by our society. The total income last year was \$219,480. A comparison of these figures reveals the fact that, practically, for every dollar expended by the Society, a soul is furnished with the Bread of Life for a period of twelve months. Who among us will practice, if need be, a little more self-denial in order that the Bread of Life may be given to a yet larger number!

The Old Bible.

A poor shepherd in the mountains, who had hard work to live and provide food and raiment for his large family, purchased one summer from a dealer in old clothes an old family Bible, with the idea of reading to his little ones when the winter evenings set in.

One Sunday evening, as he turned the leaves, he was surprised to find several fastened together. He set himself to get them apart with great care, when his surprise may be imagined on finding a bank note for twenty pounds sterling, with these words written on the margin of the page: "I gathered this money with great difficulty, but having no heirs but those who need nothing, I make thee, whosoever shall read this Bible, my heir."—*Sel.*

"EVERYTHING has gone so smooth to-day," said a little girl. "All my lessons in school were perfect, I helped clear away the dinner-things, I have learned my Bible-verses, and I have 'most done my knitting—and it is because I feel willing-hearted to-day."



THE "LADY ALICE" IN HARBOR.

The March of the Years.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

ONE by one, one by one,
The years march past till the march is done;
The old years die to the solemn knell,
And a merry peal from the changing bell
Ushers the others one by one,
Till the march of years shall at last be done.

Bright and glad, dark and sad,
Are the years that come in mystery clad;
Their faces are hidden and none can see
If merry or sorrowful each will be.
Bright and sad, dark and glad,
Have been the years that we all have had.

Fair and subtle under the sun
Something from us each year has won.
Has it given us treasures? Day by day
It has stolen something we prized away;
We meet with fears, and count with tears
The buried hopes of the long past years.

Is it so? And yet let us not forget
How fairly the sun has risen and set;
Each year has brought us some sunny hours,
With a wealth of song and a crown of flowers,
Power to love and time to pray,
Its gifts have been ere it passed away.

We hail the new that has come in view;
Work comes with it and pleasure too;
And even though it may bring some pain,
Each passing year is a thing of gain;
We greet with some the days that throng,
Do they bring us trouble? 'Twill make us strong.

We meet our friends in the glad new years;
God is with them, and, as they come,
They bear us nearer our restful home.
And one by one with some treasure won,
They come to our hearts till they all are gone.

Woman's Missionary Society.

OUR INDIAN MISSIONS.

THERE is no romance about Indian Mission work. Our missionaries cannot tell of multitudes turning from sin to God in a day. The people are degraded by ignorance and superstition. They are but in the infancy of civilization. The missionary must not look for great results in this age, but take the children, and try to implant a love and knowledge of God in their hearts, train them in the arts of civilization, and results will follow in their lives and succeeding generations. To teach them for a few hours a day, and then allow them to return to their own homes, is comparatively useless.

The girls must be taught sewing, cooking, cleaning, and housekeeping in all its details. The boys must learn trades; they must be taught how to earn their own livelihood by the arts of the white men, for we have taken their hunting-grounds from them.

THE CROSBY GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, seeing the great need for a "Home" and training-school for Indian girls, opened their own house to them. Mr. Crosby, by private solicitation, and a grant from the General Missionary Society, was successful in establishing a Home in Port Simpson, British Columbia. Since its formation, the Woman's Missionary Society have each year made it a liberal grant. Miss Knight, who has charge of the Home, and her assistant, Miss Hart, are under the direction of the Woman's Missionary Society.

There are twenty-one girls in the Home, who are being trained in the habits of neatness, thrift, and industry. They are a very

happy household. The children learn a verse from the Bible every morning, and then repeat the verses learnt through the week on Sunday.

The self-sacrifice manifested by Mr. and Mrs. Crosby, was reproduced at

CHILLIWHAC, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Mr. and Mrs. Tate next opened their home, and are sheltering nine Indian children. In 1887, the Woman's Missionary Society made a grant to them towards opening the Cogna-Leetza home and school. There are sixteen children attending the school, but they have sorely needed a school-room. This year the Woman's Missionary Society have made provision for a new building and a matron. When the home is completed, they will be able to shelter many girls whom they have been obliged to turn away.

THE M'DOUGALL ORPHANAGE.

This orphanage was started five years ago. The late Rev. George McDougall, on his last visit to Ontario, started to collect for it. When death ended his labours, other hands took it up, and erected it in memory of him. It is now under the supervision of his son, the Rev. John McDougall. There are twenty boys and girls, under the guidance of Mr. and Mrs. Youmans, being trained in farming, gardening, ranching, and blacksmithing; and the girls have learned much of household economy.

The aim of all our "Homes" is to bring the children to Christ, that they may go back to teach their people not only the arts of the white man, but the love and knowledge of our God, who will be exalted among the heathen. Pray that the workers may be successful in bringing these children into the glorious light.

DIFFICULTIES OF INDIAN MISSIONARIES.

The work of the missionary teachers among the Indians involves much greater trials, hardships, and isolation than eastern people can understand and appreciate. With all possible facilities and encouragements, it would still be a most toilsome, lonely, and depressing life for all persons of seriousness and sensibility. So far as we have been able to observe, none of the people engaged in such work have adequate means or instruments for it, or adequate support in any way.—*Montreal Methodist*.

An old Quaker, who was hardly ever known to be angry, was once asked by a young man how he managed to keep down his temper. His answer was: "My friend, if thee always speak in a low voice thee will never be angry." A good rule; and we want our little friends to try it.

Don't Laugh at Religion.

NEVER laugh at religion. Never make a jest of sacred things. Never mock those who are serious and in earnest about their souls. The time may come when you will count those happy whom you laughed at—a time when your laughter will be turned into sorrow, and your mockery into heaviness. Whatever else you please to laugh at, don't laugh at religion.

Contempt of holy things is the high-road to infidelity. Once let a man begin to make jest and joke of any part of Christianity, and I am never surprised to hear that he has turned out a downright unbeliever.

Have you really made up your mind to this? Have you fairly looked into the gulf which is before you, if you persist in despising religion? Call to mind the words of David: "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." (Psalm xiv. 1.) The fool—and none but a fool! He has said it, but he has never proved it! Remember, if ever there was a book which has proved true, from beginning to end—by every kind of evidence—that book is the Bible. It has defied the attacks of all enemies and fault-finders. "The word of the Lord is indeed tried." (Psalm xviii. 30.) It has been tried in every way, and the more evidently has it been shown to be the very handiwork of God himself.

Matthew Henry tells a story of a great statesman in Queen Elizabeth's time, who retired from public life in his latter days, and gave himself up to serious thought. His former gay companions came to visit him, and told him he was becoming melancholy. "No," he replied, "I am serious; for all are serious round me. God is serious in observing us; Christ is serious in interceding for us; the Spirit is striving with us; the truths of God are serious; our spiritual enemies are serious in their endeavour to ruin us; and why, then, should not you and I be serious too?"

Don't laugh at religion.

Jack Frost's Herbarium.

In Florida, where ice is so desirable for cooling food and drink, it is not naturally formed, and so must be made. I visited an ice-factory.

They have twenty tons of ice forming here, all the time. They lift a tank every thirty minutes, take out the ice, refill the tank with water and replace it. The freezing takes forty-eight hours. The tank they have just emptied will be filled soon, and a new block of ice will be taken from it on "the day after to-morrow."

Now, it seems that this freezing takes place so gently that a spray of roses may be put into a tank of water and frozen into the mass of ice without stirring a petal from its place. There it lies imbedded, in all its beauty of form and colour—a marvellous thing, I think. The ice-makers like to perform this experiment, as it shows the clearness of their ice; and pride is taken in freezing pieces of unusual beauty and transparency.

A delicate spray of flowers, a cluster of ripe fruit, or a brilliant-coloured fish are favourite subjects. Exhibitions of such freezings are occasionally made at fairs, and a particularly beautiful or interesting piece makes a very attractive gift for a birthday or for Christmas.

What a pretty way to preserve objects! I would like a collection of Florida specimens so preserved. No dried-out herbarium specimens; no faded and distorted alcoholic preparations; no unnatural taxidermist mounts, but everything in its natural colour, its perfect outline, its living beauty. Here, a clear little block with a chameleon; here, a larger one with a coiled rattlesnake; there a young alligator, a cluster of grape-fruit or oranges, a spray of flowers or a series of forest-leaves. But, alas! such a collection would not last a single week.

The Dying Christian's Triumph.

BY THE REV. T. CLEWORTH.

ALL my soul is full of gladness,
Heaven's fair city greets my sight;
I am going—banish sadness—
Jesus is my soul's delight.
I shall dwell with him forever
In the land of endless light.

With my loved ones I would tarry,
But my Lord will be their friend;
Angels wait my soul to carry,
I must to my home ascend.
Jesus guard you in his mercy,
Guide and love you to the end.

I have sung his glorious merit,
Now I prove his wondrous power.
I shall soon his rest inherit;
Jesus is my endless dower.
Now I triumph in his Spirit,
Jesus brings my natal hour!

Lo! I see my Saviour standing
Mid the splendors of his throne,
Watching till I reach the landing
In my King's eternal zone.
I shall find by his commanding,
Endless bliss among his own.

What is this? I go, ascending.
Wings as bright as silvery sheen!
Angel bands my flight attending
Up where stellar hosts are seen.
Higher still, where thrones are bending
On the shores of living green!

Freed forever from distraction,
All my nature seems to sing.
Yet on earth there is attraction,
There my spirit oft shall wing;
O'er the scenes of former action
Some blest influence to bring.

THOMASBURG, Ont.

Teachers' Department.

Getting Acquainted with the Children.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

As Sunday-school teachers, we ought to become intimately acquainted with the children under our charge—acquainted in the fullest sense of the word. It is not enough to know their names and faces, their residences, and the nature of their daily surroundings. We ought to become familiar with their dispositions, their peculiarities, their methods of thought, their longings and aspirations, their successes and disappointments.

Especially should we become aware of their doubts, so that we can remove them; of their perplexities, so that we can unravel them; of their errors, so that we can correct them. We must go down into their souls, as it were, and take the measure of their spiritual life.

We must become acquainted with the children, or we cannot win their confidence; and if we have not succeeded in doing that, we have not made flattering progress. It is something, indeed, to have won their respect; it is something more to have gained their friendship; it is a great deal more to have secured their confidence. Then, and not until then, will they tell us all about their trials and temptations, their doubts and misgivings; and not until then will we be able, by God's grace and a ripe experience, to lighten and enlighten, advise, direct, encourage, comfort.

It requires patience, prayerfulness, self-denial, adaptability, geniality, to entirely win the confidence of a child. We have sometimes thought that a man who is not genial has not been called to teach. There must be magnetism in the eye, fervour in the grasp, sympathy in the smile, solicitude in the voice.

We recently heard a good minister say, in the

pulpit, at the close of a year of faithful labour, that what he regretted most was, that during all that time none of his congregation had visited him in the privacy of his study to talk about their spiritual welfare. He was conscious that their confidence had been withheld.

As teachers, we ought to be burdened with a similar regret if our scholars fail to come to us in confidence. They may be longing for some one in whom to confide, just when we least suspect it. There is, perhaps, nobody at home willing or capable to advise or admonish—the father too worldly, the mother without experience, the elder sister without sympathy. Do they naturally come to us?

Perhaps we have not won their confidence for want of this thorough acquaintance, this keen appreciation, this happy adaptability, this genial inner life, about which we have been writing.

Very frequently the child does not come to us—perhaps does not even think of us. His needs remain unsatisfied, his doubts unremoved, his aspirations undirected, his difficulties unsolved. It may be a long time before he is in the same pliant, susceptible, inquiring, appropriating mood. We, as teachers, have missed a precious privilege, have lost a golden opportunity. Let us get acquainted with our children.—*Sunday-school Times.*

Weather Weapon.

BY GEORGE MAY POWELL.

THE central point of Sunday-school work is to bring souls to the great Lover. Therefore it is important for those who are Christians, among both scholars and teachers, to be trained in specific, practical methods of individual work.

The day of final account will show that a surprisingly large proportion of those who were brought to make the great decision to serve God, were influenced to do so through the efforts of one soul alone with another one, and not by the sermons preached to hundreds at a time; not by addresses of a Sabbath-school superintendent to the whole school; nor by the appeal of a teacher to a whole class when all were together. The work of preacher and superintendent and teacher, before aggregated numbers, has been preparatory to individual effort.

The writer has used the weather as the means of opening conversation with a greater number of individuals on the subject of personal religion than any other means. This, too, with those who were utter strangers, as well as those with whom he was acquainted. Probably no remarks are more common than those of fault-finding about the weather. It is too warm, or too cold, or too wet, or too dry, or too blustering a wind is blowing. I have found it convenient to reply to any of these criticisms, "Well, my friend, the weather is being managed by One who never yet made a mistake. I make mistakes enough, but he never made one." This, in every case—and we have tried it on hundreds—always brings an assenting response. The way is then open to say that, "As he never makes mistakes, the thing for me to do, and it would seem for us all to do, is to want just what he wants; in other words, for each one to make up his mind, trustingly and gladly, to be willing actively to do, or patiently to suffer, just what this great Lover, who never makes any mistakes, sees is best to either hold or to send."

Just the submission of the will is all there is of giving the heart to Christ. It is then easy to urge the importance of making this surrender at once, tenderly assuring the hearer that every minute of putting off this decision is the great sin of rejecting

Christ; also, that daily prayer and Bible-reading will secure all the strength and wisdom needed to live out the decision. Try using the weather weapon.—*S. S. Journal.*

Training Children.

GOOD breeding, like charity, should begin at home. The days are passed when children used to rise the moment their parents entered the room where they were, and stand until they had received permission to sit. But the mistake is now made usually in the other direction, of allowing small boys and girls too much license to disturb the peace of the household. I think the best way to train children in courtesy would be to observe toward them a scrupulous politeness. I would go as far as to say that we should make it a point to listen to children without interrupting them, and answer them sincerely and respectfully, as if they were grown-up. And indeed many of their wise, quaint sayings are far better worth listening to than the stereotyped commonplaces of most morning callers. Of course to allow uninterrupted chatter would be to surrender the repose of the household, but it is very easy if children are themselves scrupulously taught to respect the convenience of others and to know when to talk and when to be silent.

If a child is brought up in the constant exercise of courtesy toward brothers and sisters and playmates, as well as toward parents and uncles and aunts, it will have little to learn as it grows older. I know a bright and bewitching child who was well instructed in table etiquette, but who forgot her lessons sometimes, as even old people do now and then. The arrangement was made with her that for every solecism of this sort she was to pay a fine of five cents, while for every similar carelessness she should discover in her elders she was to exact a fine of ten cents, their experience of life being longer than hers. You may be sure that Miss Bright Eyes watched the proceedings at the table very carefully. No slightest disregard of the most conventional etiquette escaped her quick vision, and she was an inflexible creditor and faithful debtor. It was the prettiest sight to see her, when conscious of some failure on her own part, go unhesitatingly to her money-box and pay cheerfully her little tribute to the outraged proprieties.

Carefulness in Speech.

CAREFULNESS as to identity and truthfulness in speech is a virtue worth acquiring, if not already possessed.

Many times a person's reputation is injured, stained with lasting disgrace, all because somebody and somebody else were not exact in statements and reports.

To affirm what will and what will not be, to assert without condition what cannot be proved and may be unreasonable, and if another differs drift into a heated discussion is very foolish, and too strong assertion is very prone to lead to this.

A truth is never strengthened by too strong assertion. Young people are sometimes thoughtless in speaking and in knowing what is speedily disproved.

It is well to remember there are matters that speak for themselves, and he who is cautious in speaking, as a rule, is nearer the mark and regarded with greater respect. Habits of exact speaking, of disciplining mind and tongue, of not exclaiming too much, and not becoming excited and angry if others disagree and fail to see as you do—such habits formed in youth will do much to mould a firm character, and becomes a source of lasting pleasure and happiness.

The Farmer's Daughter.

Oh, I know the world is a weary place
Of suffering, and care, and woe,
And that every heart has the deadly trace
Of the sin that makes it so;
Yet I see the promise of heaven gleam
On this sorrowful earth of ours,
That God's sea will whiten life's darkest stream,
God's sun will open life's flowers.

'Mid the Western forest I sit me down
Where the church bells never ring;
My hands are rough, and my brow is brown,
And the woodman's song I sing;
But yet, when the work of my day is done,
And I rest on the mossy sod,
Then my heart grows soft with the thought of one
Who has been ten years with God.

Just a little lass, who was fair to me—
I may not be over wise—
But what can the beauty they talk of be
If not God's light in the eyes?
When I hear of maidens whom good men love,
They are just like her, I know;
When I think how the angels sing above,
I think how she spoke below!

She lived in a quiet country place,
With womanly duties round;
Where even God's dumb things loved her face,
And came at her footstep's sound.
No earthly pride save her mother's praise,
The blessing the farmer gave;
Then at last a break in the happy days,
A name on the household grave!

And I dare not ask them—for what was I?—
For sight of the holy dead;
I looked on her bier as they bore it by,
And I hid the tears I shed.
'Twas long since I joined in a godly work,
Or gone where God's people meet,
But next Sabbath morning I went to kirk,
And gazed on her empty seat.

For I could not carry her in my heart
To haunts of ungodly men;
But when in God's service I took my part,
Her soul seemed nearer me then.
And she's nearer me now, as I sit alone
In the Western forest dim;
And she soothes my heart like a mother's tone
Singing the evening hymn.

So in many a quiet place, I trow,
God's servants may dwell unseen,
Like the little streamlets that hidden flow,
Except that their grass grows green;
For we see the evil, we hear the cry,
Of this sorrowful earth of ours,
But in loving patience God sits on high,
Because he can see its flowers.

—Selected.

On the Banks.

THE PERILS AND HARDSHIPS OF OUR BRAVE FISHERMEN.

A DRIED codfish is in itself neither an interesting, beautiful nor attractive object, and yet there is hardly an article of food that is got at such an expense of human life, of human exertion and of human suffering. The cod of commerce is principally caught upon the great banks of Newfoundland, not by netting but by the hook and line. The Newfoundland cod fisheries are called, are, with the exception of the "mackerelers," the finest fishing vessels that float. They are, generally speaking, large keel schooners, say of sixty to ninety tons, and are not only well built but well modelled and well found.

Fine ships as the banking schooners are, they have to face work that is so dangerous as to be in many cases the last of them. In the first place they have to face the terrible gales of autumn and spring in the open sea, either under sail or at anchor on the fishing grounds, and on their way to and from the banks they have under their lee the most dangerous of coasts. Small wonder is it then

that a gale strews the North Atlantic coast of this continent with wrecked fishing schooners, and that many a schooner is written down as having "never again been seen" after such a cyclone.

But the chances of shipwreck by stress of weather in their staunch schooners is only the first of the dangers which the men who go to sea to fish for cod have to encounter. They are upon the banks all winter, engaged in fishing during the season that the conflict between the polar current and the Gulf stream, which has created the banks, is at its height, and when the fog banks hang over the waters almost constantly. Through these fog banks comes the great ocean greyhounds, the ships that cover a mile in three minutes, and which cannot turn from their path within a third of that distance. Down upon the banker, lying with her long hemp cable keeping her up to winward and her reefed mainsail slatting to keep her head from paying off, come the great ocean steamer. The schooner's feeble riding light hardly illumines a ball of fog twenty yards in diameter, and the tin fish-horn which "the boy" is supposed to blow as often as he can raise the wind, can only be heard a few hundred yards away.

The steamer's look-out, perhaps, catches a note from the horn; he glances about to see whence it comes; out from the white fog leaps the spectral spars of a schooner; a wild yell of mingled despair and rage from the fishermen, a crash, a shudder runs through the great steel structure, but she sweeps on with unabated speed, her paint hardly injured, and the "J. T. Smith," of Gloucester or Harbor Grace, Yarmouth or Eastport, is never heard of again, and nothing but widows and orphans are left on earth as memories of the twenty or so brave, skilful, simple and honest fellows that made up her crew. Hardly a year passes without one or two cases of this kind being reported, but the fishermen say that for every incident of this description reported two are never heard of. It is not often that any one but the officer of the watch and his quartermasters and the look-out know what has taken place, and they lock their lips. Whether this be true or not, there are quite enough reported collisions on the banks to make this a very certain danger.

It is surely bad enough to be compelled to fight the tempest in a small ship and near a dangerous shore—it is not a life of safety, that in which a man hardly knows when he lies down in his bunk whether he may not be awakened by the crashing of the great steel chisel of a steamer's bow through the planks at his side. But there is a worse danger than that of shipwreck, either by tempest or collision which the cod fisher must face. At one time either because the fish were more plentiful or the desires of the fishermen were more easily satisfied, enough fish could be caught from the deck of the schooner to satisfy all concerned. Now, however, the fish are caught from dories. Every schooner carries a certain number of these dories, roughly but strongly built little open boats, which bear a certain resemblance to the raftsmen's "pung," and every morning these boats, with two men in each, are sent out from the schooner. It is but seldom that they carry more water and food than the men will need during the day, and the men are expected to stay out as long as the fish bite.

If a sudden fog springs up which prevents the dorymen from finding the schooner—if the sea and wind rise to such an extent as to prevent them from pulling against it back to her, these men are lost at sea. Then begins for them that agony, which, even if their lives are saved, is worse than death itself. They suffer from hunger, thirst and cold; yet there is always the chance of speedy rescue, of the relief of every ill that then afflicts

them—but that chance never comes! Men go mad under this strain, leap overboard, and leave behind them nothing but the empty dory and the evidence of their suffering. Stronger men die of starvation and long afterwards the rotten boat carrying their bones has been picked up at sea. Then, again, men have rowed and drifted for ten whole days without food, without fire, with no water but that supplied by the rain that seemed to pelt the life out of them until they reached the shores of Nova Scotia, and so saved their lives.

The sea about the banks is a populous one, and although many of the lost dories are never heard of again, a very great number are found. It may be that hope, nay life itself, has almost died out in the minds and hearts of the crew of the lost dory. About them the gray fog hangs like a pall, below them rises and sinks the gray and pitiless sea. The salt spray freezes upon them and their boat, and dropping their oars they throw themselves down to die. Pain and weariness and that awful mental distress occasioned by the battle for life, has almost destroyed consciousness, and their faculties have been so strained that they can hardly determine whether sight or hearing are still theirs. Yet hope is not quite dead; they still strive to listen, strive to see. There is a new note in the splashing of the seas, their constant murmuring at the burden of the frail boat, but the exhausted men do not notice it, or if they do they do not heed it. Again it comes, and one of the men raises his head and stares at the other with a fearful intensity. Yes, the other has heard it; it was no figment of the brain. Pain, weariness, the sickness of hope deferred, all that has gone, and they listen—listen only as men can listen when on their hearing hangs their life. Again it comes sounding through the fog, like the wild, fierce cry of some gigantic creature tortured to death, and the weary men in the dory know it now—it is the whistle of an advancing steamer, and their lives hang on a thread. If she comes near enough to hear their feeble fish-horn, and will stop, they are saved, if not.

Again comes the wild cry, and then behind it looms up the huge black hull of a great liner, cleaving her way through fog and water, at the rate of seventeen knots an hour. Now comes their chance for life. If they can make the officers of the watch hear them and see them before that whistle sounds again, they are saved. They blow a blast from that tin fish-horn—such a blast as only men in their position can blow, and then, as the great hoarse roar of the steam-whistle bursts out again, throw up their arms in expostulation—in despair. The officer of the watch, warmly clad, wrapped in oilskins, standing there upon the bridge, gripping the rail with his hands, has his teeth clenched, and every nerve a-tingle. He fully realizes what it is to drive a great ship such as this through such a fog and such a sea, but the reputation of his line for fast trips must be sustained. What was that? The note of a fish-horn. He peers into the gray blank before him, and sees just a dark shadow on the water—the misty outline of a man's uplifted arm. It is enough, however. A word to the anxious-eyed ship-master, who has not been in his bunk for eight-and-forty hours.

"Stop her!" flashes to the engine-room, and a great hoarse roar bursts from the steam-pipes to tell the lost ones they are saved.

A life-boat is swung out, its crew get aboard, and as steamer men are not expert boatmen, this takes time; and before the boat gets away from the steamer, slowly out of the bay comes a dory, pulled with difficulty and pain by two woeful-looking objects, who, nevertheless, manage to bring their egg-shell alongside the mighty steamer, and they are saved.—*Montreal Witness.*

My Boys.

I sit alone in the twilight
And dream of the days gone by.
When here with the shadows we gathered,
My beautiful boys and I.

The years have passed, O, how swiftly;
It seems only yesterday
That Jack and Harry and baby Fred
Were here at my feet at play.

My Jack, a soldier so wond'rous brave,
You'll find in the thickest fight,
But low sinks my heart as for him I cry,
"O, where is my boy to-night?"

You ask me of my other son,
How his blue eyes used to shine;
Alas, their light is darkened by
The fatal spirit of wine.

I bow my head and fervently plead
For both these my boys to-night,
Believing that he who has promised so much
Some day will remove the blight.

And I praise him to a vision
Of a cause triumphant, grand,
That bears inscribed upon its banners,
"God, Home, and Native Land."

My heart is full, so full, as I think
Of Jack and Harry and Fred,
Yet I thank my Heavenly Father for
The baby boy that's dead.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

A.D. 64] [March 31
Eph. 5. 15-21. Memory verses 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit. Eph. 5. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. Wise, v. 15-17.
2. Temperate, v. 18, 19.
3. Thankful, v. 20, 21.

TIME.—64 A.D.

PLACE.—Written at Rome.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Walk circumspectly*—Conduct yourselves with scrupulous care as far as personal example and influence go. *Redeeming the time*—Better "buying up the opportunity," or taking advantage of every circumstance to do good. *Speaking to yourselves, etc.*—Read this verse differently: put a comma after yourselves, then change the next comma, taking it out from between "songs," and "singing," and placing it after "singing."

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Wise.*
What advice concerning conduct does the apostle give to the Ephesian Christians? Where was Ephesus? What connection had Paul had with it in the past? Acts 19. 1-19. Against what evil did Paul have to repeatedly warn the Roman Christians or those in cities under Roman sway? What made the days of Paul's imprisonment in Rome evil days? (See any history of persecution under Nero.)
2. *Temperate.*
In what way did he counsel to show wisdom? On what ground does he put his opposition to drunkenness? Has the condition of things changed at all? Why ought all Christians now to advocate temperance as a duty? Does the apostle imply that there can be no such thing as spiritual fullness where excess from drinking prevails?
3. *Thankful.*
How was temperance as a principle to affect their conversation? In place of songs to Diana and Bacchus in drunken revels what does he counsel? What was to be the constant attitude of their heart? Through whom was their thanksgiving to be rendered? How was it to manifest itself in their mutual life?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

A man is known by his walk in the street, as well as by his word. The drunken man shows it in his walk; old age is shown by its walk; sickness by its walk; business energy is shown by its walk, etc.

So accurate is the word it becomes a figure of conduct. A man's character is known by his conduct. Walk therefore wisely.

The attitude of all morality is against excess:

Temperate: in drink; in act; in word. This is the unvarying voice of God's word.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Self-control.

SECOND QUARTER.

A.D. 30] LESSON I. [April 7

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

Mark 11. 1-11. Memory verses, 8-10

GOLDEN TEXT.

Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold, thy king cometh unto thee. Zech. 9. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. The King, v. 1-7.
2. His Coming, v. 8-11.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACES.—Jerusalem, Bethphage, Bethany, Mount of Olives.

CONNECTING LINKS.—In the last quarter we left our study of the life of Jesus with the multitude departing with him from Jericho for Jerusalem. The giving sight to the blind Bartimeus was an incident causing only a momentary detention, and the throng pursued its onward way. Our lesson begins with the end of this journey.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The village over against you*—Lange says the disciples were sent ahead of the procession to Bethany for the ass and her colt before they had reached the village. Others say Bethphage is meant. *If any man say unto you*—That is, if one of the owners say unto you. Many suppose that they were disciples of the Lord. *In a place where two ways met*—The Rev. Ver. says, "in the open street." Perhaps it would be as well rendered, "in a winding street." *Their garments*—That is, their outer cloak or mantle. *Branches off the trees*—probably palm leaves. *Hosanna*—This means, O save!

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The King.*
On what day of the Jewish week did the King come to his temple, as had been prophesied? What ceremonies were necessary in order to fulfil prophecy? In what sense was Jesus a King? What act of kingship did Jesus perform? What difference do you see between his attitude to this company and his attitude always before the multitudes? How do you account for that difference? Was it theft to take the colt? Why did the owner so willingly allow the taking? What was the prophecy which was thereby fulfilled? Zech. 9. 9. How does Matthew's account differ from this of Mark?
2. *His Coming.*
For how long a distance did this triumphal procession escort the King? In what respects was it like an Oriental coronation procession? From what city had those come who are here described as going before? Did all the people of the city join in this scene? Luke 19. 39. What happened when the procession first came in sight of the city? Luke 19. 41. What did Jesus do that day in the temple which ver 11 does not record? Matt. 21. 12, 13. What did the multitude doubtless expect him to do that day? Can you find any reason for their change toward him before the week was over?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Popularity is no test of power over man—it only indicates popular desire. One act that disappoints the populace makes it hostile. It cries "Hosanna!" one day, "Crucify him!" on another.

Behold the willing servants. Christ said, "Go," "loose," "bring," They obeyed. He says to you, "Go to thy closet," "Loose your hold on the world," "Bring your all to me." Have you? See what consecration will do. "The Lord hath need," "and they let them go." Are you thus willing to give anything that God asks?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Find from the different records how much time the events of this lesson occupied?
2. Read carefully all three gospel stories, and then write a new account of it for yourself.
3. Read the story of Mordecai's triumphal procession.
4. On a map of Jerusalem and its environs trace the road Jesus took from Bethany.
5. Find if there was any point where he could get a sudden and beautiful view of the city.
6. Now read once more Luke 19. 41, etc.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. From what village did Jesus start on his royal entrance to Jerusalem? From Bethany. 2. How did he make this entrance? Seated upon a colt. 3. By whom was he attended? A multitude before and behind. 4. How did they show him honour? They spread their garments in the way. 5. What was their song? "Rejoice," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The King of kings.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

16. What has our Lord said about the books of the Old Testament? He calls them the Scriptures, says that they testify of Himself, and that they will not pass away. Luke xxiv. 44, 45. John x. 35. John v. 39. Matthew v. 17, 18.
17. Is this the reason why we believe the Old Testament? There are many other reasons, but this is the chief reason. Our Lord honoured the Old Testament, and we must honour it, and receive it as the word of God.

Keep at it.

Do not be discouraged, boys, if you meet with difficulties in carrying out any noble purpose. Samuel F. B. Morse received his first idea for the telegraph while a student in Yale College, in a lesson upon electricity, recited to Prof. Day. The boy was then nineteen years old, but he had passed the age of fifty before he succeeded in getting an appropriation from the United States Government for testing his invention. What years of discouragement, and what trials in the way of poverty and repeated failures, intervened! He asked for \$30,000 from Congress, and its members made merry over the request, saying that if this sum were given to a magnetic telegraph, Millerism and mesmerism, and any other ism, might have a dive into the national treasury. One of the senators, Hon. Fernando Wood, advised him to give up his project. Morse went to his boarding place, paid what he owed, leaving just thirty-seven cents in his purse, then crept slowly up the long stairs to his little room. There he knelt down by the side of his bed and gave up his hope of success, comforting himself with the thought that he had done the best he could. Such was the man who afterward received \$80,000 from the ten powers of Europe, which held a special congress to give expression to their gratitude.

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