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REV. T. SNOWDEN THOMAS, A. M.,
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FOR CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH.

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.
SINGLE NOS. 3 CENTS.

HE CHOSE THIS PATH FOR THEE.

He chose this path for thee.
No feeble chance, nor hard, relentless fate,
But love, His love, hath placed thy footsteps here;

He knew the way was rough and desolate,
Knew how thy heart would often sink with fear;
Yet tenderly He whispered, "Child, I see
This path is best for thee."

He chose this path for thee.
And well it knew sharp thorns would tear thy feet,
Knew how the brambles would obstruct the way,
Knew all the hidden dangers thou wouldst meet,
Knew how thy faith would falter day by day;
And still the whisper echoed, "Yes, I see
This path is best for thee."

He chose this path for thee.
And well He knew that thou must tread alone
Its gloomy vales and ford each flowing stream;
Knew how thy bleeding heart would sobbing moan,
"Dear Lord, to wake, and find it all a dream."
Love scanned it all, yet still could say, "I see
This path is best for thee."

He chose this path for thee.
E'en while He knew the fearful midnight gloom
Thy timid, shrinking soul must travel through;
How towering rocks would oft before thee loom,
And phantoms grim would meet thy frightened view;
Still comes the whisper, "My beloved, I see
This path is best for thee."

He chose this path for thee.
What need'st thou more? This sweeter truth to know,
That all along these strange, bewildering ways,
O'er rocky steeps and where dark rivers flow,
His loving arms will bear thee "all the days."
A few steps more, and thou thyself shalt see
This path is best for thee.

—Zion's Herald.

Dr. Summers in Central Africa.

The following letter is directed to Rev. Samuel Mead, one of the mission party, and to Mr. Chatelain, at Loanda, who was the Doctor's fellow-student here, and his only companion when he landed at Loanda in February, 1885, as pioneers of Bishop Taylor's party, which followed them a month later.

AT BANZA N'LUNGAS,

On the banks of River Quungo,

August 7th, 1886. (Night 10.50.)

Written by the light obtained from beeswax and a piece of rag.

DEAR BROTHERS:

To God, my Father, be all praise for protection, for grace, love and power, and for His holy presence in times of gladness, of doubt, of danger and difficulties. Through Him alone, I stand, praise His holy Name.

Escaped two battles. The first at N'Dalla Kissua's, where the Saba had died and the ministers had kept his body in the house for more than a month, waiting for interment, until my expedition with Germano's arrived, so as to raid our camp, and take what they could lay their hands on. The second day after our arrival I paid the Saba (son of N'Dalla Kissua) a visit. The third day he paid me a visit, and gave me a sheep, a cow, a goat, and three bushels of farina (?) flour. I gave him presents covering the value of his by \$9 or \$10. He asked for a burning glass, as his secretary (?) had one, and he himself was tired of getting his light from the earth, and wished to have it direct from heaven. I had given him a Portuguese Gospel of Matthew. The fourth day I was alarmed by a great stir in camp, every man arrang-

ing his arms, and putting fresh green leaves over the loads and huts. I found on inquiry, that N'Dalla Kissua was dead. It occurred to me that his subjects would think I had killed him by some fetish of mine, or in the book I had given him, but I was told on fair authority that he had been dead about a month, and that the Saba, by whom I had been received, was the son reigning in his stead, until we had passed, when the new Saba, would be selected from among his sons, or ministers; also that it was customary to raid all expeditions passing about the time of a Saba's death. We waited patiently for developments, and two days after this, I received a letter from the new Saba. He wanted any amount of gunpowder, also cotton goods, etc., to bury his father, the letter being worded in most friendly terms, but he was sorry I had not helped him in his war. We then understood the reason of the excessive firing, we had heard during previous days; this war had saved us, and he was, as yet, too weak to be bumptious and was readily satisfied with a barrel of gunpowder and a barrel of fuzenda. He had had a war, and God, by His power, kept us uninvolved. This Saba asked and begged for rum, but we got along well without it. I gave the cow to my carriers. A few days after leaving this gent, we arrived at Saba Quingonga's; he promised a cow and a calf, and I gave him a present accordingly, but a few hours afterwards his people killed the calf, saying it was not included in the present, while in reality their idea was, that the cow could not march far without her calf, and thus they would save a cow. Some of our carriers, hearing of this, rushed to the camp and in two minutes every man was to the front, armed and shouting, yelling, hooting, and gesticulating so violently, that I had to arm myself for the purpose of stopping the danger of battle, if possible; but the more I tried to stop them the more noise they made. Their shouting of "N'Gornbi" (cow) was so loud, that we could open no conversation with the other side for a long time. After an hour's anxiety, we arranged with the Saba; he promised a cow and a calf, which promise he fulfilled on the following morning. I was glad for the deliverance, and for the Deliverer; had the carriers opened fire, we would certainly have lost most of our goods, and perhaps our lives. Praise God, we did not.

The next thing, much worse than with the Saba, was the trouble with my carriers. The bearer Antonio had, I believe, a hand in setting the camp on fire five days ago. The fire started at midnight in my cook hut, where there was no fire being used. I sprang through the door of my hut, and helped to quench the fire, before it reached the gunpowder, of which Germano had 250 barrels; other traders had about 100, while I had 33. We were, however, by Divine power, delivered from the danger. The day following, I overheard a conspiracy to engage a fetishman to curse me and my goods, etc., and half of the carriers to be ready to run away with their cargoes, Antonio to take my riding bull and a few little things. I waited up, watching, and at midnight, the fetishman started his cursing from some distance. Then followed a great commotion in camp, and the cargoes commenced to take to themselves wings, when I suddenly appeared, and demand-

ed my carriers to answer to the roll-call. About twelve men were absent, but they made their appearance in a little while, being recalled by their friends. I then disarmed every man, demanded the restoration of cargoes, had fires lit, and placed two of their number (one my cook) on guard; and having read God's Word, in first four Psalms, went to sleep. Antonio had taken the bull, but returned it. In the morning, I had a good talk with the men, without being angry with them, but dealing firmly. During the day, Antonio conspired to call me "Puti," until every man took up the expression, which has a very bad meaning. Yesterday, Antonio joined in another conspiracy to poison me; so at breakfast I found certain "melengo" in my food, giving it a pungent taste. Having overheard the conspiracy between the cook and others, I asked what the "melengo" was in, for. They told me it was simply to make the thing boil well. I threw the food away, and they seemed surprised that I should have a second dose for dinner. They, however, gave it to me, and it went under the ground, following the breakfast. I could say nothing, as all my men were in the thing; but God said to me, "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper;" "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." I have no fear, except a holy one, and I expect to stay comfortable, after finishing this letter. I felt it necessary to get rid of Antonio this morning to take letters to Melange, by paying him in rations and giving him a "val" on Melango, for twenty yards of cotton goods. The cook is, I believe, waiting to start with Antonio, and when I sleep, to steal cooking utensils and some fuzenda, and perhaps two or three guns. One other carrier whom I have heard curse because his loads were all books, is more or less likely to go with them. I'll let them take what they like, to get rid of them. One other conspiracy was to fire my hut, and last night they sent a man with a barrel of gunpowder to change for other goods, while they knew full well, that all my goods were packed for the morning. However, he would persist in leaving the gunpowder in my hut. Happily, from some cause it missed fire. Another day, they came to see where and how four barrels of powder I had received, were placed, and I heard them report, so guarded the barrels, and there was another miss-fire.

This is the class of men I have, but I doubt not I'll reach Lubuco in about two months. My confidence is in God. Poor fellows, they seem to have a special enmity against me. Their idea, is doubtless, in the first place plunder. Germano (a trader) is not pronounced in his opinions, while the dozen Ambaquito traders would help in the plunder. As yet I have lost but little, and I believe God is going to protect the things He has given me. The Sabas cost me about \$50; for which I have in return, one cow, one heifer, one cow and calf, one sheep, and a goat. The natives here are perfect savages, well armed with guns, but few with bows. They belong to the Kasi nation, are famous in battle, and have cost me \$20 for right of way across the river, and I'll have to pay \$10 more, for use of a canoe! They are impertinent in their demands. I would not be surprised if they were to combine with the carriers, for a raid. Major Carvalho passed here and gave presents, that clothed all the

people, besides the rum, and they expect the same from every man, and will demand it, in the future. They yesterday threatened a raid on the camp, but were silenced by the old Saba, who said that if they touched a thing they would surely die on the road home. But the carriers are a hundred times more troublesome to me, than the natives. What they have "in the wind" for to-night and to-morrow, I do not know, but I heard one thing was, to lose my cattle in crossing the river. Now, pray don't be anxious. I shall send this letter immediately, for if I wait till to-morrow the bearer will certainly not deliver it, for fear it will tell too much. Bro. Sam must deal with him, as he feels led. I can't deal with him here, as I have not a man in whom I can place confidence. I am very doubtful about this letter reaching you. All being well, I expect you will receive another in about six months. Now, the grace of God, which keepeth me, keep you and your family in His love, for Jesus' sake.

Yours in Him and for Him, among this poor African people,

WILLIAM R. SUMMERS.

All for Jesus, and Jesus for all.

—Medical Missionary Record.

The Great Libraries of the World.

Mr. A. R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress, in a published account of the National Library of the United States, for which a new building is projected, gives some information of other great libraries. He states that the National Library now contains 570,000 volumes, not counting 200,000 pamphlets and a large and rare collection of manuscripts, and states that the annual increase is about 25,000 volumes.

"When I took charge of this library, twenty-two years ago, there were twenty-five larger libraries in the world. Now there are but five larger.

"The largest library in the world is the Bibliotheque National of France, formerly Royal, then Imperial, according to the changes of Government. It was founded in 1737 by a royal printing tax requiring a copy of each book printed for the King's library and contains 2,500,000 volumes. The library of the British Museum, founded in 1753 from a donation of books and private gallery of Sir Hans Sloan, contains 1,500,000 volumes. It became a great library through liberal donations from subjects of the Crown, including many great private libraries. The books, engravings, arts, antiques and natural history have long since outgrown their present quarters. All collections except books, engravings and a few antiquities have been successively removed to Kensington to make room. The St. Peters-Imperial Library, founded by ukase of the Czar, has 1,000,000 volumes. The Royal Library of Berlin, founded by a copy tax in 1661, the oldest big library in the world on the globe, has 700,000 volumes. The Library of Munich, Bavaria, founded in the sixteenth century, claims 800,000, but includes pamphlets, which we do not. If we counted pamphlets we would have 770,000. The next in size is the library of Congress which is our national collection.

It is an abuse of the itineracy to use it merely to keep in the ministry an efficient, lazy, or unsuccessful preacher. One of the advantages of the itineracy is

that it enables the Church to place peculiar talent where it is best adapted; but when a man cannot succeed anywhere, then, so far as we know, he is a failure. If he is a failure, let the Church have the honesty and frankness to tell him so, and why he is so, and if he has the stuff in him of which men are made, he will succeed or die. God does not want mere things in the ministry; He wants men. If a man fails on a charge one year, and there is no good reason to believe that he is better adapted to another, tell him plainly where he fails, and let him go back to the scene of his failure, and organize victory. Men fail because of their lack of interest in the work, their inattention to it, their imperfect lives, or their lack of fervent piety. It is better to have it made right where the failure is.—Religious Telescope.

Don't whine. Kick, struggle, sink; but don't whine. You may make a complaint, but let it be in a manly, stand-up, once-for-all fashion. Don't drizzle forever; but pour and stop. It is peevish, disgruntled, incessant lament, it is the whine, that wears. A vigorous tempest, a hearty scold, we can stand. The oak will brace itself against the storm, and defy it. It despises the worm at its heart, that bores on and kills it. Who rouses himself to resist a whine? It is too contemptible to awaken resistance, and yet has its effect. JOB's boils separately would not have upset him; but combined, boil after boil, they were worse than the wilderness wind, the fire from heaven, or those thieving Chaldeans.—Sunday-School Journal.

The art of forgetting is a blessed art, of overlooking is quite as important. And if we should take time to write down the origin, progress and outcome of a few of our troubles it would make us ashamed of the fuss we made over them and we should be glad to drop such things and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be worn out in eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be worn out in petty worries, frettings, hatreds and vexations. Let us think only on whatsoever things are pure and lovely and gentle and of good report.—Baptist Weekly.

In all its departments and doing the whisky business is infamous. But at some it sinks to a depth of infamy which is inhuman and inexpressible. One of these is the sale of liquor to minors and even little children. Attention has just been called to this subject afresh, in New York by the efforts of the Herald, and a determined effort is being made to secure the suppression of the evil. The work is in the hands of an earnest committee, composed chiefly of ministers, representing the Society for the Prevention of Crime. Dr. THOMPSON, chairman of the Committee, made this startling statement concern the extent of this great wrong: "After many months of experience we have estimated that over one hundred and fifty thousand children visit saloons between the hours of twelve to one P. M. and five to six P. M. I myself counted one hundred and seven children going into one saloon in an hour." What should be done with a business which will commit such crimes?—Pittsburgh Christian Advocate.

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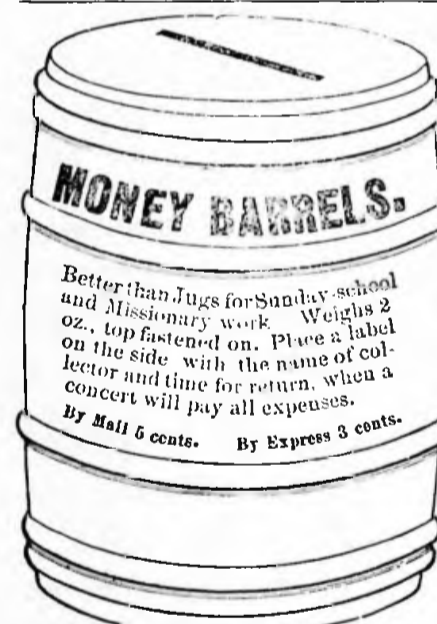
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