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WELCOME AND TO SCHOOL

Do unto others
As Ye Would
That They
Should
Do unto
You.

Vol. VII.] TORONTO, MARCH 9, 1889. [No. 5.



A YOUNG WOMAN OF EAST MANTAMA.

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

V.

We all woke up on the morning of the 28th of February with a feeling of intense relief. There were no more marches, no more bugle summons to rouse us up for another fatiguing day, no more fear of hunger—at least for a season.

Though the people had only their own small domestic affairs to engage their attentions, and Frank and Fred were—for this day—relieved from duty, I had much to do in preparing and equipping the *Lady Alice* for sea, and in circumnavigating the great "Nianja," as the Wasukuma call the lake. During the afternoon the Wasukuma recruits were summoned to receive farewell gifts, and nearly all were discharged. Besides new clothes to wear, and beads to purchase luxuries, I was expected to furnish the Wangwana with meat for a banquet; and, in accordance with their just wishes, six bullocks were purchased and slaughtered for their benefit. To satisfy all their demands and expectations, three full bales of cloth and one hundred and twenty pounds of beads

were disbursed. My daily fare at this time consisted of chickens, sweet potatoes, milk, tea, and coffee.

The village became after our arrival a place of great local importance. It attracted an unusual number of native traders from all sides within a radius of twenty or thirty miles. Reports of us were carried far along the paths of trade, to the countries contiguous to the highways of traffic, because we were in a land which had been, from time immemorial, a land of gossip and primitive commerce.

Though the Prince of Kagehyi is a well-meaning and well-disposed creature, he possessed an infirmity that rendered him incapable of rendering me that service which he had himself suggested to me. He promised that he would accompany me in my exploration of Lake Victoria! It is to be doubted, after acquiring such a knowledge of his character, whether his intentions could be fulfilled.

Nearly all the Wangwana, while the *Lady Alice* was being prepared for sea, were impressed with the vastness of the enterprise. There were, they said, a people dwelling on its shores who were gifted with tails; another, who trained enormous and fierce dogs for war; another, a tribe of can-

nibals, who preferred human flesh to all other kinds of meat. The lake was so large that it would take years to trace its shores, and who then—at the end of that time—would remain alive? Therefore, as I expected, there were no volunteers for the exploration of the Great Lake.

Within seven days the boat was ready, and strengthened for a rough sea life. Provisions of flour and dried fish, bales of cloth and beads of various kinds, odds and ends of small portable necessaries were boxed, and she was declared, at last, to be only waiting for her crew. "Would any one volunteer to accompany me?" A dead silence ensued. "Not for rewards and extra pay?" Another dead silence: no one would volunteer. "Yet I must," said I, "depart. Will you let me go alone?" "No!" "What then? Show me my braves—those men who freely enlist to follow their master round the sea."

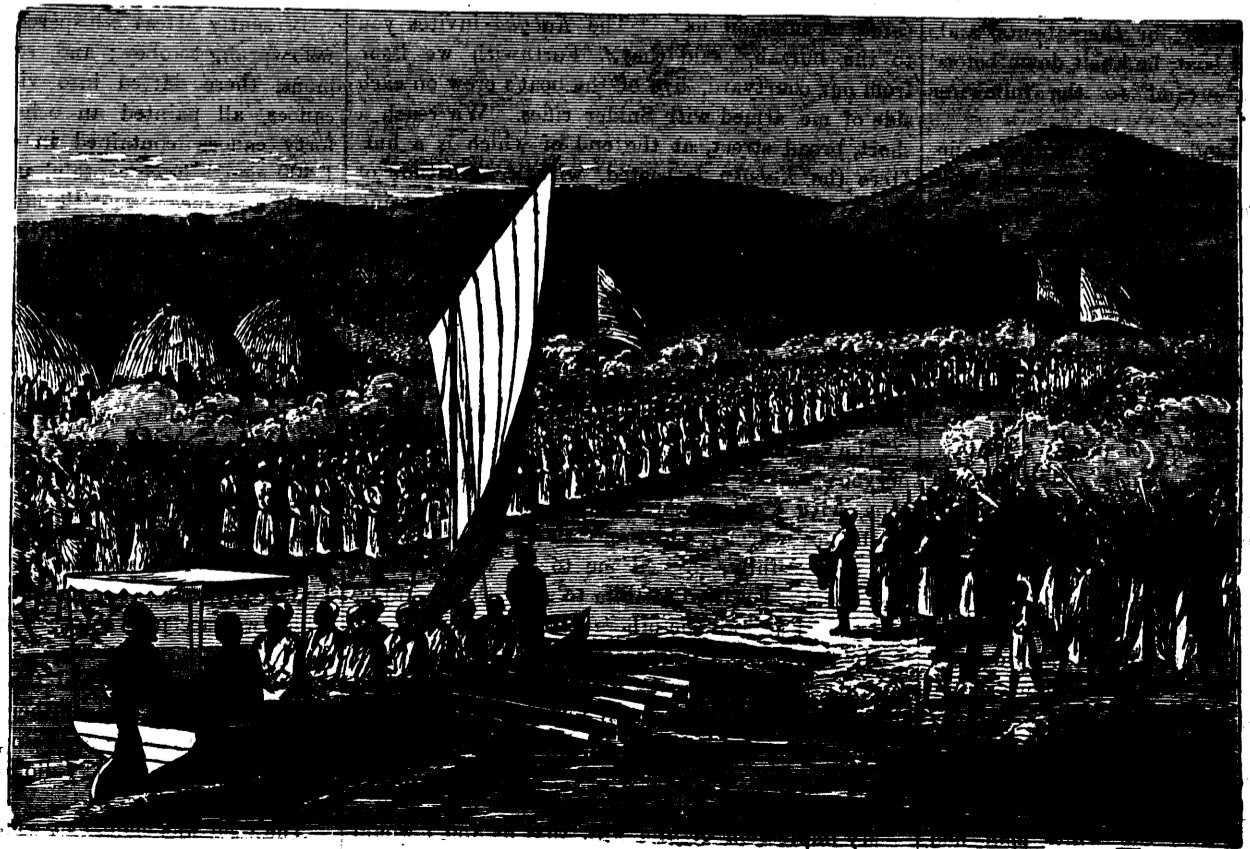
All were again dumb. Appealed to individually, each said he knew nothing of sea life; each man frankly declared himself a terrible coward on water.

"Then what am I to do?"

Wanwa Sera said, "Master, have done with these questions. Command your party. All your people are your children, and they will not disobey you. While you ask them as a friend, no one will offer his services. Command them, and they will all go."

Then I called Kachéché, the detective, and told him to ascertain the names of those young men who were accustomed to sea life. After reflecting upon the capacities of the younger men, as they had developed themselves on the road, I made a list of ten sailors and a steersman, to whose fidelity I was willing to entrust myself and fortunes coasting round the Victorian Sea.

Accordingly, after drawing up instructions for Frank Pocock and Fred



RECEPTION BY KING MTESA'S BODY GUARD AT UNAVARA.

Barker, on about a score of matters concerning the well-being of the expedition during my absence, I set sail on the 8th of March, 1875, eastward along the shores of the broad arm of the lake which we first sighted, and which henceforward is known, in honour of the first discoverer, as "Speke Gulf."

Afloat on the waters of Speke Gulf! The sky is gloomy, and the light gray water has become a dull ashen gray; the rocks are bare and rugged; and the land, sympathizing with the gloom above, appears silent and lonely. The people sigh dolorously; their rowing is that of men who think they bound to certain death; and now and again wistful looks are thrown toward me, as though they expected an order to return. Their hearts are full of misgivings; and slowly, however, we move through the dull, dead waters.

We continued to coast along populous Ururi. The country appears well cultivated, and villages are numerous. Some of the Waruri fishermen informed us that we should be eight years circumnavigating the lake!

The hippotami of Lake Victoria are an excessively belligerent species, and the unwary voyager, on approaching their haunts, exposes himself to danger. We are frequently chased by them; and as the boat was not adapted for a combat with such pachyderms, a collision would have been fatal to us.

At evening we camped on Bridge Island, so named from a natural bridge of basaltic rock, which forms an irregular arch of about twenty-four feet in length, by twelve feet in depth, and under which we were able to pass from one side of the island to the other.

The number of islands encountered proved so troublesome to us that we were compelled to creep cautiously along the shores. We flew away with a bellying sail along the coast of Maheta, where we saw a denser population, and more clusters of large villages than we had beheld elsewhere.

On the 2nd of April, just as we were about to depart, we saw six beautiful canoes, crowded with men, coming round a point. On surveying them with my glass, I saw that several who were seated amidship were dressed in white, and our guides informed us that they were the *Kabaka's* people. The commander was a fine, lusty young man, named Magassa, of twenty, or thereabouts, and, after springing into our boat, he knelt down before me, and declared his errand to the following effect:—

"The *Kabaka* Mtesa sends me with many salaams to you. He is in great hopes that you will visit him. He does not know from what land you have come, but I have a swift messenger, with a canoe, who will not stop until he gives all the news to the *Kabaka*."

Magassa, in his superb canoe, led the way, and his little slave drummed an accompaniment to the droning chant of his canoe-men. When about two miles from Usavara, Mtesa's camp, we saw what we estimated to be thousands of people arranging themselves in order, on a gently rising ground. When about a mile from the shore, Magassa gave the order to signal our advance upon it with fire-arms, and was at once obeyed by his dusky musketeers. Half-a-mile off, I saw that the people on the shore had formed themselves into two dense lines, at the end of which stood several finely-dressed men, arrayed in crimson and black and snowy white. As we neared the beach, volleys of musketry burst out from the long lines. Magassa's canoes steered outward to right and left, while two hundred or three hundred heavily-loaded guns announced to all around that the white man had landed. Numerous drums sounded a noisy wel-

come; and flags, banners, and bannerets waved, and the people gave a great shout. Very much amazed at all this ceremonious and pompous greeting, I strode up toward the great standard, near which stood a short young man, dressed in a crimson robe, which covered an immaculately white dress of bleached cotton, before whom Magassa, who had hurried ashore, knelt reverently, and, turning to me, begged me to understand that this short young man was the *Katekiro*. Not knowing very well who the "*Katekiro*" was, I only bowed, which, strange to say, was imitated by him, only that his bow was far more profound and stately than mine. I was perplexed, confused, embarrassed, and I believe I blushed inwardly, at this regal reception, though I hope I did not betray my embarrassment.

The *Katekiro*, and several of the chiefs, accompanied me to my hut, and a very sociable conversation took place. I obtained the information that the *Katekiro* was the prime minister, or the *Kabaka's* deputy.

Hosts of questions were fired off at me about my health, my journey, and its aim; Zanzibar, Europe, and its people; the seas and the heavens; sun, moon, and stars; angels and devils; doctors, priests, and craftsmen in general. In fact, as the representative of nations, who "know everything," I was subjected to a most searching examination, and in one hour and ten minutes it was declared unanimously that I had "passed."

The fruits of the favourable verdict passed upon myself and merits, were seen presently in fourteen fat oxen, sixteen goats and sheep, a hundred bunches of bananas, three dozen fowls, four wooden jars of milk, four baskets of sweet potatoes, fifty ears of green Indian corn, a basket of rice, twenty fresh eggs, and ten pots of maramba wine. Kauta, Mtesa's steward or butler, at the head of the drovers and bearers of these various provisions, fell on his knees before me, and said:—

"The *Kabaka* sends salaams unto his friend, who has travelled so far to see him. The *Kabaka* cannot see the face of his friend until he has eaten and is satisfied."

We bathed, brushed, cleaned ourselves, and were prepared, externally and mentally, for the memorable hour when we should meet the Foremost Man of Equatorial Africa. Two of the *Kabaka's* pages came to summon us. "The *Kabaka* invites you to the burzah," said they. Forthwith we issue from our courtyard, five of the boat's crew on each side of me, armed with Snider rifles. We reach a short, broad street, at the end of which is a hut. Here the *Kabaka* is seated, with a multitude of chiefs, ranked from the throne in two opposing kneeling or seated lines, the ends being closed in by drummers, guards, executioners, pages, etc. As we approached the nearest group, it opened, and the drummers beat mighty sounds. The Foremost Man of Equatorial Africa rises and advances, and all the kneeling and seated lines rise—generals, colonels, chiefs, cooks, butlers, pages, executioners.

The *Kabaka*—a tall, clean-faced, large-eyed, nervous-looking, thin man, clad in a tarbush, black robe, with a white shirt belted with gold, shook my hands, warmly and impressively; and, bowing not ungracefully, invited me to be seated on an iron stool. I waited for him to shew the example, and then I and all the others seated ourselves.

He first took a deliberate survey of me, which I returned with interest,—for he was as interesting to me as I was to him. His impression of me was that I was younger than Speke, not so tall, but better dressed. This I gathered from his criticisms, as confided to his chiefs and favourites.

My impression of him was, that he and I would become better acquainted; that I should make a

convert of him, and make him useful to Africa. But what other impressions I had may be gathered from the remarks I wrote that evening in my diary:—

"Mtesa has impressed me as being an intelligent and distinguished prince, who, if aided in time by virtuous philanthropists, will do more for Central Africa than fifty years of Gospel teaching, unaided by such authority, can do. I think I see in him the light that shall lighten the darkness of this benighted region; a prince well worthy the most hearty sympathies that Europe can give him. In this man I see the possible fruition of Livingstone's hopes, for with his aid the civilization of Equatorial Africa becomes feasible. I saw over three thousand soldiers of Mtesa nearly half-civilized. I saw about a hundred chiefs, who might be classed in the same scale; and have witnessed with astonishment such order and law as is obtainable in semi-civilized countries. All this is the result of a poor Muslim's labour. His name is Muley ben Salim. He it was who first began teaching here the doctrine of Islam. False and contemptible as these doctrines are, they are preferable to the ruthless instincts of a savage despot, whom Speke and Grant left wallowing in the blood of women; and I honour the memory of Muley ben Salim—Muslim and slave-trader though he be—the poor priest who has wrought this happy change. With a strong desire to improve still more the character of Mtesa, I shall begin building on the foundation-stones laid by Muley ben Salim. I shall destroy his belief in Islam, and teach the doctrines of Jesus of Nazareth."

On April 5th, about 7 a.m., Mtesa sallied out of his quarters, accompanied by a host of guards, pages, standard-bearers, fifers, drummers, chiefs, and native guests, and about two hundred women of his household; and as he passed by my courtyard, he sent one of his pages to request my presence. Mtesa was seated on an iron stool, the centre of a large group of admiring women, who, as soon as I appeared, focussed about two hundred pairs of lustrous humid eyes on my person, at which he laughed.

"You see, Stamlee," said he, "how my women look at you: they expected to see you accompanied by a woman of your own colour. Come and sit down."

Presently Mtesa whispered an order to a page, who sprang to obey; and, responding to his summons, there darted into view forty magnificent canoes, all painted an ochreous brown. These forty canoes contained in the aggregate about 1,200 men. Each captain, as he passed us, seizing shield and spear, went through the performance of defence and attack by water. The naval review over, Mtesa commanded one of the captains of the canoes to try and discover a crocodile or a hippopotamus. After fifteen minutes he returned with the report that there was a young crocodile asleep on a rock about two hundred yards away.

"Now, Stamlee," said Mtesa, "show my women how white men can shoot."

To represent all the sons of Japhet on this occasion was a great responsibility; but, I am happy to say, that I nearly severed the head of the young crocodile from its body, at the distance of one hundred yards, with a three-ounce ball—an act which was accepted as proof that all white men are dead shots.

On the 10th of April the camp broke up and moved to the capital, whither I was strongly urged to follow. Owing to my being obliged to house my boat from the hot sun, I did not reach the capital until 1 p.m.

The road was eight feet wide, through jungle and garden, forest and field. Within three hours

march we saw the capital, crowning the summit of a smooth, rounded hill—a large cluster of tall, conical, grass huts, in the centre of which rose a spacious, lofty, barn-like structure, which, we were told, was the palace!

While I stood admiring the view, a page came up, and, kneeling, announced that he had been despatched by the Emperor to show me my house. In the afternoon I was invited to the palace. Court after court was passed, until we finally stood in front of the great house of cane and straw, which the Waganda family term *Kibuga*, or the Palace. The prospect gained was worthy of the imperial eyes of the African monarch. On all sides rolled, in grand waves, a land of sunshine, and plenty, and early summer verdure, cooled by soft breezes from the great fresh-water sea.

Since the 5th of April, I had enjoyed ten interviews with Mtesa, and during them all I had taken occasion to introduce topics which would lead up to the subject of Christianity. Nothing occurred in my presence but I contrived to turn it toward effecting that which had become an object to me, viz., his conversion. There was no attempt to confuse him with the details of any particular doctrine. I simply drew for him the image of the Son of God humbling himself for the good of all mankind—white and black; and told him how, while he was in man's disguise, he was seized and crucified by wicked people, who scorned his divinity, and yet out of his great love for them, while yet suffering on the cross, he asked his great Father to forgive them. I showed the difference in character between him whom white men love and adore, and Mahommed, whom the Arabs revere; how Jesus endeavoured to teach mankind that we should love all men, excepting none, while Mahommed taught his followers that the slaying of the pagan and the unbelievers was an act that merited paradise. I left it to Mtesa and his chiefs to decide which was the worthier character. I also sketched in brief the history of religious belief from Adam to Mohammed. I had also begun to translate to him the Ten Commandments.

The enthusiasm with which I launched into this work of teaching was soon communicated to Mtesa and some of his principal chiefs, who became so absorbingly interested in the story, as I gave it to them, that little of other business was done.

Before we broke up our meeting, Mtesa informed me that I should meet a *white man* at his palace the next day.

"A white man or a Turk?"

"A white man, like yourself," repeated Mtesa.

"No! Impossible!"

"Yes; you will see. He came from Masr (Cairo), from Gordoom (Gordon) Pasha."

"Ah, very well. I shall be glad to see him; and if he is really a white man, I may probably stay with you four or five days longer," said I to Mtesa, as I bade him good night.

The "white man" reported to be coming the next day, arrived at noon, with great *éclat* and flourishes of trumpets, the sounds of which could be heard all over the capital. He was Colonel Linant de Bellefonds, a member of the Gordon-Pasha Expedition.

As soon as I saw him I recognized him as a Frenchman. Not being introduced to him—and as I was then but a mere guest of Mtesa, with whom it was M. Linant's first desire to converse—I simply bowed to him, until he had concluded addressing the Emperor, when our introduction took place.

I was delighted at seeing him, and much more delighted when I discovered that M. Linant was a very agreeable man.

M. Linant passed many pleasant hours with me. Though he had started from Cairo previous to my departure from Zanzibar, and consequently could communicate no news from Europe, I still felt that for a brief period I enjoyed civilized life. The religious conversation which I had begun with Mtesa were maintained in the presence of M. Linant de Bellefonds, who, fortunately for the cause I had in view, was a Protestant; for, when questioned by Mtesa about the facts which I had uttered, and which had been faithfully transcribed, M. Linant, to Mtesa's astonishment, employed nearly the same words, and delivered the same responses. The remarkable fact that two white men, who had never met before—one having arrived from the south-east, the other having emerged from the north—should, nevertheless, both know the same things, and respond in the same words, charmed the popular mind as a wonder, and was treasured in Mtesa's memory as being miraculous.

(To be continued.)

Young Men and Tobacco.

THE use of tobacco puts a serious obstacle in the way of the success of the young man. There is no employment to which it recommends him; and in many cases, even with those who themselves use it, its use is a decisive objection when any position of delicate trust is under consideration. It lowers, both directly and by association, in very many minds, the sense of soundness and strength which they wish to connect with a young man whom they are to encounter constantly in important relations.

Rarely, indeed, would any man, himself addicted to a temperate use of tobacco, recommend the habit as a wise and useful one to a young man in whom he was interested. How few fathers would give this counsel to sons! A man of good judgment, having reached mature years without the habit, very rarely takes it up. It is fastened on young men in that period of crudeness and greenness in which they are mistaking the vices of their elders by their virtues. A boy once gotten beyond this unripe age, without the habit, finds nothing in it to appeal to the growing judgment and experience.

The expense of this habit is an important and uncompensated burden on any young man. A wise economy is a universal condition of success. Here is an economy large enough to be of itself of considerable importance, and one which tends to remove the temptations to indolence and wastefulness in many directions.

The funds which a young man addicted to the use of tobacco devotes to this end, are quite sufficient, if he is without wealth, to reduce seriously his chances of success in business, while it offers only a momentary gratification.

The Duke of Wellington on War.

In one of his speeches, Lord Shaftesbury tells a story, which may well be laid to heart by those who are too apt to allow their imagination to dwell upon the honour and glory, "the pomp and chivalry," of war, forgetful of its attendant horrors and misery.

"Very many years ago—more than thirty years ago—I was driving through Hertfordshire with the old Duke of Wellington, in his carriage. It was a beautiful summer evening; the sun was shining, and everything looked flourishing and joyous. He was silent for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. At the end of that time he said: 'I will tell you what I have been thinking about. I have been contemplating this very beautiful country, and I have been thinking what a curse war is. Suppose I had to take military possession

of this district, I should have to lay low every beautiful thing which you see here. Take my word for it,' said the veteran, the hero of a hundred battles, 'take my word for it, if you had seen but one day of war you would pray to Almighty God that you might never see such a thing again.'"

Waiting and Watching for Me.

DELLA ROGERS.

I DREAMED last evening of heaven,
Of the beautiful home "over there,"
Were our loved ones are peacefully resting,
Free from all sorrow and care.
I heard the sweet song of the ransomed,
Singing "praise to our Saviour e'er be,"
As I watched I saw one o'er the river
Stand waiting, and watching for me.

Some were roaming about the bright river,
Some were sitting at rest on the shore,
Watching the silvery waves breaking,
As the life-boat passed swiftly o'er;
Each time that the boat stemmed the current
And landed some soul o'er the sea,
That loved one stood waiting and watching,
Yes, waiting and watching for me.

'Twas the bride of one bright summer morning
I had brought to my own cottage home,
Where the flowers she tended still blossom,
And the wild bees among them do roam;
Oh, it seemed that that day was far sweeter,
More joyous than other could be,
But new on the bank of the river
She's waiting and watching for me.

I stood by her side on the evening
That her feet touched the shadowy tide,
And the messenger angels were waiting
To bear her o'er to that side.
And she said, as I pressed her cold fingers,
"When I get to that home o'er the sea,
On the bank of the river I'll ever
Stand waiting and watching for thee."

They say in that home o'er the river,
There is perfect happiness given,
That at all the good here that we wish for
May be ours in the kingdom of heaven;
And I know that I too shall be happy
In that beautiful home o'er the sea,
For heaven seems nearer, because of
The one who is watching for me.

Soon will life's driftings be over,
And my ransomed spirit will soar,
Away to that home o'er the river,
To meet those who've gone on before;
And the Saviour who died as a ransom,
In that beautiful world I shall see,
And the one who waits at the river,
Will watch no longer for me.

Unexpected Reward.

MONSIEUR LABAT, a merchant of Bayonne, in ill-health, had retired in the beginning of the winter of 1803, to a country-house on the banks of the Adour. One morning, when promenading on a terrace elevated a little above the river, he saw a traveller thrown by a furious horse, from the opposite bank, into the midst of the torrent. M. Labat was a good swimmer. He did not stop a moment to reflect on the danger of the attempt, but leaped into the flood, and caught the drowning stranger at the moment when he must have otherwise inevitably perished. "O God!" exclaimed M. Labat, clasping him in his arms, and recognizing, with a transport of joy, the individual he had saved, "what do I owe thee! I have saved my son!"

A MAN has two eyes; if he lose one he can use the other. He has two hands; if he lose one he can use the other. He has two feet; if he lose one he can use the other. He has but *one soul*. If that is lost, what then!

At Last.

LILLIE WRAY.

THE longest lane has a turning,
And when the turn is passed,
A light in the window burning
Will guide us home at last.

The longest night has an ending,
The weariest night of pain
Will pass away, and the morning
Dawn clear and bright again.

Each day of care and labour,
Of weariness and flight,
For every tired worker,
Will end in the restful night.

The path, however thorny,
Of the humble and the true,
Will end at the Silent River,
And Christ will bear them through.

On the farther bank of the river,
Will meet them spirits blest,
And every way-worn pilgrim
Will find a welcome rest.

O, Saviour Christ, be with us,
That, when our course is past,
We, too, beyond the river,
May rest with thee at last!

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TORONTO, MARCH 9, 1889.

Tribulation.

IN the pictures of an ancient mode of threshing grain, one man is seen stirring up the sheaves and another is riding on a rude dray, with three or four rollers instead of wheels, drawn by a pair of oxen. This ancient threshing instrument was called by the Romans *tribulum*. The roller had sharp stones, or rough bits of iron, imbedded in their surface, to make them cut up the straw and facilitate the separation of the grain. From hence we get our word tribulation. Just as the sheaves might be imagined to complain of the sharp rollers going over them and cutting into them, so a man in great affliction would speak of himself as a sheaf torn to pieces under the tribulum.

But as no thresher ever yoked his tribulum for the mere purpose of tearing up his sheaves, but, on the contrary, for the sole purpose of bringing the precious grain into a shape to be useful to him as food, so our loving Father never puts us under the tribulum for the mere purpose of bringing upon us tribulation, but always for a divine purpose of good.

"Behold the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Love or Knowledge.

It is indeed grand to know a great deal. Some people pretend to know nearly every thing, but it does not take one long to detect their miserable pretence. Only God knows everything. The most learned men know only a small part of what is to be known. All the knowledge of all men put together does not include all knowledge. Men are making new discoveries every day.

Suppose we could know everything, could we be happy without love? Some very smart men are very unhappy because they have so little love in their hearts either for their fellowmen or for God. Then there are many people who do not know much, but they do know how to love, and they are very happy in that love. It is not their lack of knowledge that makes them happy, but the presence of true love in their hearts.

Bishop Berkeley was once asked by his son to explain the meaning of the words "cherubim" and "seraphim." He was told that the former signified knowledge, and the latter flame, so it was supposed that the cherubim excelled in knowledge, and the seraphim in loving God. "I hope then," said the little boy, "when I die I shall be a seraph, for I would rather love God much than know all things."

God designed that we should be both wise and loving. We ought to learn all we can about God, and his works and the truth, but if we could understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and were without love, we would be nothing.

Suppose we all turn to that wonderful thirteenth chapter of Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians and see what God's Spirit told Paul to write about love. In reading it we may use the word love instead of charity, as that is the meaning of it.

Paul also tells us that "love is the fulfilling of the law," and Jesus tells us that love to God and love to man are the two greatest commandments that God has given to men.

A Three-Story House.

EVERY man, says Dr. Joseph Strong, lives in a three-story house. The lower story is part underground. There he eats and drinks. This is his physical nature. Many men never leave this basement. There they live, there they die, never entering the stories that lie above. The second rises above the first. From its windows the outlook is wider, the light in it is more abundant, and the air is purer. This is man's intellectual department. Some go up into the second story often, and, though they do not abandon the basement, they use it mostly only for eating. Then there is the third story. This is the highest. Here the air, the sunlight, the outlook are at their best. This is the spiritual realm. Few rise into it. Into many cases dust and cobwebs are the sole occupants of what should be the choicest part of the house. The wise man, while he does not abandon the basement or the second story, loves the third the best of all, and there spends much of his time.

"And the God of peace himself sanctify you wholly; and may your spirit, and soul, and body, be preserved entire at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you who will also do it." 1 Thess. 5. 23.

To bring the Bible to the scholar is one thing, and a great thing; but it is still more important to bring the young heart to Jesus.



Horses Uncovered in Snow and Rain.

It is a common practice, quite too common, for persons to leave their horses uncovered, even during severe snow, sleet or rain storms. This is often thoughtlessly done. And, as it is pleaded, in excuse, "only just for a few minutes, while I run in here." This is the constant excuse for such careless neglect. More frequently it is done by those who (as indicated in the engraving) frequent saloons or taverns in town or country. The frantic efforts of the horse to free himself from the inexorable post, to which he is too securely attached, cannot fail to awaken the sympathy of any one who has been caught in a driving storm of sleet or rain, and has had, even untrammelled by any such device, to fight his way through it to his comfortable home.

With a view to inform, as well as caution, persons against such a practice, the Toronto Humane Society has issued the following card:—

"The Toronto Humane Society cautions all drivers against the cruelty of leaving horses standing on the street in cold weather without proper covering. If the offence is persisted in, the officer of the Society is instructed to prosecute the party or parties offending."—*Aims and Objects of the Toronto Humane Society.*

Safe Where the Bible is.

A STORY is told of a ship which was wrecked off one of the islands of Fiji. A boat's crew that had got ashore from the wreck were in the greatest possible terror lest they should be devoured by the Fijians. On reaching land they dispersed in different directions. Two of them found a cottage and crept into it, and as they lay wondering what would become of them, one suddenly called out to his companion, "All right, Jack; there is a Bible on this chair; no fear now!"

Many a sailor, who has been in fear from the natives of islands once heathen, has found only comfort and good cheer, because the Gospel has been preached to these natives, and they have become Christians.

UNDOUBTEDLY the English Journalist best known in America to-day is Mr. W. T. Stead, the managing editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. As a journalistic worker, Mr. Stead has seldom had an equal, and recently, when offered a vacation he took it on the condition that he might work! A man of his active habits could not be idle. The vacation became a trip to Russia, the result of which is to be published in a stout volume by Cassell & Company. Mr. Stead is not only an editor, but he is a writer as well, and an unusually bright one. While the political situation is the burning question of the book, he has time to visit Count Tolstoi, the most talked-about man in Russia, not even excepting the Czar, and to give the reader pictures of Russian life painted with a realism that M. Verestchagin might envy.



BRIDGE ISLAND.—(SEE PAGE 34.)

A Childish Lesson.

FRANKY is almost five years old,
Wise as a serpent, and twice as sly!
A bright little monkey, merry and bold,
Mischievous and mirth in his twinkling eye.

Temper at times can gleam there, too!
But whenever he screams in his baby rage—
Stamping and striking, as children do—
He grieves with a sorrow beyond his age.

The little fellow has learned to say—
Folding his hands as he kneels on the floor,
“Franky’s a naughty boy, to-day,—
But he never must do so any more!”

Franky’s papa, one evening, sat
Talking of matters with Uncle John;
They spoke of the chances of this and that,
And the terrible way that things went on;

And words ran high and higher yet,
Till Franky’s papa, with might and main,
Brought down his hand on the table, set,
While the glass and china rang again.

Franky folded his fingers tight;
Suddenly lisped, as he knelt on the floor,
“Papa’s a naughty boy, to-night,
But he never must do so any more!”

Oh! little Franky, you hardly knew,
As you joined in the laugh where each one smiled,
The wholesome lesson your elders drew
From the lisping lips of a roguish child!

Influence of a Good Example.

MORE than half a century ago, a young lad in England was put apprentice to an ordinary trade. There was nothing remarkable about him, with, perhaps, one exception—that he learned to be a serious and thoughtful lad, as it was known that he was the child of pious parents. But, alas! in his case, as in that of many others, his early apparent goodness soon passed away. Having to sleep in a room with other apprentices, all of whom were thoughtless or reckless, on retiring to rest he was ashamed to be seen praying, as he had been accustomed to, and so, from fear of his wicked companions, he hurried to bed without bending his knee in supplication. Again and again this was done, till his regard for his former habit got less and less, and by-and-by he gave it up altogether, and seemed, like his companion apprentices, as if he had never known or done better.

After a time, however, another apprentice came, and he also slept in the same room. Accustomed as he was to pray, he quietly knelt to offer prayer to God as he retired to rest. This was seen by the other with deep emotion, conscience rebuking him for his want of Christian firmness, and urgently pressing him to be faithful to his known but neglected duty. Shame to pray in the presence of his fellow-apprentices had been the first step in his downward course. And now the example of the other had brought him to reflection, and led him with firmer purpose than ever to consecrate himself to the service of Christ.

From this time his course was changed; and in afterlife he became an honest and most useful minister of the gospel—the distinguished and beloved John Angel James, of Birmingham, England, who, after a life of great usefulness, being the means of turning many to righteousness, died in the faith, and passed to his rest in heaven.

Who can estimate the power of example, whether for good or evil? What evil may not be done by one evil example? What good may not result from one act of Christian decision?

Who is there that cannot be useful to others by himself being and doing right?

“Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven!”

The Gospel Slogan Sounded in London Halls.

BY REV. GIDEON DRAPER, D.D.

WESLEYANISM in London has been confessedly conservative. One-half of their churches, or to speak more churchily, chapels retain the Episcopal service. The London Wesleyan Mission at the West End is a new departure. It was opposed to the bitter end in the press, on a platform, in church meetings, and in the annual Wesleyan Conference. But by the influence of the late eminent Sir William McArthur, with others of the moneyed laity, the radical measure was voted. And the results have more than justified the expectations of the most sanguine. God has signally set his seal in aggressive efforts to save the masses. The Christ-law and Christ-spirit have been richly rewarded. An anniversary has just been held after six months of experiment, and among all the notable anniversaries of the metropolitan city, meetings that eclipse the world, this finds no subordinate place. An efficient, sympathetic co-worker is Rev. Mark Guy Pearse. The fashionable St. James Hall is occupied with this mission. Wardour Hall also is pressed into service. This latter is in crowded Soho, just off Oxford Street, in which the writer held service for a year, under the auspices of the Congregational Union. He can therefore speak confidently and intelligently of the place and its needs. A conference was held in Wardour Hall. Three hundred conversions had signalized a three weeks’ mission. It is a babel neighbourhood. Seven languages have been heard in the inquiry room. But the Gospel has power to touch and transform all alike, and they blessedly came to speak the one Christ-tongue.

The “Sisters of the People,” deaconesses who are in permanent residence in Catherine House, are exceedingly helpful in supplemental work. These ladies, many of them of high position and broad culture, give themselves entirely to this glad service. Visiting from house to house, and room to room, nursing the sick, taking charge of Mothers’ Meetings, Girls’ Clubs, Sewing Classes, etc., seeking and saving the lost, these, with many other duties, are performed by consecrated women.

The mass meeting in St. James Hall was a great success. Brass bands and other attractive novelties are utilized. The multitudes from the crowded and fashionable thoroughfare are drawn in. And the Gospel message comes with freshness and with power. The remarkable statement is made, that “there has not been a single service without definite conversions.” This declaration from so

high an authority as the Rev. Guy Pearse, can be received without discount. It is not only saving souls, but saving lives, saving men and women, that is sought and carried forward.

The experiment that was so onerous to many pious, timid souls, has conquered its position. “Onward, Christian soldier,” meets with divine and heavenly favour. One hundred thousand dollars have been poured into its treasury, and there is plea and room for limitless enlargement. The thousands of non-church-goers who have been reached by this unique evangelistic effort, do not exhaust the gracious results. An inspiration has come to formal churchism and dead orthodoxy to awake out of sleep and lay hold of the weapons of aggressive warfare. Dean Milman used to say that the early Methodists “were God’s wooden spoon to stir the churches to effort.” There is reason to believe that this stirring spoon has been surrendered to salvation and church armies. It is proposed by the Wesleyan West End division to retake it, and stir more vigorously than they all.

There are churches in New York and elsewhere, of the Wesleyan and other orders, passive and powerless, not lifting a single jewelled finger to save the godless masses which may profit by this simple history.—*Christian at Work.*

Teachers’ Department.

Mrs. Crafts, on Primary Teaching.

(At the recent S. S. Convention, Toronto.)

MRS. CRAFTS first spoke briefly to the teachers. “There were certain principles to be observed in the work of teaching the primary class,” she said, “which might be put like these: Begin with what is familiar. If the first six steps of a stairs are missing, what use are the stairs? Make the children think and talk. Question the class as a whole, but expect individual replies. Do not permit concerted replies, except in repeating an individual reply. You may think you are giving instruction by the concerted replies that are only being made by a few of the class. Pay particular attention to the timid and duller children. Question them upon what has been taught. Question several times during the course of the lesson. Read the lesson assigned for the day from the Bible after it has been taught, for then the children will be more interested in it, and be better able to understand what they are reading. Make the lesson fruitful; make the lesson brisk and brief.”

Having laid down these principles—making comments on them the while—Mrs. Crafts turned her attention to the application of them. The children were gathered from all parts of the city, and were strangers not only to their teacher, but also to each other. Mrs. Crafts’ task was, therefore, a difficult one. The lesson was on the healing of the leper by Jesus Christ. The first thing to do was to gain the confidence of the timid rows of little ones, who were subdued by the strangeness of their companions and surroundings.

Mrs. Crafts is assisted in her work by a reassuring kindness that looks from her eyes and softens her speech. She first told how she had cut her finger, and had had a sore upon it; and then asked how many of the little ones had sores on their hands. Such a thing as a child old enough to walk, and without a sore on its hand, is unknown, and every hand went up. So cuts and bruises and sores on their hands was a theme on which the children could talk, and they did. They showed their wounds and scars, and found them bonds of union. The teacher’s desire was accomplished. The ice had been broken, and she with her pupils,

and her pupils with each other, were acquainted and at ease. There was another object in this introduction. Recollections of their own sores was made to impress the children with the terrible malady under which the lepers suffered.

After the first few minutes, the class was pouring in its answers, individual and collective. They shortly mustered an amusing boldness, and advanced their replies—many of them unique and ridiculous—with a vehemence that commanded the attention and aroused the risibilities of teacher and audience. From one point to another their teacher led them; now exciting their curiosity, now awakening their sympathies, and always turning her illustrations and little trips into side-paths back to the lesson to be taught by the lesson. That there is a sin leprosy; and as Jesus cured the leper in the lesson, so could he cure the sin-lepers of the present day.

The hints contained in Mrs. Crafts' specimen lesson cannot but have impressed themselves on the minds of the hundreds of teachers present.

EVERY teacher should get the most he can out of the text of the lesson before he turns to what others have said about it. Many think themselves poor teachers, and they are so; but it is not so much from want of capacity as from want of self-dependence. Many, who do not realize that they have mental power, read in helps and commentaries thoughts that they might have originated themselves if they had put their minds to the task. If they would first study the text faithfully, they would be surprised to find how much of what has been written by those whom they revere has already occurred to them; and the discovery would stimulate them to self-respect, courage, and enthusiasm for further study.—*Pilgrim Teacher.*

The Old Testament Student makes a good point in calling attention to the difference between Bible-listening, Bible-reading, and Bible-study. In Bible-classes the listeners are usually in the majority, while the students are fewest of all. Bible-reading is an advance upon Bible-listening, but Bible-study is the best of the three. Some mistake Bible-reading for Bible-study, but the one is as unlike the other as walking over the ground is from digging into it. True Bible study, as *The Old Testament Student* well observes, prepares one for Bible-reading and for Bible-listening.—*Pilgrim Teacher.*

Always Late.

UGHT you to scold the person who is always late, or only laugh at him? That question is hard to answer, for, whichever you do, you will regret that you did not do the other thing. He is almost a hopeless case, and pity or ridicule or censure seems alike to be lost upon him.

He is late at breakfast because he went late to bed, and then he grumbles because the potatoes are cold; but he ought to be very thankful that there were any left for him. He is late at school, and fancies that it was the fault of the bell, which must have rung five minutes ahead of time. He is late at church, and disturbs those who must move up to make room for him in the pew. He misses the train or the boat, and resolves, though in vain, never to miss it again. He tires the patience of his friend who has agreed to meet him at ten o'clock, and his excuse for lateness is simply this: "It is ten o'clock until it is eleven;" and so it is—with him.

Do him justice, though! No one ever hurries as he does. He rushes along under the vain delusion that in ten minutes he can overtake a lost hour. He might as well try to catch up with an express

train after it is under a headway of forty miles an hour. His purpose is good and his zeal great; but all in vain. Too late, although he did try—for he did not try early enough.

If he did not put others to inconvenience we might bear with him, but he makes others lose precious time. They wait for him, as he is to form one of a party. When he comes, he is ready with an apology, but that will not recall the lost moments. He is good-natured at keeping others waiting, and wonders why they should not be as he. What can be done with him? For a whip seems to be in vain, unless there is an inward impulse. Perhaps time will cure him—perhaps not; but, anyhow, he serves a good purpose for his friends, for he gives them the chance to learn to perfection the lesson of patience.

The Sower and the Seed.

FANNIE BOLTON.

OUR Saviour in the springtime sweet
Beside the road and mead,
Beheld the farmer sow his wheat
And cast abroad his seed
Into the good soil and wide dearth,
He saw it fall into the earth.

"Some will spring forth again," he said,
And holy smiles illumed his face.
"The rich ripe grain will wave its head,
And fragrance fill the field's wide space,
And some the wind will sweep away,
And some will fall in worthless clay."

And the Saviour turned to those,
Who followed after his dear feet.
"Your hearts may blossom as the rose,
And yield a precious harvest, sweet
The Word of God is the seed I sow,
In the good heart will bloom and grow.

"The precious thoughts within will bloom,
And fill the air with fragrance rare,
God's sunshine will o'ercome all gloom,
And shed its blessing everywhere,
And all the world about will know
The flower and fruit—your heart doth grow."

How a Robber Outwitted Himself.

A LOCAL preacher had been out one Sunday to preach. He was some miles from home when he had finished his work, and now he had to walk back again. This he did quite cheerfully, for his own heart had been greatly blessed, and he felt very happy in the service of the Lord Jesus. And his duties that day had made him forget his worldly cares for a time. His wife had been very ill, and he was poor. They were sometimes distressed in mind about their difficulties. As he walked along he began to think again of his troubles, and he could not help wishing that he had a little money to pay the doctor's bill, and he asked the Lord to help him. But he was suddenly startled by the appearance of a stranger, who threateningly demanded his money. The poor man at once stated that he hadn't so much as a penny.

"Then," said the other, "give me what you have."

The poor fellow gave the robber his watch.

"What else have you?" said he.

"Nothing," said the preacher.

"But you have a good coat on—much better than mine. We will exchange."

So they exchanged coats—the preacher putting on the robber's jacket, while the latter went away in the preacher's better garment.

Not many minutes had elapsed when the good man was again startled to find that the robber was returning in pursuit of him. Without a moment's hesitation he started to run, and tarried not until he reached his home. He then found, to his sur-

prise, that the robber's jacket had a treasure of money in one of the pockets. This the rogue had forgotten when he compelled the poor preacher to exchange his coat.

Force of Evil Habits.

The fearful force of evil habits is impressively illustrated by Dr. Talmage:

During the war of 1812 there was a ship set on fire just above the Niagara Falls, and then, cut loose from its moorings, it came on down through the night and tossed over the falls. It was said to have been a scene brilliant beyond all description. Well, there are thousands of men on fire of evil habit, coming down through the rapids and through the awful night of temptation toward the eternal plunge. O how hard it is to arrest them! God only can arrest them. Suppose a man after five or ten or twenty years of evil-doing resolves to do right. Why, all the forces of darkness are allied against him. He cannot sleep at nights. He gets down on his knees in the midnight and cries, "God help me!" He bites his lips. He grinds his teeth. He clenches his fist in a determination to keep his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the windows of a wine-store. It is one long, bitter, exhaustive, hand-to-hand fight with inflamed, tantalizing, and merciless habit. When he thinks he is entirely free, the old inclinations pounce upon him like a pack of hounds with their muzzles tearing away at the flanks of one poor reindeer. In Paris there is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full leap. O how suggestive! Let every one who is speeding on bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well-broken steed, but he is riding a monster wild and blood-thirsty, going at a death leap. How many there are who resolve on a better life, and say, "When shall I awake?" but seized on by the old habit, cry, "I will try it once more, I will seek it yet again!" Years ago there were some Princeton students who were skating and the ice was very thin, and someone warned the company back from the air-hole, and finally warned them entirely from the place. But one young man out with bravado, after all the rest had stopped, cried out, "One round more!" He swept around, and went down, and was brought out a corpse. My friends, there are thousands and tens of thousands of men losing their souls in that way. It is the one round more.

A Voice out of Wax.

THOMAS EDISON, "the wizard of Menlo Park," sat in his new quarters on Valley road, Orange, New Jersey, listening to the sound which proceeded from his perfected phonograph. The words were poured into the phonograph in London a week ago by his London representative, Colonel Gourand, and came across the ocean recorded in wax cylinders. The words were as distinct as if spoken at a distance of three yards, instead of 3,000 miles. But Mr. Edison was disappointed. The cylinders received recorded only a few business letters from Colonel Gourand, while he expected words of commendation from Gladstone and other prominent men in England. This morning Mr. Edison was jubilant over the success of his wonderful little instrument.

ANYTHING which makes religion its second object, makes religion no object. God will put up with a great many things in the human heart; but there is one thing he will not put up with in its second place. He who offers God a second place, offers him no place.

Only A Drunkard.

BY E. F. ANDREWS.

As at the close of a bleak winter's day,
I wandered, aimless, through the crowded city,
Reeling from side to side I saw a man
Whose hapless plight appealed to all for pity.

And yet small pity moved that goodly throng;
For when, at last, o'er-mastered by the cup,
The poor man fell, net one kind hand and strong
Extended aid to help the fallen up.

Fathers were in that crowd, hurrying home
To greet the loving wife and take the kiss
From childhood's fragrant lips, and 'neath the dome
Where plenty waits to quaff unmeasured bliss.

And mothers, too, laden with fruits of gold,
Hugging the wall for fear that touch of him,
Prone in his filth and rags, should stain some fold
Of silk or satin, or some jewel dim.

And still the poor man, on his icy bed,
Benumbed by drink and battered by his fall,
With haggard face upturned, lay as the dead,
Bruised, bleeding, loathsome, homeless, shunned by all.

"Only a drunkard! Let the liveried law
Do its stern duty—bear the wretch away!"
And from that hurrying, eager crowd I saw
No gleam of pity, not one loving ray.

And thus I mused while rough, unloving hands
Raised the poor man and bore him from my sight,
Perchance upon the morrow, with strong hands
To bind the wretch doomed to the prison's night.

Who is this ruined one, disowned by all?
Was his dark life ne'er cheered by love's pure ray?
Ere by the tempter led to virtue's fall,
Had youth for him no bright and sunny day?

Ah, yes! That form now clad in shame and sin,
Nestling within a mother's arms once lay;
From her fond eyes, unconscious, drinking in
A love as pure as morn's unclouded ray.

And he was pure; the guardian angel's eye
Saw no foul blot on that untarnished page;
With soul unstained and free from sin's deep die,
Its young light brightly flashed from youth to age.

That father, hurrying to his gilded home,
Sees there no purer life; the girl or boy
That glads his loving heart with, "Father's come,"
Gives to his soul no sweeter light or joy.

That mother, shunning now this prostrate one,
Pales at the thought of her sweet, fair-browed child
Could e'er a drunkard be, then, hurrying on,
Laughs at her fears as some crude fancy wild.

Her boy a drunkard! Hers! The loving face,
So pure and beautiful, ever to wear
Such hideous marks of shame, such deep disgrace!
That thought is more than mother love can bear.

So thought that other mother; and her boy
Seemed just as pure and good; and nestling there
So near her heart, gives just as sweet a joy
And floods her future with a light as fair.

Ah, fathers, mothers, doting fond and proud,
Could but the future open to your ken,
Dark, gloomy pictures would your visions crowd,
With contrasts sad between the now and then.

That bright-eyed boy, hailing thy coming home
With kiss and laugh, and shout of purest joy,
Might stand revealed waiting the drunkard's doom,
The slave of passion, and of vice the toy!

Go back and lift that nerveless spirit up,
Speak words of kindness to that ruined one;
Win him by love from the deceiver's cup—
So God shall deal in mercy with thine own!

WHAT is it when a child dies? It is the great
Headmaster calling that child up into his own
room, away from all under-teachers, to finish his
education under his own eye, close at his feet.
The whole thought of a child's growth and develop-
ment in heaven, instead of here on earth, is one of
the most exalting and bewildering on which the
mind can rest.

A Singular Imposition.

A VERY remarkable imposition, practised by a
spectator, was once successfully carried out at
York assizes. A highwayman, in the garb of a
labourer, was put upon trial, during which there
entered the court a well-dressed gentleman, who
was accommodated by the high sheriff with a seat
upon the bench. He was a stranger, and had ar-
rived the day before at the principal hotel. He
had much luggage, and fared sumptuously; and,
on asking the landlord what excitement could be
got at York, was recommended to try the assizes.
He seemed, however, to take but a languid interest
in what was going on. The evidence for the pro-
secution was finished, and the prisoner called upon
for his defence.

"I am innocent," he said; and, suddenly catch-
ing sight of the stranger, added, "and there—
there is a gentleman, my lord, who can prove it."

The stranger said he knew nothing about the
matter; but the prisoner, in a most impassioned
way, entreated him to call to mind where he had
been, and what he had been doing, on the day of
the robbery.

"You were at Dover, sir, and lodged at the *Ship*
inn; and I was the man who carried your trunk
from the inn to the steamer."

"I was at Dover, and I did have my trunk
taken by a porter," was the cold reply; "but I
don't remember you!"

The prisoner, however, asked him a good many
questions, some of which were to his advantage,
and others not; and at last said the stranger, "If
his lordship will permit, I will send to the hotel,
where, in my luggage, will be found a diary, in
which it is my custom to put down all these little
matters."

The court waited in much excitement till the
diary came, which amply corroborated the prison-
er's statement, who was, therefore, acquitted. The
judge observed that the stranger's coming was a
most providential circumstance, and complimented
him upon the service he had rendered humanity.

It afterwards transpired that these two men
were in collusion in this matter, and had cunningly
planned this defence, so as to deceive both judge
and jury. They were thieves of long standing,
who worked their wicked plans together. Within
a fortnight after the occurrence above-mentioned,
they were both in York Castle for housebreaking,
and were hanged on the same gallows.

Faithful Unto Death.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

ON a bright, beautiful morning when the sun
shone, the birds sang, and even the tiny flower bells
seemed to twinkle with joy that the summer had
come again, a noble steamer pushed out into the
blue waters of Delaware Bay.

A band of music sent out sweet strains from the
upper deck, flags and steamers waved from every
point, and the throng of passengers in their gala-
dresses, seemed to indicate that the day was to be
spent on a pleasure excursion.

And so it was. From the hot, dusty city streets,
from the close chambers where hardly a breath of
air could come in, that joyous company had crowded
upon the splendid steamer, glad, for one day, at least,
to throw off care, and get one breath of the sweet,
free, cool air from the bay.

Fathers and mothers were there, with little ones
clinging around their knees. Young people with
hopes and faces bright alike, were there, too, and
many whose hair was silvery, and who paused for
one day's rest from life's busy cares.

On deck all hands were busy, the captain bustling

here and there with orders, the stewards running
to and fro, and everything a merry, cheerful bustle
of excitement and enjoyment.

On the top of the steamer, many eyes peered curi-
ously in at the little glass house where stood the
trusty pilot, and wondered why he kept always
turning that great wheel, and why his attention
was so earnestly fixed on the waters ahead of him.

Nor did many of the thoughtless young creatures
who gazed in at him even know that their lives were
dependent, almost, upon his faithfulness and skill.

Of how the merry day was spent, our simple story
has not time to tell. But as the happiest day must
have an end, so the excursion day began to close at
last, and the gallant steamer was far on its home-
ward way.

It had not as yet attracted the attention of the
passengers that the captain was very pale, and that
his orders were given in low husky tones. Some
had noticed that the hatches leading below were
closely battened down, and did not think of danger,
until some one asked, "Don't you smell smoke?"

Ah! not only smell, but see it, curling in thin
blue streaks, up from that fatal hold, wherever there
was a crevice it could creep through!

Then rang out the shrill cry of terror, never so
dreadful as when heard on the water, "Fire! fire!
The boat is on fire!"

A scene of terrible excitement ensued; and
knowing it needless to hide the danger any longer,
the captain sprang upon a box and shouted, "The
boat is on fire, but we are in sight of the city, and
if we do not land you all safely, we will sink with
you."

"Captain, can you do it?" asked a voice.

"Yes, we can if you will not sink us yourselves by
a needless panic. The engine is all right, and we'll
go as fast as we can."

He jumped from the box and strove with all his
might to keep order among the terrified crowd. But
it was a dreadful scene. Some wept, some raved,
some prayed, and some sat or stood in stony, pale
silence. While below the fire-fiend raged until flames
mingled with the smoke, and the affrighted throng
crowded and huddled to the end of the boat farthest
away.

Nearer and nearer to the first point of land they
drew. A few more turns of the wheel and they
would be safe! The flames rolled up to the little pilot-
house, but the brave man at the wheel never flinched,
until, as the boat touched the shore, and with wild
cries the passengers leaped, and jumped and rushed
from the burning boat, he fell! Faithful unto death,
he alone made no escape; for the next moment the
whole upper deck was wrapped in sheets of flame.

But he had trusted in God. His body was burned,
but his soul had gone to reap the reward of the
faithful in heaven.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

A TERTOTAL minister who was very particular
about his toilet, went to preach one Sunday for a
brother-minister in a parish church in Kinross-
shire. On arriving at the vestry he looked around
in search of the mirror to see that his toilet was all
right before entering the pulpit, but, failing to find
one, he said to the beadle:—"John, can I not have
a glass before entering the pulpit?" "Certainly,
sir," replied John. "Jist bide awee, and I'll get
ane for ye immediately," and left the vestry. On
his return the minister said: "Well, John, have
you succeeded?" "Yes, sir," replied John. "I've
brocht a gill; that'll be a glass for the forenoon
and anither for the afternoon."

NOTHING is so reasonable and cheap as good man-
ners.

The Watchword of Life.

NEVER give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope than once to despair;
Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering
fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical
Care.

Never give up! or the burden may sink you,
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in all trials or troubles bethink you
The watchword of life must be—Never
give up!

Never give up! there are chances and
changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And through the chaos high wisdom ar-
ranges

Ever success—if you'll only hope on.
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the
cup;
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of—Never give up!

Never give up! though the grape-shot may
rattle,
Or the thunder-cloud over you burst;
Stand like a rock, and the storm or the
battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their
worst.

Never give up! if adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel in all your distresses
Is the stout watchword of—Never give up!

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK.

A.D. 30] **LESSON XI.** [Mar. 17
CHRIST'S LOVE TO THE YOUNG.

Mark 10. 13-22; Memory verses, 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Suffer the little children to come unto me,
and forbid them not; for of such is the
kingdom of God. Mark 10. 14.

OUTLINE.

1. The Young Children, v. 13-16.
2. The Young Man, v. 17-22.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACE.—In Perea.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Events have crowded
thickly into the space between these two
lessons. The seventy disciples had been
sent on their preaching tour. Jesus had
made his final departure from Galilee, had
spoken those wonderful discourses told in
the seventh to tenth chapters of John,
had crowned all his miracle-working by the
upraising of Lazarus, and now after a period
of wise retirement, was about preparing to
return to his last passover at Jerusalem.

EXPLANATIONS.—That he should touch them
—That is, that he might lay his hands on
them to bless. Of such is the kingdom—
That is, of those of such spirit and innocence.
Some think that here is a promise that
children are saved. *Inherit eternal life*—
Or have eternal life; the idea of eternal life
seems to have been a slow growth in the
mind of the Jew. *Sell whatsoever thou hast*
—The command was to test his willingness.
It was the spirit Jesus wanted, and not the
actual sale. *Take up the cross*—There was
as yet no cross of Christ, so this must mean
the willingness to be considered as humble
and abject as one who bears a cross, if
thereby you can help a mortal.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Young Children.*
Who were the persons that brought these
young children to Jesus?
Who seem to have best known the feeling
Jesus—they who brought, or they who
rebuked?
Why should mothers understand Jesus
better than men?
What is the too frequent attitude of men
toward Jesus?
In what respect is a child fit for the king-
dom of God?
What are some of the elements of child-
character?
Is there any hint as to parental methods
with children here?

How can parents bring children to Jesus?
How may any of us stand between children
and Jesus?

What human character is the most lovable?

2. *The Young Man.*

What incident happened as Jesus started
for Jerusalem?

What was the social rank of this young
man?

What was the desire in his heart?
On what did he expect to be told eternal
life depended?

On what was he told it depended?

Was he a sincere seeker for the truth?

Like what class of society of the present
day was he?

Is the same test applicable to every seeker?

What is the final and supreme test for
every seeker after eternal life?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Mothers oftenest get close to the heart of
Jesus. They become child-like.

There is only one way to enter the
kingdom of God: by the gate of childhood.

One cannot enter it with pride, strength,
ambition, or worldly alliance.

You must be a little child.

How many times men come toward Jesus
and go away!

This one ran to him. That did not save
him.

He knelt. That did not save him.

He prayed. That did not save him.

He pleaded his great morality. That did
not save him.

He was lost because he would not sur-
render his will to Christ's.

How is it with you? John 3. 3.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Read the lesson thoroughly, that you
can tell the story easily and accurately.
2. Find the second incident of the lesson
an illustration, by contrast, of what Jesus
meant in the first incident.
3. Find Old Testament authority for
making children know all that is possible
about God's will and purpose.
4. Give the numbers to these command-
ments that Jesus quoted, or suggested, and
tell what ones are omitted.
5. Read both the other accounts of these
two scenes, and see how Jesus felt over the
last one.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Why were young children brought to
Jesus? That he might bless them.
2. What did Jesus say about children being
brought to him? "Suffer the little chil-
dren," etc.
3. Who next came into his
presence? A rich young ruler.
4. What
test did Jesus prescribe for him? Absolute
surrender to his will.
5. What did his sad
departure prove concerning the human
heart? "Except a man be born," etc.
John 3. 3.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Regeneration.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

13. How does our Lord teach us his
religion?
By his word and by his Spirit.
14. What is his word?
The Scriptures of the Old and New Testa-
ments, which are the sacred books of the
Christian faith.

A.D. 30.] **LESSON XII.** [Mar. 24

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

Mark 10. 46-52. Memory verses, 51-52.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou Son of David, have mercy on me.
Mark 10. 48.

OUTLINE.

1. A Beggar, v. 46.
2. A Believer, v. 47-50.
3. A Blessing, v. 51-52.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACE.—Near Jericho.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The last journey
to Jerusalem began probably at or about the
time of the last lesson. The whole journey is
one of almost unparalleled interest, as it gives
so vivid a picture of the temper of heart and
mind with which Jesus approached the last
trial of his life. Once more he told his dis-
ciples of his approaching death, and amazed
them all by his triumphant manner of march-
ing on to his doom. Each day was filled with
new instruction, part given to the two ambi-
tious brothers, and part to the indignant ten.
For each class he had his word of admonition.
And now at last he is in Jericho, and our
lesson story follows.

EXPLANATIONS.—A great number of people
—This was the concourse of which the little
company of the twelve and the Master
formed part, that was going to the passover
at Jerusalem. *The highway-side begging*—
Beggars by the side of the main lines of
travel are still frequent in Palestine, and
as clamorous as of old. *Casting away his
garment*—laying aside his outer mantle,
that he might not be at all hindered in go-
ing.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *A Beggar.*
Where is Jericho?
How early in history have we a mention
of it?
What historic events are connected with
it?
Of what importance is it now as a city?
What memorable event of this visit does
Luke give?
What makes the beggar's claim to our
notice to-day?
What is the best basis for any man to rest
on, when he asks remembrance from
history?

2. *A Believer.*
What did he hear that greatly interested
him?
How much did he know of Jesus of Naza-
reth?
How much did he believe concerning
Jesus of Nazareth?
What prophecy had made this same declara-
tion concerning Messiah to come? Isa.
11. 1.

3. *A Blessing.*
What had he implored from Jesus?
Why did Jesus ask the question of ver. 51?
What hint can you find here as to the
method and nature of acceptable prayer?
What was the blessing he received?
Jesus said, "Go thy way." What did
Bartimeus show his way to be?
What must be the life of every seeker
who finds Christ?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Jesus is always passing by life's highways.
Men are sitting always by the way-sides
blind. Some are always calling; many sit
speechless and lose the gracious opportunity.
Have you?

Jesus passed through Jericho once; that
was all. If Bartimeus had not called then,
he would have died blind.

What a Saviour! A beggar's call was
enough to reach his heart. Will he not hear
yours?

Nothing could keep Bartimeus from Jesus:
neither blindness nor a crowd. He cast
away every hindrance, and went to Jesus.
And you?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Learn all of Jericho's history. Write
the great names connected with it.
2. Write five ways in which Jesus to-day
"passes by" men.
3. Write the steps in this blind man's
cure.
4. How do Matthew's account and Luke's
differ from this one?
5. What other interesting thing at Jericho
in this same visit?
6. Give the reasons for the actions of
Jesus in connection with the blind man.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. When did the story told in our lesson
happen? As Jesus went out of Jericho.
2. Who was the chief actor of the story?
A beggar named Bartimeus.
3. What did
he believe concerning Jesus? That he was
the promised Messiah.
4. What word of
have mercy," etc.
5. What blessing crowned
his belief? He received his sight.
6. To
what did his gratitude then lead him? He
followed Jesus in the way.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Son of
David.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

15. How does the Old Testament teach
Christianity?
The Scriptures of the Old Testament were
written by many holy men, who prophesied
that the Christ was coming, and foretold
also what he would suffer and do and teach.
1 Peter. i. 10, 11.

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