

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>										

WELCOME AND SCHOOL

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

RULPH, SMITH & CO. TORONTO.

Vol. VII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 9, 1889.

[No. 3.



MNYAMWEZI PAGAZI.

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

III.

UPON landing at Bagamoyo, on the mainland, on the morning of November 13th, 1874, we marched to occupy the old house where we had stayed so long to prepare the First Expedition. The goods were stored, the dogs chained up, the riding asses tethered, the rifles arrayed in the store-room, and the sectional boat laid under a roof close by, on rollers to prevent injury from the white ants—a precaution which we had to observe throughout our journey.

On the morning of the 17th November, 1874, the first bold step for the interior was taken. The bugle mustered the people to rank themselves before our quarters, and each man's load was given to him according as we judged his power of bearing burthen. To the man of strong sturdy make, with a large development of muscle, the cloth bale of

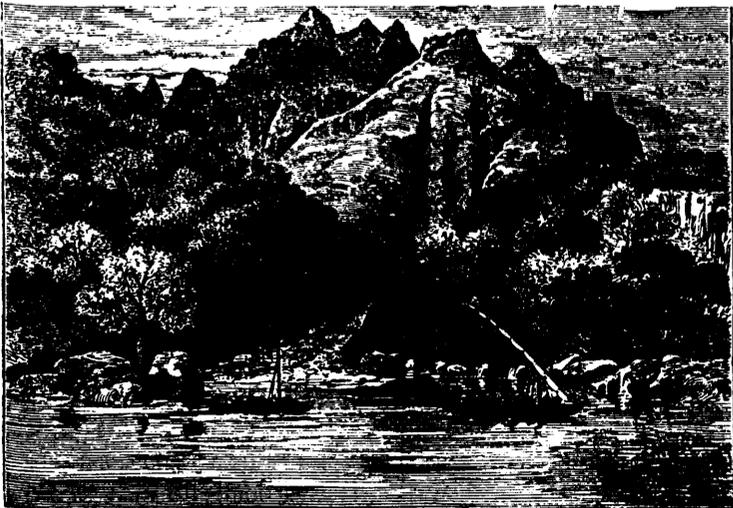
sixty pounds was given, which would in a couple of months by constant expenditure be reduced to fifty pounds, in six months, perhaps, to forty pounds, and in a year to about thirty pounds, provided that all his comrades were faithful to their duties; to the short compactly-formed man, the bead sack of fifty pounds weight; to the light youth of eighteen or twenty years old, the box of forty pounds, containing stores, ammunition, and sundries. To the steady, respectable, grave-looking man of advanced years, the scientific instruments, thermometers, barometers, watches, sextant, mercury bottles, compasses, photographic apparatus, dry plates, stationery, and scientific books, all packed in forty-pound cases, were distributed; while the man most highly recommended for steadiness and cautious tread was entrusted with the three chronometers which were stowed in balls of cotton, in a light case weighing not more than twenty-five pounds. The twelve guides, tricked out this day in flowing robes of crimson blanket cloth, demanded the privilege of conveying the several loads of brass wire coils, and as they form the second advanced guard, and are active, bold youths—some of whom are to be hereafter known as the boat's crew, and to be distinguished by me above all others, except the chiefs—they are armed with Snider rifles, with their respective accoutrements. The boat carriers are herculean in figure and strength, for they are practised bearers of loads. To each section of the boat there are four men, to relieve one another in couples. There are six riding asses also in the expedition, one for each of the Europeans—the two Pockets, Barker, and myself—and two for the sick:



WIFE OF MANWA SERA.

for the latter there are also three net hammocks, with six men to act as a kind of ambulance party.

At nine a.m. of the 17th, five days after leaving Zanzibar, we filed out from the town, as follows:—Four chiefs, a few hundred yards in front; next



KUNGWE PEAKS.



THE EXPEDITION AT ROBAKO.

the twelve guides, clad in red robes bearing the wire coils; then a long file, 270 strong, bearing cloth, wire, beads, and sections of the *Lady Alice*, after them thirty-six women and ten boys, children of some of the chiefs and boat-bearers following their mothers and assisting them with trifling loads of utensils, followed by the riding asses, Europeans, and gun-bearers; the long line closed by sixteen chiefs who act as rearguard, and whose duties are to pick up stragglers, and act as supernumeraries until other men can be procured: in all, three hundred and fifty-six souls connected with the Anglo-American Expedition. The lengthy line occupies nearly half a mile of the path which, at the present day, is the commercial and exploring highway into the Lake regions.

Edward Pocock acts as bugler, because from long practice at the military camps at Aldershot and Chatham he understands the signals. The chief guide is also armed with a prodigiously long horn of ivory, his favourite instrument, and one that belongs to his profession, which he has permission to use only when approaching a suitable camping-place, or to notify to us danger in the front. Before Hamadi strides a chubby little boy with a native drum, which he is to beat only when in the neighbourhood of villages, to warn them of the advance of a caravan, a caution most requisite, for many villages are situated in the midst of a dense jungle, and the sudden arrival of a large force of strangers before they had time to hide their little belongings might awaken jealousy and distrust.

In this manner we begin our long journey, full of hopes. There is noise and laughter along the ranks, and a hum of gay voices murmuring through the fields, as we rise and descend with the waves of the land, and wind with the sinuosities of the path. Motion had restored us all to a sense of satisfaction. We had an intensely bright and fervid sun shining above us, the path was dry, hard, and admirably fit for travel, and during the commencement of our first march nothing could be conceived in better order than the lengthy thin column about to confront the wilderness.

Presently, however, the fervour of the dazzling sun grows overpowering as we descend into the valley of the Kingani river. The ranks become broken and disordered: stragglers are many; the men complain of the terrible heat; the dogs pant in agony. The veterans of travel push on towards the river three miles distant, where they may obtain rest and shelter, but the inexperienced are lying prostrate on the ground, exclaiming against the heat, and crying for water, bewailing their folly in leaving Zanzibar. We stop to tell them to rest a while and then to come on to the river, where they will find us; we advise, encourage, and console the irritated people as best we can, and tell them that it is only the commencement of a journey that is so hard, that all this pain and weariness are always felt by beginners, but that by and by it is shaken off, and that those who are steadfast emerge out of the struggle heroes.

Frank and his brother Edward, despatched to the ferry at the beginning of these delays, have now got the sectional boat *Lady Alice* all ready, and the ferrying of men, goods, asses, and dogs across the Kingani is prosecuted with vigour, and at 3.30 p.m. the boat is again in pieces, slung on the bearing poles, and the expedition has resumed its journey.

Grand and impressive scenery meets the eye as we march. Peaks and knolls rise in all directions, for we are now ascending to the eastern front of the Kaguru mountains. By a gradual ascent we reached the spine of a hill at 4,490 feet, and behold an extensive plain, stretching north west and west, with browsing herds of noble game.

We crossed the plain on the 11th December. It is only six miles in width, but within this distance we counted fourteen human skulls, the mournful relics of some unfortunate travellers, slain by an attack of Wahumba from the north-west.

Desertions from the Expedition had been frequent. At first the chief detective, and his gang of four men, who had received their instructions to follow us a day's journey behind, enabled me to recapture sixteen of the deserters; but the cunning fellows soon discovered this recourse of mine against their well known freaks, and, instead of striking east in their departure, absconded either south or north of the track. We then had detectives posted long before dawn, several hundred yards away from the camp, who were bidden to lie in wait in the bush until the Expedition had started, and in this manner we succeeded in repressing, to some extent, the disposition to desert, and arrested very many men on the point of escaping; but even this was not adequate. Fifty had abandoned us, taking with them the advances they had received, and often their guns, on which our safety might depend.

The following is a portion of a private letter to a friend, written on Christmas Day at Zingeh: "I am in a centre pole tent, seven by eight. It has been raining heavily the last two or three days, and an impetuous down-pour of sheet rain has just ceased. On the march rain is very disagreeable: it makes the clayey path slippery, and the loads heavier by being saturated, while it half ruins the cloths. It makes us dispirited, wet, and cold, added to which we are hungry—for there is a famine or scarcity of food at this season, and, therefore, we can only procure half rations. I, myself, have not had a piece of meat for ten days. My food is boiled rice, tea, and coffee, and soon I shall be reduced to native porridge, like my own people. I weighed one hundred and eighty pounds when I left Zanzibar, but under this diet I have been reduced to one hundred and thirty-four pounds within thirty-eight days. The young Englishmen are in the same impoverished condition of body, and unless we reach some more flourishing country we must soon become mere skeletons. Besides the terribly wet weather and the scarcity of food from which we suffer, we are compelled to undergo the tedious and wearisome task of haggling with extortionate chiefs over the amount of black-mail which they demand, and which we must pay. We are compelled, as you may perceive, to draw heavy drafts on the virtues of prudence, patience, and resignation."

A conspiracy was discovered at this place, by which fifty men, who had firmly resolved to abscond, were prevented from carrying out their intention by my securing the ringleaders and disarming their deluded followers. Twenty men were on the sick list, from fever, sore feet, ophthalmia, and rheumatism. Five succeeded in deserting with their guns and accoutrements. Frank and Edward Pocock, and Frederick Barker, rendered me invaluable services while endeavouring to harmonize the large, unruly mob, with its many eccentric and unassimilating natures. Quarrels were frequent, sometimes even dangerous, between various members of the Expedition, and at such critical moments only did my personal interference become imperatively necessary. What with taking solar observations and making notes, negotiating with chiefs about the tribute moneys and attending on the sick, my time was occupied from morning until night. In addition to all this strain on my own physical powers, I was myself frequently sick from fever, and wasted from lack of proper nourishing food; and if the chief of an expedition be thus distressed, it may readily be believed that the poor fellows depending on him suffer also.

Having procured guides, on the 1st January, 1875, we struck north. We—the Europeans—were great curiosities to the natives. Each of the principal men and women extended to us pressing invitations to stop in their villages, and handsome young chiefs entreated us to become their blood-brothers. The son of a chief even came to my camp at night, and begged me to accept a "small gift from a friend," which he had brought. This gift was a gallon of new milk. Such a welcome present was reciprocated with a gilt bracelet, with a great green crystal set in it, with which he was so overjoyed as almost to weep. His emotions of gratitude were visible in the glistening and dilated eyes, and felt in the fervent grasp he gave my hand.

The last night at Mtwi was a disturbed one. The "flood-gates of heaven" seemed literally opened for a period. After an hour's rainfall, six inches of water covered our camp, and a slow current ran southerly. Every member of the Expedition was distressed, and even the Europeans, lodged in tents, were not exempted from the evils of the night. My tent walls enclosed a little pool, banked by boxes of stores and ammunition. Hearing cries outside, I lit a candle, and my astonishment was great to find that my bed was an island in a shallow river. In the morning, I discovered my fatigue cap several yards outside the tent, and one of my boots sailing down south. The harmonium, a present for King Mtesa, a large quantity of gun-powder, tea, rice, and sugar, were destroyed. By noon the water had considerably decreased, and permitted us to march.

The responsibility of leading a half-starved expedition—as ours now certainly was—through a dense bush, without knowing whither or for how many days, was great, but I was compelled to undertake it. In this critical position, many hesitating on my decision, I resolved to despatch forty of the strongest men to Suma, a distance of twenty-eight miles. Pinched with hunger themselves, the forty volunteers advanced with the resolution to reach Suma that night. They were told to purchase eight hundred pounds of grain, which would give a light load of twenty pounds to each man, and urged to return as quickly as possible, for the lives of their women and friends depended on their manliness. Three men had lost the road and had struggled on till they perished, of despair, hunger, and exhaustion.

With the sad prospect of starvation impending over us, we were at various expedients to sustain life until the food purveyors should return. The Wangwana roamed about the forest in search of edible roots and berries, and examined various trees to discover whether they afforded anything that could allay the grievous and bitter pangs of hunger. Some found a putrid elephant, on which they gorged themselves, and were punished with nausea and sickness. Others found a lion's den with two lion's whelps, which they brought to me. Meanwhile, Frank and I examined the medical stores, and found to our great joy we had sufficient oatmeal to give every soul two cupfuls of the gruel. A "Torquay dress trunk" of sheet-iron was at once emptied of its contents and filled with twenty-five gallons of water, into which were put ten pounds of oatmeal and four one-pound tins of "revalenta arabica." How the people, middle-aged and young, gathered round that trunk, and heaped fuel underneath that it might boil the quicker! How eagerly they watched it lest some calamity should happen, and clamoured, when it was ready, for their share, and how inexpressibly satisfied they seemed as they tried to make the most of what they received, and with what fervour they thanked God for his mercies!

At nine p.m., as we were about to sleep, we heard the faint sound of a gun, fired deliberately three times and we all knew that our young men with food were not very far from us. The next morning, about seven a.m., the bold and welcome purveyors arrived in camp with just enough millet seed to give each soul one good meal. This the people soon despatched, and then demanded that we should resume our journey that afternoon, so that next morning we might reach Suna in time to forage.

(To be continued.)

Creeping Up the Stairs.

Is the softly-falling twilight
Of a weary, weary day,
With a quiet step I entered
Where the children were at play;
I was brooding o'er some trouble
That had met me unawares,
When a little voice came ringing:
"Me is creepin' up a stairs!"

Ah! it touched the tender heart-string
With a breadth and force divine,
And such melodies awakened
As words can ne'er define;
And I turned to see the darling,
All forgetful of my cares,
When I saw the little creature
Slowly creeping up the stairs.

Step by step she bravely clambered
On her little hands and knees,
Keeping up a constant chattering
Like a magpie in the trees—
Till at last she reached the topmost,
When o'er all her world's affairs
She, delighted, stood a victor,
After creeping up the stairs.

Fainting heart, behold an image
Of man's brief and struggling life,
When best prizes must be captured
With noble, earnest strife:
Onward, upward, reaching ever,
Bending to the weight of cares;
Hoping, fearing, still expecting,
We go creeping up the stairs.

On their steps may be no carpet;
By their side may be no rail;
Hands and knees may often pain us,
And the heart may almost fail;
Still above there is the glory
Which no sinfulness impairs,
With its rest and joy forever,
After creeping up the stairs.

The Story of a Brass Band.

In the year 1861, I became a member of a brass band composed altogether of the sons of farmers. This band had been organized about one year. My early recollections of it are all of the pleasantest kind. The average age of its members was twenty years. Life was all before us, with its bright and glorious expectations and possibilities. It was for us a happy meeting when, every Tuesday evening, we assembled for our weekly music lesson, after a hard day's toil, to drop for the time being all thought of labour or care, and thoroughly enjoy our lesson and each other's company. And we did truly enjoy both. I think there could not be easily found fourteen young fellows who were happier in each other's company than we were, being all, or nearly so, of a cheerful, sunny disposition.

The climax of our success was reached when, in September, 1862, by invitation of the whole neighbourhood, we attended and played for the farmers' harvest-home picnic. It was a grand gathering of friends. There was no disturbing element present. Everybody was sober, clothed and in his right mind. And, in consequence, as happy as good crops, good health, and, above all, a good conscience, could make him.

In my mind's eye I can see the young band—in fact, I have an old photograph of 'so band taken at the time—as we stood up to play on the picnic ground, before that large gathering of admiring friends and relations, in all the glory of new uniforms, bright instruments, and last, though not least, the happy consciousness that we could actually play a few simple tunes to the delight of our friends and the satisfaction of ourselves. No doubt every member of that gay band looked confidently forward—as he had good reason—to a happy, prosperous life.

And now, dear reader, if you will accompany me, we will try to trace the history of each member of that once merry, hopeful party—the pride of the neighbourhood—down to the present.

In this band there were three staunch teetotalers. One of them is now living on his own farm, earned by himself—still sober, prosperous, and happy. The second is a market gardener, on his own land—still a temperance man, moderately rich, and, judging by appearances, he is certainly as healthy, happy, and sunny-tempered as ever. The third became a mechanic, and in due time got a business of his own, which he has lately sold, and retired. He, too, is both healthy and happy, having added to temperance the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The other members of the band were all very moderate drinkers, and at the time of which I have written they would have been ashamed to be seen at all under the influence of liquor. I must, however, except our teacher, the band-master. The enemy had mastered him. He had an appetite for whiskey. We watched him closely, to guard him from temptation, and succeeded pretty well as long as he was with us; but after a time his musical talent—which was of a very high order—procured for him more remunerative employment in a large city, where the temptation was much greater, and he was soon laid in a drunkard's grave.

I am very sorry to have to relate that the moderate drinkers have, in almost every case, followed our poor band-master. One got employment on the Grand Trunk Railway. He was warned that if he did not stop drinking he would lose his situation. Poor Joe did not heed the warning, and very soon after lost not only the situation, but his life, while under the influence of intoxicating liquor. The second, a brother of poor Joe's, went into liquor-selling, and died drunk, in his own tavern. The third was the finest specimen of a strong, healthy man, in the whole band. He served with me, in the Volunteers, on the Niagara frontier, in 1866, escaping unhurt the Fenian bullets and bayonets, and withstood the hardships of one hundred and eight days of camp life, apparently uninjured. Two years later he succumbed to the same old enemy that killed his band-master. The fourth began to drink hard, and was speedily changed from a very kind-hearted, pleasant young fellow, to a quarrelsome inebriate. He went west, got killed in a tavern fight, and his heart-broken parents received home and buried the bruised dead body of their once bright boy. The fifth left the farm, and came into the city to drive a team. Here the temptation was too great for him to withstand, and he was soon overcome by the same cruel enemy that conquered his comrades before him. I do not know when the death of the sixth occurred, but I have been told by his friends that it was the usual end of a moderate drinker. Death slew him while he was still a young man. The seventh I met a short time ago, on King Street, Toronto, for the first time in twenty-five years. He recognized me at once, and remarked that I was hardly changed at all. I am sorry to say that I could not return the compliment. I did not know who he

was until he grasped my hand and called me by name; then I remembered the tones of his voice, and detected a semblance of the good-natured smile he used to wear in the days when he was my comrade in the band. He was transformed from a sprightly, good-looking young fellow to a bloated, gray-bearded, purple-faced old man. I wondered what had altered him so much. In the course of conversation he told me that he had been keeping tavern up the country for a number of years. I marvelled no more at the change in his appearance. The eighth kept a tavern in Toronto for a number of years. He patronized his own bar until he became a drunken sot—a shame and disgrace to himself and his still loving friends. But I have good reason to believe that he is now rescued from the downward path, and is no longer a drunken tavern-keeper, but a sober grocer. May God help him to continue such! He has suffered enough from the accursed traffic in his own person, and in the fact that number five—who perished as above stated—was his brother. Numbers nine and ten are still what is termed "moderate drinkers," with an occasional spell of immoderate tipping. Their circumstances are quite as moderate as their habit of drinking.

Dear reader, this is no fiction, but as true a history of facts as can be given from a retentive memory, unimpaired by alcoholic beverages. My recollections of the early days of the band are to me very pleasant, and bring back some of the happiest days of my life; but to trace the history and downfall of the majority of that once jolly crew, who have been sacrificed to the liquor traffic, is to me painful in the extreme. The history of these friends is to me a good and sufficient reason—if no other could be given—for loathing and hating, with undying hatred, the traffic—not the poor creatures engaged in it—which has destroyed so many of my companions. When that traffic restores the lost members of that band to their loved ones, and the positions they would have occupied if the liquor-traffic had been destroyed instead, then, and not till then, I may perhaps entertain the idea of compensation to the agents who are engaged in the destruction of my friends.—*Canada Citizen.*

The Man Who Took Himself to Pieces

MR. LITTLE, in his book on Madagascar, tells an amusing story of a friend who, on a journey from the coast to the interior, was much troubled by the curiosity of the natives. Being a fine-looking man with a flowing beard he excited the admiration and amazement of all. Natives crowded the doors of his hut and jostled one another to get a peep through convenient chinks, giving him all the time their opinion of his eyes, nose and general appearance. In vain did he shut the door of his hut. They crowded back again, and at last sat down in rings outside the hut to discuss his want of good manners in sending them away. At last the stranger could stand it no longer.

It was a bright moonlight night; he suddenly rushed to the door of his hut, threw it open, and with a loud shout sprang toward the natives. At the same time he drew from his mouth two rows of false teeth and waved them in the air.

The natives took one look at the dreadful sight, and then fled in horror from the presence of "a man who could take himself to pieces."

THE work of character-building is worth all it costs of time and toil. Beautiful lives are worth more than palaces. Bright, buoyant, well-balanced girl and boys are what we want among the crowds of weary ones we meet everywhere in life.

Good-Night.

M. JOHNSTON.

THE tales are told, the songs are sung,
The evening romp is over,
And up the nursery stairs they climb,
With little buzzing tongues that chime
Like bees among the clover.

Their busy brains and happy hearts
Are full of crowding fancies;
From song and tale and make-believe
A wondrous web of dreams they weave
And many child-romances.

The starry night is fair without;
The new moon rises slowly;
The nursery lamp is burning faint;
Each white-robed like a little saint,
Their prayers they murmur slowly.

Good-night! The tired heads are still,
On pillows soft reposing,
The dim and dizzy mist of sleep
About their thoughts begin to creep—
Their drowsy eyes are closing.

Good-night! While through the silent air
The moonbeams pale are streaming;
They drift from daylight's noisy shore—
Blow out the light and shut the door,
And leave them to their dreaming.

OUR S. S. PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16pp. 8vo	0 60
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS,
8 Bleury Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Home and School.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 9, 1889.

Cancelled, and Nailed Up.

THERE is a beautiful Oriental custom of which I have read, that tells the story of Christ's atonement on the cross very perfectly. When a debt had to be settled, either by full payment or forgiveness, it was the usage for the creditor to take the cancelled bond, and nail it over the door of him who had owed it, that all passers-by might see that it was paid. Oh! blessed story of our remission! There is the cross, the door of grace, behind which a bankrupt world lies in hopeless debt to the law. See Jesus, our bondsman and brother, coming forth, with the long list of our indebtedness in his hand. He lifts it up to where God, and angels, and men may see it; and then, as the nail goes through his hand, it goes through the bond of our transgressions, to cancel it forever, blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, that was contrary to us, he took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross. "We are no longer under the law, but under grace," because our transgression is forgiven and our sin is covered.

Rev. Thomas Crosby's Work.

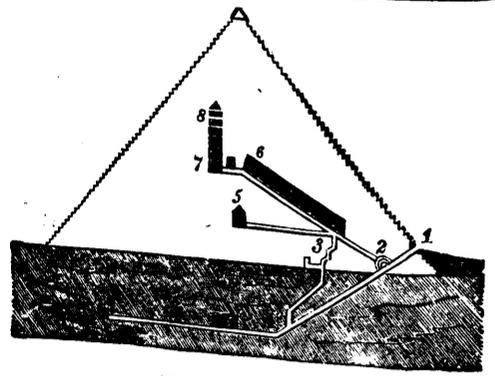
REV. THOMAS CROSBY has just returned from his missionary labours in British Columbia, and intends spending a few months in preaching and addressing missionary meetings. Among the Indians of British Columbia and Vancouver Island missionary work has been done for some time under great disadvantages. The vast extent of Mr. Crosby's mission field there, and the difficulty of reaching the Indians scattered over so wide a region, have made missionary effort especially arduous. But since the steamer *Glad Tidings* has been used in the work, the Indian settlements along the coast have been visited more regularly, and the work of evangelization has been making greater progress. During the past fourteen years, Mr. Crosby has been labouring at Port Simpson, and from that place as his missionary headquarters he has been faithfully preaching and organizing among the Indians along the north-west coast of British Columbia, along the banks of the Skeena River, and on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Some idea of the extent of his mission field may be had from the fact that he has travelled 17,000 miles since last January. At present there are under his charge eight central mission stations, with nearly forty appointments, and fourteen hundred church members. The Indians among whom Mr. Crosby has been labouring have discarded their native savagery, and have largely adopted the dress and habits of white men. They are chiefly employed in lumbering and fishing, and are an industrious and peaceful people. Considerable trouble has been caused by the unsatisfactory policy of the Government with regard to lands claimed by the Indians, and the refusal to admit their title has produced a feeling of dissatisfaction, and has made missionary work more difficult.

It is to be regretted that lack of funds has prevented the extension of Mr. Crosby's work according to the needs of the Indians. At present the west coast of Vancouver Island, along which over three thousand Indians are scattered, is without any adequate missionary supply, and the tribes along the banks of the Skeena are in a similar condition. It is Mr. Crosby's intention to extend his missionary labours in these directions, and the sympathy and support of our Church should be freely given him in his noble and unselfish endeavours. In these days when increased missionary zeal in Japan, India, and China engrosses so much attention, we are too liable to overlook the comparatively obscure, but more arduous, labours of our missionaries among the Indian tribes of the North-West and British Columbia. Mr. Crosby has laboured long and faithfully in his present position, and deserves the most liberal support.—*Guardian*.

The End of Sin.

It is said of the ichneumon-fly that it pierces the body of a caterpillar in its more fleshy parts, and deposits there an egg, which soon becomes a grub. The caterpillar lives and feeds, and when autumn comes rolls himself up in his cocoon in preparation for the coming summer, when he is to be a butterfly. But to the caterpillar thus stung no summer comes. Other caterpillars push their way out of their cocoons and spread their painted wings in the air, but not he. He has nourished a grub; that lives, but he is dead.

So with sin. We can not tell by the looks of a man whether he is sold to sin. The homely caterpillar had his future butterfly-wings all nicely folded within him; but he was stung with the fly, and they are all eaten away. The angel wings God gives us in germ we should keep as our lives; but if the principle of sin is nourished within us, we



PLAN OF PYRAMID.

No. 1. Entrance, on the north side. 2. Queen's chamber. 7. King's chamber. 8. Smaller chambers above the king's chamber, to relieve the roof from so great a weight.

may look like God's children, we may walk about and transact business, and live and die, and none suspect that our soul is destroyed; but when we would rise to heaven, we shall find that our angel-wings are gone, and for us no glad future life remains. Dear young friend, do you carry within you the principle of sin? Do you know its end? Are you sure your wings are safe?—*Selected*.

The Bitterness of Crime.

A LAD of eighteen, who was executed for murder some time ago in Massachusetts, dreaded his last parting with his mother more than he did the gallows. He felt that she was the worst victim of his crime; she who had born and reared him, who had fixed all her hopes upon him, who had once been proud and glad to call him her son.

He had slain all that made life dear to his mother in making himself a murderer. When he had finally parted with her, he said to the attendant, "The worst is over. I can bear the rest."

In a Western town, at this moment, there is a young Norwegian serving a three years' sentence for a crime committed when he was intoxicated. He left home in Norway some years ago, bearing with him the father's and mother's fond benediction—good and kind parents both, to whom he was devotedly attached.

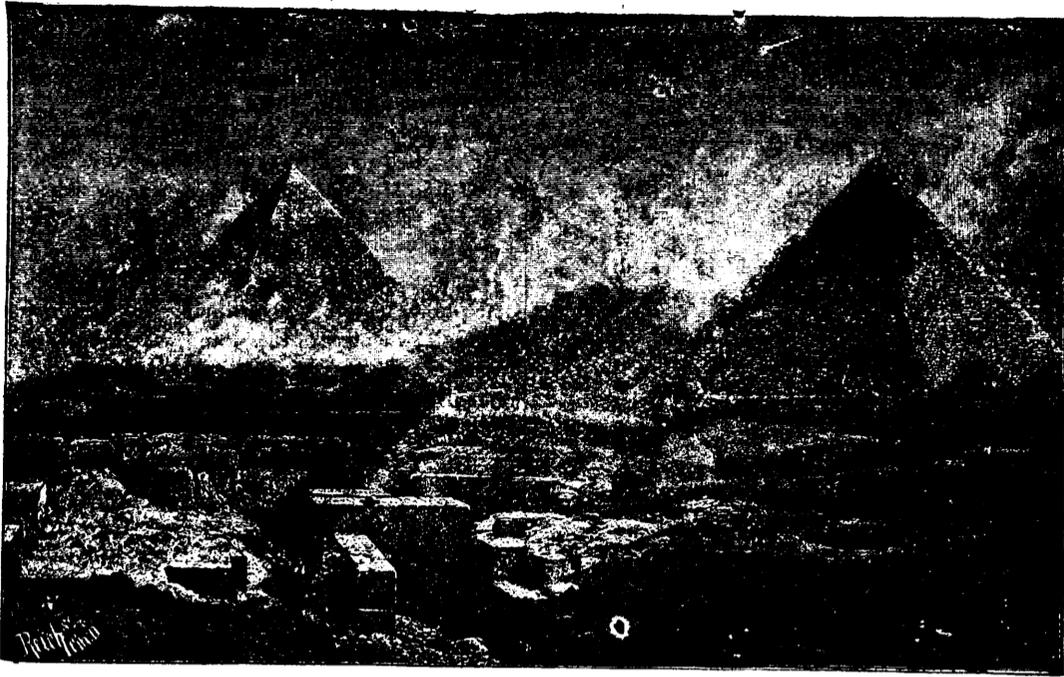
He prospered in the western country, and wrote home twice every month to make his parents happy with good news of him. All was going well, when he fell into the company of dissipated young men, drank with them, committed a crime, and awoke to find himself in prison.

At once he set about contriving plans to conceal his disgrace from his mother, and rested content in the belief that he had succeeded, when a letter arrived from her, telling him that she had heard of it all through some friends. She was heart broken, but still tenderly affectionate. Then it was that he felt an agony of shame and remorse.

He said that he would have willingly passed the whole term of his imprisonment in torment, if he could but have been certain that his mother would never know it. On receiving her letter, he said to his comrades, "Now, boys, I'm in trouble."

An authority on teaching says: "Every teacher should endeavour to enter school in the morning as though she had some good news to tell that would take all day in telling." The air of having good news to communicate is sure to beget a desire to know what it may be. Children, like chickens, will run to the one who announces that she has some savory bits for them. *Item*: therefore "scratch" for good things.

THE Sunday-school is a garden in which God grows noble characters.



THE PYRAMIDS AND SPHINX.

The Pyramids.

MANY strange sights and wonderful ruins are to be seen in Eastern countries; prominent among which are the Pyramids of Central Egypt. There are five groups in all, numbering forty structures. Most of them are quite small; but some of them are of such dimensions as to entitle them to a place among the wonders of the world. They all stand upon the brow of hills looking back into the great Lybian Desert.

The one we shall describe is of a group of three, called "The Group of Giza," situated in Central Egypt, about eight miles from Cairo, and between five and six miles west of the Nile. It is called "Cheops," and is supposed to have been built by a king of that name.

The foundation of this pyramid is a limestone rock. It stands on the very edge of the desert, and is in form an exact square, facing the four points of the compass. The length of each side is 764 feet. It covers an area of 571,536 square feet. The solid contents have been estimated at eighty-five millions of cubic feet. Its original height was 480 feet; but the upper twenty feet have been removed for building purposes, leaving a level top of about thirty feet. Perhaps you do not realize how high this really was. Eighty feet is considered very high for a tree to grow: but six trees, eighty feet high, placed one on the top of the other, would only reach the height of this pyramid. It covers an area of thirteen acres. Think of that! Thirteen acres is considered quite a farm.

This pyramid is built of solid rock, hewn from a quarry in the mountains on the opposite side of the valley of the Nile. Herodotus, who travelled through this country B.C. 455, says it took 100,000 men ten years simply to grade the road on which the stones were to be conveyed from the quarry for the building. Then, the rocky hill on which the pyramid stands had to be levelled, the blocks of stone cut from the quarry and brought to the place where they were to be used. To do this, and build the structure, it took 360,000 men twenty years.

It was built by placing one layer of stones on the ground prepared for it, then another layer on the top of this, followed by another and another, each layer drawn in a little as it goes up, just enough to make good steps. This work was continued—layer following layer, and the top growing smaller and smaller, till at last it became so small that no more stones could be added. Then the pyramid was finished.

On the inside of this structure are passage-ways and two chambers. The diagram on page 20 will show their location.

The shaded portion shows the native bed of limestone rock, on which the pyramid is built. The passage-way from 1 to 2 is eighty feet long; from 2 to 4 is 225 feet; from 4 to 9 is 105 feet. Ascending from 2 to 3, you strike two passages; one leading to 5—the queen's chamber—which is entirely empty. The other leads to 7, the king's chamber—a room thirty-four feet long, seventeen feet wide, and nineteen feet high. This is, no doubt, the room for which this astonishing structure was built. The only article of furniture which it contains is a granite sarcophagus—a chest of red granite, chiselled from a solid block. It is seven feet and five inches long, three feet and two inches broad, and three feet and three inches deep. This is the only tomb found in the pyramid.

What a tale of suffering and wrong this pile tells! Think of the 100,000 slaves compelled to work ten years in building a road! And think of the 360,000 compelled to work twenty years in building the pyramid! And what for? Simply to gratify the ambition of a king in having such a burial place.

But did he succeed? The old granite sarcophagus, standing in the king's chamber, is empty. No traces of his remains are to be found. Some think he never was buried there. Others think his remains have been removed. Whichever way it is, did it pay?

REV. JOHN MCLEAN, during the past eight years a missionary among the Blood Indians of the Fort McLeod District in the North-West, favoured us with a call last Saturday. Dr. McLean's work among the Indians has been attended with very beneficent results, and he intends during his expected stay of three months in this Province to lecture and preach in the interest of North-West missions. He has many valuable suggestions as to the condition and improvement of those under his missionary charge. He has seen a steady moral and mental progress among the Indians, but believes there is a great deal yet to be done. He thinks there are objectionable features of official dealing with them; for example, the regular supply of rations which tends to make them shiftless and dependent. He is in favour of compulsory education among the Indians, and regards the establishment of boarding-schools upon the reserves as the only successful way of solving the problem. —*Guardian*.

Blest Palestine.

BY MRS. S. M. I. HENRY.

LAND of song! and land of story!
Holiest memories are thine;
They are wreathed round thee in glory,
Blest Palestine!

Land of joy! how every spirit
Round thy name its hopes doth twine;
How it thrills the heart to hear it,
Blest Palestine!

Land of love! what love exceeding
Hallowed all these scenes of thine!
Hallowed by a Saviour's bleeding,
Thee, Palestine!

Land of woe and land of wailing!
Grief and chains and sin are thine;
In the dust thy pride is trailing,
Curs'd Palestine!

Land of hope! Prophetic vision
Views again those vales of thine,
Clad with bloom, a sweet elysian—
Fair Palestine!

Teachers' Department.

The Gospel according to Mark.

BY PROF. CHARLES F. BRADLEY, OF GARRETT BIBLICAL INSTITUTE.

WE often speak of "the Gospel of Mark," meaning by "gospel" the written narrative or history of the life and teachings of Jesus. But the Greek word, translated "gospel," though found in the New Testament seventy-seven times, is never used there in this sense. It always means the "glad tidings" themselves which Jesus and his apostles proclaimed. In the oldest manuscripts, this book bears the simple title, "according to Mark," with which "the gospel," in the scriptural sense, was no doubt supplied in thought, as it afterward was in words. However, as early as the middle of the second century, Justin Martyr, referring to the "memoirs composed by the apostles," says that they "are called gospels." Our common expression, therefore, while it is not scriptural, and may sometimes be misleading, has the sanction of Christian usage for seventeen centuries, and is often very convenient.

THE AUTHOR.

The writer of this book was Mark (Latin, *Marcus*, "a large hammer"), spoken of in the Acts as "John whose surname was Mark." He was the son of a certain Mary who lived in Jerusalem, and a cousin of Barnabas. His mother's house was a large one, as we know that on one occasion "many were gathered" together there. Acts 12. 12. It is not improbable that this was the place in which the Lord's Supper was instituted, and that Mark was the young man who fled from the soldiers on the night of the betrayal, leaving in their hands the cloth which he had thrown about him. (See Edersheim's *Life of Jesus*, ii. 485, 545.) Starting with Paul and Barnabas on their first missionary journey, as their attendant, he turned back at Perga. This afterward occasioned the separation of Paul and Barnabas. But Paul's distrust of the young man was at length removed, for he enjoyed his ministrations during his imprisonment, and commended him in his latest epistle.

Mark's relations to Peter seem to have been especially intimate. Writing from Babylon, Peter includes greetings from Mark, who is with him, and whom he calls "my son." Ancient authorities outside of the Scriptures bear abundant testimony that Mark was closely associated with Peter, and wrote his gospel under Peter's immediate influence. In the history of Eusebius, Papias (born about

A.D. 70) is quoted as giving this testimony of John the Presbyter: "Mark having become the interpreter of Peter, wrote accurately all that he remembered."

Irenæus says that Mark "handed down to us in writing the things which were preached by Peter." Origen, Clement of Alexandria, Jerome, and Eusebius, make similar statements. Internal evidence of Peter's personal reminiscences and influence are to be found in this gospel. Acts 10. 37-43 has been called "the gospel of Mark in a nutshell." Mark keeps within the limits indicated by Peter in Acts 1. 22. The date of writing is generally fixed between A.D. 63 and 69, not long before the destruction of Jerusalem.

SPECIAL PURPOSE.

Each of the four gospels has its peculiar characteristics, and apparently its special aim. Matthew connects the new dispensation with the old, and shows that Jesus is the Messiah fulfilling the prophecies of the Old Testament. The new law and teaching and the new prophecies are fully given. His history is especially adapted to his Jewish fellow-countrymen. Luke, the companion of the great apostle of the Gentiles, and himself a Greek, has in view a broader public. He portrays the life and teachings of the divine Son of man and Saviour of the world in a manner which would attract men of Greek birth or culture. John wrote for the Church the Gospel of the incarnate Word. There is much evidence that Mark's gospel is peculiarly adapted to Roman readers. There is little reference to the Jewish law as authoritative, and the evangelist himself makes only two quotations from the Old Testament. He translates the Hebrew (Aramaean) words which he quotes (3. 17; 5. 41; 7. 11; 10. 46; 15. 34). He explains Jewish customs and localities (7. 3; 13. 3; 14. 12; 15. 42). We find here, also, several Latin terms not used by the other evangelists. Further indications that Roman readers were specially considered by Mark will appear when we note the characteristics of his gospel. The distinctive aims of the four gospels fit them to meet the needs of all men—the man of tradition, the man of action, the man of culture, and the man of profound speculation.

CHARACTERISTICS.

This gospel is the briefest of all. Like Matthew and Luke, it is confined chiefly to the Galilean ministry. It contains comparatively little that is not found also in Matthew or Luke. If divided into one hundred parts, only seven of these are peculiar to itself. Two miracles and one parable are included in this small percentage. Yet it makes some valuable contributions to almost every narrative. It is remarkably graphic, containing such details as an attentive eye-witness is likely to remember. These touches give a rare vividness and vivacity to this book, and constitute its peculiar charm. See 4. 37, 38, "*The waves were bending into the boat. . . . He was in the stern, on the cushion.*" 2. 2, "*No, not even about the door.*" 10. 50, "*Casting away his garment, sprang up.*" 10. 32, "*Jesus was going before them, and they were amazed; and they that followed were afraid.*" 6. 32, "*The green grass.*" Here all the italicized words are found in Mark only. In this gospel the looks and gestures of Jesus are frequently recorded, and the astonishment of the people at his mighty works is repeatedly described.

The nervous rapidity of style is indicated by the frequent use of the adverb translated "straightway" and "immediately," which occurs not less than forty times. This brevity, rapidity, and vividness of style would suit the Romans just as similar characteristics in Mr. Moody's preaching attract the business men of to-day. And as the Roman

warriors and statesmen almost worshipped power, they would read with interest and growing admiration and faith of the mighty deeds of this "wonder-working Son of God."

In Earthen Vessels.

THE Master stood in his garden,
Among the lilies fair,
Which his own right hand had planted
And trained with tenderest care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye
That his flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered,"
The heavenly Master said;
"Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head?"

Close to his feet on the pathway,
Empty and frail and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
That seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw and raised it
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled as he gently whispered,
"This shall do my work to-day.

"It is but an earthen vessel,
But it lay so close to me;
It is small, but it is empty,
That is all it needs to be."

So to the fountain he took it,
And filled it full to the brim;
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to him!

He poured forth the living water
Over his lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty,
And again he filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again;
And the Master saw with pleasure
That his labor had not been in vain.

His own hand had drawn the water
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers,
But he used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.

And to itself it whispered,
As he laid it aside once more,
"Still will I lay in his pathway,
Just where I did before.

"Close would I keep to the Master,
Empty would I remain;
And some day he will use me
To water his lilies again."

—Selected.

A Temperance Meeting in Newfoundland.

"You'm goin' to the meetin' to-night, Uncle Billy, in course?" asked Aunt 'Lizabeth, as her husband came into her tidy kitchen one December afternoon, with an armful of wood, cut into chunks for burning. Flinging his burden down into a big wood-box which stood behind the large "Victory" stove, he answered, emphatically: "Yes, old woman, in course I be. Can't go to too many good things, ye know! The cause o' temperance is the cause o' God; an' I be powerful glad to see the young ones a gettin' trained up in the ways as they should oughter go in. Then they sings so nice, an' says their pieces so grand, it does my heart good; an' the piece o' music that dear woman plays makes me think o' the harpers harpin' on their harps, the dear man telled us about last Sunday. Goin'! yea, sure I be! so hop roun' spry, 'Lizabeth, my woman, an' let's get a cup o' tea, so us won't be late."

Aunt 'Lizabeth, being quite as much interested in the meeting as was her husband, made her preparations for the evening meal, and performed the

ensuing clearing up with even more than her usual alacrity; and before very long the worthy couple, dressed in their best, were on their way to the Temperance Hall, where the meeting was to be held. During Mr. Duncan's pastorate, which had now reached its third year, local option had been carried in the electoral district of which Birchy Head forms a part; and, to secure the training of the rising generation in temperance principles, a very successful Band of Hope had been established. The public meetings held during the winter months under the auspices of this Band were greatly enjoyed by the good folks of Birchy Head circuit; and the one to which Uncle Billy and Aunt 'Lizabeth were now going had been eagerly looked forward to by old and young, for it was the first of the season.

When the old man and his wife reached the hall, they found it already nearly filled, and with some little difficulty made their way to the farther end of the room, near the platform, where there were still a few unoccupied seats. When the hour for opening came there was scarcely standing-room to be found anywhere in the building; and Mr. Duncan, looking over the sea of expectant, smiling faces, thanked God for the interest his people took in the temperance cause.

The meeting was a most enthusiastic one all through. Songs, speeches, dialogues, recitations followed each other in quick succession, and the youthful performers acquitted themselves nobly, to the great delight of their parents and friends. The first part of the programme had special bearing upon the liquor traffic and the ills arising from it, but towards the end the tobacco question was taken up, and the disgusting habits of smoking and chewing denounced in no measured terms. The last reading, given by one of the older members of the Band, was particularly forcible. Very clearly and distinctly the reader showed the evils accruing from the use of tobacco, and accounted for its origin in the following lines, which have more of theological than botanical truth in them:—

"Tobacco is a poison weed,
It was the devil who sowed the seed!"

It was always Mr. Duncan's plan to give an opportunity, at the close of those meetings, to any friends in the audience who might choose to address the members of the Band, and now, when the reader took her seat, he announced that, as the programme was nearly completed, he would be glad if anyone present would say a few words of encouragement and advice to the young people. Scarcely had the words passed his lips when Uncle Billy, who had been listening eagerly all through the meeting, sprang excitedly to his feet, and, clambering over the shoulders of some men who were sitting before him, made his way to the platform; every line of his rugged face expressed wonder that was almost awe.

"My dear friends an' neighbors," he began, "I never knowed that afore! Never knowed it afore, till our dear sister there just telled us! Well, my! the baccy!—I never knowed that afore! I knowed he were at the bottom o' most o' the evil in the world, but it never come into my head that he acturly tuk seed in his pocket, an' scatter handfuls o' it here an' there! Pity he hadn't somethin' better to do, any how! Just to think o' it, now; well! well! well! to be sure! The devil sowin' the seed o' baccy! well! well! well! Now, you young fellers, that can't think ye're men till ye gits the pipe in yer mouths, just think what ye're smokin'—stuff that grewed from seed that Satan sowed! Just think

what ye
made—
o' Get
all his
the seed
find out
my!"

Pausin'
from his
then wen
Praise the
thirty ye
year send
to save u
to the n
quare in
drop at
Lord; the
proud to
can't eve
Head wi
be proud
be men a
water; a
whiskey,
that's bri
soul! I li
the cause
is bad,—
do with
an' so I
clear of
An' I say
have not
down to
old sarpe
all! Good
The old
Aunt 'Li
his old fr
final cho
voices ran
hymn, al

"Soon we
Shall re
Then
Queen,"
Severa
pledge, a
was at li
to the d
Uncle Bi
"Coul
man," sa
hand. "
o' it! the
knowed t
Good-nig

ONE su
a man w
the lanes
home I
he had b
that villa
now so d
his way h
Quite
uttered a
by:—
"I've l
The m
tian. He
pited hi
"Where
he answer

what ye're chewin' with yer teeth that the Lord made—dirty baccy, what the devil sowed the seed o'? Get done with it, do! get clear o' the devil an' all his works! Can't be no good in it, ef he sowed the seed! I be mighty glad I come to-night, to find out that! The devil sowed the seed! well, my!"

Pausing for a moment, he wiped the perspiration from his brow with a big red handkerchief, and then went on. "Yes, I be gad I came yere to-night. Praise the Lord, I hasn't drank a glass o' stuff this thirty year an' more; an' 'tis close on twenty five year sence I give up my pipe an' baccy, an' began to save up the money I used to spen' on 'em to give to the missionary meetin's. They thought I was quare in them days, when I wouldn't even take a drop at Christmas or a weddin'; but, praise the Lord, they don't think I'm quare now. An' I be proud to think I've lived to see the day when we can't even get a drop o' rum for sickness in Birchy Head without goin' miles an' miles fur it. An' I be proud to hear them dear boys an' maids, that'll be men an' women soon, leavin' to sing 'bout cold water; an' to hate rum, an' gin, an' brandy, an' whiskey, an' the whole kit an' fleet o' the stuff that's bringin' many to ruin—ruin o' both body an' soul! I likes to be in whatever's good; an' I knows the cause o' temperance is good! I knows the drink is bad,—I thinks the devil must a had somethin' to do with makin' that too—an' I knows baccy is bad; an' so I keeps clear of 'em, an' I means to keep clear of 'em as long as the Lord lends me breath. An' I says to ye boys an' ye maids to-night, don't have nothin' to do with the drink that'll send yees down to destruction, or with the baccy what that old serpent sowed the seed o'!—The Lord bless yees all! Good-night!"

The old man clambered back to his seat beside Aunt 'Lizabeth, and the minister after thanking his old friend for his kindly counsel, announced the final chorus. Clearly and sweetly the youthful voices rang out the words of a stirring temperance hymn, all the audience joining in the refrain:—

"Soon we Newfoundlanders, on our sea-girt shore,
Shall rejoice in Temperance, and shall drink no more."

Then the meeting closed with "God save the Queen," and the benediction by the minister.

Several stayed behind to sign the Band of Hope pledge, and it was some time before Mr. Duncan was at liberty; but when at length he came down to the door with his wife on his arm, he found Uncle Billy and Aunt 'Lizabeth in the porch.

"Couldn't go without a word from 'ee, my dear man," said the old man, as he wrung his pastor's hand. "We's a-had a grand meetin'! Just to think o' it! the devil sowed the seed o' baccy—I never knowed that afore! Good-night, my precious man! Good-night, ma'am!"

"Where am I Going?"

ONE summer evening, as the sun was going down, a man was seen trying to make his way through the lanes and cross roads that led to his village home. His unsteady way of walking showed that he had been drinking; and though he had lived in that village home more than thirty years, he was now so drunk that it was impossible for him to find his way home.

Quite unable to tell where he was, he at last uttered a great oath, and said to a person going by:—

"I've lost my way. Where am I going?"

The man thus addressed was an earnest Christian. He knew the poor drunkard very well, and pitied him greatly. When he heard the inquiry, "Where am I going?" in a sad and solemn way he answered:

"To ruin!"

The poor, staggering man stared at him wildly for a moment, and then murmured, with a groan:

"That's so!"

"Come with me," said the other kindly, "and I will take you to your home."

The next day came. The effect of the drink had passed away, but those two little words, lovingly and tenderly spoken to him, did not pass away.

"To ruin! To ruin!" he kept whispering to himself. "It is to ruin I'm going—to ruin! Oh! God help me. Save me!"

Thus he stopped on his way to ruin. By earnest prayer to God he sought the grace that made him a true Christian. His feet were established on a true rock. It was a rock mighty enough to reach that poor, misguided drunkard, and it lifted him up from his wretchedness, and made a useful, happy man of him.

Blessing the Children.

"THE Master has come over Jordan,"
Said Hannah, the mother, one day;
"Is healing the people, who throng him,
With a touch of his finger, they say."

"And now I shall carry the children—
Little Rachel and Samuel and John;
I shall carry the baby, Esther,
For the Lord to look upon."

The father looked at her kindly;
But he shook his head, and smiled:
"Now who but a doting mother
Would think of a thing so wild?"

"If the children were tortured by demons,
Or dying of fever, 'twere well;
Or had they the taint of the leper,
Like many in Israel."

"Nay, do not hinder me, Nathan;
I feel such a burden of care;
If I carry it to the Master,
Perhaps I shall leave it there."

"If he lay his hand on the children,
My heart will be lighter, I know;
For a blessing forever and ever
Will follow them as they go."

So over the hills of Judah,
Along by the vine-rows green,
With Esther asleep on her bosom,
And Rachel her brothers between,

'Mong the people who hung on his teaching,
Or waited his touch and his word,
Through the row of proud Pharisees listening,
She pressed to the feet of the Lord.

"Now, why shouldst thou hinder the Master,"
Said Peter, "with children like these?
Seest not how, from morning till evening,
He teacheth, and healeth disease?"

Then Christ said, "Forbid not the children;
Permit them to come unto me;"
And he took in his arms little Esther,
And Rachel he set on his knee.

And the heavy heart of the mother
Was lifted all earth-care above,
As he laid his hands on the brothers,
And blest them with tenderest love.

And he said of the babes on his bosom,
"Of such are the kingdom of heaven;"
And strength for all duty and trial
That hour to her spirit was given.

Why is a forest of pine usually succeeded by a forest of oak? Because the jays plant acorns under the pines. Their instinct for hiding things leads them to seek shady, secluded places. The pine-needles are an easy covering for their booty. The germ sprouts, and remains a low tender shoot for years, until the pine woods are cut away, when it quickly becomes a tree.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK.

A. D. 28] LESSON VII. [Feb. 17

THE TIMID WOMAN'S TOUCH.

Mark 5. 25-34. Commit to memory verses, 33, 34

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not afraid, only believe. Mark 5. 36.

OUTLINE.

1. The touch of faith, v. 25-29.
2. The word of power, v. 30-34.

TIME.—28 A. D.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Jesus after healing the demoniac, departed from Gadara, returning to his home in Capernaum. Here Matthew, his disciple made a great feast at which were present a mixed multitude from the publicans and the lower classes of society. The carping Pharisees entered a criticising complaint, and, when rebuked, added his severe reproof as one more cause of hate to the stock they were accumulating. Then followed at once the scenes of our present lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*An issue of blood*—A malady that caused great suffering, and made her ceremonially unclean. *Had suffered many things*—The treatment of this trouble is a strange mixture of drug giving and superstitious incantation, with no certainty of results. *In the press*—In the following crowd as he went to the house of Jairus. *His garment*—Matthew says the border of his garment, or the hem. *She said*—Perhaps aloud, and often repeated, but probably to herself. *shall be whole*—That is, shall be cured of disease. *Virtue had gone out, etc.*—Not virtue as the opposite of vice, but manly quality or power that was his over all things earthly.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Touch of Faith.*
What circumstances in this woman's story always arouse sympathy?
What had her experience taught her as to her future?
What made her seek Jesus?
What does her purpose show as to her condition, physical and mental?
Was there any superstition in her act, or was it the last act of despair?
What did Jesus say it was that prompted her act? ver. 34.
What Golden Text of the past lessons of the quarter is suggested by her act? Psalm 103. 3.
What was the effect of her touch?
How does God look upon such silent acts of faith?

2. *The Word of Power.*
What thing unexpected by the woman happened?
What does the question of Jesus prove concerning him?
How is the difference between him and the disciples in this respect shown?
Was Jesus satisfied with the explanation of the disciples?
What did his action cause the woman to do?
What did he once say about denial and confession. Matt. 10. 32, 33.
What was the word of power?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Here was a woman whose prayer for help was an act, not a spoken word; but God heard it.
When she heard of Jesus, she went for help. Did you? How long since you first heard of him?
Jesus kept looking till he found the poor sufferer. He came to seek and to save. But he only finds those who seek him. Has he found you?
He will have no secret disciples. If his help is worth having, it is worth confessing.
"Go in peace." No ear ever hears that but the soul that has sought, found, touched, and confessed Jesus. Have you?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Carefully read these few verses; read them over and over so often that you can tell them accurately without the text.
2. Compare your own condition, if not a Christian, with the condition of this woman. You are worse troubled than she. Physicians might have helped her, but they can not help you.
3. Pray each day that you may understand the bearing of this on your own case.
4. Look out carefully all the marginal references, to find light on this story; and as before, compare with the story of Luke and Matthew.
5. Write out the story which this woman would have to tell to her family when she went home.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who followed Jesus as he went through the city? A suffering woman. 2. How long had she been afflicted? For twelve years. 3. How did she expect to be healed? By touching the garment of Jesus. 4. What did he cause her to do as the result of her act? Confess him before all. 5. What principle that governed her act did Jesus repeat afterward to Jairus? "Be not afraid, only believe."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Confession of sin.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

9. Have believers an internal evidence that Christ came from God. They have according to their faith, the witness and the fruit of the Holy Spirit in their hearts. John xiv. 20. 1 John iv. 13.

A.D. 28.] LESSON VIII. [Feb. 24

THE GREAT TEACHER AND THE TWELVE.
Mark. 6. 1-13. Memory verses 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And they went out and preached that men should repent. Mark 6. 12.

OUTLINE.

1. The Teacher, v. 1-6.
2. The Twelve, v. 7-13.

TIME.—28 A.D.

PLACES.—Nazareth and other villages in Galilee.

CONNECTING LINKS—Between the last lesson and this our evangelist completes the story of the healing of the daughter of Jairus. Then at once he begins the story of the Lord's return to Nazareth and his final departure, which forms a part of this lesson.

EXPLANATIONS—From thence—From Capernaum. His own country—Nazareth. The carpenter—The phrase shows clearly the life Jesus had led here since boyhood. Offended—Angry that one no better by birth than they dared to teach. A staff only; no scrip—Simply the ordinary shepherd's crook or perhaps walking-stick; but with no pouch or wallet for carrying provisions. Sandals—The ordinary shoes of Palestine. Two coats—That is, the under-garment was sufficient; the outer which would impede travel, was to be left. Shake off the dust—That is, treat it as if it were a heathen city even a partial of heathen was defiling. Anointed with oil, etc.—Oil was a very common medication, and was used by those missionaries as a sign under which they wrought miraculous cures through Christ's power.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The teacher.
 - To what point did Jesus now return?
 - What was his motive?
 - What did he accomplish there?
 - How had he been treated there when he before announced his mission?
 - What was probably the nature of his teaching?
 - What did the question of his townsmen confess as to the character of his teaching?
 - What was the real ground of their offence at him?
 - Is his reception at Nazareth the only instance of the kind in history?
 - How did their unbelief affect him?
2. The Twelve.
 - Who were the twelve whom he called unto him?
 - For what purpose did he send them forth?
 - Why did he issue the directions of vers. 8, 9?
 - What was of their mission was given to them that John the Baptist had not?
 - Was Judas Iscariot one of these preachers?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Here is an example for every Christian worker. Jesus going back to Nazareth. Earnest, tireless, forgiving, patient, willing, even in the face of scorn.

No great work in Nazareth. Men kept him from it. Men are keeping back the work of God to-day in many a church.

Were ever twelve weaker preachers sent forth? How little they knew!

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

One among the twelve was a preacher, a thief, a traitor, and a suicide.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

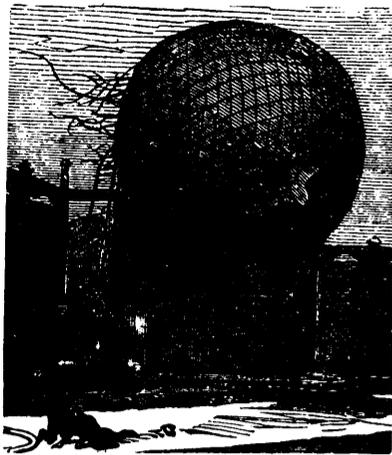
1. Learn the names of the twelve apostles.
2. Learn the position which Jesus said a Christian teacher must occupy in the world. Matt. 10. 16-22, 25-36, 38, etc.
3. Write a story about the return of Jesus to Nazareth: how he hoped they would receive him; how he preached; how he began to do miracles; how a very few wanted to believe; how the majority scoffed and grew angry; how at last he turned sorrowfully away.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To what point did Jesus go before finally leaving Galilee? To his old home, Nazareth.
2. How did his townspeople receive him? They scoffed and rejected him.
3. What scornful question did they ask? "Is not this the carpenter?"

DIDACTICAL SUGGESTION.—The missionary spirit.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

10. What does our Lord say of those who reject him?
He declares that they ought to believe in him; and that they would believe in him if they humbly and patiently listened to his words. John viii. 46, 47.

ONE OF NUMEROUS CUTS ON BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.

PREMIUM BOOKS FOR 1889.

The following list of valuable books is offered to any subscriber to the *Magazine*, old or new, at the prices annexed, postage paid:—

HONEST JOHN STALLIBRASS. Cloth, 266 pages. For 35 cents. (Retail price, \$1.00.)

PAUL MEGGETT'S DELUSION. Cloth, 292 pages. For 35 cents. (Retail price, \$1.00.)

The above works are by the Rev. J. Jackson Wray, whose writings are well known in Canada.

THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT. By Henry M. Stanley. Cloth, 312 pages. Many engravings. For 40 cents. (Retail price \$1.00.)

PUNSHON'S LECTURES AND SERMONS. Eleventh edition. 375 pages. With steel portrait. For 50 cents. (Retail price, \$1.00.)

STRANGE TALKS FROM HUMBLE LIFE. First Series. By John Ashworth. Cloth, 468 pages. For 50 cents. (Retail price, \$1.00.)

The Methodist Magazine FOR 1889.

Volumes xxix. and xxx.; 1,200 pages, with 250 Fine Engravings.

\$2.00 A YEAR; \$1.00 FOR SIX MONTHS.

GUARDIAN or WESLEYAN and MAGAZINE together \$3.50.

W. H. Withrow, D. O., F. R. S. C., Editor

SPECIAL TERMS TO SCHOOLS. Some schools have taken 10 Copies to circulate instead of Libraries, as being fresher, and more attractive. Send for special Rules.

Illustrated Articles.

The most conspicuous feature of the year will be a series of articles by the Rev. John Bond, M.A., and others, on

THE LANDS OF THE BIBLE,

illustrated by over 100 fine engravings, many of them from original photographs made for the great Publishing House of Cassell & Co., London. They will give graphic illustrations of Jerusalem, and the holy places within and without the city; of Bethany, Bethlehem, Hebron, Beersheba, Gaza, Ashdod, Tyre, Sidon, Samaria, the Jordan Valley, Cana, Shechem, Nazareth, Nain, Tabor, Tiberias, the Sea of Galilee, the Lebanon Range, Damascus, Petra, the Sinai Peninsula, etc., etc. It will illustrate Oriental life—its social, religious and domestic customs, etc.

Another series will portray the Architecture, etc., of

ANCIENT AND MODERN EGYPT,

with graphic illustrations of Arab Life. Also an account of recent travel in

CYPRUS, CRETE, EPHEBUS, ATHENS, and other places in the Levant connected with the history of St. Paul.

These series of articles will be of special value to every Minister, Sunday-school Teacher, and Bible Student, and will alone be worth the price of the *Magazine*.

THE "ROUND ABOUT ENGLAND"

Papers will be continued, with many beautiful illustrations. Also

"HERE AND THERE IN EUROPE" with many fine engravings of Rome, Florence, Como, Granada, Cordova, etc., etc.

"THE GERMAN FATHERLAND" will have cuts of Berlin, Dresden, the Moselle, Hamburg, Miessen, Nuremberg (quaintest city in Europe), Prague, etc.

FLEMISH PICTURES will illustrate Antwerp, Mechlin, Ghent, Bruges, etc.

OTHER ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

PARIS DURING THE EXHIBITION OF 1889.

MONASTERIES OF MOUNT ATHOS.

HOME LIFE IN HOLLAND.

THE SALT MINES OF AUSTRIA.

LIFE SKETCH OF LADY BRASSEY.

ON THE LA PLATA, and

RECENT PROGRESS IN BUENOS AYRES.

THE WONDERS OF THE YOSEMITE, and

THE SAGUENAY. Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D.

BALLOONS AND BALLOONING.

MISSION LIFE AND LABOUR IN CHINA.

SWISS PICTURES.

ON THE YOUGHIOGHENY.

EAST INDIAN PICTURES.

And many others.

Other Articles.

Among the other articles will be contributions from the leading writers of the Methodist Church, both at home and abroad. The following are already arranged for.

THE MINOR POETS OF METHODISM. Second Series. By Rev. Dr. Williams.

THE ITINERANCY AND THE STATIONING COMMITTEE IN OUR METHODISM. By the Rev. Dr. Carman.

THE UNCHURCHED CLASSES, and COUNT TOLSTOI'S RELIGION. By the Rev. E. A. Stafford, D.D.

THE DOCTRINE OF HISTORICAL PROGRESS, and THE MORAL FREEDOM OF MAN. By Prof. Goldwin Smith.

RECOLLECTIONS OF TORONTO METHODISM. By the Hon. Senator Macdonald.

AN UNDERGROUND CITY. By the Rev. A. W. Nicolson.

THE CANADIAN CHILDREN OF THE COLD. By J. Macdonald Oxley.

LIFE IN AN INSANE ASYLUM. By Dr. Daniel Clark.

ETCHINGS FROM SHAKESPEARE. Six Studies, by the Rev. S. P. Dunn.

THE DORE GALLERY. By Rev. D. Moore.

ENVIRONMENT AND RELIGION. By the Rev. J. McLean, Ph. D.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS. By the Rev. W. S. Blackstock.

IMPRESSIONS OF A RECENT VISIT TO GREAT BRITAIN. By the Rev. Dr. Stewart.

SCRIPTURAL HOLINESS. By Bishop J. P. Newman.

Contributions may also be expected from Rev. Chancellor Burwash, Rev. Prof. Shaw, Prof. A. P. Coleman, Rev. Prof. Wallace, and others.

REPRINT ARTICLES.

A selection of the most important articles of the British Press will be presented, as

THE BATTLE OF BELLEF. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC. By Archdeacon Farrar.

INDIAN MISSIONS. By Rev. Wm. Arthur. And other articles by the foremost living writers.

SERIAL AND SHORT STORIES.

The use of a smaller but still clear and legible type will permit a larger development of this attractive department of the *Magazine*. These stories will be of high-class literary merit and pronounced religious teaching. Among those of the year will be

DRAXY MILLER'S DOWRY, AND THE EIDER'S WIFE. By "Saxe Holm."

JONATHAN YEADON'S JUSTIFICATION, AND THE ELDER'S SIN. By Mrs. A. E. Barr.

THE CONFESSIONS OF AN AUTHOR. By the Rev. E. P. Roe.

TALES OF METHODISM IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

And many other attractive features.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

PUBLISHER,

78 & 80 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.

A CHOICE GIFT BOOK FOR ANY SEASON.

THE KINDLY YOKE;

OR

His Commands are not Grievous.

This is a beautiful Booklet, containing a text for every week in the year, these texts taking the form of BIBLE COMMANDS.

The book has a finely-colored, illustrated cover, and contains well executed lithographs, in two tints, of Bethlehem, Mount of Olives, Jerusalem and Gethsemane.

Bound in imitation morocco or alligator paper, and stitched with gold thread. Price 35., post paid.

CANADIAN

POCKET DIARY

FOR 1889.

In cloth and leather bindings, all sizes and prices, at 15c., 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., 45c., 50c., and upwards. Post free to any address on receipt of price.

JUST RECEIVED.

Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE'S

CRITICISM OF

"ROBERT ELSMERE"

AND THE BATTLE OF UNBELIEF.

Reprinted from "The Nineteenth Century."

Price—Paper covers, 15c. net, post free.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON HELPS

FOR 1889.

PELOUBET'S SELECT NOTES.

8vo, cloth. Price \$1.25.

QUESTION BOOKS, In Three Grades.

Price, each, 20c. net, or 17c. each by the doz.

ALSO,

Vincent's Select Notes on the International S. S. Lessons.

With MAPS, ILLUSTRATIONS, etc.

8vo, cloth, net, \$1.25.

QUESTION BOOKS, In Three Grades.

Each 20c. 17c. each by dozen.

Monday Club Sermons on the S. S. Lessons.

12mo, cloth, \$1.25.

Dr. Pentecost's Commentary on the S. S. Lessons for 1889.

350 pages, 12mo. Invaluable for teachers. Paper covers, 50c.; cloth bound, \$1.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

PUBLISHER,

78 & 80 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.