

"My Lord," said the messenger, "my master desired me to say, that you must *read the letter without delay*; for it is about serious things."

"Serious things to-morrow," said the nobleman, as he threw the letter aside, and took up his cup of wine. The delay was fatal. Before the feast was at an end, his enemies rushed into the hall and slew him.

He neglected his last chance, and perished through his own folly. And are there not thousands who to-day are neglecting opportunities and disregarding warnings, who will mourn at last, when they are lost beyond remedy? To-day God sends his message to us. Oh, *read the letter to-day*, for "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"—*The Christian*.

### AT THE SEA OF TIBERIAS.



Length our pathway, Saviour, lies  
Where once Thy footsteps trod,  
By Hermon, with His human eyes  
Seen by the Son of God  
These eyes of mine the scene behold  
Which Jesus daily saw of old

Now to the hallowed lake we come  
Which bore Him on its breast,  
Whose voice at His command was dumb,  
Whose waters sank to rest.  
Here was the city where He dwelt,  
Upon these flinty rocks He knelt.

One spot there is upon this shore  
Where love its pardon sealed,  
When to His own the Lord once more  
Stood risen and revealed,  
And he who had his Lord denied  
Now hastens to his Saviour's side.

One spot which heard that gracious voice  
Say, "Simon, lov'st thou Me?"  
Which bade the fallen one rejoice,  
And called him from the sea,  
Made him a fisher now of men,  
And bade him feed the flock again.

"Thou knowest all things, Lord," he cries,  
"Thou knowest that I love."  
And he who thrice before denies  
Now longs that love to prove.  
So Peter, raised by pierced hands,  
With the beloved Disciple stands

"Lord, what shall this man do?" he asks:  
"And what is that to thee?"  
To each and all their several tasks;  
Be thine to follow Me."  
Leave all the rest in God's high hand,  
The wise shall one day understand.

When faith well nigh within me dies,  
And fears my spirit fill,  
Then from Thy pillow, Lord, arise,  
And bid them "Peace, be still."  
O bid the raging storm to cease,  
Grant us, O Lamb of God, Thy peace.

If, by some wave of doubt and sin,  
My bark o'erwhelmed should be,  
Rebuke the tempest, Lord, within;  
As in the middle sea,  
The Son of God, in human form,  
Rebuked the spirit of the storm.

Let me but hear that voice again  
Which calls me to Thy side,  
My soul henceforth I will refrain,  
Thy servant I'll abide;  
Content Thy gracious charge to keep,  
To feed Thy lambs, and tend Thy sheep.

Then curious questioning I leave,  
And things for me too high;  
To Thy Commandment I will cleave,  
With Thee to live and die.  
I'll hear Thy "What is that to thee?"  
And keep Thy counsel, "Follow Me."

G J C-B.

### WOMEN IN CHINA.



OUR Chinese missionaries are trying hard to build a much needed hospital for women in the large city of Wuchang. Mrs. F. R. Graves, the wife of an estimable missionary of the American Church in China, thus speaks through the *Spirit of Missions* of the state of her sisters who are born in China:

"You know the position of woman in China. She is considered inferior to the man. 'The mean inhabitant of the inner apartment' is a common term for her. She does not eat with her husband, except when he is too poor to admit of ceremony. If guests are invited, she does not appear. Only when she becomes the mother of sons does she receive some respect. For they are a greatly desired gift, since only sons can worship the spirits of parents when departed, and burn paper money and all sorts of useful articles, in paper, for their use in the spirit land. Infanticide, as you know, is still a thing of the present in China. The Roman Catholic Sisters in Hankow (there are ten of them working together), in addition to their other work, are providing for 300 little baby girls who have been given to them.

"Until a woman reaches forty, and not then, if of higher class, it is not respectable for her to walk on the streets. As sedan chairs are expensive, a great mass of women, too poor to hire them, lead lives monotonous and secluded in the extreme. \* \* \* \* \*

"One of the last cases brought to my notice for help was that of a woman who was living in a mat hut, not high enough to stand upright in, on a street near us, where she had been very ill. She had been turned off the premises of the house where her husband had been gatekeeper just before the birth of her child. The neighbours contributed the mats, and put up the hut for her. This would have been a case for our Woman's Hospital."