

exertions. If, because a scythe cost two dollars, and a self-binder costs two hundred, a farmer with a heavy harvest should decide to do his reaping with the former, he will see, as the years go by, that his primitive way of doing things has not made him rich. But suppose in purchasing a self-binder, the choice lies between two machines equally durable and equally satisfactory as to the work done, but unequal in beauty and unequal in price to the amount of twenty-five dollars? Then the question arises: Is the extra beauty worth the extra price? Would not the payment of the additional twenty-five dollars be an unnecessary expenditure? Would it not be much wiser to lend it to the Lord? Again, two chairs are practically without difference as to comfort and durability, but the cost differs owing to a very pronounced difference in design and workmanship. Shall we pay largely for mere appearance? The question is left open for reflection. If we shall not be swayed by considerations of beauty, but only by thoughts of service, a shoe string may take the place of a gold watch chain, and silver watches will leave gold ones a drug on the market. Stone ware shall take the place of china, and hardwood will drive mahogany from our homes. We will dress no longer in purple and fine linen, but shall be content with the old-fashioned homespun. The day of flounces, and frills, and feathers, shall pass, to be succeeded by a Quaker-like simplicity. The question pends: To what extent may the desire for the beautiful but unnecessary be gratified? Must we starve it, or let the needy starve and the unsaved perish? Must we put it on an allowance, or put them on an allowance. It is a divinely implanted craving; but "Give ye them to eat," is a divinely given command. In view of the circumstances, what shall we do? Who will indicate the golden mean?

It is evident to all close observers that the progress of the kingdom of heaven is not as rapid as it should be;

A CHANGE and the explanation may NEEDED. be found partly in the opposition without, and, partly, perhaps mainly, in the indifference within. That indifference may be traced to a lack of knowledge or to a lack of religion, but it shows itself very frequently in a lack of liberality. If the Lord were to take as little interest in the work of men as some of them take in his work, they would have a hard time getting along. It would be as bad as carrying water in a sieve, or making bricks out of straw. It would be even worse than this, for failure would be inevitable. Their harvests, if indeed they would have any, would be light, their fish few and small, their lumber hard to find, their mills silent, their stores empty, and their workshops forsaken. What could they do without the material which he provides and the strength which he supplies? He cooperates with us in what we are inclined to call our work. Shall we refuse to come to His

help against the mighty? Shall churches and individuals sit in luxurious ease and let the world go on from bad to worse? Churches die when they cease to do. As surely as selfishness wraps itself around them, their growth is endangered. Church members are well nigh dead spiritually, when they are unwilling to help along the work of God. Instead of trying to lay up treasures here, it is much wiser to lay them up in heaven. What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul. A dying man said: "What I saved I now have lost, but what I gave away I now possess." Christians must remember that what they have they have in trust. They are but stewards. Some day they will be called upon to give an account of their stewardship. How many shall be found unfaithful, and miss the reward that is sure for all those who strive to extend the kingdom of God! These are the days of great endeavors in the name of Christ and of repeated and urgent requests for enlarged liberality. It behooves all who want to see evangelistic work prosper in these provinces and throughout the world, to remember that the night cometh when they can neither work, nor pray, nor pay.



Think on the above and send a liberal offering to A. McLean, Cor. Sec., Cincinnati, Ohio, for world-wide missions.

When the Moravian missionaries first went to labor in Greenland, they were called to endure most painful and distressing trials from the heathen and the want of food. Famine constantly threatened them. But in the darkest hours God always interposed for their help and comfort.

On one occasion, he disposed a Greenlander, a perfect stranger, to travel forty leagues to sell them some seals, the flesh of which, with oatmeal and train oil, was a real delicacy compared with the old tallow candles on which they were living.

At another time, returning from a toilsome excursion to obtain food, a Greenlander brought them word that a Dutch ship was lying off south of them, the captain of which had letters for them. On sending, they found a cask of provisions from a kind friend at Amsterdam, proposing to send more when needed.

Later, they were returning home in a frail boat when a contrary wind drove them on a desolate island, where they were compelled to remain all night. But they here found wild birds, thus obtaining food, and even quills for writing.

### LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEPARTURE OF GEORGE BAGNALL AND FAMILY FOR NEW GLASGOW, P. E. I., FOR NEW ZEALAND, DECEMBER, 1868.

Before the parting hand we press,  
And take the last Farewell,  
Let me some parting thoughts express  
Which in the bosom swell.

The pleasing past we can't forget  
While reason holds its throne,  
The present is with grief beset,  
The future all unknown.

Since your acquaintance first was made,  
How pleasant to review:  
The scenes of sunshine and of shade,  
The Lord has brought us through.

How often with the Church of God  
Have we in concert met,  
And trusting in a Saviour's blood,  
His death did celebrate.

How oft the gospel's joyful sound  
Dispelled the gloom of earth;  
While in its blessed truth we found  
The germ of heavenly birth.

When mourning sinners turned to God,  
Believing in his Son,  
And finding pardon through his blood,  
The heavenly race begun.

O'er such a soul-refreshing sight,  
Rejoicing angels sing,  
And we with Christian friends unite  
In praises to our King.

And well do we remember too  
The hours of grief and gloom,  
When mutual friends both tried and true  
Were hidden in the tomb.

When lost to us in death's dark shade,  
How blessed was his Word,  
Assuring us our absent dead,  
Were present with the Lord.

And now when tears sun-dry the eye,  
And sorrows fill the heart,  
Hope points us to a home on high,  
Where kindred never part.

May He who rules the raging storm  
And rocks the waves to sleep,  
Protect you by his powerful arm  
While crossing o'er the deep.

And when 'mongst strangers far away  
Your future lot be cast,  
May His sure promise be your stay  
While changing life shall last.

And when the last loud trump shall sound  
And sleeping millions rise,  
O! may we all in Christ be found  
And with Him mount the skies.

And with the blood-washed throng above,  
Redemption's song we'll swell,  
And basking in a Saviour's love,  
Will never say FAREWELL.

D. C.

### THE DIVINE PLAN.

If a man should fall among thieves, and they should leave him half dead, and I should pass that way, what would it be my duty to do? I suppose it is God's will that I shall do in this case as the good Samaritan did in a similar case; I ought to have compassion on him. I ought to bind up his wounds, pouring in the oil and the wine. I ought to take care of him if I could. This is all clear enough and quite according to the book.

But suppose I am not able, unassisted, to have the man taken care of. I have no beast to set him on, and not money enough to meet the want—what then?