

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

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

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

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

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

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

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.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

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 VISITORS

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

RUPPEL, SMITH & CO. TORONTO

Vol. VII.]

TORONTO, MAY 4, 1889.

[No. 9.

Through the Dark Continent.

BY HENRY M. STANLEY.

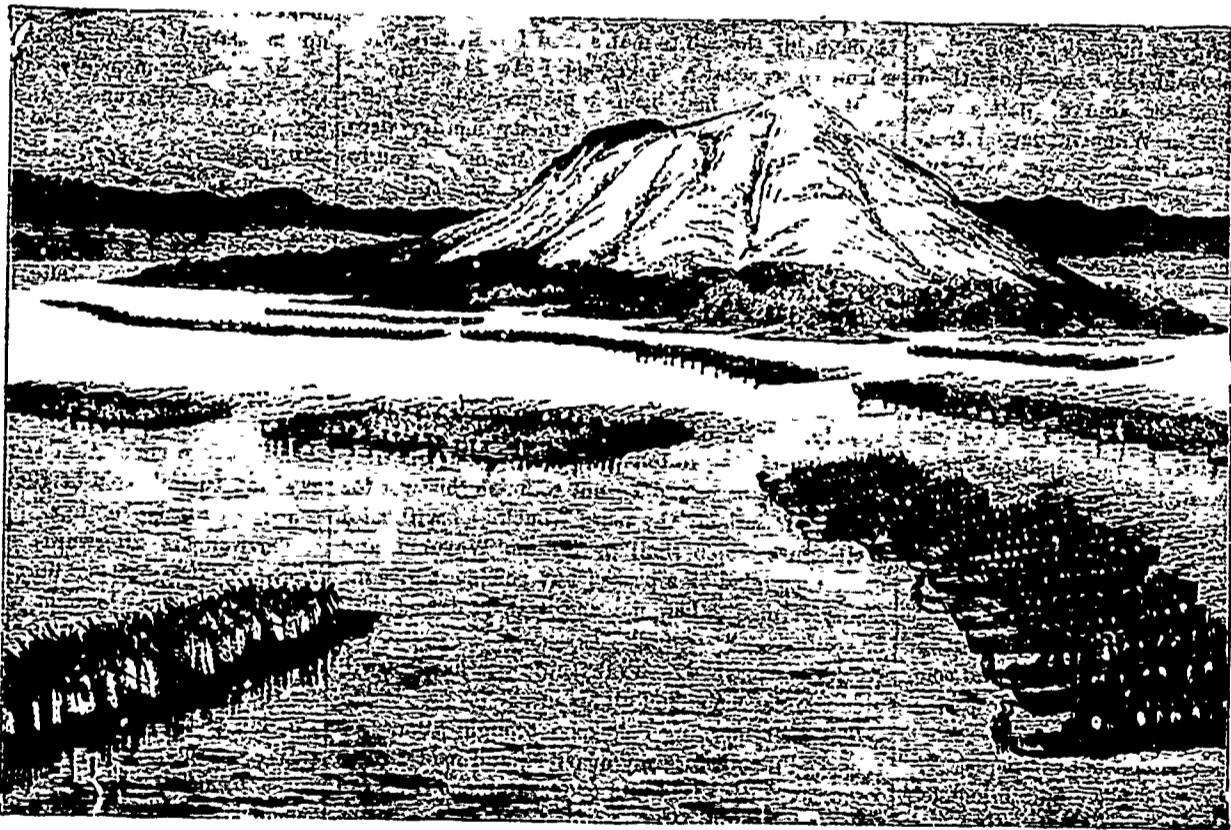
IX.

On the 14th September, 1875, the Emperor of Uganda decided to give battle to his enemies—the Wavuma. A hut of ample size had been erected on the mountain slope overlooking the strait, into which Mtesa retired. When the Emperor was seated, the "prophets of Baal," or the priests and priestesses of the Muzimu, or witchcraft, came up—more than a hundred in number—and offered

battle, these wizards and witches chant their incantations, and exhibit their medicines on high before the foe; while the gourd-and-pebble-bearers sound a hideous alarm, enough to cause the nerves of any man, except an African, to relax at once. The spectators were seated, safe from harm or danger, on the slope of Nakaranga mountain, from the water's edge to the mountain summit, tier above tier, and rank above rank, in thousands upon thousands. At a given signal from their chiefs, forth from the reeds and rushes shot the prows of the Wavuma canoes; and then, giving utterance to

This was all the battle; but, short as it was, it had sufficed to prove to me that Mtesa would be unable to take Ingira Island, garrisoned and defended as it was by such a determined foe.

During the afternoon of this day, Mtesa held a grand levee, and when all were assembled, he addressed them publicly, to the effect that in a few days another battle would be fought, but, as he had heard very important news, he intended to wait a while to ascertain if it was true. Suddenly, on the 18th September, at early dawn, orders were communicated to the chiefs to prepare for battle. The



GREAT NAVAL BATTLE BETWEEN THE WAGANDA AND THE WAVUMA.

the charms to Mtesa, one after another, in a most tedious, ceremonious way, and to all of them Mtesa condescended to point his imperial forefinger.

The chief priest was a most fantastically dressed madman. It is customary before commencing a battle to carry all the potent medicines or charms of Uganda—thus propitiating the dreadful Muzimu or evil spirits—to the monarch, that he may touch or point his forefinger at them. They consist of dead lizards, bits of wood, hide, nails of dead people, claws of animals, and beaks of birds—a hideous miscellany—with mysterious compounds of herbs and leaves, carefully enclosed in vessels ornamented with vari-coloured beads. During the

most shrill war-cries, the rowers impelled them from all quarters, to the number of 194, with an extraordinary velocity upon the Waganda line, which now began to retire slowly towards the causeway. On the causeway, at its farthest extremity, were assembled a force of a hundred musketeers and four small boat howitzers, under the command of the Katekiro. But, owing to the want of skill of the cannoniers and the nervousness of the musketeers, very little damage was inflicted on the Wavuma; but the noise and whirring of lead and iron sufficed to check them, and caused them to withdraw, with much of the baffled aspect of hungry crocodiles cheated of their prey.

first intelligence of it that I received was from the huge war-drums, which summoned both sailors and warriors to action. But first a burzah, or council, was held. At night, gossipy Sabadu, whose retentive brain I knew I could trust, conveyed to me a faithful report of the proceedings; and I cannot do better than give it to the reader in Sabadu's language:—

"Ah! master, you have missed a sight. I never saw Mtesa so angry as he was to-day. Oh, it was awful! His eyes were as large as my fists. They jumped from their sockets, and they were glowing as fire. Didn't the chiefs tremble! They were as children, whimpering and crying for forgiveness.

'I shall see to-day,' he said, 'who will not fight; I will see who will dare to run away from the Wavuma. I will sit down to-day, and watch for the coward, and the coward I will burn. I swear it.' Instantly the Katekiro fell on his face to the ground, and cried, 'Kabaka (emperor), send me to-day to fight; watch my flag, and if I turn my back to the Wavuma, then take and burn me, or cut me to little pieces.' The example of the Katekiro was followed by the other chiefs, and they all swore to be desperately brave."

At 8.20 a.m., while I was at the point of Nakaranga, the sound of drums approached me, and I knew that the council was ended, and that the battle would soon begin. Mtesa appeared anything but a Christian, judging from his looks. Presently other drums sounded from the water-side, and soon the beautiful canoes of Uganda appeared in view. The entire war-fleet of two hundred and thirty vessels rode gracefully on the calm, gray waters of the channel. The fleet, containing some sixteen thousand men, moved to the attack upon Ingira. The centre, defended by the flanks, which were to menace the rear Wavuma, should they approach near the causeway, resolutely advanced to within thirty yards of Ingira, and poured in a most murderous fire among the slingers of the island. The Wavuma, seeing matters approaching a crisis, and not wishing to die tamely, manned their canoes, and one hundred and ninety-six dashed impetuously from the rushes of Ingira, with loud, shrill yells, and the Waganda lines moved backward to the centre of the channel, where they bravely and coolly maintained their position. Mtesa went down to the water's edge to express his satisfaction.

"Go at them again," said he, "and show them what fighting is." And the line of battle was again formed, and again the Wavuma darted from the cover of the reeds and water-cane, with the swiftness of hungry sharks, beating the water into foam with their paddles, and rending the air with their piercing yells.

A fourth battle was fought by two hundred and fourteen Waganda canoes and two hundred and three Wavuma canoes. The Wavuma obtained the victory most signally, chasing the Waganda within forty yards of Nakaranga Cape, and being only driven from their prey by the musketeers and the howitzers on the causeway, which inflicted great execution on them at such close quarters. The Waganda did not attempt another trial, for they were disorganized and dispirited after the signal defeat they had experienced.

I learned that Mtesa's gunpowder was almost exhausted, and that he had scarcely a round left for each musket. This fact alarmed him, and compelled him to request me to lend him my powder in the camp at Dumo, which was refused in such a decided tone that he never repeated the request.

It was now the 5th of October, and I had left my camp on the 12th of August. It was necessary that I should participate in some manner in the war, and end it. Yet I scarce knew how I should act effectively to produce results beneficial to all parties. My energies and thoughts were bent, therefore, upon discovering a solution of the problem how to injure none, yet satisfy all. At length I devised a plan which I thought would succeed; but, before I was enabled to perfect my scheme, an incident occurred which called for my immediate intervention. Mtesa, by means of his scouts, had succeeded in capturing one of the principal chiefs of the Wavuma, and the most important strangers had been invited to be present to witness the execution of this chief at the stake. When I arrived at the scene, a large quantity of faggots had already been collected to burn him.

By this mode of punishment, Mtesa thought he would be able to strike terror into the souls of the Wavuma.

"Now, Stamlee," he said, "you shall see how a chief of Uvuma dies. He is about to be burnt. The Wavuma will tremble when they hear of the manner of his death."

"Ah, Mtesa," I said, "have you forgotten the words of the good book which I have read to you so often? 'If thy brother offend thee, thou shalt forgive many times.' 'Love thy enemies.' 'Do good to them that hate you.' 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' 'Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.'"

"But this man is at war with me. Shall this man not die, Stamlee?"

"No, Mtesa! It is time the war was ended. You must stop this wild, pagan way of thinking. It is only the pagan Mtesa who speaks now. It is not the man Mtesa whom I saw, and whom I made a friend. It is not 'Mtesa the good,' whom you said your people loved. It is not Mtesa the Christian—it is the savage."

"Stamlee! Stamlee! Wait a short time, and you will see. What are you waiting for?" he said, suddenly turning round to the executioners, who were watching his looks.

Instantly the poor old man was bound. But, suddenly rising, I said to Mtesa, "Listen to one word. The white man speaks but once. Listen to me for the last time. Kill that poor old man, and I shall leave you to-day, unless you kill me too; and from Zanzibar to Cairo I shall tell every Arab I meet what a murderous beast you are, and through all the white man's land I shall tell, with a loud voice, what a wicked act I saw Mtesa do."

Mtesa's face had been a picture, wherein the passions of brutish fury and thirsty murder were portrayed most faithfully. The tears now began to well in his eyes, and, finally, while they rolled in large drops down his face, he sobbed loudly like a child. An hour afterwards, I was summoned by a page to his presence, and Mtesa said:—

"Stamlee will not say Mtesa is bad now, for he has forgiven the chief, and will not hurt him. Will Stamlee say that Mtesa is good now?"

"Mtesa is very good," and I clasped his hand warmly. "Be patient—all shall come out right. I have something to tell you. I have thought over your trouble here, and I want to finish this war for your good, without any more trouble. I will build a structure which shall terrify the Wavuma, and make them glad of a peace; but you must give me plenty of men to help me, and in three days I shall be ready."

"Take everybody—do anything you like! I will give you Sekebobu and all his men."

The next morning Sekebobu brought about two thousand men before my quarters, and requested to know my will. I told him to despatch one thousand men to cut long poles, one inch thick and seven feet long; one hundred to cut straight long trees, four inches thick; and one hundred to disembark all these, and make bark rope. Himself and five hundred men I wished to assist me at the beach. I selected three of the strongest-built canoes, each seventy feet long and six-and-a-half feet wide, and, after preparing a space of ground near the water's edge, had them drawn up parallel with one another, and four feet apart from each other. With these three canoes I began to construct a floating platform, laying tall trees across the canoes, and lashing them firmly to the thwarts; then seven-foot poles were lashed in an upright position to the thwarts of the outer canoes, and I had other poles twisted in among these uprights, so that, when completed, it resembled an oblong stockade, seventy

feet long by twenty-seven feet wide, which the spears of the enemy could not penetrate.

About one thousand men were then set to work to launch it, and soon it was floating in the water; and when the crew and garrison—two hundred and fourteen souls—were in it, it was evident to all that it rode the waves of the lake easily and safely, and a burst of applause from the army rewarded the inventor. Several long blue and white and red cloths were hoisted above this curious structure, which, when closed up all round, appeared to move of its own accord, in a very mysterious manner, and to conceal within its silent and impenetrable walls some dread thing, well calculated to strike terror into the mind of the ignorant savage.

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 13th of October, the army was assembled with unusual display, and it was proclaimed that a terrible thing was approaching, which would blow the Wavuma into atoms if they did not make peace at once, and acknowledge the power of Mtesa. After this announcement, which was made with all gravity, the awful, mysterious structure appeared, while the drums beat a tremendous sound, and the multitude of horns blew a deafening blast.

It was a moment of anxiety to me, for manifold reasons. The fort, perfectly defensible in itself against the most furious assaults by men armed with spears, steadily approached the point, then steered direct for the island of Ingira, until it was within fifty yards.

"Speak!" said a stentorian voice, amid a deadly silence within. "What will you do? Will you make peace and submit to Mtesa, or shall we blow up the island? Be quick and answer."

There was a moment's consultation among the awe-stricken Wavuma. Immediate decision was imperative.

"Speak," repeated the stern voice; "we cannot wait longer."

Immediately, to our relief, a man—evidently a chief—answered, "Enough; let Mtesa be satisfied. We will collect the tribute to-day, and will come to Mtesa. Return, O spirit, the war is ended!"

At which the mysterious structure solemnly began its return back to the cove where it had been constructed, and the quarter of a million of savage human beings, spectators of the extraordinary scene, gave a shout that seemed to split the very sky, and Ingira's bold height repeated the shock of sound back to Nakaranga.

Three hours afterwards, a canoe came from Ingira Island, bearing fifty men, some of whom were chiefs. They brought with them several tusks of ivory, and two young girls, daughters of the two principal chiefs of Uvuma. These were the tribute; and thus the long war terminated on the evening of the 13th October, 1875.

We set out next morning, the 14th October, at three o'clock. We were wakened by the tremendous "Jojuusu," the great king of war-drums. Instantly we began to pack up. But I was scarcely dressed before my people rushed up to me, crying that the immense camp was fired in a hundred different places. I rushed out of my hut, and was astounded to see that the flames devoured the grass huts so fast that, unless we instantly departed, we should be burnt along with them. Hastily snatching my pistols, I bade the Wangwana shoulder the goods and follow me, as they valued their lives.

The great road from Mtesa's quarters, though one hundred feet wide, was rendered impassable by furious, overlapping waves of fire. There was only one way left, which was up to the slope of the mountain, and through the camp of the Wavuma. We were not alone in the attempt to escape by

this way, for about sixty thousand human beings had sought the same path, and were wedged into an almost solid mass, so great was the danger and the anxiety to be away from the cruel sea of fire below.

It was a grand scene, but a truly terrible one; and I thought, as I looked down on it, that the Waganda were now avenging the dead Wavuma with their own hands—for out of a quarter of a million of human beings, there must have been an immense number of sick unable to move. Besides these, what numbers of witless women and little ones, having lost presence of mind, must have perished; and how many must have been trampled down by the rush of such a vast number to escape the conflagration! The wide-leaping, far-reaching tongues of flame, voraciously eating the dry, tindery material of the huts, and blown by a strong breeze from the lake, almost took my breath away, and several times I felt as if my very vitals were being scorched; but, with heads bent low, we charged on blindly, knowing no guide save the instinct of self-preservation.

As soon as an opportunity permitted, I looked after the laggards of my party, and, by dint of severity, kept them together; but three or four were more than half inclined to give in before we breathed cooler air, and could congratulate ourselves upon our safety.

Indignant at such a murderous course—for I mentally taxed Mtesa with this criminal folly—I marched my party far from the route of the Waganda army; and though repeatedly urged by Mtesa to attach myself to his party, I declined to do so until he should explain to me why he had commanded the camp to be fired without warning to his people, or to myself his guest. His messenger at once acquitted him of such gross recklessness, and declared that he had arrested several persons suspected of having fired the camp, and that he himself had suffered the loss of goods and women in the flames. I thereupon, glad that he was not the author of the catastrophe, sent my salaams, and a promise to rejoin him at Ugungu, on the Uganda side of the Ripon Falls, which I did on the 18th October.

(To be continued.)

Sister Dora.

In October last, a statue was raised in the town of Walsall, in the Black Country, "the first ever erected in England to a woman, with the exception of Queen Anne and Queen Victoria."

A singular story lies behind this event. Walsall, a large manufacturing town, was filled, twenty years ago, with a rough, drunken community of labouring people. The drainage and streets were in a deplorable condition, and every year small-pox and low fever raged unchecked.

In 1864, Dorothy Pattison, better known as "Sister Dora," went to Walsall during a fearful outbreak of small-pox, nursed the sick and dying, and even, with her own hands, laid out and buried the dead, when no man would dare to perform the last friendly office. So violent was the antipathy to the gray gown of the sister, that she was stoned and driven through the streets of Walsall with vile obscenity and abuse.

Once a stone, thrown by a boy, cut her in the forehead and felled her to the earth. She went on with her work quietly, but with indomitable resolution, treating her rough enemies—when they became her patients—with infinite tenderness, mixed with a shrewd, joking humour, which caught their fancy. One of the very men who had stoned her was brought in, crushed almost beyond recognition

in a coal-pit, for her to nurse. He became her most devoted friend.

Slowly she won over the multitudes of ruffianly men and women. She became "Our Sister Dora" to the ignorant, faithful souls.

On one occasion, when the hospital was filled with cases of virulent small-pox, she closed the doors to prevent the spread of infection, and, with one's man help, nursed, cooked, washed, and scrubbed for them all. One patient, when in the last agony, raised himself with a terrible effort, and cried out, "Kiss me once, sister, before I die!" which she did, instantly.

When she fell a victim to her work at last, the people mourned for her as if each man had lost his nearest friend. One of the eighteen labouring men who carried her to the grave, said:—

"We want her cut in marble, with her cap an' goon and blessed face. It's not that we'll forget her—no danger o' that; but we want her to be there, so that when strangers come and see her standing up there, they'll say, 'Who's that?' An' we'll say, 'Who's that? That's our Sister Dora.'"

The statue, just erected, was built by countless small contributions from the poor, and stands in the very square where she was stoned, to show one triumph of pure womanly goodness in the world.—Selected.

The Parish Minister's Questions.

THE parish minister in a town not a hundred miles from Dunfermline, Fifeshire, was recently going the round of all the Board Schools in the course of systematic examination. The day was warm, and the minister, feeling exhausted on reaching the school, took a seat for a few minutes to cool down and recover his breath; but even while doing so, he thought he might as well utilize the time in a congenial way, being naturally a bit of a wag.

So he addressed the boys thus: "Well, lads, can any of you tell me why black sheep eat less than white sheep?" There was no answer to this question; and the minister, after telling them it was because there were less of them, with pretended severity said he was sorry to see them in such a state of ignorance as not to be able to answer such a simple question. But he would give them another:

"Can any of you lads tell me what bishop of the Church of England has the largest hat?"

Here the children were again cornered for a solution.

"What! Don't you know," said the minister, "that the bishop with the largest hat is the bishop with the largest head? But, seeing I have been giving you some puzzling questions, I will now allow you to have your turn, and put some questions to me, to see if I can answer them."

Silence fell upon the whole school. No one, apparently, was bold enough to tackle the minister.

At length, from the far corner of the room, a little chap of about seven years got upon his feet, and, with an audacity that actually appalled the master, cried out, in a shrill, piping voice, but with the utmost sang froid: "Can you tell me why millers wear white caps?"

The minister was perfectly astounded, and for the life of him could find no solution of the problem. He began to feel somewhat uncomfortable, while the master frowned, with awful threatening in his glance, at the undaunted young culprit, who stood calmly waiting a reply to his poser.

"No, my boy," said the minister, at length, "I cannot tell why millers wear white caps. What is the reason?"

"Weel, sir," replied the young shaver, "millers wear white caps just to cover their heads."

It is needless to remark that the roar which followed rather disconcerted the minister, and he had some difficulty afterward in proceeding with his official examination.—*Scottish American*.

The Warmth of a Word.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

'Twas a day in the dead of winter,
And the echo of hurried feet
Struck sharp from the icy pavement
Of the pitiless city street.

Each passer-by was loath to linger,
Though wrapped in a fur-clad fold;
For the air was a-tingle with frost flakes,
And the sky was benumbed with cold.

The cimter wind, in its fury,
Bore down like a sweeping foe;
The tempest was waiting the onset,
And abroad were its scouts of snow.

Yet, 'midst it all, with his tatters
A-flap in the whirling blast,
A child who seemed born of the winter—
A creature of penury—passed.

So tremulous were his accents,
As he shivered and crouched and sung,
That the names of the mumbled papers
Seemed frozen upon his tongue.

He paused for a bitter moment,
As a wondrously genial face
Arrested his voice and held him
With a pity that warmed the place.

"Have a paper?" The kind eye glistened
As the stranger took the sheet,
And glanced at the stiffened fingers,
And thought of the icy feet.

Then dropped in his hand the value
Of his fifty papers sold;
"Ah, poor little friend!" he faltered,
"Don't you shiver and ache with cold?"

The boy, with a gulp of gladness,
Sobbed out, as he raised his eye
To the warmth of the face above him,
"I did, sir—till you passed by!"

Gladstone on Bible-Study.

RECENTLY a Bible-class teacher in Manchester, England, wrote to the Hon. W. E. Gladstone for advice about study, and received an extended reply, of which this is a part:—

"Two things especially will I commend to your thoughts. The first is this: Christianity in Christ, and the nearness to him and his image, is the end of all your efforts. Thus the Gospels, which continually present to us one Pattern, have a kind of precedence among the books of Holy Scripture. I advise you remembering that the Scriptures have two purposes:—One to feed the people of God in green pastures; the other to serve for proof of doctrine. These are not divided by a sharp line from one another, yet they are provinces on the whole district, and in some ways different. We are variously called to various works. But we all require to feed in the pastures and to drink at the well. For this purpose the Scriptures are incomparably simple to all those willing to be fed. The same can not be said in regard to the proof or construction of doctrine. This is a desirable work—but not for us all. It requires to be pursued with more of external helps—more learning and good guides—more knowledge of the historical development of our religion, which development is one of the most wonderful parts of all human history, and, in my opinion, affords also one of the strongest demonstrations of its truth, and of the power and goodness of God."

The Quiet Hour.

A LITTLE rest in the twilight
After my work is done,
A little time with the Master
At setting of the sun.

The day has been one of trial,
Of failure oft, and tears;
But Jesus knows all my weakness,
He knows my doubts and fears.

All sordid thoughts I can banish,
And let my spirit fly
Above the earth and its sorrow
To God's white throne on high.

The door of a place of refuge,
A palace of quiet rest,
Is near, and my soul is longing
To find the portal blest.

I come with my heavy burdens,
I come with all my sin;
I knock, and the door swings open,
And Jesus lets me in.

My sin departs, and my trouble
Is lost in blissful calm,
This quiet hour with my Saviour
Has soothed my heart like balm.

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, 90 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, 16 pp. 8vo.	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 9c. 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 3
Less than 20 copies	0 21
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	6 50

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

C. W. COATES, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal.
S. F. HURSTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Home and School.

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

TORONTO, MAY 4, 1889.

The Book to Rest Upon.

If you should lie down upon a bed from which you were never to rise again, and would like a book to place under your pillow as a kind of companion, I think I know what book you would select. It would not be a book of tales, not one of travels, or history, or biography, or science. I think it would be the book for which the great novelist, Walter Scott, asked, when on his dying-bed. He requested his son-in-law to read to him. "From what book?" asked the son-in-law. "From what book, do you ask? There is but one book." That one book, I think, you would want for your companion in the closing hours of life. But the book which would be our best companion then, must be our best companion now. The friends whom we want most to see when we are sick or in distress, are the friends whom we have loved most when in health. The Bible—the word which God has given given us—is our sure trust in times of deepest need. It is also our best guide in life, our safest friend every day.

Missions in Japan.

CONVERTS are being reported at the rate of nearly one hundred per week, and everywhere there is a demand for missionary preaching and Christian instruction and lecturing far beyond the ability of the missionary bodies and the native ministry to supply.

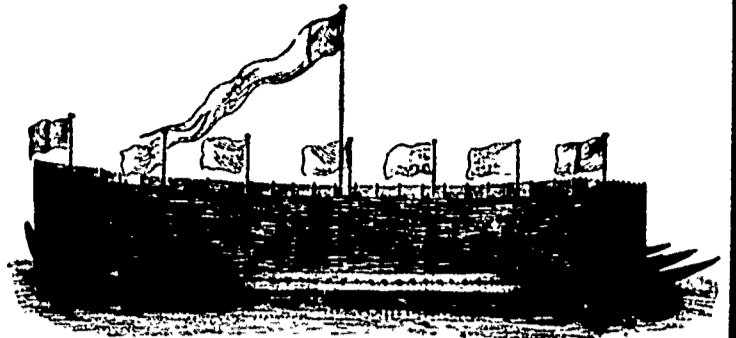
Most of the schools where English is at all taught are now eagerly seeking to obtain Christian teachers, and in their contracts readily grant every facility for teaching and preaching the gospel. The Tract Societies also report very large sales. These will mount up into the hundreds of thousands of copies in each year, as the aggregate sales of all the missions and societies. The demand for preachers and Christian teachers still continues to be greater than the supply.

Schools for the study of English are being opened in almost every town in the empire where anyone can be found who can make even a pretence of teaching it. Many of the better class of these schools have applied to the various missionary bodies for foreign teachers, and though they offer but small remuneration, some of the missionaries have taken up this kind of work for the sake of the facilities it offers for residence in the interior, and the propagation of the faith amongst the scholars and their friends.

Forty Faithful Soldiers Frozen.

THERE was a Roman Emperor who had among his soldiers forty Christian men. On being informed of the fact, he flew into a passion, and said: "I will have no Christians among my men! Go, tell them that if they will not turn from serving their God, they will be stripped and sent forth upon a frozen lake, to perish there." But the forty soldiers were faithful to Christ, and nothing would induce them to forsake him. So they were taken down to the side of a frozen lake, and there stripped of their garments. Not far from the lake was a hut, in which was a large, blazing fire, robes, large sums of money, and also a sumptuous feast spread—all placed there by order of the Emperor, to tempt the men to forsake Christ. They were told that even yet, if they would but forsake their God, they would be taken to this hut, and all that was in it would at once belong to them. All stood firm, and they were sent forth upon the lake. They gathered together, and the whole forty raised their hands to heaven and prayed: "Dear Lord, grant that we may be found faithful to thee." But one of the number proved unfaithful—he forsook the lake, fled to the hut, where he obtained all that was promised. The centurion of the band was so struck with the noble action of these nine and thirty men, that he resolved to join them. He, too, was stripped by his own men, and went forth to join the brave soldiers in the middle of the lake. Again forty hands were raised to heaven, while they prayed: "O Lord, grant that we may be found faithful to thee!" Their prayer was answered, for forty frozen bodies were found next morning.—*Selected.*

MINNIE and Percy had come to the garden gate to see their father start for a journey on horseback. As he was mounting, little Percy called out: "Goodbye, dear papa; I love you thirty miles long." "Good-bye, dear papa," was echoed by Minnie's gentle voice; "you will never ride to the end of my love."



THE FLOATING FORTRESS MOVING TOWARDS INGIRA.

Prayer and Privilege.

WE are tired : hearing the changes rung for evermore on duty. Duty is well enough in its way. It is a sort of fly-wheel, with a reservoir of power in it to carry us past the dead points when the stimulus of motion fails us; but for all that, it is a cold, hard, joyless, loveless thing. There are things that only a stern sense of duty would ever prompt us to do. To reprove the faults of a friend is not a pleasant task—at least not for a noble and sensitive soul. To preach of hell is not a thing to take delight in, though there be some who preach as if it were. No true minister of Jesus Christ will ever preach it except from stern constraint of duty.

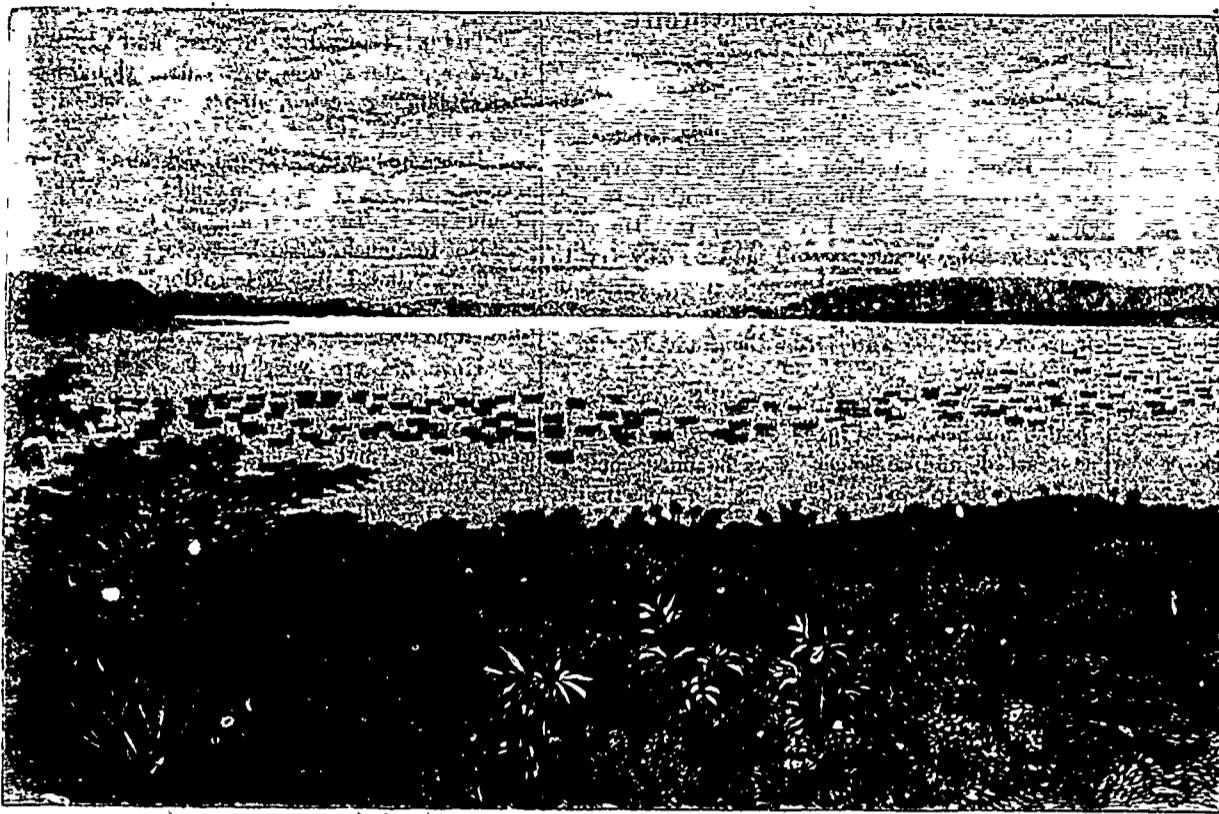
But there are some things in respect to which considerations of duty should never be needed to furnish a spur. And prayer has been belittled and degraded by dwelling upon it as a duty to be done, instead of a privilege to be enjoyed. I pity the man who simply prays because he must, scourged to do his duty like a galley-slave, instead of flying joyfully to a throne of grace, as a weary wanderer to love's embrace.

Oh, brethren, if God be the King of kings and Lord of lords, then access to his presence and assurance of gracious audience is a privilege of supremest honour! If he be an infinitely tender-hearted Father, then prayer is a privilege of sweetest joy. If he be an omnipotent Ruler who can guide us in perplexity—who can give us light in darkness, comfort in tribulation, bread for our hunger, healing for our diseases, salvation for our souls, salvation for our friends; who can smooth all earth's rugged pathway for us, and prepare us for him, and give us an abundant entrance—then prayer is a privilege of the grandest opportunity.—*Dr. Henson.*

The Conquest of Missions.

FIRST came India, the land of the Vedas, now consolidated under the British rule, and numbering with its dependencies 300,000,000 people. Then followed China, whose going forth in ancient times were from the land of Shinar itself, with its 400,000,000. And next Japan, youngest and sprightliest of them all, with 35,000,000. And finally Congo, Livingstone went in to explore, and he invested his life for a regenerated Africa. When he was gone, God, who had girded Cyrus of old, raised up another to complete his work. Into the heart of the dark continent plunged Stanley "Africanus." When he came out it was to declare the fact that 40,000,000 more were to confront the Christian church.

And now what do missions propose to do! Nothing less than the conquest of all these great peoples for Christ. The aim of the work is to dethrone the powerful systems of heathenism, and exalt Christianity instead; to put an end to the supremacy of Confucianism and Buddhism and Shintoism and Tanism, so that Christ alone may be exalted in that day.



FLOTILLA OF THE EMPEROR MTESA.

Our Anglo-Saxon Tongue.

BY DAVID TUCKER.

THERE is a little isle afar,
Whose iron heart and rim of rock
Long time have spurned the strokes of war,
Long time have spurned the ocean's shock.

It is the cradle of a race;
It is the cradle of a tongue,
Not dissonant, or void of grace.
But plain, expressive, clear and strong.

And with the tongue the race accords,
Like viking of the olden time;
Fearless and great in deeds and words,
It ranges every sea and clime.

Yet softer tones there be for those
Whose flatteries lisp in gilded bowers;
In luxury, or dull repose,
Or dalliance, wasting noble powers.

But thou, O Saxon tongue! art made
For men of toil and men of might,
Who by no dastard thoughts are awayed,
Nor fear to battle for the right.

By snowy hills and frozen streams,
From the dark forests of the north,
The old familiar glory gleams,
The old familiar sounds come forth.

By Ganges' and by Plata's flood,
By Tartar fort and Arab tent,
Far south—far east—by stream and wood,
On island and on continent.

Where sunbeams dazzle all the year,
And shadows from the palms are flung,
Still ring thy numbers, broad and clear,
O grand and conquering Saxon tongue!

Young nations springing into birth,
The scions of a mighty line,
Have spread thy music through the earth,
The east, west, north and south are thine.

Go forth, thou noble Saxon tongue!
Where'er thy nervous accents fall,
Tyrants shall yet to earth be flung,
And fetters from the bondsman fall!

Thou art the tongue that freedom loves,
To shape her creed, to frame her laws;
Thou art the tongue that truth approves,
To champion her eternal cause.

In thee, as wont, O Saxon tongue!
By isles and rivers far away,
May heavenly song be ever sung,
Thou herald of a brighter day.

I Love Jesus.

I WAS passing through a busy thoroughfare,
One evening, when I saw a poor blind girl standing
on the edge of the path, waiting for some one to
lead her across the road.

"Will you kindly help me over?" she pleaded.

A helping hand was at once stretched forward,
and she was guided safely to the opposite side of
the road. As she groped her way through the
crowds of people, I could hear her singing heartily
a beautiful little verse, only two lines of which I
remember well enough to write:

I love Jesus: he's my Saviour;
Jesus smiles, and loves me too.

Ah! I thought; here was one who has found a
Saviour in the person of the blessed Lord Jesus
Christ, and whose heart could flow out in praise to
him in such words. Her blindness was no hindrance,
for she had the light of God's grace shining
into her heart; and this it was that caused her to
sing with such joy.

Now let me ask you, dear young reader, can
you, from the very bottom of your heart, sing the
precious words that I heard that poor blind one
singing? Can you say that Jesus is your Saviour,
and that you love him? He loves you, and wants
you to trust him. He gave himself to die on that
cruel cross, to put away your sins and mine; and
now all he wants you to do is to believe on him,
and then he has endless blessing for you—blessing
which none can ever take away, for the Lord Jesus
has purchased it with his own precious blood.

The Bible in Japan.

It is now four years since the formation of a
"Scripture Reading Union" in Japan, by a little
girl who was a member of the same in England.
By her zealous efforts, and the co-operation of
others, there has sprung up in all sections of the
country, a company of daily readers of God's Holy
Word, numbering over 9,000, of which more than
2,000 were added during the month of December
last. About one-half of these are church-members,
while a large portion of the remainder have joined
the Union for the purpose of becoming acquainted
with the teachings of the Bible. The daily and
systematic reading is just what is needed to accom-

plish such a result, and it cannot but
be productive of great good. Many of
the members who live in the interior,
and have only the New Testament and
the Sheet of Readings, have formed
themselves into little bands, and thus
prepared the way for the formation of
churches in the future.

Some of the letters received from
the members of that Union give cheer-
ing indications of the good that is
being done. One writer in Buzen
says: "Here we are uncivilized. The
people are very ignorant. I am the
only member of the Scripture Union.
Other people believe in idols, and can-
not see the light of God's truth. I
have no pastor or teacher and cannot
hear preaching. I learn of Christi-
anity only from the newspaper and the
daily readings. Please ask for God's
grace, the place is bad, and pray that
all may speedily turn to Christ."

Another in Echigo writes: "By
our heavenly Father's care I am living
in peace. Christianity here shows
signs of life and progress. We have
only ten members, but all these have
studied earnestly and deeply, and I
believe there will be more and more

members added in a short time. The pastor
from Niigata comes sometimes to preach,
and many come to hear the Gospel. The leaflets are
very important to me, because they give us truth
and comfort."

One feature of the work of this Union is the
preparation and distribution of illustrated religious
literature in the form of leaflets, of which 150,000
have been circulated already. Each leaflet contains
one or more incidents illustrative of the Bible, and
is accompanied with a full-page engraving. One of
these leaflets was used by some one as a wrapper,
and chanced to fall into the hands of a traveller
living in a distant inland town. His curiosity led
him to read it, and the simple story of a poor, home-
less, friendless child, being rescued by a kind-
hearted man (used as an illustration of John iii. 16),
led the reader to see his lost condition, and he
sought and found Christ as his Saviour.

We give a paragraph from a letter of the Rev.
George Boyd, St. John's, Newfoundland, in which
he enclosed a list of the juvenile collectors of the
St. John's East Church, the aggregate sum collected
amounting to \$473 28. This was collected by the
"Blake" system, and gives an illustration of the
success of this system, when properly carried out:
"I send our list of subscriptions for last year, from
our Sunday-school, per 'Blake' system, which I am
glad to say is 75 per cent. over last year. You
will be struck with the anomaly of \$100 from one
of our scholars. That happened this way: One of
our girls in Cochran Street Church was in poor
health, and it was deemed unwise to let her attend
day-school for the time being. After the other
books were issued to collectors, she conceived the
idea of doing this work for the Master, thus using
her time for him, with the above result. I am
glad to report her health is better, and at the last
meeting of the S. S. Committee, she was appointed
a teacher."—*Outlook*.

SOME children can be very nice and polite when
auntie or visitors are visiting at the house, but as
soon as they are gone their good manners are gone.
Their politeness did not spring from the heart, but
from vanity or ambition to please.

An Appeal to Fathers.

"So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God."—Rom. xiv. 12.

Your vote is a trust that God has given,
Its record is taken up in heaven,
As well as on earth below:
We sing of angels hovering round,
Unseen at our side they are ever found,
Their deep eyes watch us now.

No spot or stain on their white wings fair,
They watch as they sweep through our tainted air—
Shall they carry the news to heaven,
That one Christian man has his trust betrayed?
His guardian angel would shrink dismayed
As the traitor vote was given.

Will you vote to open the bar-room door?
Will you vote to increase its master's store?
Will you vote for crime and woe?
Will you vote that the liquor may freely flow?
Till, instead of God's kingdom here below,
Hell's kingdom on earth may grow.

Will you vote that your child on the village street,
The drunkard's staggering form shall meet,
And his filthy ravings hear?
Till an oath shall seem a familiar thing,
And the lips that should glad hosannas sing,
Speak words that defile the ear.

Will you vote that the tempters shall betray,
And entice your boys to the evil way,
That leads where the lost abide?
Nay! God forbid! In his name we pray,
Destroy them not with your vote to-day
For whom the Saviour died.

The Boy that is Down.

THERE is always in this world somebody that is down. Here is Fred Holmes, who is sick. He has had a struggle with disease, that has thrown him upon a bed of pain, and still firmly holds him there. There is Will Jones, who had a struggle with a brick wall that fell upon him, and has kept him pitifully hobbling on a crutch ever since. There is Frank Wilson, who is ignorant. He has had a fight with poverty, that, conquering, has tied him down to work, and interfered with his education. And here is Hartley Smith, who is bad. He has wrestled with temptation that has thrown him again and again; and then sin fettered him, manacled him, and bound him hand and foot.

All these are boys that are down. Now help them. Go and put yourself by the side of the boy that is down, and help him. Don't forget Fred Holmes. Take him some delicacy, or a book; or share your leisure with him, and read to him. Don't let sensitive Will Jones feel unpleasantly his infirmity, through an unkind word or look from you. Give him a lift, and be as good as a new limb to him. Don't laugh at Frank Wilson's blunders in grammar. You may have a chance to help him into a school where he can be taught to give the king's English with all the ease of water running down hill. And Hartley Smith, the bully of the neighbourhood, its most vicious fighter, who in the fight seems to be anything but "down," always coming out "on top." Can you not help him? What will you do for the boy whom the power of evil is holding down with a grip so strong? You need not—must not—irritate him; but you can be kind to him. If you can get him into a Sunday-school concert, he may get into the school finally. Bind him to yourself by some favour. Show him some attention if sick, and then—pray for him. If you can only help that boy up! God can—pray. He will help through you—work.

It is an awful work to try to put others down: that is the devil's business. It is a grand calling to lift others up: that is Christ's mission, and may you be like him.

Teachers' Department.

A Visitor.

It is always well to notice a visitor, but to ask him to speak to the school because he is a stranger is a grave mistake. He may have nothing to say, and he may not know how to say it. He may speak too long, he may be dull, and he may try to be witty, and only show that he is silly. Wit is of little worth unless it bubbles up from the soul like drops of sparkling water from the sandy floor of a cooling spring.

Our pity goes out to the nervous visitor, who speaks, not because he really wants to, but because he is asked, and conscience says he must comply. He wants to do good, and here is the opportunity, and it must be improved. He begins his speech, with an apology, and that only makes the school see clearly how flustered he is. Then he stumbles and stammers, and he blushes, but he hobbles along like a lame man, until he reaches the end of a short journey, and is well tired out.

We wonder whether conscience is always right when it urges the visitor to speak to the Sunday-school. Conscience should be led by judgment and good sense. It is a faculty of the soul which errs, and needs to be put into the right track. If the visitor has naught to say, why should he air his voice because asked, or even entreated to do so. Let him remember that the object of speech is to express some thought, or awaken some feeling which may help on the cause of truth, and all other speech in a school is of little worth.—*S. S. Journal.*

Burn It In.

THE outlines of the picture were there. We could trace the dark form of the cross, and above it flashed the glory of a crown. But while the beautiful picture was there, the work was not permanent.

"You see, it is not burned in," said a workman near us.

Not burned in? No. Intense heat must be applied to the glass. Thus fired, the picture would be burned into the glass. The glory of the crown would dazzle forever undimmed. The cross would be bathed forever in a purple tide.

Do we not face a similar problem in the sphere of our instructions to those younger? We would not only impress them, but we ask how we can permanently affect them. We hold up the thought of Calvary. We picture Christ hanging on the cross. There is an impression made, for you see the lip quiver and the eye moisten, but how evanescent such influence may be! So we hold up the glory of heaven's reward. The crown dazzles. Seemingly it wins to-day, but will the impression last over Sunday? Earth, rather than heaven, may draw on Monday. How can we make permanent and effective our work? What heavenly flame shall burn our work into the soul? Let us be grateful that such celestial fires are those of the Holy Ghost. But are we suppliants for this special blessing? Let us not make a mistake. Let us not dare to separate our work from the operation of the Holy Ghost, fancying we can not only impress the soul, but also make permanent our work. If we teach in such isolation, our delusion will be our scholars' disaster. At this time of the year, when serious impressions on the souls of the young are so frequent, let us get down upon our knees, and go to praying for the descent of the fires of the Holy Ghost. Then what is presented to our scholars will not simply be scenery before the eye, but become a life in the soul.—*S. S. Journal.*

Faithful in Little.

"THERE! I just hate to dust, and wipe dishes, and sweep stairs, and such little things!" said Daisy, flinging herself, like a very wilted daisy, into a big rocker.

"Heigh-ho! said grandpa, wheeling his chair around till Daisy came in sight. "What's the trouble now? Too much work, eh?"

"Not too much," said Daisy, tapping her feet on the floor, "but I just hate to do such little things—I get so tired of them! if I could only cook, there'd be some fun in it?"

"How old are you, my lassie, pray?" said grandpa, looking sharply at the little girl.

"Now you're making fun of me, grandpa," said Daisy; "but I'm eleven years old you know, and mamma used to do a lot of cooking when she wasn't a bit older than I am."

"And did she do it well, Daisy?"

"Grandma says she did it beautifully."

"And if she had sweeping, or dusting, or dish-washing to do, I've no doubt she did them well, too. If she hadn't been faithful in the littles, she would never have been trusted with the greater things," replied grandpa.

"I was only just now reading," continued grandpa, "a story of wonderful faithfulness in little things on the part of a shepherd's dog, who was told by his master to guard his hat and crook till he came back. A fatal accident kept him from ever returning; but nothing could persuade the animal to leave his charge, and he finally died at his post. Now, Daisy, I don't think you will ever need to do that; but I am sure, if you will follow his faithful example, in patiently doing the little things of each day, then the big things will duly and surely come."

"Maybe they will." And Daisy, with a little sigh, took up her duster again.

Little Drops.

A LITTLE drop is not much, but when a lot of them come together they are mighty. How tiny is the head of a pin! How much would it be worth? A goodly number can be bought for a penny. Yet I have read of one that cost a great many dollars. How was that? you say. Why, this way. Calicoes, when printed and washed and dried, are made smooth by being passed over heated rollers. A pin once got fastened on to the principal roller, the head standing out a little. A hundred pieces were done without being seen. By-and-by, when examined, it was found that there were holes in the calico at the distance of every three quarters of a yard. The goods had to be sold as damaged goods. Here was something no bigger than a little drop, but, working away, repeating itself every minute, did a lot of harm. So it may be with little drops themselves. The sea is made up of little drops. Mighty Niagara, that thunders and rages so, is made up of drops. So was the heaviest shower of rain you ever remember, which did so much harm in your garden when it fell.

Here is another story of the power of little drops: In Yorkshire, England, there is a "dropping well." Water drops—drops—drops from the rock above into a pool below. Birds' nests, sponges, and other things are left there awhile, and soon are converted into stone. Every drop of the water, as it falls upon them, leaves a little film of stone; and by this process the soft sponge, the yielding nest, grow hard as the rocks around.

Little drops! Truly, much may in them dwell. It is unwise, when people say of alcoholic liquor: "Oh, I take so little that I cannot be injured by it!" Yes, they can be. They are injured by it, if the doctors tell the truth, if science is to be trusted, if much experience is to guide us.—*Sel.*

The Aged Itinerant.

BY JULIA A. TIRRELL.

SILENTLY the loved ones gathered
In the quiet, darkened room;
Hushed were sobs, though hearts were breaking,
For a soul was going home.
Pressed against the snowy pillow
Lay a face as snowy white.
Dying? Nay, God's saint was passing
From the shadows into light.

Suddenly the dim eyes opened,
But their gaze seemed far away.
"Are our goods all packed and labelled
Wife, this is our moving-day.
Moving-day! And we have laboured;
You may well be weary, dear;
Moving-day! Long since familiar
Have those words grown to my ear.

"I remember our first station,
Where I carried you a bride;
How I marked the admiration
You received, with secret pride.
Two years fled so swiftly onward!
Yes, the hardest part of all
Was to say farewell and leave it.
But 'twas at the Master's call.

"Then at Easton little Mabel
Came to fill our cup of joy.
Next we moved to River Valley,
Where God gave our precious boy.
Souls were saved; believers strengthened;
Blessed indeed the work has been.
What are fame and worldly honours
With a crown of life to win?

"Baby left us at Ashburnham;
Oh, how heavy fell the blow!
Kind and thoughtful were our people—
God's own angels here below.
But I need not name the charges—
You remember every one.
Think on heaven's glad reunions
When this pilgrimage is done!

"Moving-day—now all—is ready—
We must—rest—a little while—
Ere we go—'tis long—the journey—
Darling—come"—a gasp, a smile,
And the soul had fled its prison,
Earthly changes all were o'er;
Called to the celestial city,
Forever to go out no more.

School-Life in China.

It is a credit to the Chinese that, although there is no such thing as "compulsory education" in the land, yet since the one qualification for office is education, and the way to literary distinction and public honours is through competitive examination, there is a general desire, even among the poorest people, to send their children to these schools "for a little schooling."

The teachers of these are men of absolute power, not even having one assistant. They are known by their long gowns, stern looks, and forms rounded by continuous study. They are treated with great honour by all, and particularly by the parents of the children. They are usually invited to live in the houses of the wealthier pupils. If one is an elegant penman, he can add to the income he derives from his school by writing scrolls; if an artist, by painting pictures on fans. If he has not taken a degree, he is a perennial candidate for academic honours, which only the government has a right to confer.

The tuition fee of the pupil ranges from two to twenty dollars a year, according to the ability and reputation of the teacher, and also according to the age and advancement of the pupil. One who teaches thirty or forty boys, at an average tuition fee of four dollars, is doing tolerably well in China—for the sum there will buy five or six times as much provision and clothing as it will here.

These schools are held either in a private house

or in the hall of a temple. The ancestral temples, which contain the tablets of deceased ancestors, are usually selected, because they are of no other use, and are more or less secluded. The large hall, open on one side toward a court, and having a high ceiling supported by pillars, has in one corner a square wooden table, behind which is the wooden chair of the schoolmaster. In front of him, or at right angles to him, are the tables and stools of the pupils.

These oblong tables, if long in use, will show what Yan Phou Lee must have also noticed in America—the "carving habits and talents of their occupants." In conspicuous view are a wooden ruler and a rattan stick. Flogging with this stick is the severest punishment allowed. For slight offences, the ruler is used upon the palms of the hands; for reciting poorly, upon the head. The pupils are all boys. Girls attend schools kept in the family, but only until they are eleven or twelve years of age. In an ordinary school, the boys range from six or seven to sixteen or seventeen years of age.

There is no such thing as organizing them into classes or divisions. Each one studies for himself. There are schools, however, where all are advanced and all are beginners—but such are rare. All the studying is done aloud. The louder they speak or shriek, the more credit they get as students. This is the only way by which Chinese teachers can make sure their pupils are not thinking of something else, or are not playing under the desks. The boys usually behave well; if not, the rattan stick is promptly used. They have a reverence for their teacher as a rule.

At six o'clock in the morning, when the schools generally begin, no matter how noisy they may be, upon the appearance of their teacher they instantly pause, and, standing before him, cry out, "Lao Se" (venerable teacher). As he sits down, all follow the example. There is no roll-call. Then one boy takes his book up to the teacher's desk, turns his back to him, and recites. He hesitates a moment; but, being prompted, goes on smoothly, and at last returns to his seat satisfied. A second boy goes up—forgets once, twice, three times. At the third time the teacher becomes impatient, and down comes the ruler on the poor boy's head! He goes to his seat to learn his lesson over. This goes on till all have recited; after which the writing lessons begin. Great pains are taken with these—for writing is as great an art in China as painting and drawing are in other countries. Good specimens of elegant penmanship are valued there as fine paintings are here.

After the master has made his tour of inspection, the school is dismissed for breakfast—this is at ten a.m. On re-assembling at eleven, the lesson for the next day is explained to each one separately; the teacher reading it over and the pupil repeating it after him until a majority of the words are learned. Each boy then returns to his seat, and shouts anew to get the lesson fixed in his mind. At one o'clock there is a recess of about an hour, for a lunch. From two to four is the afternoon session, when the younger pupils learn the next day's task, and the older write compositions in prose and verse, or study some literary essay. The parents furnish the text-books as a rule. These are usually printed and bound into a volume. At four o'clock the school is closed for the day. These are the general school-hours, but the teachers are at liberty to change them if they choose.

This pleasant glimpse into school-life in China, through the eyes of one who has experienced it, seems to me to have a unique interest in that it gives an added opportunity to compare methods of a foreign people in the art of teaching with those of our own.

A Temperance Lecture by a Goat.

HERE is a lively account by a soldier, of a practical temperance lecture which was once given to a company of soldiers by a goat. Some goats have more sense than some men:—

Never had regimental goat been more attentive to duties than was Billy. At drill, parade, and roll-call, Billy was ever to the fore. He seemed to take as much pride in the regiment as the men did in him. And when the men—overgrown boys as they were—had leisure, as they had in abundance, they found in Billy as hearty a playfellow as they found him a ready comrade in duty.

Well fed, well groomed, well housed, well cared for in every way, Billy's lot among goats was indeed a happy one. But, alas! pride goeth before a fall, and Billy was to be no exception to the rule.

Billy had not merely the right of entry to the mess-room, but was always a welcome guest there, and received many a dainty morsel from the friendly hands of the men. One evening, however, it happened that Corporal Price, in a spirit of thoughtless mischief, proposed that Billy should share the liquids as well as the solids of the mess-table. The suggestion was at once seized upon, and the men eagerly watched to see what Billy would do.

Corporal Price coaxingly held out his cup, and Billy, after a suspicious preliminary sniff, lapped up the contents. Another and yet another of the men gave Billy a drink, and at last the earthen vessel which held the beer at the head of the table was put upon the floor, and Billy was directed to help himself, which he did so greedily that he became—to the amusement of the men, I am ashamed to have to acknowledge—helplessly, unmistakably intoxicated.

I do not attempt to describe its symptoms. Suffice it to say, that the next morning Billy was, for the first time, absent from roll-call, and did not turn out all day. Nothing would tempt him to leave his stable.

When a second day brought a repetition of the desertion, and a second evening mess began without Billy putting in an appearance, Corporal Price was directed to bring the deserter before a court-martial of the men's mess.

With some difficulty he persuaded Billy to leave his lair, and it was only by dragging him by main force that he could get him inside the door of the room which had been the scene of his orgies two nights before. Billy's appearance was greeted with a cheer; but sadly changed were his looks. His once glossy coat had an unkempt appearance; while the once proud and erect head was lowered in shame.

"Come, Billy, take a drink!" said the sergeant at the head of the table.

The words seemed to rouse the animal. He lifted his head, his eye lit up, his fore hoof beat the floor. Then, with a snort, a rush, and a bound, Billy butted full against the large earthen vessel containing the men's evening allowance of ale, breaking it into a thousand pieces, and deluging not only the table but the men who sat near. Then, with his head once more erect, he stalked out of the room.

"And really, sir," said the corporal to me, in telling the incident, "Billy's was the best blue-ribbon lecture that ever was given to us."

A soft answer turneth away wrath; but grievous words stir anger. The tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright; but the mouth of fools poureth out foolishness. The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.—Prov. xv. 1-3.

Awake, My Soul!

BY L. A. MORRISON.

(A morning hymn, to the old Southern melody,
"Ring those Charming Bells.")

AWAKE, my soul, and greet the light!
The Lord hath made the morning bright;
Glory crowns his works and ways—
O give Him all the praise!

He doeth all things well;
No human tongue may tell
What grace His love displays,
Nor give Him perfect praise.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, for He is good!
Praise the Lord, for He is good!
Praise the Lord, for He is good!
O give Him all the praise!

The day-dawn anthems skyward roll;
The light breaks o'er thee, O my soul!
Thine adoration matins raise
And give Him all the praise!

He reigns for evermore,—
Whom all His saints adore—
No sloth His love delays;
O give Him all the praise!

CHORUS—Praise the Lord, etc.

Awake, my soul, with reverence sing
The Majesty of God thy King;
Wonderous are His works and ways;
O give Him all the praise!

Praise Him, for mercies past!
Praise Him, for all thou hast!
Trust Him for future days,
And give Him all the praise!

CHORUS—Praise the Lord, etc.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL OF MARK

A.D. 30] LESSON VI. [May 12

THE ANOINTING AT BETHANY.

Mark 14. 1-9. Memory verses 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

She hath done what she could. Mark 14. 8

OUTLINE.

1. A Ministry, v. 1-3.
2. A Memorial, v. 4-9.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACE.—Bethany, Simon's house.

CONNECTING LINKS.—At the close of the discourse of the last lesson Jesus went back to the home of his friends in Bethany. Here he passed the few remaining hours before his great trial was to come upon him, receiving the loving attention of friends, while within the great city the machinations of evil men were hastening toward success. The incident of the lesson throws a gleam of light across the darkening sky.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Feast of the passover*—The old memorial feast of the exodus from Egypt. *Unleavened bread*—Bread made without fermentation. There were not two feasts, as would seem here. The bread was characteristic of this peculiar feast, and is therefore so mentioned. *Alabaster box*—Literally, "an alabaster." A small urn supposed to have been shaped like a rosebud, and having a cylindrical neck. *Ointment of spikenard*—A very precious perfume of some aromatic plant. *Three hundred pence*—Or, denarii; a denarius was a small Roman silver coin equal to a few cents of our money.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. A Ministry.
How many days remained before the passover feast?
Where did Jesus spend them?
How does John's account differ from Mark's of the supper made for him? John 12. 2, 3.
What had hitherto happened that made Mary anxious to render this service?
What is meant by "alabaster box?"
Who was the one who objected to this tribute of love? John 12. 4.
What great contrast is to be found in these first three verses?
Why would an uproar of the people have been especially dangerous?
What is meant by breaking the box?

2. A Memorial.

What was the real reason for the murdering of Judas? John 12. 6.
What was the effect of this rebuke on Judas? Matt. 26. 14-16.
What was especially pleasing to Jesus in this service of Mary?
What lesson as to kindness in ministrations to friends is here furnished?
What was the reward that was promised her?
How widely has this story already been told? In what languages?
What seems through all this time to have been the chief thought in the Saviour's heart?
Is there any service which we can nowadays render that will be equally acceptable?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Love stops at no cost. Mary gave perhaps her all to Jesus. Are you thus ready?
Love works thus openly. A timid woman, yet before them all she showed her love. Have you?
How mean covetousness is! The spike-nard was not the property of Judas. The money would in no case have come to him. But he coveted it. The tenth commandment says what?
Hate stops nowhere. See the chief priests and scribes keep plotting.
Hate works in the dark. It was by craft they sought to take him.
Hate skulks. How do you walk before men?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Read John's account of this very carefully.
2. Write the names of all the persons mentioned by either of the evangelists as present at this feast.
3. Write out the story of Judas as suggested by this scene, and John's comment upon it.
4. Find what you can about burial customs and anointing; and if any others ever attempted to do anything of a similar kind.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Jesus spend the last two days of life? At Bethany. 2. How did they honour him there? They made a supper for him. 3. What tribute of love did Mary pay to him? She anointed his head with spike-nard. 4. What word of commendation did Jesus speak for her? "She hath done what she could." 5. What prophecy did he make about her? Her act should be told through the world.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—True service.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

21. How is it proved that the Holy Spirit inspired the Old Testament Scriptures?
Chiefly by the words of our Lord and his apostles.

Men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Ghost. 2 Peter i. 21. Matt. xxii. 43.

A.D. 30] LESSON VII. [May 19

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Mark 14. 12-26. Memory verses, 22-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.

This do in remembrance of me. Luke 22. 19.

OUTLINE.

1. The Passover, v. 12-21.
2. The Lord's Supper, v. 22-26.

TIME.—30 A.D.

PLACES.—Bethany, Jerusalem, Mount of Olives.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The days of rest in Bethany passed quickly by. The time for the passover feast drew near. Somewhere within the city it must be eaten, and Peter and John are sent on before to make ready. Our lesson gives the particulars of their errand, and the sequel to it.

EXPLANATIONS.—*The first day of unleavened bread*—The day which preceded the feast of the evening. *Killed the passover*—Killed the Lamb that was to furnish the passover supper. *The city*—Jerusalem. *Goodman of the house*—The owner as proprietor; not mentioned lest Judas should beforehand tell where he might be found. *They sat and did eat*—Originally this feast was to be eaten standing. The custom had been modified by the Jews. *Took bread*—An old custom, but adapted here for a new purpose. *This is my body*—Not his real body, but a symbol of the completeness of his gift of himself for the world. *The new testament*—The new covenant which now

took the place of the old or Mosaic covenant. *Sung a hymn*—Probably the regular pass-over hymn, which was the second part of the Hallel. It was customary to sing Psalms 113 and 114 before the feast, and the rest, 115-118, after the last cup.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Passover*.
What was expected of every devout Jew at the passover time?
What custom made the acts of vers. 13-16 reasonable?
Where would the great multitude of pilgrims keep the passover?
What made this the saddest night in the lives of these men?
Of what was this fast a memorial?
What should have been their feelings in partaking of it?
Who were the disciples sent to make preparation? Luke 22. 8.
What ceremony told by John is here omitted? John 13. 1-12.
At what point in the feast did Judas Iscariot leave them? John 13. 26-30.
What was pronounced upon him?
2. *The Lord's Supper*.
Of what is the sacrament of the Lord's Supper a sign to a Christian?
From what ancient custom did it grow?
What does "this is my body" mean?
Is there any limitation to his mercy suggested in ver. 21?
What is the value of this sacrament?
Is there any saving power connected with it?
How does Paul say it should be partaken? 1 Cor. 11. 27, 28.
Why ought every Christian to partake of this feast? 1 Cor. 11. 26.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

See these faithful disciples:
They find their Master's wish by asking.
They are ready to hear every direction.
They obey commands blindly given.
They enter into his sorrows by their sympathy.
How hard a man's heart becomes when Satan enters it! Judas could say, "Is it I?" Judas could dip in the dish with one whom he had sold. Judas could hear a woe pronounced on his own head and not flinch. Satan had entered into him.
O the loving Saviour! He broke the bread himself; he took the cup himself. Two symbols of his voluntary sacrifice for us.

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. This is one of the lessons which cannot be studied too much. Read each of the four accounts in the gospels.
2. Commit it all to memory.
3. See what Paul says about it in the First Epistle to the Corinthians.
4. No apostle tells the whole exactly as it occurred. After you have learned all, write your own story, making a connected account of it.
5. Are you a member of the Church? Pray much that God will teach you the full meaning of this lesson.
6. Are you not a Church member, and not a Christian? Can you study this lesson of wonderful love and not become so?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Jesus eat his last passover? In the city of Jerusalem. 2. Who made all the needful preparation? Peter and John. 3. In what did this supper end? In the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. 4. Of what was it to be a perpetual sign? Of the remission of sins. 5. What was the Saviour's command concerning it? "This do in remembrance of me."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Lamb of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

22. How is it proved that the New Testament is inspired by the Holy Spirit?
The Saviour told his apostles that they should be witnesses of him, and promised that the Spirit should bring his words to their remembrance, and teach them things to come. John xiv. 26; xv. 26, 27.

THE Lord Jesus is the best friend little children can have. He will do more, far more, for them than father and mother and brother and sister all together.

LIGHTHOUSES do not ring bells and fire cannons to call attention to their shining; they simply shine.

PROMINENT DOCTRINES

AND

PECULIAR USAGES

OF

The Methodist Church.

Stated with Scripture Proofs.

COMPILED BY

REV. JOHN A. WILLIAMS, D.D.

A fifteen-page tract, wire stitched. Price 5c. each, 40c. per doz., \$3.00 per 100.

We supply the above in quantities, at the reduced rates quoted, in order that they may be purchased for distribution.

WHYTE BROS.

NEW MUSIC BOOK

Songs of Calvary

NOW READY.

BOUND IN STRONG MANILLA COVERS.

Price, 25 cents each, or \$2.50 per dozen.

NOTICE—Three-fourths of the pieces in this book are NEW, never having appeared before in any other book.

THE INDIANS

WHO ARE THEY?

WHENCE CAME THEY?

THEIR MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

By Rev. John McLean, Ph.D.

12mo, cloth, \$1.00.

TEMPERANCE

MUSIC BOOKS.

Trumpet Notes, for the Temperance Battle-field, by Stearns & Main, 35c. each, \$3.60 per dozen.

Temperance Jewels, by J. H. Tenney and E. A. Hoffman, 35c. each, \$3.60 per doz.

Temperance Song Herald, for the use of Temperance Meetings, Lodges, and the Home Circle, 35c. each, \$3.60 per doz.

Temperance Rallying Songs, by Asa Hall, 35c. each, \$3.60 per dozen.

The Prohibition Songster, Compiled by J. N. Stearns, 15c. each, \$1.75 per doz.

THE

Wonderful Book;

OR,

Twelve Reasons why the Bible is the most wonderful book in the world.

By G. T. SEYMOUR.

12mo, Cloth, Gilt Edges, 50 cents.

"The work is both instructive and interesting."—*Methodist Times*.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

PUBLISHER,

78 & 80 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

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