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ONTO.

# WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others  
As ye would  
That they  
Should  
Do unto  
You.

TORONTO, JUNE 15, 1889.

[No. 12.]

Vol. VII.]

## Through the Dark Continent.

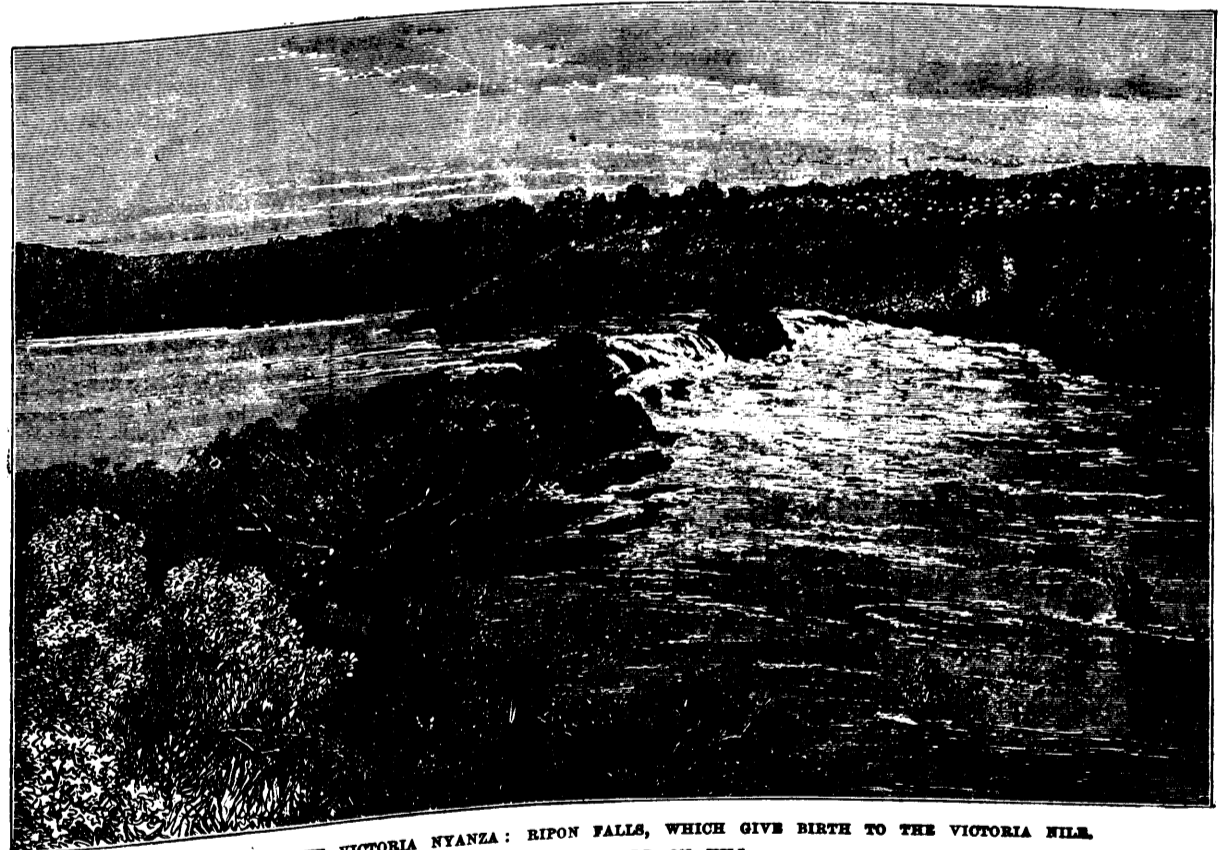
BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

### XII.

On arriving at camp, I saw looks of dismay on each face. I called Pocock and the captains of the expedition, and then asked them to give their own opinion of the matter freely. After a long hesitation and silence, the gallant and ever-faithful Kacheche spoke, and said: "Master, I will tell you one thing: when Sambuzi beats the drum to-morrow

the march. The natives, perceiving that our form of march was too compact for attack, permitted us to depart in peace. During this time I despatched a letter to Mtesa, wherein I did not fail to report to him of the failure of Sambuzi to perform what he promised me; and the effect of my letter on Mtesa and his court was one of shame, surprise, and rage. Mtesa said: "Do you see now how I am shamed by my people. Stamlee went to this lake for my good as well as for his own, but you see how I am thwarted by a base slave like Sambuzi!"

On the third day after, I paid a visit to Rumanika, king of Karagwe, and a tributary of Mtesa, Emperor of Uganda. I confess to have been as affected by the first glance at this venerable and gentle pagan as though I gazed on the serene and placed face of some Christian patriarch or saint of old, whose memory the Church still holds in reverence. His face reminded me of a deep, still well; the tones of his voice were so calm, that, unconsciously, they compelled me to imitate him. He expressed himself as only too glad that I should



THE OUTFALL OF THE VICTORIA NYANZA: RIFON FALLS, WHICH GIVE BIRTH TO THE VICTORIA NILE.  
CAMP OF REAR-GUARD ON HILL.

(From a photograph taken by the Author, from the Usoga side.)

to march, more than half of this expedition will follow him, and you cannot prevent it."

"Well," I replied, "this is my decision. I was sent to explore this lake. The force I relied on now fails me, and the people are hostile; it therefore only remains for me to return with Sambuzi, and to try the lake by another road."

At dawn we mustered our forces, and, with more form, prepared to quit our camp. A thousand spearmen, with shields, formed the advanced-guard, and a thousand the rear-guard. The goods and expedition occupied the centre. The drums and fifes and musical bands announced the signal for

This final farewell letter to Mtesa terminated our intercourse with the powerful monarch of Uganda, and concluded our sojourn in that land of bananas and free entertainment. Henceforth the expedition should be governed by one will only, and guided by a single man, who was resolved not to subject himself or his time to any other man's caprice, power, or favour, any more.

As we neared the Alexandra Nile, the natives proclaimed that we should not pass through until we had paid something to the chief to obtain his good-will. But, after a firm refusal, they permitted us to cross the Alexandra Nile without molestation.

explore his country. It was a land, he said, that white men ought to know. My parting with the genial old man, who must be about sixty years old now, was very affecting. He shook my hands many times, saying, each time, that he was sorry my visit must be so short.

From the 17th of January, 1875, up to the 7th of April, 1876, we had been engaged in tracing the extreme southern sources of the Nile, from the marshy plains and cultivated uplands where they are born, down to the mighty reservoir called the Victoria Nyanza. We had circumnavigated the entire expanse; penetrated to every bay, inlet, and

creek; and became acquainted with almost every variety of wild human nature. We had travelled hundreds of miles to and fro on foot, along the northern coast of the Victorian Sea. We had then struck south to the Alexandra Nile—the principal affluent of Victoria Lake.

During our march, ancient "Bull"—the last of all the canine companions which left England with me—borne down by weight of years, and a land journey of about one thousand five hundred miles, succumbed. With bulldog tenacity, though he often staggered and moaned, he made strenuous efforts to keep up, but at last, lying down in the path, he plainly bemoaned the weakness of body that had conquered his will, and soon after died—his eyes to he last looking forward along the track he had so bravely tried to follow.

We were making capital marches. The petty kings—though they exacted a small interchange of gifts, which compelled me to disburse cloth more frequently than was absolutely necessary—were not insolent, nor so extortionate as to prevent our intercourse being of the most friendly character. But on the day we arrived at Urangwa, lo! there came up, in haste, a messenger to tell us that the phantom, the bugbear, the terror—whose name silences the children, and makes women's hearts bound with fear—that Mirambo himself was coming; that he was only two camps, or about twenty miles away; and that he had an immense army of Ruga-Ruga—bandits—with him!

I had one hundred and seventy-five men under my command, and we had many boxes of ammunition. The King of Urangwa said: "You will stop to fight Mirambo, will you not?"

"Not I, my friend. I have no quarrel with Mirambo. If Mirambo attacks the village while I am here we will fight; but we cannot stop here to wait for him."

On the 19th we arrived at one of the large towns, called Serombo. It was two miles and a half in circumference, and contained a population of about 5,000.

At dusk, the huge drums of Serombo signalled silence for the town-criers, whose voices, preceded by the sound of iron bells, were presently heard crying out: "Listen, O men of Serombo! Mirambo cometh in the morning. Be ye prepared, therefore, for his young men are hungry. Mirambo cometh. Dig potatoes—dig potatoes to-morrow!" Naturally we were all anxious to behold the "Mars of Africa," who, since 1871, has made his name feared by both native and foreigner, in a country embracing 90,000 square miles.

At 10 a.m. the guns, heavily charged and fired off by hundreds, loudly heralded Mirambo's approach. Great war-drums, and the shouts of admiring thousands, proclaimed that he had entered the town. Presently the chief captain came to my hut, to introduce three young men—Ruga-Ruga (bandits) as we called them—handsomely dressed in fine red and blue cloth coats, and snowy-white shirts, with ample turbans around their heads. They were confidential captains of Mirambo's body-guard.

"Mirambo sends his salaams to the white man," said the principal of them. "He hopes the white man is friendly to him, and that he does not share the prejudices of the Arabs, and believe Mirambo a bad man. If it is agreeable to the white man, will he send words of peace to Mirambo?"

"Tell Mirambo," I replied, "that I am eager to see him, and would be glad to shake hands with so great a man; and as I have made strong friendship with Mtesa, I shall be rejoiced to make strong friendship with Mirambo also."

The next day Mirambo appeared, with about twenty of his principal men. I shook hands with

him with fervour, which drew a smile from him as he said: "The white man shakes hands like a strong friend."

His person quite captivated me, for he was a thorough African gentleman in appearance, very different from my conception of the terrible bandit who had struck his telling blows at native chiefs and Arabs, with all the rapidity of a Frederick the Great environed by foes.

I entered the following notes in my journal on April 22nd, 1876: "Mirambo is a man about five feet eleven inches in height, and about thirty-five years old. A handsome, mild-voiced, soft-spoken man, with what one might call a 'meek' demeanour; very generous and open-handed. I had expected to see something of the Mtesa type—a man whose exterior would proclaim his life and rank; but this unpresuming, mild-eyed man, of inoffensive, meek exterior, whose action was so calm, without a gesture, presented to the eye nothing of the Napoleonic genius which he has for five years displayed in the heart of Africa, to the injury of Arabs and commerce, and the doubling of the price of ivory. I said there was 'nothing,' but I must except the eyes, which had the steady, calm gaze of a master."

Mirambo retired, and in the evening I returned his visit. I found him in a bell-tent, twenty feet high, and twenty-five feet in diameter, with his chiefs around him. Manwa Sera was requested to seal our friendship by performing the ceremony of "blood brotherhood" between Mirambo and myself. Having caused us to sit fronting each other, on a straw carpet, he made an incision in each of our right legs, from which he extracted blood, and, interchanging it, he exclaimed aloud:—

"If either of you break this brotherhood now established between you, may the lion devour him, the serpent poison him, bitterness be in his food, his friends desert him, his gun burst in his hands and wound him, and everything that is bad do wrong to him until death."

My new brother then gave me fifteen cloths, to be distributed among my chiefs, while he would accept only three from me. Desirous of not appearing illiberal, I presented him with a revolver and two hundred rounds of ammunition, and some small curiosities from England.

On the 4th of May, having received milch-cows, calves, and bullocks, from my new brother Mirambo, we marched in a south-west direction, skirting the territory of the Watuta.

No traveller has yet become acquainted with a wilder race in Equatorial Africa than are the Watuta. Surely some African Ishmael must have fathered them, for their hands are against every man, and every man's hand appears to be raised against them.

At noon of the 27th of May, the bright waters of the Tanganyika broke upon the view, and compelled me to linger admiringly for awhile, as I did on the day I first beheld them. By 3 p.m. we were in Ujiji. Nothing was changed much, except the ever-changing mud tembés of the Arabs. The square, or plaza, where I met David Livingstone in November, 1871, is now occupied by large tembés. The house where he and I lived has long ago been burnt down, and in its place there remains only a few embers and a hideous void. The grand old hero, whose presence once filled Ujiji with such absorbing interest for me, was gone!

(To be continued.)

In a cemetery, a little white stone marked the grave of a dear little girl, and on the stone were chiselled these words: "A child, of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'"

### Drive the Nail.

DRIVE the nail aright, boys,  
Hit it on the head;  
Strike with all your might, boys,  
Ere the time has fled.  
Lessons you've to learn, boys,  
Study with a will;  
They who reach the top, boys,  
First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,  
Gazing at the sky;  
How can you get up, boys,  
If you never try?  
Though you stumble oft, boys,  
Never be downcast;  
Try and try again, boys—  
You'll succeed at last.

Always persevere, boys,  
Though your task is hard;  
Toil and happy trust, boys,  
Bring their own reward.  
Never give it up, boys;  
Always say you'll try;  
You will gain the crown, boys,  
Surely, by-and-by.

### The Happiest Boy.

Who is the happiest boy you know? Who has "the best time?" I mean. The one who last winter had the biggest toboggan, or who has now the most marbles, or wears the best clothes? Let's see.

Once there was a king, who had a little boy whom he loved. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures, and toys, and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a row-boat on a lake, and servants. He provided teachers, who were to give him knowledge that would make him good and great. But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have.

At length, one day, a magician came to court. He saw the boy, and said to the king:

"I can make your boy happy; but you must pay me my own price for the secret."

"Well," said the king, "what you ask I will give."

So the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away, and asked no price at all.

The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters on the paper turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words:

"Do a kindness to some one every day."

The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.

### Helping the Sick.

THE passengers on a railway, years ago, coming to a canal-boat on which they were to take passage, told the captain they should none of them go with him if he took a sick man, who had come on with them, and was very disagreeable. For answer, he pushed through the crowd of them, saw the poor sufferer, and said bluntly: "He shall go, if he is the only passenger." Then, tenderly taking him up in his arms, he carried him to a mattress he had ordered to be spread in the best place in the cabin, and shouted: "Push off the boat!" The passengers were struck with shame for their inhumanity. They seized their baggage, hurried aboard, and soon after asked the captain to meet them in the cabin, and told him, with tears, that he had taught them a lesson they should never forget. Then they made up a generous purse for the sick man.

## "A Glimpse of Heaven Transports Us There."

BY REV. J. H. CHANT.

As the caged eagle neared the mountain range  
O'er which he oft had soared on pinions strong,  
He clapped his wings, moved by some impulse strange,  
And then fell dead his prison floor upon.

So Moses stood on Pisgah's height alone,  
With sight undim'd, and unabated strength,  
He gazed with rapture on the vision shown,  
Of the fair land in all its breadth and length.

He saw the vale of Eschol, clad with vine,  
Mount Lebanon, adorned with lordly trees,  
Gilead and Achor, with their lowing kine,  
And verdant Sharon, swept by ocean breeze.

He saw the spot where Jacob's ladder stood,  
The oaks at Mamre, where their father prayed;  
Saw Bashan, with its pastures and its wood,  
And the rude cave where Sarah's form was laid.

Saw the whole land—its hills, and vales, and streams,  
Its lakes, and pools, its vineyards and its groves;  
A wealth and glory far beyond his dreams,  
Better, it seemed, than all earth's treasure-stores

God then revealed a glimpse of his own face  
Which Moses once desired, but God withheld;  
But finished now the God-ordained race,  
The battle fought, and every passion quelled,

As he beholds the glory of his Lord,  
And looks within the pearly gates ajar,  
Snaps, in an instant, life's frail brittle cord,  
And he is where the holy angels are.

So is it, likewise, with God's dying saints,  
They see e'en here, the beatific sight,  
The spirit then breaks through this world's restraints,  
And enters into heaven's effulgent light.

Not sorrow snaps the silver cord, but joy;  
Not woe, but bliss, expands the golden bowl:  
The pitcher breaks when free from earth's alloy,  
And fails the wheel when heaven has filled the soul.

"They come! He comes!" cries out the dying one.  
Who comes? "The angels and my loved ones, too;  
And Jesus comes, God's well beloved Son!"  
He smiles, and then heaven's pearly gate glides through.

## A Beautiful Life.

ALECIA ELLA HENDERSON was born on Dominion Day, 1872, and died February 17th, 1889, aged sixteen years seven months and seventeen days. Born in July, when the flowers were blooming, like these her life was short and beautiful. Almost as pure as she in character as the water lilies that freely grew near that old Crosby homestead. Her life was as the benignant shining of a July sun.

When but three years of age, a godly mother—then living—told her of the loving Jesus who had nowhere to lay his head. "Oh, ma, I'll give him part of my pill," was the devout reply. She never showed fear in the street or in the dark, and said: "Jesus will keep me from falling down."

In her fourth year, she said: "Pa, I love Jesus, and feel him in my heart." And, as I kissed away the falling tear, came the thought, "What more can I say than that?" At seven, she openly professed love in Christ, at meetings held in our own church, by E. P. Hammond, and became a class-going member, which she was until her fatal sickness.

She regarded herself as blessed with the two best things of this life—religion and education. Ella was good as well as fair; and, as opportunity offered, she taught in the Sunday-schools, sang in the choirs, and led in prayer at worship. In June last her health suddenly failed, and early in August I took her to Colorado, where she improved for a time, and then relapsed.

We pray the following touching letter may be a blessing to some young reader:—

"DENVER, Dec. 25th, 1888.

"MY DEAR PA AND MA,—This is Christmas Day, but a sad Christmas for me, and I think my last Christmas. Perhaps I am giving up too much; but yesterday, when one of the best doctors in the city said there is a big cavity in my left lung—that I supposed was sound—it was a terrible shock. He said my life would soon end here; but I have great hope of a continuance of that life in a better land.

"Oh, Pa, just think of it! This time last year I was fat and ruddy, and what has a year done? It has changed that happy, healthy girl into one weary and sad, because all her hopes and plans are broken; and, bitterest of all, dying of consumption. I want to go home while I have the strength. If I must die, let me die with all my friends around me, and be buried beside my mother. I do not want to live in this condition. I gladly welcome death, for it means a grand meeting with my mother, grandmother, numerous friends, and, best of all, with Jesus."

In this our darling was gratified. During nearly seven weeks, tarrying in our home, she seemed to belong to heaven rather than earth. At times her prayers seemed inspired; and she took a tender pledge from loved ones to lead lives of prayer, and meet her in heaven.

Love for the Lord's house led her to task her failing strength, and she came in to the sacramentable two Sundays before her death. She expected to be a missionary-teacher, and expressed the hope that the Lord may give her some mission in the life to come.

Oft did she join us in repeating Scripture, and asked for favourite hymns; and listening to the choir in the church, remarked: "I've been thinking of the music there'll be in heaven. Oh! what will it be to be there!" In all, her delicate sense of propriety never left her; and our people were more than kind in waiting upon and ministering to her.

As her sufferings increased, she pleaded: "O Lord, thou knowest I am willing to go. Come! O come!" The last effort in her dying bed was to join us, on our knees, in singing:

"Jesus, take this heart of mine,  
Make it pure, and wholly thine;  
Thou hast bled and died for me—  
I will henceforth live for thee;"

and, with catching breath, repeated with us the 23rd Psalm. Towards the close, she expressed, by pressure and glance, the thanks she could not speak; and on Sabbath evening, just as the bell had called to worship, she calmly departed, to be a spirit bright in that blest land for which, in heart and life, she had been preparing.

Her life was short, and yet successful—measured by true standards. To all human appearance, Ella would have been a source of comfort and honour to us in life; and, though the world is darker and this life poorer, we can say—if even too sad to sing—

"And thou, dear heart, remembering thee,  
Am I not richer than of old?  
Safe in thy immortality,  
What change can reach the wealth I hold?"

For us the empty room, and vacant chair, and lonely heart, and sad cold grave; for her the "Well done" of the Lord she loved, and the house of many mansions, and the robe of salvation, and the song of triumph, and the welcome embrace of those in light who waited for her coming.

W. HENDERSON.

WHAT we call time enough, always proves little enough.

## The Little Chinese Boy.

A CHINESE mother had taught her little boy to worship idols placed in some small niches in the walls of the house. When the child grew old enough to learn to read, his parents sent him to the mission-school.

The boy heard his teacher say that nobody should worship idols—that they were only pieces of wood, which could neither see nor hear. He was very much surprised and troubled at what he heard. His good teacher would not deceive him. What he said must be true. But, then, how could his dear mother deceive him? When he went home, he watched for a moment when he should be alone, then, running up to the niches, he touched the little idol. Seeing that nothing happened, he grew bolder—struck it—and finally threw it in the fire. In a few minutes the idol was burned to ashes. Then the child took another—then a third—and at last, very sure that his teacher told the truth, he took all the idols in the house and threw them in the fire.

But when he saw them all burned, the thought came to him, "What will my parents say to me? These idols did not belong to me." Frightened at his rash action, the boy ran from the house. When his parents came home they were alarmed at finding their niches empty, and their little boy gone. They searched for him a long time, and at last discovered him crouching behind a tree, sobbing bitterly.

His father took him in his arms, and kindly questioned him. The child told him what he had done. "Don't be troubled," said his father, much moved. "I will not punish you. Gods who can not keep themselves from burning, cannot hear or deliver us. I should like to know your teacher's God."—*The Well-Spring.*

## We Must Leave Them Behind.

A STORY is told of a robber named Akaba, who lived in Arabia. He was captain of a robber-clan, which, by its depredations, had filled its tents with gold and many precious things. But he was not happy. His mind was greatly disturbed because he realized that his wealth had not been honestly gotten.

He went to a religious teacher, living at the foot of the mountain, and asked him how he might win heaven. He said:—

"Five hundred swords obey my nod, innumerable slaves bow to my control, my storehouses are filled with silver and gold, but now I wish you to tell me how I may add to all these the hope of eternal life."

The old hermit pointed to three great stones, and told him to take them up and carry them with him to the top of the mountain. The man went to them, but it was as much as he could do to lift them. He could scarcely move a step when they were all laid on his back. So the hermit told him to follow him to the summit without this load. One by one they were cast aside, and the ascent was easily made.

"My son," said the hermit, "you could not climb this hill until you had cast away the burdens which you at first took upon your shoulders. Let me say to you now, you have a threefold burden to hinder you from climbing the road to heaven. Dismiss your robber-band, set free your slaves, give back your ill-gotten gains. Sooner could you climb the mountain, bearing those heavy stones, than reach heaven and happiness in such peace and wealth."

So must we cast aside every sin, and advance heavenward.



### Canada Shall be Free.

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

O VIGOROUS land! where a Northern sun  
Beams forth in a clear blue sky;  
Where abounding life is in winter's breath,  
And in summer zephyr's sigh.

A land of large brains, and where wills are strong,  
Where knowledge to all is free,  
With passionate love of the right and true,  
And the fullest liberty.

It was on these shores, the Old British Flag  
To victory on was led;  
To gain the freedom we own to-day  
Our brave forefathers bled.

Shall we the rich heirs of this noble land,  
With its glories far and near;  
Shall we cowardly cast our rights away,  
Grand rights! that have cost so dear?

Let the holy fires that our fathers warmed  
Awake in the people's heart;  
Let freedom arise with mighty voice,  
And traitors shall feel the smart.

"For God and our Queen!" our rallying cry,  
We'll do what'er is right;  
We'll guard at all cost our liberties dear,  
And never give up the fight.

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## Home and School.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 15, 1889.

### God's Voice.

THE voice of God is never silent. It may always be heard by him who reverently listens for it. Neither the discords nor the harmonies of earth can ever drown it. In listening to an orchestral performance of a well-known sonata, splendid in its harmonies, and suggestive in its movements, I noticed that—amidst the far noisier sounds of other instruments—the tone of a solitary harp was not overpowered, but was still distinguishable by one who had ears to hear it—for it was unique in its sweetness. And thus, amidst the chorus of the world's rejoicing, and even amidst its din and babel, he who has an ear may still hear what the Spirit says unto the churches.—*Selected.*

### Example of Christ.

It is said that, thinking to amuse him, his wife read to Dr. Judson some newspaper notices, in which he was compared to one or other of the apostles. He was exceedingly distressed, and then added: "Nor do I want to be like them. I do not want to be like Paul, nor Apollon, nor

Cephas, nor any mere man. I want to be like Christ. We have only one perfectly safe Exemplar—only one who, tempted like as we are in every point, is still without sin. I want to follow him only, copy his teachings, drink in his spirit, place my feet in his footprints, and measure their short-coming by these—and these only. Oh, to be more like Christ!"—*Selected.*

### The Deadly Serpent.

SOME time ago, a party of sailors visited the Zoological Gardens in one of the eastern cities in the United States. One of them, excited by the liquor he had taken, and as an act of bravado to his companions, took hold of a deadly serpent. He held it up—having seized it by the nape of the neck in such a way that it could not sting him. As he held it, the snake, unobserved by him, coiled itself around his arm, and at length it got a firm grasp, and wound tighter and tighter, so that he was unable to detach it. As the pressure of the snake increased, the danger grew; and at length the sailor was unable to maintain his hold on the neck of the venomous reptile, and was compelled to loose it. What did the snake then do? It turned round and stung him, and he died.

So it is with the appetite for strong drink. We can control it at first, but in a little time it controls us. We can hold its influence in our grasp for awhile, so that it shall be powerless; but afterward, "it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—*Selected.*

### James Hall.

AMONG the scholars who went to the old district school was a boy by the name of James Hall. His parents were poor, and he had rather a hard time trying to get an education. But little things did not discourage him. He believed in the saying that "Where there is a will, there is a way."

He was one of the older scholars, and sat in a desk with his back to the wall. Behind him, on the wall, he had pasted a motto which he had cut from some paper. It was so placed, that when he turned his head to one side his eyes caught the words of the motto. It read thus:—

"ONE HOUR LOST, IS LOST FOREVER."

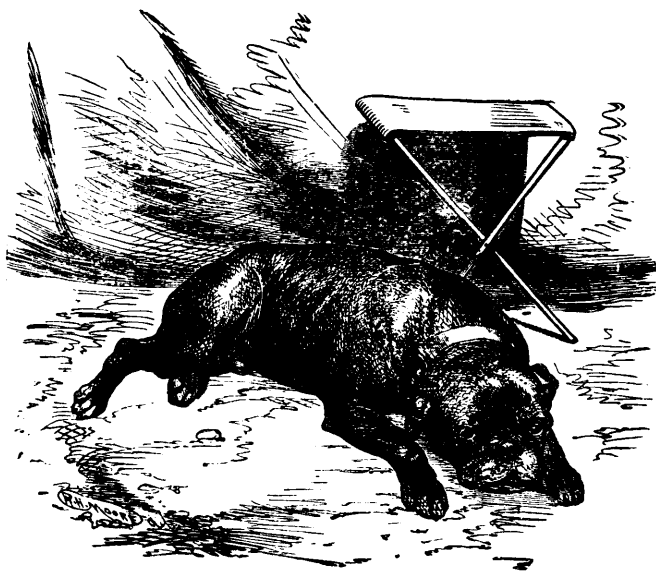
For aught I know, the motto is still there in the old school-house; but the boy has long since become a man, and has stood in high places of trust—honoured by all. He is now a successful teacher in one of the foremost colleges of our land. That simple motto which he placed upon the wall was intended merely for his own benefit, but nobody can tell the help and blessing it has been to other hearts.

In all these years I have never forgotten those words, and they have been woven into the fabric of my whole life.

No one can tell how much they have had to do with my history. When we speak true words, or live out true lives, we can not tell how many may be lifted up and blessed by our influence. Every time you do right, you point the eyes of some poor traveller to a better way. This is the power of those who follow Christ.

W. O. C.

Do to-day's duty, fight to-day's temptation, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things which you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them.



"BULL."

(From a photograph by the Author.)

### "Home, Sweet Home."

IN the spring of 1863, two great armies were encamped on either side of the Rappahannock River, one dressed in blue and the other dressed in gray. As twilight fell, the bands of music on the Union side began to play the martial music—"The Star-spangled Banner" and "Rally Round the Flag;" and that challenge of music was taken up by those upon the other side, and they responded with "The Bonnie Blue Flag" and "Away Down South in Dixie." It was borne in upon the soul of a single soldier in one of those bands of music, to begin a sweeter and a more tender air; and as he slowly played it, they joined in a sort of chorus of all the instruments upon the Union side, until, finally, a great and mighty chorus swelled up and down our army—"Home, Sweet Home!" When they had finished, there was no challenge yonder; for every band upon that farther shore had taken up the lovely air so attuned to all that is holiest and dearest, and one great chorus of the two hosts went up to God. And when they had finished, from the boys in gray came the challenge, "Three cheers for home!" and as they went resounding through the skies, from both sides of the river, something upon the soldiers' cheeks washed off the stains of powder.—*Frances E. Willard.*

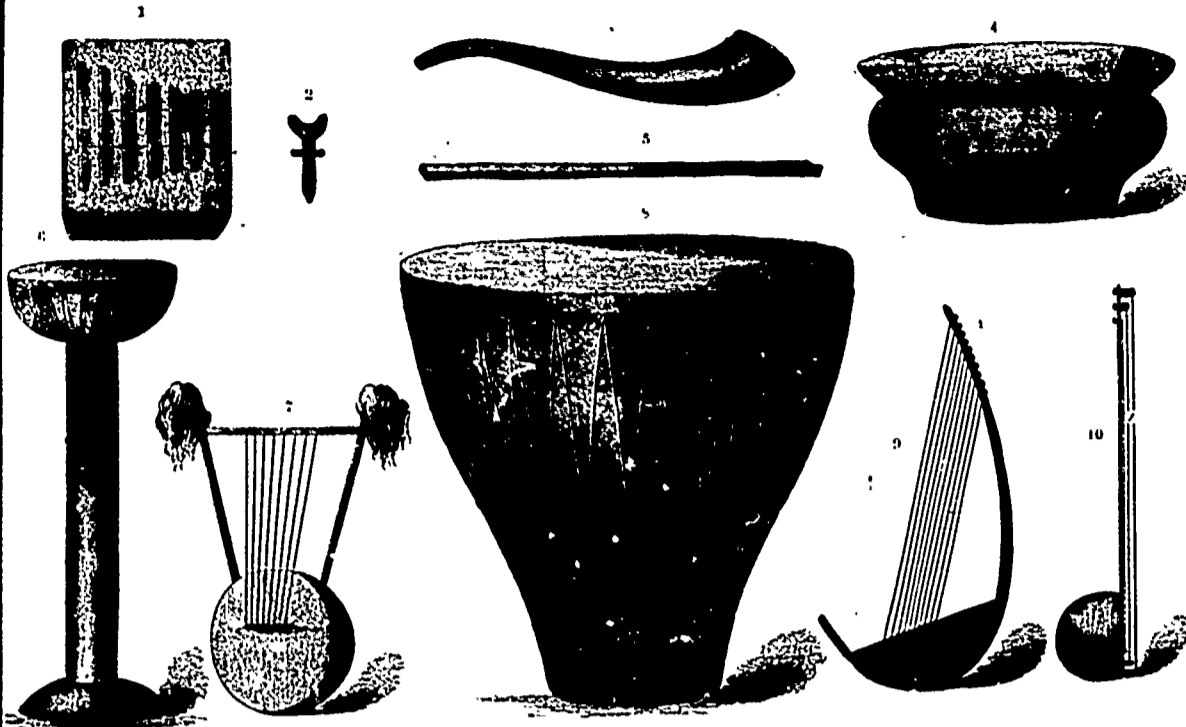
### "I've Got It!"

A LITTLE fellow who was seeking the mercy of the Lord, knelt down to pray beside a Christian worker. The childish penitent poured out his prayer to God, and received an answer of peace, and had the witness of the Spirit testifying with his spirit that he was a child of God.

When he had concluded, the brother by his side commenced to pray, and besought the Lord to forgive and bless the lad. The little fellow interrupted him:

"I've got it! You needn't pray for that any more. I've got it!" and so went on his way rejoicing. The Lord Jesus Christ had come into his heart to make his abode there.

It is well to have the matter of our prayers clearly defined, and the answers to them well understood. How many a time prayers are offered which partake largely of the nature of vain repetitions! And sometimes persons pray for things which they have already received, unless their professions are an empty delusion and a snare. Is it not well for us, in our asking, to know first what we have received? And while we thank God for that, we are better prepared to ask for other blessings at his hand.—*Selected.*



MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

1. Kinanda.
2. Whistle of Ubulwe.
3. Caravan horn of gulde.
4. Drum of Uzimba.
5. Flute of kopl or peasan.
6. Drum of Uganda.
7. Guitar of Usoga.
8. Great war-drum of Uganda.
9. Guitar of Uganda.
10. One-stringed banjo of Unyamwezi.

### The Lonely Grave and Effie.

#### A DECORATION-DAY INCIDENT.

DOWN the street the soldiers came  
With steady marching feet;  
The "bands" were sending everywhere  
Their strains of music sweet.  
My little Effie went with me  
To watch the soldiers strew  
Bright buds and blossoms on the graves  
Of their old comrades true.

One lone, neglected grave lay bare  
Beside the fence near by.  
"Whose is it?" Effie asked of me.  
"Some stranger's," answered I.  
Now here, now there, the flowers were laid  
By loving, loyal hands,  
In honour of the men who died  
At Freedom's loud demands.

I missed my little one at last,  
And turned about to see  
If in the crowd that gathered near  
My little girl might be.  
Not there! Ah, no; but close beside  
The stranger's grave I found  
The little figure stooping low,  
And pulling from the ground

The yellow dandelions which grow  
So free for all to find,  
She raised her troubled eyes to mine:  
"Mamma, it wasn't kind  
To pile those flowers all over there,  
And give the stranger none;  
I'm sorry for this grave, mamma,  
'Cause it is all alone."

And then she spread with her little hands,  
Above the grave so bare,  
Her golden dandelions, and dressed  
The lonely spot with care;  
The while the breezes kissed her cheek  
And stirred her curls of gold,  
And down the leafy avenues  
The martial music rolled.

"There, now, mamma, the stranger won't  
Feel lonely any more!"  
I clasped my baby in my arms,  
And kissed her o'er and o'er.  
And well I know that angels blessed  
The child I bore away—  
The child who dressed the "stranger's grave"  
On Decoration Day.

### One Hour of Pastoral Work.

ONE cold winter evening I made my first call on a rich merchant in New York. As I left his door, and the piercing gale swept in, I said, "What an awful night for the poor!" He went back, and bringing to me a roll of bank bills, said: "Please hand these, for me, to the poorest people you know." After a few days I wrote to him the grateful thanks of the poor whom his bounty had relieved, and added: "How is it that a man so kind to his fellow-creatures has always been so unkind to his Saviour as to refuse him his heart?" That sentence touched him to the core. He sent for me to come and talk with him, and speedily gave himself to Christ. He has been a most useful Christian ever since. But he told me that I was the first person who had talked to him about his soul in nearly twenty years. One hour of pastoral work did more for that man than the pulpit effort of a lifetime.—*T. L. Cuyler, D.D.*

### Sample Fruits.

WE do not wonder at the horror with which a friend reads and sends to us a printed account of a den of iniquity. Here is one point in that latest news from Sodom:—

"Your correspondent was in one of these gin-mills when a young lad, eight or nine years of age, entered with popcorn. He was a bright, handsome little fellow, very talkative, and soon made known his business. The man behind the bar—a big, coarse-looking brute—offered to purchase a dime's worth of his corn, provided the little fellow would take his pay in drinks. The boy told him that he did not drink liquors; that he gave his money to his mother to help to buy bread and clothes for himself and a little sister, three years younger than himself. The saloon man finally bought two papers of popcorn, and gave the boy ten cents, who started on his way toward the door. The bartender called him back, and, taking about three tablespoons of whiskey, sugar, and hot water, mixed it up, and prevailed upon the boy to drink it, telling him it was good for colds.

"In answer to the question as to whether he liked it, the little blue eyes sparkled as he an-

swered, 'You bet!' and departed. The fiend explained his object by saying, 'You see, the prohibition cranks and church fanatics are doing all in their power to injure us, and unless we continue making drunkards of the young, they will soon have them all on their side. If that boy keeps on selling corn and blacking shoes on this side of the river, it will not be three weeks until he will buy drinks of me. They learn easy when young,' and he laughed heartily.

"The bleary-eyed scoundrel went on to enumerate the many boys he had taught to drink in the same way—one of whom was the six-year-old boy of a widow, at Le Mars, Iowa. This one, he said, he taught purely through spite. The mother of the little fellow had prosecuted him for selling liquor to her husband prior to his death, and he punished her by teaching her child to like the taste of liquor, and at fourteen years he was a confirmed drunkard, and at seventeen he died."

This transaction was in Covington, Nebraska, on the Missouri river, opposite Iowa, from which State this saloon-keeper had been driven, together with the rest of his kind. This horrid scamp

was a refugee from a prohibition State, and is now doing business in a State whose children are defenceless, through high license. While this fiend did his work in part out of spite, he, after all, illustrates the fact that those who pay a higher price for the State's permission to sell liquor, must have an increasing army of customers, so that his larger trade may pay the higher license fee.

High license tends to increase, rather than restrict, liquor sales. Let it be seen that the power that can enforce high license can more easily enforce prohibition. At this hour, the chief protection of the saloon is from those who—while they would like to see prohibition in force—constantly cry that prohibition cannot be enforced. Nebraska owes instant prohibition to its own honour. Why cannot such a fiend as the one sketched above be sent to prison for murder? Meantime the widowed mother mourns her destroyed children, and Nebraska looks for God's blessing!

### A Father's Love.

IN a city near New York, a man was struggling to hold a restive horse which was hitched to a waggon, and was trying to break away from his control. The ungovernable brute reared and plunged, and finally started to run. The driver held on, twisting the reins about his wrists, determined to control the fractious beast.

"Let him go! Let him go!" cried the bystanders. "You can't hold him! Why don't you let him go?"

The driver paid no heed to these cries. He held on with all his strength; and, as a last resort, wrapped the reins around his neck. The bystanders rushed to the rescue, and, after a struggle, the horse was caught and quieted; and the poor man was liberated, the blood gushing from his mouth and nose.

"Why didn't you let him go?" said the bystanders. "Your life is worth a hundred such horses."

"Look in the back of that waggon," said he. "Do you see that little boy? That's all the little boy we have. I couldn't go home to his mother without that little boy, and for him I held the horse, to the danger of my own life."

### The Daughter's Grief.

JUST six years to-night—and remembered too well  
Since the blackest of shadows across my path fell.  
A life that was dear to my own life went out  
In the terror of fear, in the anguish of doubt!

They brought father home from the gilded saloon,  
And said he had suddenly fallen in a swoon.  
We watched by his bedside, my mother and I,  
And sorrowed and prayed as the hours went by.

Dear mother, sweet mother!—not till then did I know  
How many long nights she had watched by him so;  
Not till then did I know the dark secret which lay  
In the cup where the serpent is lurking away.

My father was kindly and noble and good,  
And never before had my heart understood  
How the club room could draw him from mother and me,  
When we were so happy together, we three.

What lightning revealing there came that dread night!  
They filled my whole being with anguish and fright—  
Their memories still are burning deep in my brain.  
O God, must I evermore bear their keen pain?

My father awoke, and his mournful brown eyes  
Looked into my own with a tender surprise;  
I covered with kisses his beautiful face,  
He whispered—how fondly—"My dear little Grace!"

Then throwing his arms round my mother he cried:  
"Oh, faithful and true, still here at my side!"  
What self-reproach then, and what penitent tears,  
Confession of weakness, revealing of fears!

He sank on his pillow—a pitiful sight—  
No hope in the future, or faint gleam of light;  
No comfort or solace his soul found in prayer,  
But deeper and deeper it sank in despair.

Then suddenly over his features there fell  
The silent precursor, life's closing to tell.  
"I'm dying," he whispered, "I'm dying, I know,"  
"And my soul! oh, my soul! tell me, where will it go?"

My mother assured him of welcome in heaven,  
Said even the thief on the cross was forgiven,  
That Christ never turned from a penitent's prayer—  
He answered, "No drunkard can ever go there!"

He spoke nevermore, and his last uttered thought  
In the overcharged brain of my poor mother wrought  
A ruin most fearful! And I—how bereft!  
But God and his promise were still to me left.

Where now is my mother? Ah me, dare I tell?  
She spends these long years in a maniac's cell,  
And this strain she weaves in her song morn and even,  
"No drunkard inherits the kingdom of heaven."

## Teachers' Department.

### That Old Whirlpool.

THERE is a whirlpool ahead. Just a series of bewildering whirls, driving round and round a stormy, wrecking centre. These whirls have only a moderate power on the circumference, but as they near the centre they go faster, go stronger, go deeper—as if scooping out a black grave. There are several boats in the clutches of those inner circles, struggling awhile to break away from these sinuous, slippery, yet strong fetters; then abandoning themselves to that deadly drift, finally plunging down into that yawning vortex in the centre. But look! There is somebody outside the whirlpool, crying: "Don't venture within this current! Keep away!" He waves a red danger-signal as he cries: "Keep away!"

What wise advice! Even if he cry again and again, shriek louder and louder, so that some might think him crazy, you, in your better estimate of those dangerous forces on the mad drive, would wreath his name with such adjectives as "praiseworthy," "considerate," "wise." A whirlpool! Intemperance is that maelstrom whose vast circles, sweeping out through the land, reach so much of its pride and promise. No words can measure the power of this maelstrom. The too often futile

efforts of its victims to reform, are a demonstration of power in comparison with which all word-testimony is weak. Those victims try to break loose from a grip that seems to give way and yields on every side, but it is the yielding and giving way of the ocean when it lets one down to the bottom.

It is wise for us who are teachers, standing without those wild whirlpool rings, to warn away the young. Emphasize—repeat the warning. Again and again, tell the young to keep away from those outer circles. Let others, if they will, label you "meddlers," "troublesome," "crazy." You can stand the pelting of words. The next generation will lay wreaths on your grave. We have done much toward making unpopular the rum-whirlpool. We must keep it unpopular. That means keeping at it. So warn, counsel, teach, especially by your example.—*S. S. Journal.*

### One Effort More.

THE old astronomer, with his trusty glass, is searching the heavens for a star—"a lost star," he says.

"It ought to be there!" he murmurs, looking along the jewelled lines of some constellation. Not finding his diamond, he shakes his head, and is about to give up the search.

"Just one trial more," he murmurs.

He directs his glass toward the sky, and, lo, there it is! Out of the dark depths of space flashes the pure, bright face of the lost star.

"Found!" he cries. "It was one effort more that did it."

Yes, it is true in nature and in the world of grace, that it is the one effort more that often restores to its orbit the lost star.

It was the one more reaching out of the world of Christian sympathy that, by a friendly tap and a kindly word, arrested a drunkard, and gave to temperance a star orator—Gough.

A Sunday-school teacher touches on the shoulder, and kindly asks a young man about his soul, and this one effort more of the Church of God brought Dwight L. Moody to the Saviour. Let the blessing awaiting the maker of "one more effort" beckon us forward to special activity in our classes.

If the finding of a perishable world keeps the astronomer up all night, we can afford to spend as much time, if need be, wrestling with God for a blessing on an imperishable soul. Out of an atmosphere where we have felt and breathed the presence of God may we go to our classes!

Surely, this one more effort—now—this day—we are encouraged to make. Supplicating Jacobs will certainly make prevailing Israels. And oh! the joy of knowing that a new world, a new soul, a new life, has been set to revolving in obedience and love around that divine centre, God!—*S. S. Journal.*

### The Most Southern Post-Office in the World.

BY LOUISE SEYMOUR HOUGHTON.

IF one looks on a map, or, better still, if one tips up a globe, and finds Punta Arenas, in the Straits of Magellan, down near Cape Horn, one will see that it is the southernmost town in the world—the settlements on the Cape of Good Hope, and on all inhabited islands, being farther to the north.

It is not at Punta Arenas, however, that the southernmost post-office is located, but in a little sheltered nook in another part of the strait, for the harbour of Punta Arenas is so bad, and the Straits of Magellan are so stormy, that it is not

often vessels can make a landing there, and as it is four thousand miles from the southernmost port on the west side of South America to the southernmost port on the east side, and as many vessels passing through the straits from one hemisphere to another, have come from even more distant ports, without having touched at land, it is natural that sailors should want a post-office to which they could go, no matter what the weather.

So, in a sheltered nook on the mainland, about fifty years ago, a large tin-box was placed, and hidden so cunningly that the Indians never found it. But there is not a shipmaster on all the Southern seas who does not know where that tin-box is, and who does not look forward with interest to a visit to it whenever he nears the Straits of Magellan.

When a vessel comes to anchor opposite that place, all the sailors bring the letters they have written since their last stop in port, and the steward or the captain collects all the well-thumbed books and newspapers that have been so often read that nothing more of interest can be extracted from them, and all these are carried ashore to the tin-box. How eagerly the captain looks over the contents of the box when he opens it! There are letters from every country under heaven, directed in all languages, to sailors on vessels of every sort, likely to pass this way.

If any are for the captain, or for any of his men, he takes them out with delight; and then he looks over the papers and magazines that are there, selects those that have never been in his ship's library, puts in the letters and old newspapers he has brought, and closes the box, and hides it again most carefully. No one who has not been long at sea, far from any tidings from home, or news of what is going on in the world, can imagine the delight of finding a letter in such a place, or even a newspaper two or three months old.

For fifty years this post-office has existed here in this rocky nook, on a stormy coast. It is said that its privileges have never been abused—that no sailor has ever taken a letter to which he had no right, or failed to place there for others the books and papers for which he had no further use.

### A Sunday-School Meeting in a Bar-Room.

It was held in an old and now forsaken tavern, by a missionary of the American Sunday-school Union, in New Jersey. He used the bar-counter as his pulpit. This room, in many past years, had been the resort of wood-choppers, charcoal-burners, fishermen, and such like, for drinking, dancing, gambling, fighting, and all vicious practices and indulgencies; and though the tavern, as such, was now closed, the population was still very rough. The meeting was full, solemn, and impressive. Many were deeply affected. A Sunday-school was organized there, which is very interesting, and doing much good.

This missionary has organized a number of Sunday-schools in his field, down among "The Pines" of Southern New Jersey, where he has long laboured among the coloured people, who are mostly freedmen. These he is carefully watching and aiding.

These poor people take great interest in Bible study, and some of them make rapid progress. In many cases great good is done to their bodies as well as their souls.

What a blessed day it will be when taverns become meeting-houses, and bar-rooms are converted into Sunday-schools!—*The Banner.*

## Handiwork of Jesus.

"I WONDER if in Nazareth  
By heedless feet o'errun,  
There lingers yet some dear relique  
Of work by Joseph's Son.  
Some carved thought, some tool of toil,  
Some house with stones grown gray,  
A house he built who had not where  
His weary head to lay.

"It were a thing most beautiful,  
Of rare and rich design;  
And something very true and strong,  
Made by a skill divine;  
The road-side stones at sight of him  
Could scarce their rapture hush;  
What felt his touch and art must yet  
With conscious beauty blush.

"I visit Nazareth, ask each man,  
Each mound, each stone, each wind,  
'I pray ye, help some precious trace  
Of your great Builder find;'  
Alas, ye listeners to my plaint,  
The startled silence saith:  
'What once was false, is now too true—  
No Christ in Nazareth!'

"But, O my soul, why thus cast down?  
A truer Nazareth scan;  
What if thou find no time-spoiled work  
Of Christ, the Son of man?—  
Joy yet to thee; lift up thy head,  
Cast raptured gaze abroad,  
See in this vast Christ-built world  
Signs of the Son of God."

## The First Home.

BY S. L. PARSONS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—The object of the great Architect and Builder, in setting in motion the wonderful world we inhabit, with its beautiful clothing and surroundings, is not for us to question or at present discuss. That he prepared it, and gave it to man for his personal use, and with which to honour his Creator, there is no room to doubt, and is sufficient evidence of his interest in our welfare.

Adam and Eve found themselves amid the cooling shades, the opening flowers, and the ripening fruits of a faultless Paradise. They were perfect in form, complete in capacity for self-government, and spotless in character. The animals sported around them, and kissed their feet in token of submission to them. At the beck of Eve, the birds delighted to light upon her hand, and sing their sweetest songs. Everything was new and pure; all things were beautiful and good; complete harmony reigned between all the creatures moving upon the earth, inhabiting the waters, or circling through the air.

Our first parents gathered their food from the trees and shrubbery that surrounded them, and slept in perfect security under their branches. Perfection and beauty were written upon life in Eden. If the occupants of the Garden of Eden were not a working people, it was because of the intimate relationship that existed between them and their Creator. When, unfortunately, that peculiar intimacy was broken up by disobedience on their part, and they concluded to try the experiment of self-control, there came ringing through the heavens a voice, which said; "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread; thorns and thistles shall the earth bring forth; the serpent shall bruise thy heel, but thou shalt bruise his head."

Previous to the withdrawal of the peculiar favour of his Creator, there had been placed in the hand of Adam the control of the entire earth. "Have thou dominion over all," was the commission. This great authority was not withdrawn

with the change of circumstances, except in so far as the late residence was concerned.

The happy Paradise they were forbidden to enter; the delicious fruits that had been their food were no longer within their reach. No doubt fruits were found, but vegetables that grew spontaneously from the ground became their principal diet. The animals no longer delighted in the presence of their master and mistress, but rather avoided them, and growled and fled at their approach; the birds were shy of the outstretched hand of Lady Eve, and did their singing in the branches. The all-wise Creator so arranged the new order of things that Adam was induced to put forth his energies to redeem some portion of the favour he had lost. The family relation was more definitely arranged and understood. A home was prepared where the family could be protected and sheltered—for they had learned a new lesson. Protection from foes and shelter from storms had become a necessity, and systematic labour became a fixed fact.

I do not find in the Bible any warrant for asserting that the Almighty prepared a house for Adam and Eve to occupy; but we are distinctly informed that—after they had conceived the idea of clothing—he prepared for them "coats of skins, and clothed them." And I think we have a perfect right to imagine that, not far from the garden, and overlooking it, was high ground near the river that ran through the garden, and on that high ground was a rock containing a cavern sufficiently large for a residence, and containing apartments for all the various affairs of the family. I imagine that there were implements found there with which Adam could till the ground as directed, and others with which Eve could direct her household duties. Probably these were not in large numbers, but were sufficient until the man could put his ingenuity to the test, and form such additional implements as their duties required.

Thus the first family home was established. Cain and Abel, and their brothers and sisters, were born and raised there, and probably they had as happy a home as most families in our own day have. Undoubtedly God gave Adam and Eve wisdom for the peculiar duties they were called upon to discharge, and I have no doubt they had as bright a set of boys and girls as have been found in any family since.

Cain was a bad boy, but he became an active and enterprising man. Of the other children of Adam we know but little, yet they all had their part to act in peopling and improving the world, and there is just as much work to be done to-day for the good of others as there ever was. It is only a little that any one of us can do, but many littles make the great. Let us each be sure that our little of precept and example is in the right scale when the weighing-time comes.

## Queen Victoria and Sabbath Observance.

THE religious feeling of Her Majesty was evidenced soon after her ascent to the throne, in the case of a certain noble lord occupying an important post in the government, who, late one Saturday night, arrived at Windsor with some state papers.

"I have brought," said he, "for your Majesty's inspection, some documents of great importance; but as I shall be obliged to trouble you to examine them in detail, I will not encroach upon your Majesty's time to-night, but will request your attention to-morrow morning."

"To-morrow morning!" repeated the Queen. "To-morrow is Sunday, my lord."

"True, your Majesty; but business of the state will not admit of delay."

"I am aware of that," replied the Queen; "and as, of course, your lordship could not have arrived earlier at the palace to-night, I will, if these papers are of such pressing importance, attend to their contents after service to-morrow morning."

In the morning, the Queen and her court went to church, and, much to the surprise of the noble lord, the subject of the discourse was the sacredness of the Christian Sabbath.

"How did your lordship like the sermon?" asked the Queen.

"Very much, indeed, your Majesty," he replied.

"Well, then," added the Queen, "I will not conceal from you that, last night, I sent the clergyman the text from which he preached. I hope we shall all be improved by the sermon."

Not another word was said about the state papers during the day, but at night, when about to retire, the Queen said, "To-morrow morning, my lord, as early as seven o'clock, if you please, we will look into the papers."

"I cannot think," was the reply, "of intruding upon your Majesty at so early an hour. Nine o'clock will do as well."

"No, no, my lord! As the papers are of importance, I wish them to be attended to very early; but, if you wish it to be nine, be it so."

At nine the next morning the Queen was seated at her table, ready to receive the nobleman and his papers.

## The Widow's Mite.

"MAMMA, I thought a mite was a little thing. What did the Lord mean when he said the widow's mite was more than all the money the rich men gave?"

Mamma thought a minute, then said: "Lulu, I will tell you a story, and, I think, you will understand why the widow's mite was more valuable than ordinary mites:—

"There was once a little girl, whose name was Kitty, and she had ever so many dolls. Some were made of china, and others of wax, with real hair, and eyes that would open and shut; but Kitty was tired of them all except the newest one, which her auntie had given her at Christmas. One day a poor little girl came to the door begging, and Kitty's mother told her to go and get one of her old dolls and give it away. She did so, and her old doll was like what the rich men put into the treasury. She could give it away just as well as not, and it didn't cost her anything."

"The poor little beggar girl was delighted with her doll. She never had but one before—and that was a rag-doll; but this one had such lovely curly hair, and such an elegant pink silk dress on, she was almost afraid to hold it against her dirty shawl for fear of soiling it; so she hurried home as fast as she could."

"Just as she was going upstairs to her poor rooms, she saw through the crack of the door in the basement her little friend, Sally, who had been sick in bed all summer, and who was alone all day, while her mother went out washing, to try and earn money enough to keep them from starving. As our little girl looked through the crack, she thought to herself, 'I must show Sally my new dolly.' So she rushed into the room and up to the bed, crying, 'O Sally, see!' Sally tried to reach out her arms to take it, but she was too sick, so her little friend held up the dolly, and as she did so she thought, 'How sick Sally looks to-day! and she hasn't any dolly.' Then, with one generous impulse, she said, 'Here, Sally, you may have her!'

"Now, Lulu, do you see? The little girl's dolly was like the widow's mite—she gave her all."



**Coming Home.**

O BROTHERS and sisters, growing old,  
Do you remember yet  
That home in the shade of rustling trees,  
Where once our household met?

Do you know we used to come from school,  
Through the summer's pleasant heat;  
With the yellow fennel's golden dust  
On our tired little feet?

And how sometimes in idle mood  
We loitered by the way;  
And stopped in the road to gather flowers;  
And in the fields to play;

Till warned by the deepening shadow's fall,  
That told of the coming night,  
We climbed to the top of the last, long hill,  
And saw our home in sight!

And, brothers and sisters, older now  
Than she whose life is o'er,  
Do you think of the mother's loving face  
That looked from the open door?

Alas! for the changing things of time;  
That home in the dust lies low,  
And that living smile was hid from us,  
In the darkness long ago.

And we have come to life's last hill,  
From which our weary eyes  
Can almost look on the home that shines  
Eternal in the skies.

So, brothers and sisters, as we go,  
Still let us move as one;  
Always together keeping step,  
Till the march of life is done.

For that mother who waited for us here,  
Wearing a smile so sweet,  
Now waits on the hills of paradise  
For the children's coming feet!

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK.**

A.D. 30] **LESSON XII.** [June 23  
**JESUS RISEN.**

Mark 16. 1-13. **Memory verses 6, 7**  
**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept. 1 Cor. 15. 20.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Empty Sepulchre, v. 1-8.
2. The Risen Saviour, v. 9-13.

**TIME.**—30 A.D.

**PLACE.**—Near Jerusalem.

**CONNECTING LINKS.**—Jesus died toward evening of the day of crucifixion, and his loving friends at once asked from Pilate the privilege of burying him. The procurator makes sure that he is dead, and then grants the request. The hour is so late that only a partial embalming can be done, before the Sabbath begins, and the duty is left till the light of the first day of the week. Then the women who had loved him so during his life hasten to pay their last tribute to his memory, and our lesson opens.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*The Sabbath*—Not coincident in time with our Sabbath, but the seventh day of the week. *The sepulchre*—This was an excavation cut in the rock, as was the custom. *Roll away the stone*—The sepulchre was closed with a great stone rolled over the opening, fitting closely and sealed. *A young man*—So the angel appeared to the women.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. *The Empty Sepulchre.*  
At what hour did the Jewish Sabbath end?  
When did this visit to the sepulchre occur?  
What evidence is there that Jesus, as some claim, rose on the Sabbath?  
What was the purpose of this early visit?  
What persons had been engaged in the preliminary work of embalming the body of Jesus? John 19. 39; Mark 15. 47.  
Who first discovered the open sepulchre? John 20. 1.

Who first saw that it was empty?  
What peculiar message did the angel give the women?  
Why was this phrase "*and Peter*" used?

2. *The Risen Saviour.*  
To whom does Mark say Jesus first appeared?  
To whom does Matthew say he first appeared? Matt. 28. 9.  
To whom does Paul make mention of his having first appeared? 1 Cor. 15. 5.  
What was his first message to his apostles? Matt. 28. 10.  
How did they receive the stories of the women? Luke 24. 11.  
How did they receive the story of Mary Magdalene?  
Is there anything in Luke that at all corresponds to ver. 12?  
Why was it so hard for the apostles to believe?  
What reason had John and Peter, more than the remaining nine, for believing?  
In the Apostles' Creed how do we express our belief?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

Love kept the Sabbath, though the heart was at the sepulchre. Would it do so now? Love was afoot with the earliest lawful hour. Is it now?  
No occasion for such love now? Hear his word: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least," etc.  
Who shall roll away the stone? O how we trouble, and are anxious as we go duty's round.  
And lo! the stone was rolled away. But they did not know till they looked.  
How we persist in travelling to empty sepulchres instead of looking for the living Christ!  
They went and told it. Have we?

**HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. This is the last lesson about Christ's life this year. Review it all. Read Mark clear through. It is not long.
2. Read 1 Cor. 15. 3-8; also read all the accounts of his appearances after resurrection.
3. Study Paul's argument for the resurrection in 1 Cor. 15.
4. Write the correct consecutive account of Christ's life after the resurrection.

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. On what day did Christ rise? On the first day of the week. 2. By what was it proved to the women and two disciples? By the empty sepulchre. 3. Who was the messenger to first announce it to the world? An angel of God. 4. What was the effect of the announcement to the disciples? They did not believe. 5. What is the present belief of the Church? "Now is Christ risen," etc.

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The resurrection.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

28. What do you mean by saying that God is infinite?  
I mean that his nature and attributes are high above all understanding, and without any limit.  
Canst thou by searching find out God?—Job xi. 7.  
His understanding is infinite. —Psalm cxlvii. 5.  
Behold, the heaven, and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee.—1 Kings viii. 27.

**TEMPERANCE LESSON.**

A.D. 58.] [June 30.  
1 Cor. 8. 4-13. **Memory verses, 12, 13.**

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend. 1 Cor. 8. 13.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Knowledge, v. 4-8.
2. Liberty, v. 9-13.

**TIME.**—58 A.D.

**EXPLANATIONS.**—*Things... offered... to idols*—Meats offered to idols became the property of the priests, and such parts as remained from the sacrifice, being choice, were sold by the priests and purchased by the rich. *There be that are called gods*—Referring to the polytheistic religions of Greece and Rome. *Conscience of the idol*—That is, perfect knowledge of the real nature of idolatry.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. *Knowledge.*  
What was the custom to which v. 4 indirectly alludes?

What decision had the first great Church council reached on this point?  
What value did Paul attach to the mere act of eating?  
On what knowledge would he base his personal action, if he should eat things offered to idols? ver. 4.  
Does the knowledge that others have of our acts affect at all our standing as to right or wrong?  
Can any man be absolutely independent of social interpretation of his acts?  
Did not Paul's knowledge of the nature of an idol make it allowable for him to eat such food if he chose?  
What is the great principle that seems to have governed him?

2. *Liberty.*  
What is personal liberty?  
How far can a man exercise his right of personal liberty?  
What is the principle on which all government and law are based?  
What danger did Paul foresee as liable to occur from too broad an application of the principle of personal liberty?  
What practical case did he give as liable to occur?  
What would be the inevitable moral result of this, 1. To the weak brother? 2. To the principal actor?  
What warning did Paul therefore give?  
In Paul's view, how should a Christian regulate his conduct?  
What was his decision for himself?  
In what directions will this line of argument apply to-day?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

No place for self in Christianity, except at the altar of sacrifice.  
An idol is nothing, says Paul.  
A glass of wine is nothing, says Moderate Drinker.  
But idolatry is sin, says Paul.  
*The wine-glass* is also sin, says the world.  
I can eat meat offered to idols without harm, says Paul; and he adds, But I will not, lest my example harm.  
I can drink wine, says Moderate Drinker, without harm; and he adds, And I will.  
Shall I help destroy a brother for whom Christ died? says Paul. Not while the world stands.  
Shall I never build a fire, because some fool builds one and burns to death? says Moderate Drinker. For all him I will do as I please.  
Student, what do you say?

**HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Pray well over this lesson, that God will help you to understand it.
2. Think of all the effects of personal influence on others of which you know.
3. Study out Paul's argument in this chapter. Is it logical? Are his conclusions sound?
4. Apply this argument in your own words to matters of personal liberty—wine-drinking; card-playing; theatre-going, etc.

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. What does Paul say an idol is? Nothing in the world. 2. To whom does he use these plain words? To Corinthians, former idolaters. 3. Who does he say should only be worshipped? God, the Creator of all things. 4. What harm did he think might come from eating things offered to idols? Some weak one might be ruined. 5. If Christian example effected a brother's ruin, how would God regard it? As sin against him. 6. What then is plainly a Christian's duty? "Wherefore if meat make," etc.  
**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—Christian liberty.

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