

Blessings.

What do I thank Thee for, oh Lord,
to-day?

Why, blessings manifold have strewn
my way,
And made life's pathway bright for me
and mine;

And yet I dare to murmur and repine,
And oftimes from Thee stray.

What do I praise Thee for, oh Lord,
to-day?

Why, songs have come to me from far
away,

And soothed my heart when sad with
some small grief;

And dulled the pain, and brought me
quick relief:

So I, too, *sing* to-day.

Why do I pray to Thee, oh Lord,
to-day?

I need Thy help and counsel or I stray
From Thy dear side, and wander in
the dark,

And greedy waves would swallow my
small bark.

I need Thy *light* to-day.

Why do I plead my weakness, Lord,
to-day?

Because the flowers all wither and
decay,

Reminding me of our frail hold on life
And thus I beg Thy strength for earthly
strife.

I need Thee, Lord, *always*.

G. H.

Unity.

Oh! when shall the Church of Christ
be one;

One in practice, name and thought;
When human laws and human creeds
Shall be drop't, and set at naught?

Christ prayed, while here on earth,
His Church might all be one:

Owning one faith, one Lord, one King,
That the world for Him might be won.

That He might present a glorious Church
To His Father, before the throne,
Without spot, or wrinkle, or any such
thing,

A gift from His own dear Son.

Methinks I hear the Saviour say,

As we gather before the throne,
"Did you do all you could on earth
To make my people one?"

Then let us arise in His power divine,
And cast away all earthly leaven,
That His righteous will may be done
on earth

As it is by His angels in heaven.

I think I see that building stand

In Christ, full and complete,
With lively stones on every hand
Ready His mandates to repeat.

God's Table.

ANNA D. BRADLEY.

Perhaps the very sweetest instance in
the "forty days" was when the fishers
—the weary, disappointed disciples of
the Crucified!—came to land and
found, all unasked and unexpected, a
feast prepared for them.

I wonder if, before they could dare
to break their fast, they did not join in
singing the Shepherd Psalm about the
Lord who would not let them want,
and used as a glad refrain to every
stanza—"Thou preparest a table before
me" And, if so, it is easy to fancy the
smiling Host making answer to His
guests—"Thy bread shall be given thee
and thy water shall be sure."

So often we, like the disciples of old,
will "toil all night," and yet our empty
hands but seem to mock us in the
morning light.

We grow discouraged; and no
wonder that, weary and sick at heart,
we question if the fruitless work has
been worth our labor. So much effort
and yet, seemingly, no results: so many
cries which no one appears to hear; so
many prayers which, in our blind im-
patience, we deem to be all unanswered.

But I read the sweet lesson again,
and a new light breaks in upon me. I
remember that these disciples, ere they
found the spread table of their Lord,
first came to the land where Jesus stood.

And the lesson I learn is this: If we,
so tired and discouraged with our
seemingly fruitless labor, would, in our
darkest moments, only draw near to
the spot hallowed by the sacred foot-
prints, we too would find that Christ's
own hand had already prepared our
table for us.

"Come unto me." The Master
woos us by the very tenderness of love.
And when did one ever obey the
gracious invitation, draw near to Him,
and find no full provision all ready for
their every want? We stretch out
eager, empty hands to Him, and lo!
they come back full to overflowing. It
is as though we were already within
our Father's many mansioned home
and had found the place which Jesus,
eighteen hundred year ago, went to
prepare for us. And, indeed, if we will,
I believe it is our Father's wish that we
enter at once into the King's own
country and leave it never more,
through time or through eternity.

I have, now and then, seen one who,
very early in their Christian life, moved
at once into their appointed place in
the house of many mansions; and
their glad testimony has always been
that they have never once sat down to
an empty board, or arose from the
table unrefreshed.

Ah, what a spiritual giant I might
have been if, through all the years that
have passed since I first looked away
from self and knew my Saviour, I had
always eaten only at the table of my
Lord's preparing! But alas! alas! my
dwarfed and stunted life too plainly
prove that I have "starved in the sight
of luxuriant things."

As we so easily compare the glad pos-
sibilities which so easily "might have
been," to the narrow, empty lives we
live, we plainly see that the only reason
is that we have never grasped our in-
herited rights; have never realized the
necessity of feeding only at the table
of our Lord?

We have "good works" in abundance.
We are seldom absent from our place
in the sanctuary. We read "good
books," and we are soundly orthodox
on all questions of faith. Yet still,
like the much cumbered Martha, there
is "one thing" lacking. We need,
like many, now and then to shut out
all the world and sit alone "at Jesus'
feet." We need to "sup at the table"
where Jesus is Host. We need to
stand on the mount, apart from the
world, with "Jesus only."

It is my own fault if I am hungry.
My King has lavishly spread His table;
and continually and graciously He
calls me to His side. As I sit with Him
at meat, He pledges me His Kingly
word that I "shall never lack," and that
He has made it His own care to supply
my every need.

But not content with this, He points
to "the hidden manna" which He
holds in reserve for all of those who
will, in trust, draw near to Him. He
uncovers the secret springs whose liv-
ing waters flow on and on forever.
And as we gaze in wonder and delight,
He whispers in tones of love which
only answering love can comprehend—
"Eat, oh friend; yea, eat and drink
abundantly, oh beloved."

Missionary Evolution at River-
side.

It is nigh onto ten years since Mrs.
Pinket, our preacher's wife, got the
wimmen of Riverside church together
and told us about the heathen and the
way wimmen suffered in them fur off
lands, and throwed their little babies
into the river or strangled them to
death, and how they burned themselves
on the funeral piles of their dead hus-
bands, and many sich awful things.
Then she told us what Christians wuz
a doin fur them poor creators and
wanted us to organize an oxilery or
helpin society.

Uv course we thought Widder Jen-
kins, with her five little half-starved
children, and saloon keeper O'brien
a pushin her for rent, and poor Mrs.
O'Flaherty with her drunken Pat a
comin home every night to beat her
and take her hard earned money, and
drive little hungry, barefooted Mike
and Peggy out in the cold to bring him
more whiskey, wuz heathen enuff fur
us, and needed our pity and help as

much as them poor wimmen we hurd
her read uv across the oshun. We
plainly told her our convictions, but
she said, quiet like, "Well, what have
you been doing for Widow Jenkins and
Mrs. O'Flaherty and their little ones?
Would you do less for them if you were
trying to help these helpless, far away
sisters, to whom Christ commands us
to preach the Gospel?"

We had to own up that we'd never
thot uv doin nothin fur these heathen
at our doors until she stood there and
pled so fur the widders and childrn
uv furin lands, then the heathen at
home begin to weigh heavy on our
hearts. Truth wuz, we wuz each a
makin the e poor neighbors an excuse
to our own selfish hearts fur doin
nuthin fur nobody, fur or near, and as
soon as Mrs. Pinket would give up
teasin us about India and dear knows
where all, we would furgit our home
heathen and live on in our same com-
fortable old fashion. But Mrs. Pinket
didn't give it up. She clean convinced
us that we would make a better light
at home if we shined out to the ends
of the wurld. The upshot uv it all wuz
that we wuz organized before we fairly
knowed what we wuz a doin. Our
preacher's wife was president, and there
wuz timid little Mrs. Goodheart vice
president. She never'd hurd her own
voice in a meetin exceptin in a wee
falterin prayer that wouldn't have
scairt a church mouse. She didn't know
India from Siberia, and there wuzint
one uv us c ould uv told whether it wuz
the Japaneze or the Hindooz or the
Fiji Islanders that bound the girls' feet
so cruelly. We couldn't uv told
whether the Chineze et each other and
roasted fat missionaries or whether
Burmah wuz in the Congo District or
not. We knowed that Widder Jenkin's
father wuz once rich and lost his money.
We knowed that O'Flaherty cum from
the ould-country and that Mike wuz
born on the oshun. We wuz satisfied
to set and doze in our kushioned pues
on Sundays and hear our good pastor
teli us mildly uv the awful sin of lyin
and murder and sich like.

And this woman wuz vice president.
We couldn't hardly believe our eyes
nor our ears. Then there wuz Marthy
Jane Beabout, secretary; she that lives
all alone in the big brick house with
the green shutters and always carries
her Bible to meetin on Sundays. Why,
when she wuz told she would keep the
minits of the meetin, she said, innocent
like: "Why, won't we always keep
about an hour?" Not that Marthy
Jane couldn't write. She wrote a good
hand, and years ago, her and me, we
used to spell down most everybody.