

not courage enough to plead for Christ in the face of opposition, or pluck enough for the conflict which has met with such great encouragement wherever it has been begun ?

We know well that the difficulties which have been encountered by our Sabrevois Mission have been, and still are, very great. But is not that rather a reason why greater efforts should be made to spread the light and knowledge of Jesus Christ among a people trampled down by a tyrannous priesthood, and cowed by the iron scourges of superstition ?" If the noble example of Mr. Hallowes only inspires a few who have not before done so to take an active interest in this work, he and his curate will not have been to prison in vain.

"THY LOVE TO ME WAS WONDERFUL, PASSING THE LOVE OF WOMEN."

"How are the mighty fallen !"
The Prince of Darkness fell,
When He arose, who smote my foes,
My Prince Immanuel.

Wonderful Love !—yea, passing
A woman's earthly love ;
Nor death nor hell the might may quell
Of Love, which dwells above.

Oh ! that I could but know it,
And feel it as my own !
The depth and the height of the Infinite
Would melt this heart of stone.

They are but the merest trifles,
The pains on earth *we* bear !
May this world's loss for Love's *light* cross
Be gain, when He draws near.

What, then, shall separate
Love's everlasting arms
From sinful man ! No creature can,
Nor death, nor hell's alarms.

If only Life's red river
Have swept away sin's stain,
In the purer white of that dazzling light,
We, "kings and priests," shall reign.

C. C. WALLER.