

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

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

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 type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

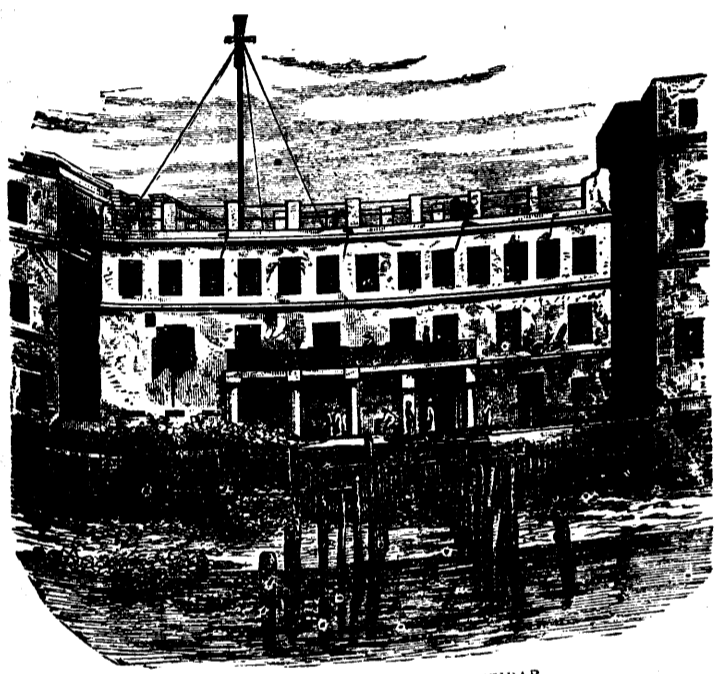
WELCOME AND SCHOOL

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

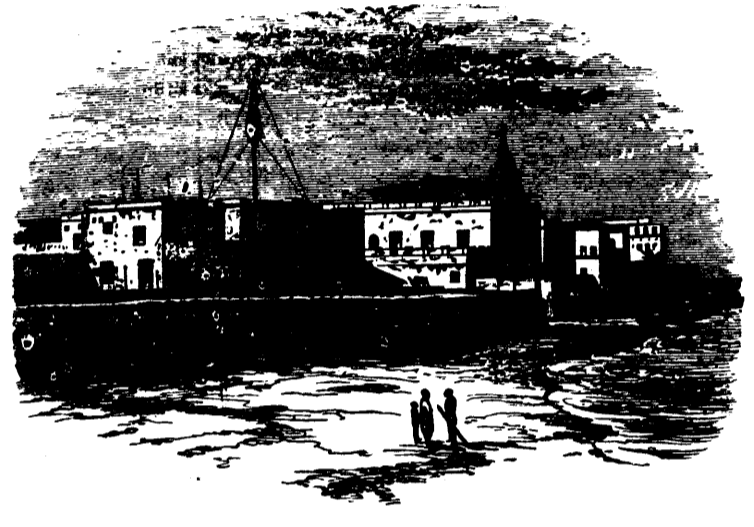
TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1889.

[No. 1.]

Vol. VII.]



THE BRITISH CONSULATE AT ZANZIBAR.



VIEW OF A PORTION OF THE SEA-FRONT OF ZANZIBAR, FROM THE WATER BATTERY TO SHANGANI POINT.

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.*

I.

TWENTY-EIGHT months had elapsed between my departure from Zanzibar after the discovery of Livingstone and my re-arrival on that island, September 21, 1874. A soft sky of ethereal blue covered the hazy land and sleeping sea as we steamed through the strait that separates Zanzibar from the continent. Presently on the horizon there rise the thin upright shadows of ships' masts, and

* This account of one of the most remarkable achievements ever accomplished is given in Stanley's own words, condensed from his two large volumes.

to the left begins to glimmer a pale white mass which, we are told, is the capital of the island of Zanzibar. Still steaming southward, we come within rifle-shot of the low green shores, and now begin to be able to define the capital. It consists of a number of square massive structures, with little variety of height and all whitewashed, standing on a point of low land, separated by a broad margin of sandy beach from the sea, with a bay curving, gently from the point, inwards to the left toward us.

Within two hours from the time we first caught sight of the town, we have dropped anchor about 700 yards from the beach. A number of boats break away from the beach and come toward the vessel. Europeans sit at the stern, the rowers are whiteshirted Wangwana, or freed negroes, with red caps. The former are anxious to hear the news, to get newspapers and letters, and to receive the small parcels sent by friendly hands "per favour of captain."

Figures and faces are picturesque enough. Happy, pleased-looking men of black, yellow, or tawny colour, with long white cotton shirts, move about with quick, active motion, and cry out, regardless of order, to their friends or mates in the

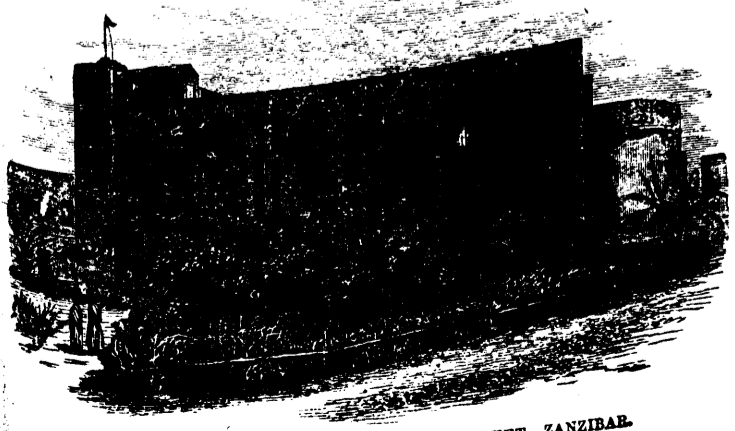
Arabic language, and their friends or mates respond with equally loud voice and lively gesture, until, with fresh arrivals, there appears to be a Babel created, wherein English, French, and Arabic accents mix with Hindi, and, perhaps, Persian.

In the midst of such a scene I stepped into a boat to be rowed to the

house of my old friend, Mr. Augustus Sparhawk, of the Bertram Agency. At this low-built, massive-looking house near Shangani Point, I was welcomed with all the friendliness and hospitality of my first visit, when three years and a half previously, I arrived at Zanzibar to set out for the discovery of Livingstone.

With Mr. Sparhawk's aid I soon succeeded in housing comfortably my three young Englishmen, Francis John, and Edward Peacock, and Frederick Barker, and my five dogs, and in stowing safely on shore the yawl *Wave*, the gig, and the tons of goods, provisions, and stores I had brought.

Life at Zanzibar is a busy one to the intending explorer. Time flies rapidly, and each moment of daylight must be employed in the selection and purchase of the various kinds of cloth, beads, and



NEW CHURCH ON SITE OF OLD SLAVE-MARKET, ZANZIBAR.



UNIVERSITIES MISSION AT MBWENNI, ZANZIBAR.

wire, in demand by the different tribes of the mainland through whose country he purposes journeying. Strong, half-naked porters come in with great bales of unbleached cottons, striped and coloured fabrics, handkerchiefs and red caps, bags of blue, green, red, white and amber-coloured beads, small and large, round and oval, and coil upon coil of thick brass wire. These have to be inspected, assorted, arranged, and numbered separately, have to be packed in portable bales, sacks, or packages, or boxed according to their character and value. The house-floors are littered with cast-off wrappings and covers, box lids, and a medley of rejected papers, cloth, zinc covers and broken boards, sawdust and other débris. Porters and servants and masters, employés and employers, pass backwards and forwards, to and fro, amid all this litter, roll bales over, or tumble about boxes; and a rending of cloth or paper, clattering of hammers, demands for the marking pots, or the number of bale and box, with quick, hurried breathing and shouting, are heard from early morning until night.

From the roof of the house we have a view of the roadstead and bay of Zanzibar. Generally there ride at anchor two or three British ships of war just in from a hunt after contumacious Arabs, who persist against the orders of their prince, in transporting slaves on the high seas.

During the day the beach throughout its length is alive with the moving figures of porters, bearing clove and cinnamon bags, ivory, copal and other gums, and hides, to be shipped in the lighters waiting along the water's edge, with sailors from the shipping, and black boatmen discharging the various imports on the sand. In the evening the beach is crowded with the naked forms of workmen and boys preparing to bathe and wash the dust of copal and hides off their bodies in the surf. Some of the Arab merchants have ordered chairs on the piers to chat sociably until the sun sets, and prayer-time has come.

The intending explorer, bound for that dark edge of the continent which he can just see lying low along the west as he looks from Zanzibar, has thoughts of this hour which the resident cannot share. As little as his eyes can pierce and define the details in that gloomy streak on the horizon, so little can he tell whether weal or woe lies before him. The whole is buried in mystery, over which he ponders, certain of nothing but the uncertainty of life. Yet will he learn to sketch out a comparison between what he sees at sunset and his own future. Dark, indeed, is the gloom of the fast-coming night over the continent, but does he not see that there are still bright flushes of colour, and rosy bars, and crimson tints, amidst what otherwise would be universal blackness? And may he not, therefore, say—"As those colours now brighten the darkening west, so my hopes brighten my dark future!"

It is impossible not to feel a kindly interest in Prince Barghash, Sultan of Zanzibar, and to wish him complete success in the reforms he is now striving to bring about in his country. Here we see an Arab prince, educated in the strictest school of Islam, and accustomed to regard the black natives of Africa as the lawful prey of conquest or lust, and fair objects of barter, suddenly turning round at the request of European philanthropists and becoming one of the most active opponents of the slave trade—and the spectacle must necessarily create for him many well-wishers and friends.

The first decided steps taken by the British Government for the suppression of the slave-trade on the east coast of Africa were due to the influence of Livingstone's constant appeals. Some of his letters, they will remember, were carried by me to England, and the sensation caused by them

was such as to compel the British Government to send Sir Bartle Frere in the *Enchantress*, as a special envoy to Zanzibar to conclude his treaty with Prince Barghash.

The Universities Mission, at Zanzibar, is the result of the sensation caused in England by Livingstone's discoveries on the Zambezi. It was despatched by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, in the year 1860, and consisted of Bishop Mackenzie, and four missionaries. These devoted gentlemen reached the Zambezi River in February, 1861.

Many noble souls of both sexes perished, and the good work seemed far from hopeful. Almost single-handed remains the Rev. Edward Steere, faithful to his post as Bishop and Chief Pastor. He has visited Lake Nyassa, and established a Mission half-way; he superintends and instructs lads and young men as printers, carpenters, blacksmiths, and in the practical knowledge of other useful trades. His quarters represent almost every industrial trade useful in life as occupations for members of the lower classes, and are in the truest sense an industrial and religious establishment for the moral and material welfare of a class of unfortunates, who deserve our utmost assistance and sympathy. This extraordinary man, endowed with piety as fervid as ever animated a martyr, looms grander and greater in the imagination as we think of him as the one man who appears to have possessed the faculties and gifts necessary to lift this Mission, with its gloomy history, into the new life upon which it has now entered. With all my soul I wish him and it success, and while he lives, provided he is supported, there need be no fear that the Mission will resume that hopeless position from which he, and he alone, appears to have rescued it.

There are two other Missions on the East coast of Africa, that of the Church Missionary Society, and the Methodist Free Church at Mombasa. The former has occupied this station for over thirty years. But these Missions have not obtained the success which such long self-abnegation and devotion to the pious service deserved.

A tramway is the thing that is specially needed for Africa. All other benefits that can be conferred by contact with civilization will follow in the wake of the tramway, which will be an iron bond, never to be again broken, between Africa and the more favoured continents.

After nearly seven years' acquaintance with the Wangwana, or free negroes, I have come to perceive that they represent in their character much of the disposition of a large portion of the negro tribes of the continent. I find them capable of great love and affection, and possessed of gratitude and other noble traits of human nature: I know, too, that they can be made good, obedient servants; that many are clever, honest, industrious, docile, enterprising, brave, and moral; that they are, in short, equal to any other race or colour on the face of the globe, in all the attributes of manhood. They possess, beyond doubt, all the vices of a people still fixed deeply in barbarism, but they understand to the full what and how low such a state is; it is, therefore, a duty imposed upon us by the religion we profess, and by the sacred command of the Son of God, to help them out of the deplorable state they are now in. It is to the Wangwana that Livingstone, Burton, Speke, and Grant owe, in great part, the accomplishment of their objects, and while in the employ of those explorers, this race rendered great services to geography.

(To be continued.)

We can only live noble lives by acting nobly on every occasion.

Why Did You Not Come Before?

BY MISS PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

[An aged Hindoo woman, while first hearing the Gospel, said, "Why did you not come before? My hair has grown gray, waiting for the good news."]

An aged woman, poor and weak,
She heard the mission teacher speak;
The slowly rolling tears came down
Upon her withered features brown.
"What blessed news from you far shore—
Would I had heard it long before."

Oh I have bowed at many a shrine,
When youth, and health, and strength, were mine;
How earnestly my soul has striven
To find some gleam of light from heaven;
But all my toil has been in vain—
These gods of stone but mocked my pain.

A weary pilgrimage I've trod,
To win some favour from my god;
And all my jewelled wealth I've laid
Beneath the dark Pagoda's shade;
But still, the burden on my breast
Bowed head and heart with sore unrest.

Now, I have waited many a day,
My form is bent, my hair is gray;
But still, the blessed words you bear
Have charmed away my long despair;
O sisters, from your happy shore,
Would you had sent to me before.

O, precious is the message sweet
I hear your kindly lips repeat;
It bids me weep for joy again;
My stony eyes were dry with pain;
My weary heart with joy runs o'er—
Ah, had you come to me before!

How welcome is the glorious name
Of Jesus, who to save me came.
And shall I live when death is past?
And may I all my burdens cast
On him? And is his mercy free?
Not bought with gifts? Such news for me!

Yet, please forgive me when I say,
I've needed this so many a day.
In your glad homes, did ye not know
How India's tears of sorrow flow?
If you had known on that bright shore,
Surely you would have come before.

—Methodist Protestant.

"A-Hoi! A-Hoi!"

SITTING in my study one day, I noticed the beating of a Chinese gong; and when I went to the window I saw two boys with a gong between them, and at the time the gong was being-beaten one of the lads was crying out "A-hoi! A-hoi!"

I asked my teacher what was the meaning of this; and he said, "The first boy has lost some one, probably his brother, and he has got this other boy to go with him, according to the usual custom, through the streets, sounding the gong in the hope that they may find the little one and bring him back again."

I listened, as the sound retreated, and the boys went down the street, until the sound was lost, and I went back to my work again. But soon after I heard them returning; and now the little boy who had been calling out "A-hoi!" appeared to be trembling and quivering, and he seemed to think it was doubtful whether he would find his little brother or not. Still the gong was beating, and still he was calling out most pathetically, "A-hoi! A-hoi!"

Now, I think that here we have an exact illustration of what Jesus is doing. He is going in search of the lost. He goes through the streets looking after them and calling out their names, and he wants you and me to labour with him in seeking that which is lost; and still, we are going about beating the gong, and calling out the names of the perishing ones, and asking them now, ere it be too late, to come to Jesus.—*Rev H. Friend, China.*

The Tired Foot.

THE potter stood at his daily work,
One patient foot on the ground;
The other, with never slacking speed,
Turning his swift wheel round.
Silent we stood beside him there,
Watching the restless knee,
Till my friend said low, in pitying voice,
"How tired his foot must be!"

The potter never paused in his work,
Shaping the wondrous thing;
'Twas only a common flower-pot,
But perfect in fashioning.
Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
With homely truth inspired:
"No, marm; it isn't the foot that kicks;
The one that stands gets tired!"

What Knowledge is Most Worth to Women?

BY PRINCIPAL AUSTIN.

Delivered to the Students of Alma College, Sept. 11, 1888.

THAT knowledge is of most worth to woman which emancipates her from dependence either on her friends or fortune, and enables her with calm courage to face life, if need be, alone.

Some there are who look upon woman as a born dependent, and consider her doomed to an inferior place and power in society. Woman, according to their view, is a clinging ivy, with no power to stand alone, and destined, if the oak be upturn, to lie helpless upon the earth. But woman's nature demands work for its true development. Her happiness requires that she should have a life-work, and her character can only be developed properly along the line of self-respect and self-reliance which she can scarcely maintain as a dependent. Idleness, dependence and luxury are the bane of life to thousands of women. The law of labour is stamped on woman's constitution as it is on man's. Woman is called to work suited to her nature and capacity, to a life of usefulness in the Christian church, and to the evangelization of a lost world.

But how can women rise into nobility themselves, or successfully work for others, if they remain dependent on their friends or on the constancy of fickle fortune? To-day, as never before, woman is coming to the front. In home and school and church, are hundreds of employments now open to her, from which she was heretofore excluded. In the professions—in fact in almost every department of human endeavour—there is a call for educated and trained womanhood. And nobly are women throwing off the shackles of false sentiment, and preparing themselves for personal freedom and usefulness. Such education as will tend to lift woman up from idleness to ennobling labour, from dependence to freedom, from the helplessness and servility that must ever accompany dependence upon others, to the self-reliance and self-respect that are inseparable from a life of honourable toil—this is one of the demands of the age.

Without such a practical education, woman's happiness hangs suspended on the will of others, or on the caprices of fortune; and how often has she been forced, by these very circumstances, into an unsuitable partnership for life!

What strength it adds to a woman's character to realize that she is able to earn a living for herself! The mere knowledge of the fact that she holds within herself resources for self-maintenance, gives a woman a conscious freedom and a measure of self-reliance that become a tower of strength to her in life.

Let every woman, then, while earnestly coveting all knowledge, so master some one of its many departments that she can turn her knowledge to practical account in earning a livelihood. A promi-

nent American educator has said that every student should learn "something about everything," and "everything about something," which means, that we should get an outline knowledge of as many subjects as possible, but should completely master one department.

Young ladies, I counsel you to become independent, by preparing yourselves to win, if need be, your livelihood, and to reap the rewards that come only to honest and efficient labour.

That knowledge is of most worth to woman which acquaints her with her own nature, and the laws by which it is governed, and reveals to her the path to the highest perfection of all her powers.

We can much better afford to be ignorant of things above, beneath, and around us; of things past and future; of all the arts and languages, and of all the refinements, than to be unacquainted with this body which we inhabit, which is, indeed, "fearfully and wonderfully made," and of this spiritual nature, which is "opened to the infinite, and destined to the eternal." Sciences that centre in or relate to the body and to physical health—physiology, hygiene, chemistry in its relation to food and drink—are as essential to every woman as the knowledge of navigation to the sailor. Every wife and mother comes to hours of supreme crisis in the home when her own life, or the life of one nearest her heart, depends on the knowledge of these sciences, and a practical acquaintance with the care of the sick and suffering. Many a mother bending over the cot of her sick babe, has been willing to barter all her years of the study of the fine arts, music, and the refinements, for a little practical knowledge of our common nature that would have enabled her to preserve life. By all means let the fine arts, and music, and the languages, form a part of woman's education; but if these are pursued at the expense of those fundamental and indispensable studies, the student will awaken some day to a knowledge of her lamentable mistake.

Whilst this body is only a rough and temporary casement for the spirit, be it borne in mind that much of life's happiness, and very much of life's success, depend on that practical knowledge of physiology and hygiene that enables us to keep a sound body as the tabernacle of a sound mind.

A knowledge of cookery, both practical and theoretical, and of housekeeping, is certainly to be ranked among the absolute necessities in woman's education. There is really no substitute for this. No amount of knowledge of other things—no amount of wealth and luxury—can relieve the "queen of home" from the curse of an ill-kept house, and the innumerable evils that follow in the wake of unsavoury and indigestible food. Certainly, in my judgment at least, she who knows and practises good housekeeping, and the divine art of cooking, has better claim to be considered an educated woman than one who has run the gauntlet of the 'ologies and the "accomplishments" (!) and knows not how to properly make a bed or cook a dinner.

Psychology, embracing as it does the knowledge of the laws of mind-growth and development, is another essential in a course of study for woman. For herself and those depending on her, such a knowledge of the mental world as will reveal to her the best method to strengthen memory, reason, and will, and train the conscience and moral powers to the highest perfection, is of the highest value to every woman.

That knowledge is of most worth to woman which gives her a mastery of her own language and literature, and makes her thoroughly conversant with her own country and her own times.

To you who speak the English language, it is of

more value than all others combined. Where school-life is limited to a partial course, it is doubtful if much advantage will be gained by a short and superficial study of other languages—except in the case of Anglo-Saxon and Latin, some knowledge of which is really essential to a mastery of English. A young woman is not educated, no matter what may be her other accomplishments, until she can correctly speak and write her native language with precision and purity and effect. This is especially important for woman in the sphere of the home and social circle, where she is a teacher of the children and a leader in conversation.

An acquaintance—the more thorough the better—with the treasures of our English literature, and an appreciation of their beauties, will add very much to your enjoyment in life, increase your conversational powers and your influence with people of culture.

No young woman can afford, at this time in particular, to be ignorant of her country. Its history, resources, extent, possibilities, methods of government, and the living problems of the present hour—all these she should seek to master. Woman is just now coming into her kingdom. The time for idleness, ignorance and impotence has passed away, and the age demands of her a knowledge of herself, her country, and her times, and an active participation in the struggle for human liberty and progress. Far too many women live in the narrow circle of home, or in a little coterie of parlour acquaintance, having no thought or sympathy, no helping hand for the struggling masses of humanity around them. Such a knowledge of one's country and one's times as I have outlined would enlarge their thought, broaden and deepen their sympathy, and lift many women above the frivolities of fashion and the vexations of home life.

That knowledge is of most worth to woman—as it is to man—which brings her in thought and feeling nearest the source of all knowledge and blessing—God.

The study of God's existence and attributes, as revealed in nature and revelation, the tracing of his wisdom, power and goodness in the creation and government of the universe, and of his matchless condescension and mercy in the plan of redemption, is the noblest of all departments of study, and yet this department of college work is usually designed for and pursued by men. Why should the noblest of all sciences—theology—be neglected in woman's education? Is she less disposed by nature to sacred studies? Is she less reverent in soul or less inclined to a ministry of blessing to mankind? Does her position, as queen at home, or teacher of the youth, or leader of society, require less knowledge of sacred things, or less religious devotion? Why should not every woman blest with opportunity of thorough collegiate training, study the works and words and ways of God? In this age, when so many doors of Christian labour are opening before young women, it seems to me their education is far from complete without a course in natural theology, Christian evidences, and Bible study. We live in an age characterized by diligent study of the Scriptures, and woman must march with the advancing column of progress, or be left in the rear. New Testament Greek is a branch of college study well calculated to bring you large returns of mental wealth and spiritual enlargement, and rich provisions for useful labour. In this age of mental unrest, in regard to revealed truth, Christian evidences will fortify the mind against insidious attacks of sceptic and infidel, and prepare you to meet and refute their sophistries. Above all, the study of the discourses of Christ yield the grandest results to mind and heart, and the fullest preparation for life's duties. May you learn of him in whom are hid "all the treasures of wisdom and of knowledge."

Depending Upon God.

I KNOW not what the day may bring
Of sorrow or of sweetness,
I only know that God must give
Its measures of completeness.
I reach for wisdom in the dark,
And God fills up the measure,
Sometimes with tears, sometimes with cares,
Sometimes with peace and pleasure.

From hours of grief and saddened face
True wealth of heart I borrow ;
And heavenly wisdom oftentimes comes
Clad in the guise of sorrow.
I know not which is best for me
Of all his mercy bringeth ;
I know his praises every day
My willing spirit singeth.

I know not what my life may yield
Of fruit that will not perish ;
I know God gives both seed and oil,
And all the growth may cherish.
How great his work ! how small my part !
I wonder at my weakness ;
And his great patience fills my heart
With gratitude and meekness.

I know not what even heaven can give
To blessed souls who gain it ;
I know God's goodness it must show,
For earth cannot contain it.
And if eternity but rings
With love the same sweet story,
That earth is telling every day,
Thine, Lord, shall be the glory.

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 50
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16pp. 8vo	0 16
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen ; \$2 per 100 ; per quarter, 5c. 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. HUMSTIE,
8 Bleury Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Home and School.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 12, 1889.

Working from Within.

God's plan of restoring human nature is to begin within and have the renovating influences work outward. Man's plan is to begin on the outside ; but alas ! the process stops there. To purify the stream we must have the fountain pure ; and to have our nature made holy we must have the principle of holiness within, in the soul ; for it is from the soul that actions proceed. Our Lord showed this in the parable addressed to the Pharisees about the cup and the platter. The pollution was inward, in the contents. No mere outward cleansing would reach that. I knew a foolish but well-meaning man who thought he could resuscitate a boy, who had been twenty-four hours drowned, by warming and rubbing the body. And he got the poor rigid limbs supple and a certain feeling of warmth in the surface of the body, but there was no life, no breath, nor could there be.

And so an outward form merely will never make a new man. The heart must be given up to God.

God's Spirit must dwell within. The springs of human action must be purified before the nature can be pure. Have we not seen middle-aged men, polite, polished in manner, soft in speech, and careful not to offend, and yet we know them to be bankrupt to every moral principle. So it may be spiritually. There may be the outward semblance of a changed nature, and yet the nature remain unchanged. And do not forget that if you shrink from having the Holy Ghost rule over you and want still to keep the control of your own moral being, you cannot become a child of God. Self is on one side and God is on the other. If we have God we have all things ; if we have self we have only self.—*Selected.*

Methodism and Temperance.

The Methodist who observes the rules of his church is temperate in all things, and needs not a stronger pledge than he has taken as a Christian to "abstain from all appearance of evil." Still owing to the ravages of the liquor traffic it is expedient that every Christian should identify himself with those who have taken a stand against the evils of intemperance. There is no neutral ground—I either am or am not an abstainer. If I indulge in the habit of taking any strong drink then I preclude myself from asking anyone to give up his evil habit, why should I ask the tippler to give up his glass of gin when I still indulge in a little wine or cider? Even if I could in conscience excuse myself in my cautious indulgence of a stimulant, still the expediency comes in that if not for my own, yet for my brother's, sake I should be a total abstainer. But why trifle with such a glaring evil? Again, because it does harm, much harm. Who can use it and be guiltless? See its baneful effects. It wastes time, squanders money, ruins health and destroys reputation. It stains the fairest character and leads to the grossest sins, produces sickness and disease, leads to poverty and the most wretched depravity. It drags its victims down to a dishonoured grave and beclouds their hope of everlasting happiness.

And, finally, I hate it because it is a murderer. We talk of war and shudder at the carnage of the battle-field and turn away from the sickening sight, but what is war with all its horrors compared with the ravages and loathsome calamities of that hellish drug, Alcohol!

War has slain its thousands, Alcohol its tens of thousands. The famine, the plague and the noisome pestilence in their onward march of desolation cause our dread apprehension of God's terrible judgments in the destruction of life ; but still more destructive, and a far greater evil is that fell destroyer, that health-impairing, misery-producing and soul-destroying Alcohol.

Ten thousand times ten thousand woes
Proceed from Alcohol ;
It multiplies our vilest foes
And desecrates the soul.

Then let me shun this deadly foe
And walk in virtue's path,
Nor with the reckless drunkard go
To death and endless wrath.

But should I calmly view the wreck
Which Alcohol has wrought?
No, I must try its ills to check—
The drunkard must be sought.

And I must urge him to refrain
From that dread Alcohol,
The cause of misery and pain,
And ruin of the soul.

And I must urge him to repent
And give his heart to God,
And lead the humble penitent
To the atoning blood.

—The Methodist.



بیرشید
BEYYID BARGHASH.

"Young Man, You Will Do."

A YOUNG man was recently graduated from a scientific school. His home had been a religious one. He was a member of a Christian church, had pious parents, brother and sisters ; his family was one in Christ.

On graduating, he determined upon a Western life among the mines. Full of courage and hope, he started out on his long journey to strike out for himself in a new world.

The home prayers followed him. As he went, he fell into company with older men. They liked him for his frank manners and his manly independence. As they journey together, they stopped for a Sabbath in a border town. On the morning of the Sabbath, one of his fellow travellers said to him, "Come, let us be off for a drive and the sights."

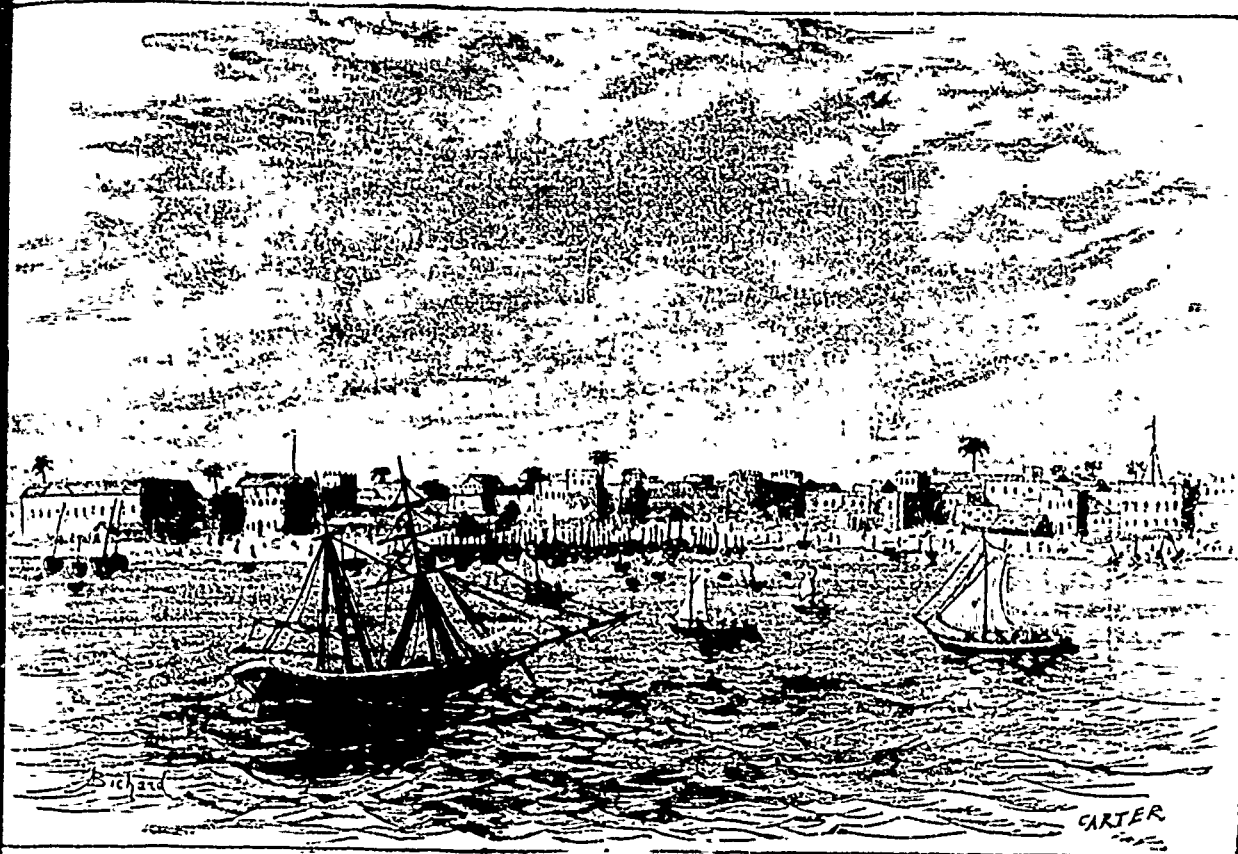
"No," said the young man, "I am going to church. I have been brought up to keep the Sabbath in that way."

His road acquaintance looked at him for a moment, and then slapping him on the shoulder, said, "Right, my boy. I began in that way. I wish I had kept on. Young man, you will do. Stick to your bringing up and your mother's words, and you will win."

The boy went to church, all honour to him in that far-away place, and among such men. His companions had their drive, but the boy gained their confidence, won their respect by his manly avowal of good obligations. Already success is smiling upon that young man. There is no lack of places for him.—*Selected.*

We begin in this number a striking series of fully illustrated articles on Stanley's adventures in crossing the Dark Continent. In view of the mysterious fate of the heroic explorer, this series will be of special interest. It will contain nearly five dollars, and will give the substance of that large book.

God's love for his redeemed creatures is an unchanging love ; so, also, his desire that his creatures should love him is unchanging.



ZANZIBAR.

Tim's Daisies.

He was only a little "street Arab!"
Ragged and friendless! Ah, yes!
Unused to life's sunniest pathway,

Unused to its love and caress;
For she who had loved him—the mother
Whose arms round him once, long ago,
Had clasped themselves closely—all winter
Hau lain 'neath the beautiful snow.

But the months passed away, and the spring-time
Came on with its bud and its bloom,
And the zephyrs of May, softly blowing,
Scattered far o'er the earth their perfume.
And then came a day dawning brightly,
When soldiers brought flowers to spread
With love and with honour of loyal,
O'er the graves of the hero dead.

And poor little Tim, sadly thinking
Of his loved one, whose grave was unknown,
Wandered there 'neath the pleasant spring sunshine,
With tears in his eyes, all alone;
And he gathered the pretty white daisies,
For no other flower had he,
And on the dear grave of his mother
He scattered them tenderly.

Only the simple white daisies!
Only the tears falling fast!
Only a boy's sad heart yearning
For mother-caresses long past!
O, fair were the buds and the blossoms
Laid over the soldier-dead!
But as loyal and sweet were Tim's daisies
Over his mother's low bed.

Queen Victoria and Methodism.

BY THE REV. R. H. HOWARD.

I HAVE sometimes wondered whether I was the only one of the many readers of the *Northern Christian Advocate* who remembers that, according to the representations of the late Rev. H. Bleby, formerly a Wesleyan missionary in the West Indies, Queen Victoria is indebted for the eminently spiritual and earnest type of her religious character and life to Wesleyan Methodism; and not only so, but to a very humble, albeit faithful, representative of the same. The story is sufficiently romantic, and, as I remember, runs something like this:—

While yet a Princess, and not more than fourteen years of age, one of her attendants—the maid

of the bath—was a deeply pious Wesleyan Methodist girl. Bitterly persecuted, on account of her religion, by a vicious fellow-servant, her case finally attracted the attention of the Duchess, young Victoria's mother, and of Victoria herself. Upon due inquiry, her royal patroness, satisfied of the girl's genuine and unaffected piety, esteemed her highly, and in due time promoted her over the head of her wicked tormentor and rival.

Brought now into more intimate association with the Princess, who delighted to question the simple-hearted servant-girl relative to her religious faith and forms of religious worship, the girl returned such interesting and intelligent answers that the Princess became deeply interested therein. And especially while this humble, devoted servant-girl, in her heartfelt, artless way, gave an account of her own religious experience, and of the great joy that the dear Lord had, by his Spirit, put into her heart; unwittingly thus unfolding the elements of a truly spiritual religion, of a type of piety to which the Princess had herself been hitherto a total stranger.

Victoria was not only charmed—she was deeply and savingly moved, having been, it is said, hereby led eventually, on her own account, into the experience of a true spiritual life. And so, strangely, this young servant-girl became, in the providence of God, the religious teacher of one destined in the course of a few years to become her monarch—the Queen of the British empire.

Meantime, it is generally admitted, that the marked revival in the bosom of the Established Church in England during Victoria's reign of evangelical piety, as also the greatly improved religious tone during the same period of English Dissent, is to be attributed in no small degree to the positively earnest Christian character of the British Queen.

Is there not something very impressive in the thought that possibly this stupendous result may, in some measure, be assigned under God to the fidelity in her high position of that humble servant-girl—a mere child as it were! What more "royal," truly, than the loyalty of this girl, under the circumstances, to her Saviour! And how royally has God honoured the same! "And a little child shall

lead them." "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings God ordains praise."

How forcibly is one hereby reminded of the conduct of the similarly situated and patriotic pious little captive Hebrew girl, in a strange land, in the palace of the great Syrian captive, with a like illustrious sequel! Besides, was there ever a more striking instance of a little bit of persécution for righteousness' sake being over-ruled to the glory of God? Surely—

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

Finally, how true it is that, like the sun, Methodism is always giving but never receiving! To the great Wesleyan movement, directly and indirectly, Great Britain is indebted more by far than to any other, and perhaps more than to all other, influences combined for its present moral and religious pre-eminence among the nations of the earth. But for all this immeasurable national benefit thus conferred, Wesleyan Methodism receives at the hand of the British Government not one solitary favour.

How They Did It.

ONCE the dear older girls in our Japanese school, and indeed a great many of the younger ones too, prepared for a bazaar, for the articles were made mostly by the women of the Japanese church, who, not having money to contribute, desired in this way to raise funds for their native city missionary. It was their first attempt at anything of this kind, and they succeeded in clearing two hundred and fifty dollars, for they sought God's blessing upon it from the first. To show the spirit in which they undertook it, I will tell you what I overheard. Several of the girls, with Mr. Kumano, the native teacher, were in my room engaged in marking the articles and talking over the arrangements. One of them said, "We will have to go down to the rooms very early—at least by half-past seven in the morning—so as to have plenty of time for the prayer-meeting." This had been previously arranged, because they could not work without God's blessing.

A Surprised Railway Porter.

A TRAIN was running into Glasgow from the south, one day lately, when a porter saw an old man on the line. He shouted to him to get out of the way, but the man was not within hearing. Then the porter, running to where he was, caught him by the coat, and roughly pulled him off the track.

As the train thundered past, the porter inquired, "Another minute later, and what then?"

The old man looked up into the porter's face, and, smiling, answered, "What then, do you ask? Then glory." Taking the hand of the young man, who looked much astonished, he asked, "If it had been you, what then?"

The porter thought for a moment—then turned away, without speaking. He knew that he could not say, "Glory," as the old man had done; but he determined that, without loss of time, he would become enabled to say that, whatever happened, he would be safe, and so forthwith he sought Christ.

Almost Persuaded.

THE knock was loud at thy heart to-night;
Hast thou let thy master in?
He touched thine eyelids to give thee sight;
For a moment the world lost its false, fair light,
And hell seemed near and heaven seemed bright,
And heavy the weight of sin.

Hast thou opened yet? For he standeth near,
And he bids thee look and see
The side they pierced with a cruel spear,
The nail-torn hands, and the thorn-crowned head,
And the blood for thine atonement shed,
That the curse might pass from thee.

Hast thou opened yet? O! the words were plain
That touched thy heart to-night.
They told of thy Saviour's life of pain—
Homeless, sorrowful, tempted, lorn,
That a sinless robe might by thee be worn,
In heaven's own spotless light.

By that life and death with thy soul he pleads,
And fain would his rich gifts bring;
There is full provision for all thy needs—
A sight of the Crucified gives thee peace
From the curse of sin and its fear, release
From the fear of death, the sting.

There are robes of earth that in dust will lie,
And songs that will end in tears;
Sunshine to set in rayless gloom,
Flowers to hide the way to the tomb,
And through endless ages a lost soul's cry
For the wasted, vanished years.

There's a home where God wipes the tears away,
Where we lay aside the sin;
Where never a ransomed one will say,
"I'm sick, or pained, or grieved to-day;"
And the Saviour waits to show thee the way,
And to bid thee enter in.

Joy in the presence of the angels to-night,
If thou wilt arise and come;
But the joy of fiends, if they see thee slight
The robe, the crown, the home of light,
And choose the paths that will end in night,
And hell for the soul's long home.

—Selected.

Teachers' Department.

The Office of Librarian.

THE time is coming when the true worth and responsibility of the position of Sunday-school librarian will be better understood than at present. Now, in most schools, it is a position which is found useful in keeping a young man or two in connection with the school who otherwise would not be there. A moderate talent for handling a few hundred books and keeping an account of their whereabouts, with a stock of patience and good nature, constitute the requisite abilities for the average adequate and faithful Sunday-school librarian. It ought to be a position of far greater power and influence. The librarian of the future in Sunday-school work will be able to judge wisely of every book which comes under his control. He will be the influential one of any committee on library enlargement. He will keep himself acquainted with the wide range of Sunday-school literature, and be able to discern between the good, bad or indifferent books. Then, he will also study his readers and cultivate the wise adjustment of books and scholars. A mere name and number on a catalogue will not then be the only basis upon which a scholar takes home a book. The wise discretion of the librarian will be seen more or less in the scholars' selection of books. All books within the limits of the average Sunday-school library are not adapted alike to all scholars, even when as free from waste material as possible. It will be the librarian's work to study the art of adaptation. There ought to be as little misfit reading as possible. The librarian's office is the place to bear the responsibility for this. When the time

comes to honour the position in its possible range of influence in Sunday-school work, it will be seen how strong an adjunct to the wholesome influence of the school's work the library and its keeper can be.

If any church has a member, male or female, who covets earnestly the best gifts, let this one become interested in the Sunday-school library in itself, and become skilled in the power of discerning good books and adapting them to readers. There might be a very great benefit done by one well able to start and to follow up the effect of a good book upon a scholar's life. All this wealth of influence exerted through a suitable and inspiring book, would, of course, take much time and acquaintance with individuals and knowledge of human nature. But it shows the power which still is dormant in the library department of Sunday-school work.

Our Old Scissors.

OUR old scissors, beloved but dulled relic! Dullness all along the edge of the blade is the rule; at one particular place the thing will cut. Just there our scissors have a little sharpness. Try to cut beyond that point on this side of it, and you might as well try to divide a granite rock with them. One might naturally suggest the touching of that part of the blade with a little red paint, a kind of cutlery-rubic, whose meaning would be, "Cut here!" However, handling has made us experts. We know where to apply the power, whereas any one else would try in despair.

There are some people who are like those dull scissors. In certain kinds of work they can render good service. They can cut through only in one place. Apart from that point of usefulness, they are failures.

Here is Brother A., who has no gift in class-teaching. He is no financier. He can sing, though, all day, and all night, after a short nap. Use him in the song service.

Brother B. can no more sing than a mule. He has voice, but it is a bray. He cannot teach. He would not make a good treasurer. He is, however, a good penman, and you might with fitness set his pen to work in the care of the statistics of the school.

Here is Sister C., who has a knack in working up any social gathering. She will bake and scrub, also, most cheerfully, if it be for any social occasion. Have a place for her under this head of activities.

Still again, there is a woman who has not the least faculty in this world for any such service. However, there is a place where the scissors will cut. You want scholars. This woman has a knack in finding out and getting out people. Put her on the track of children outside the Sunday-school, and she will follow that trail like a hound, and bring you to the game you want, and also bring you the game.

The point in these thoughts is, that everybody is gifted with some useful quality. The scissors will cut in some one place. He is a fortunate administrator who understands, appreciates, and finds a place for other people's powers. Hand us those scissors.—S. S. Journal.

The Bible in the Sunday-School.

EXPERIENCE proves that the Bible, in its entirety as a volume, can be kept in the hands of the scholars in our Sabbath-schools, if the officers of the school, or the pastor, or the session, care to have it done. It is not a question of Bible or *Lesson Leaf*, save as those who manage the school care to have it so, or do not care enough to have it otherwise. In the schools in which any of the parties named above make the effort the Bible is used in the

classes. The vast majority of those who purchase the *Lesson Leaf* desire the Bible-text printed upon it, and they have a full right to claim that it shall not be thrown out against their wish. Certainly those who will not do what is done by others attend to the ordering of their schools as to what shall be in the hands of the scholars during the hour of Bible-study—have no right to demand that those who take the *Lesson Leaf* as it is, with the Bible-text, and wish to continue to receive it with the text, shall be refused this privilege. Far better is *Leaf* is kept in its place, as a help to study, and that the scholars, aye, and the teachers too, use the sacred volume in the class.—Westminster Teacher.

Dangerous Companions.

WHEN a young man has made up his mind to walk on the edge of a precipice for the sake of seeking prospects, he always finds plenty of company. There are abundance of people with strong heads, who, having walked these paths until they are quite certain of their foothold, are ready to go out with new beginners. If these accidentally lose their heads and fall over, whose fault is that? Not theirs, of course—they never fall. They look where they step, and their heads do not turn. It is not the drunkards and thieves who are dangerous companions to young men. Oh dear, no! It is your respectable young men, who have learned to sip discreetly in all sorts of forbidden fountains, and nibble here and there carefully of the forbidden fruit. They drink, but are never drunk. They have the knack of knowing all that is to be known in the ways of wickedness, and yet keep even step with the righteous. They are never going to hurt themselves, they tell you, but they believe in a certain freedom. They could never see the sense of temperance pledges. For their part they don't need them; and if there is any-thing they abominate it is your radical, strait-laced people, who keep always in the dusty turnpike for fear of the precipice. But sometimes men get too near the edge of the precipice, and then—what then? Young man, take counsel of the wise, and walk safely.

Be Courteous.

NOR long since, while crossing the river to Jersey City, I noticed an old lady, neat but humbly dressed, who was attended by a young gentlewoman. That she was, though her dress indicated one who could scarcely be in comfortable circumstances in life. The younger woman carried a basket of considerable size, while the elder had a bundle and a cane. She was quite lame, and walked slowly. The thought crossed my mind as I gazed at them, "That woman is blessed with a kind and loving daughter or niece."

I passed from the boat in advance of them, and took my seat in a horse-car. Presently, the couple came to the same car; and after comfortably seating the elder lady and disposing of her basket, the younger bade her a kind good-bye, and went away. The old lady's eyes were full, and her heart, too. Turning to me, she said:

"That's what I call Christian courtesy. That girl is an entire stranger to me, yet has come all the way from Eight Avenue cars with me, to carry my basket, and would not even let me pay her fare."

I then recalled her quiet happy expression. I believe I should know her again, here, or hereafter; and I must strongly believe that if she lives to old age she will not be comfortless or cheerless.

The River of Wine.

Do you know that stream—that siren stream—
That flows from the lands of the sun?—
It gathers its food from the vine's rich blood,
But the stream is a bitter one,
For beneath its gleam—its lurking gleam,
The waters of Marah run.

Perchance you have seen adown its tide
Gay vessels and barks drifting by:
You have watched from the brink, earth's fair ones drink
With the light of youth in their eye;
You saw but joy at the river's side,
As the tide rose clear and high.

But wait till the one you love so well,
Bows down to the glittering stream,
And sees in the shine of the crimson wine,
A burdening, maddening dream—
Then you will know what lip cannot tell—
The curse of that river's gleam!

For not to the eye of the passer-by
Does this stream its horrors show,
But all those whose dear ones have lingered here,
Its terrible secrets know;
And there is no name their lips can try,
Which can fitly tell its woe.

O river of wine, for each drop of thine,
Some sad eye has shed a tear!
But thy crimson tide must one day subside.
When the Lord of the earth draws near.
For naught that maketh heart to repine,
Can enter his kingdom here.

The Old Woman Who Set Her House on Fire.

HUSUM is a town on the west coast of Slesing, on the North Sea. Any one who is fond of oysters should go to Husum. It is always very cold in winter, and plenty of ice is there. But once it froze so hard that the inner harbour was covered with beautiful smooth ice. The Husum folk rejoiced at this. All who had legs to carry them hastened to the ice. The little oyster town was quite deserted.

The people had a grand fete; tents were built, and there were much pleasure and amusement; they played, laughed, danced, ate, and drank, and glided over the smooth ice. They did not notice the white cloud in the sky, and they forgot the poor sick old woman in her cottage on the dike. But she did not forget them as she looked from her sick bed and saw the cloud, and she knew that it meant danger, for in her younger days she had had many a fishing and oyster-catching trip with her husband. She saw that one little cloud followed by others, and that they formed themselves into one great black cloud. She knew that if a storm arose all those people on the ice would be drowned. In half an hour it would be high tide. The old woman cried as loud as she could, but the merry folk on the ice neither heard nor saw her. Only a few minutes and perhaps the rising sea would bury hundreds in its waves.

Then the old woman put forth all her strength. She struck a light and put a firebrand to her bed, and with difficulty escaped from the burning house. In a moment the bright flames darted upward; they were seen on the ice. All rushed to the land to the rescue.

The last foot had scarcely left the ice when, with a terrible crash, the rising waves broke the ice; but all were safe. The people wished to save the little old woman, but she, in her wisdom, had been the means of saving them.

It is needless to tell how grateful the people of Husum were to the little old woman, and how they provided her with a dwelling, with food, and with clothing.

A Great Nation.

CHINA is great in many respects. She is great in her antiquity. Founded before Egypt or Nineveh, she exists and flourishes still. Before Romulus built the walls of Rome, before Samuel anointed Saul king over Israel, she was a strong, well-organized, mighty empire. Her records date back four thousand years. For twenty centuries the great wall which encircles her, covered with granite, has been built. When we Americans were barbarians, and our English ancestors were savages, the common people of China were clothed in silks and satins. In the year 1250, Marco Polo visited China. He was the first European traveller to do so; and when, upon his return, he told his story concerning that land and its people, and the wonderful things he had seen there, he was by some adjudged insane, and by others pronounced the supreme liar of his day. But what we know to-day corroborates the truthfulness of his marvellous tales.

China is great also in her inventions. It probably is not commonly known that for printing, gunpowder, the mariners' compass, the making of paper, porcelain, and India ink, the world is indebted to China. Printing was invented in Europe in the fifteenth century. In the second century of the Christian era, printing on wooden blocks was known to China. With the exception of the electric telegraph and the steam-engine—comparatively new discoveries with us—it may be said there is no great invention which did not originate in China.

Moreover, China is great in her public works. The roads over the Himalaya Mountains will compare very favourably with the great highways over the Alpine passes. China also boasts of two thousand canals, which afford free and easy intercourse throughout all the empire. One of these canals is twelve hundred miles in length, and was completed before Columbus was born.

Again, the Chinese agriculture is not surpassed by that of any other nation. For many centuries the soil has been taxed to support the immense population dependent upon its products, and yet it is said to be richer than ever to-day.

We have heard much in these days of the breaking down of bridges, by which not a few human lives have been sacrificed. Such a thing may be said to be unknown in China, for, should an accident happen, the builder, if yet alive, would be bastinadoed. Consequently, Chinese bridges do not break down.

Once more, China is great in her educational character. The diffusion of knowledge is more universal and more firmly established than in any other nation. No matter how much wealth or influence a man may have, it is impossible for him to hold any public office in China unless he has received the prescribed education. There is but one passport to political station among the Chinese, viz., intelligence. Even the Emperor himself, powerful as he is, cannot override this law of the realm.

We all know something of the power of monopolies. In China they have no tolls, either upon their canals or upon their bridges—all are free. We know, also, something of national and municipal debts, and of the taxation which necessarily results therefrom. In China, notwithstanding the expensive wars they have had, both international and civil, there exists no public debt.—*Rev. Geo. D. Baker, D.D.*

If you can only read one book, let it be the Bible; it will give the best return for your time. The Bible is the only book that we will care to have on our death-bed.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK.

A.D. 27]

LESSON III.

[Jan. 20

HEALING OF THE LEPER.

Mark 1. 35-45.

Commit to memory verses, 40, 41

GOLDEN TEXT.

As soon as he had spoken, immediately the leprosy departed from him, and he was cleansed. Mark 1. 42.

OUTLINE.

1. Praying, v. 35.
2. Teaching, v. 36-39.
3. Healing, 40-45.

TIME.—27 A.D.

PLACES.—Galilee and the towns about Capernaum.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The lesson follows immediately, in Mark's story, the last lesson, with nothing intervening.

EXPLANATIONS.—*A solitary place*—Some place adjacent, and among the hills; this was his frequent custom. *The next towns*—The adjacent towns of Galilee. *Came I forth*—Both out of Capernaum, and out from God to preach the Gospel to all. *A leper*—A man sick with the disease called leprosy, very common, very loathsome, and very deadly. *He was cleansed*—Was cured. *Offer for thy cleansing*—The ceremony for the cleansing of the leper is described in Lev. 14.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Praying.*
What great lesson is taught to Christians in ver. 35? Was Jesus in the habit of going alone to pray? Find two instances where he went alone at night for this purpose? What was his teaching in the Sermon on the Mount concerning prayer? How was his solitude disturbed?
2. *Teaching.*
Why did Simon and the rest follow him? What was the lesson he taught them concerning his mission? Is there any evidence here that they understood his true character? What was the real reason of the throng seeking him? What was the character of the preaching which he did through their towns? Matt. 4. 17 and 23.
3. *Healing.*
When was it that this incident of healing happened? Matt. 8. 1-2.
What was the nature of this disease? If Christ could heal by a word, what would it prove? Was it a case well enough marked not to allow of doubt as to whether it was leprosy or not? Luke 5. 12.
What was the effect of the cure? For what did Jesus feel the need after this miracle? Luke 5. 16.
Why do you suppose he prayed so much in these days?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Jesus went early alone to pray. If he needed to pray, how we must need it? All men sought him, but not to believe. They sought to gaze, and wonder. How men now crowd our churches to see or hear a great preacher! Here was a man who prayed for cure, believed, received, and then disobeyed. His desire moved Christ's great heart to heal, but Christ's desire did not move his heart to obey. He acted like many a man to-day. He sought, he took, he gave back nothing. How is it with you?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Find all the instances you can that speak of Jesus as praying.
2. Find on a map of Palestine ten towns in Galilee to which Jesus may have gone on this preaching tour. B., C., S., M., T., N., S., I., M., J., A.
3. Read the accounts given by Matthew and by Luke of these events.
4. Where were the desert places to which he could go? Would boats at Capernaum help him any?
5. Read the directions for cleansing leprosy in Lev. 14.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Jesus go on the morning after the Sabbath? To a solitary place to pray. 2. Who found him in his solitude? Simon, Andrew, James, and John. 3. How did he answer their wish that he would return to Capernaum. Let us go into the next towns. 4. What peculiar prayer did a leper make to him on this tour? If thou wilt thou canst make me clean. 5. When Jesus answered, "I will," what happened? "As soon as he had spoken," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The God-man.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

4. What do you call his religion? Christianity.
5. Are there any other religions in the world? There is only one Divine Teacher, and only one true religion: but there have been many false teachers and there are many false religions.

A.D. 27.] LESSON IV. [Jan. 27

FORGIVENESS AND HEALING.

Mark 2. 1-12. Memory verses, 10-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases. Psa. 103. 3.

OUTLINE.

1. Forgiving Iniquities, v. 1-5.
2. Healing Diseases, v. 6-12.

TIME.—27 A.D.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The story of the life of Jesus runs continuously from the last lesson into the present one. He went on with his first preaching tour, till, interrupted by the thronging multitudes raised by the story of the leper, he retired into the deserts for seclusion and prayer. At last he returned to Capernaum, and here our lesson begins.

EXPLANATIONS.—*It was noised*—It was reported throughout the city. *In the house*—Either his own house, where he had made a home for his mother, or into Peter's house. *Sick of the palsy*—Or smitten with paralysis. *Uncovered the roof*—Either opened a connecting trap-door, or removed the court awnings, or made an opening through the flat house-top by breaking up the tiles. If Jesus was in the court the second is the probable way; if in an upper room, either of the others. *speak blasphemies*—That is, utter words which are direct profanations of God's holiness.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Forgiving Iniquities.*
What evidence of the great popularity of Jesus in this lesson?
What at this time seems to have been his one purpose?
For what purpose only did he perform miracles?
What was it moved Jesus to say to the palsied man, "Son, thy sins," etc.?
How had great faith been shown?
What makes this day specially important in the history of his life-work?
2. *Healing Diseases.*
What criticism was passed upon him by some present?
How did he now prove his right to assume power over spiritual disease?
What power over human hearts did Jesus also display?
With whom did Jesus claim equality by proving his power to forgive sins?
What is forgiveness?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Christ in Capernaum could not be hid. Christ in the heart cannot be. A heart filled with Christ always is a centre of holy influence.

Four brought one. They knew no discouragement. They had a definite purpose. They accomplished it. They were not responsible for their friend's cure. They left him with Jesus. What an example for us to follow!

Christ gave more than they expected. He always does.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Learn what you can of a Jewish house, and how all this could have happened.
2. Find other instances of the cavilling attitude of the scribes.
3. Give three characteristics of the four friends.
4. Was this man both healed and forgiven? Prove it.

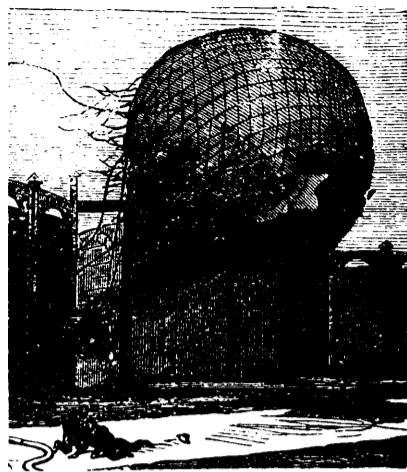
THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. To what place did Jesus return? To Capernaum.
2. What happened as soon as his presence was known? A crowd surrounded his house.
3. What interrupted his preaching? A man let down through the roof.
4. What did Christ do for him? Forgave him and healed him.
5. In what character did Christ thus become known? As the forgiver of sins.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Forgiveness.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

5. How did Jesus Christ show that he was a teacher sent from God?
By performing signs and wonders such as could be performed only by the power of God.
John iii. 2. Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these signs that thou doest, except God be with him.



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 STALLBRASS.** 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 TALES 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.D., 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 Rates*.

Illustrated Articles.

The most conspicuous feature of the year will be a series of articles by the Rev. John Rond, 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 Sinaitic 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 SAQUENAY. 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 BELIEF. 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 ELDER'S WIFE. By "Saxe Holm."

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

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.

1888.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.

We have this season a large and beautiful assortment of

HOLIDAY GIFT BOOKS,

For Boys and Girls.

ANNUALS FOR 1888.

INCLUDING THE

Boy's Own and Girl's Own Annuals.
Chatterbox. Sunday at Home.
Leisure Hour. British
Workman, etc., etc.

BOOKLETS.

A large assortment of these Choice and Dainty Volumes, which are fast taking the Place of Christmas Cards.

BIBLES,

In Large Variety. OXFORD, COLLINS' and BAGSTER'S.

We make a specialty of the favourite OXFORD TEACHER'S BIBLE, all prices and bindings, from \$1.00 upwards.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!

All sizes and prices. For the young and old. We have books to suit everybody.

NOW IS THE TIME

FOR

Sunday-School Entertainments

Send for our Catalogue of

READINGS,

RECITATIONS,

AND DIALOGUES,

And also for a sample copy of our New Book,

SUNDAY-SCHOOL AND CHURCH ENTERTAINMENTS.

Just out, 30 cts. each, post free.

A BEAUTIFUL VOLUME.

The Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

FOR VERY YOUNG CHILDREN.

By Emma Marshall.

This is a beautiful volume, full of illustrations, and printed in very large type. Size 9 x 11½ inches, bound in red cloth.

Price only 90 cents.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 & 80 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO
C. W. COATES, Montreal. S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax.