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THOUGHTS IN A WHEAT FIELD.

BY DINAH MULOCK CRAIK.

In his wide fields walks the Master
In his fair fields, ripe for harvest,
Where the evening sun shines slantwise
On the rich ears heavy bending.

Saith the Master: "It is time."
Though no leaf shows brown decadence,
And September's nightly frost-bite
Only reddens the horizon,
"It is full time," saith the Master,
The wise Master, "It is time."

Lo! he looks. That look compelling
Brings his laborers to the harvest;
Quick they gather, as in autumn
Passage birds in cloudless eddies
Drop upon the seaside fields;
White wings have they, and white raiment,
White feet shod with swift obedience.
Each lays down his golden palm-branch,
And uprears his sickle shining,
"Speak, O Master—is it time?"

O'er the field the servants hasten,
Where the full-stored ears droop downwards
Humble with their weight of harvest
Where the empty ears wave upward,
And the gay tares flaunt in rows;
But the sickles, the sharp sickles,
Flash new dawn at their appearing,
Songs are heard in earth and heaven,
For the reapers are the angels,
And it is the harvest time.

O Great Master! Are thy footsteps
Even now upon the mountains?
Art thou walking in thy wheat-field?
Are the snowy-winged reapers
Gathering in the silent air?
Are thy signs abroad, the glowing

Of the distant sky, blood reddened,
And the near fields trodden, blighted,
Choked by gaudy tares triumphant—
Sure, it must be harvest time!

Who shall know the Master's coming?
Whether it be at dawn or sunset,
When night dews weigh down the wheat-ears,
Or while noon rides high in heaven,
Sleeping lies the yellow field?
Only may thy voice, good Master,
Peal above the reaper chorus,
And dull sound of sheaves slow falling—
"Gather all into my garner,
For it is my harvest time."

THE IDOLATROUS SACRIFICE OF THE MASS.

PERHAPS many of our young people are unacquainted with the real nature of the Roman Catholic service called "Mass." The word is Latin, taken from the Hebrew "Missah," which means sacrifice. That church teaches that the bread and wine on the altar at the sacrament, are changed by the blessing of the priest, into the real body and blood of Christ, and that He is sacrificed afresh at each service; therefore their ministers are called *priests*. This doctrine is called transubstantiation. They use instead of bread a little wafer, of flour and water, baked for this purpose, and that is all that is given to the people: only the priests partake of the wine. Some of these wafers are very solemnly blessed once a year, and carried about the cities in grand processions. This is called the "Fete Dieu," and the Elevation and Adoration of the Host, which the people fall down and worship as God. How like the heathen in pagan lands when bowing down to their idols. They tell our missionaries: "It is not these