

HEARTILY.

Is the work before you heavy?
Is the pathway long and steep?
Does the darkness thickly settle
Where the sunbeams used to creep?
Uncomplaining journey onward
With a heart of patient cheer;
Fainter is the morning's splendor
That succeeds the night of fear.

Is your part to cheer the lowly,
Walking where no sound of praise
From the world can reach you ever
Through the length of weary days?
Let the light of love about you
Gild the path for other feet,
And the blessedness of giving
You will find divinely sweet.

Is your work to lift the fallen
From the dreadful curse of sin?
Do it bravely, let no shadow
Mar the gleam of hope within.
With a touch of love and pity
Draw the wanderer back to right,
To the realms of truth and honor,
From the darkness and the blight.

Do your duty with a fervor
And a heartiness of will
That shall banish all the doubting
From the world of wrong and ill;
Do it bravely, whether beauty
Fill one measure of the way;
Loving thought and loving action
Its own service will repay.

—Selected.

THE REVERSE SIDE.

PROF. L. M. BARNES.

Almost every one, at some time, feels a more or less ardent longing to become a missionary. This desire is aroused and fostered by a delusive half-knowledge of what missionary life is. How vague and illusory are the ordinary notions in regard to the actualities of life in heathen lands! How little of the reverse side of that life is ever really apprehended? What is missionary life? Is it not thought to be teaching those who are docile and anxious to learn; telling the Gospel story to those who hunger and thirst for the Word of Life, and who receive it with joy and alacrity? Then there is the background of those wonderful foreign lands with their strange teeming wealth and beauty. Of course there are some unpleasant features—the parting from home, the rude conditions of life, opposition perhaps—but these will all appear but trivial and will be but slightly felt when engaged in so noble a work, when doing so much. Then in the distance is a vision of return with a crown about the brows; or of a glorious death, the recounting of which in the far-away home-church on some quiet Sabbath day shall send some fresh young life to take up the work laid down. This is, perhaps, the usual idea of missionary life.

The black man and the yellow man are disliked and avoided here; they will not be there. The comforts of

life are essential here; they will not be there. Misery, vice and sin are repulsive and loathsome here; they will not be there. Ignorance, stupidity, injustice excite contempt and hatred here; they will not there. "Be not deceived." The horror of these repulsive, hateful, awful conditions will overhang the missionary like a cloud—darker and more palpable with the passing years, because nearer seen and better understood. Besides, these dwellers in heathen lands have no welcome for this missionary, no regard for his message. He is an alien and an intruder, and must work as such. And what is the price he must pay for this privilege or sufferance?

It means forsaking home and country. Those who have never been in a foreign country can have no adequate conception of the nature or strength of the tie that binds them to their native land and to their own people. Being among strangers in a strange place only begins to reveal the existence of this tie. They, who go where they do not hear their mother-tongue, learn how deep-rooted it is. But only they, who live in a strange clime among another race, realize what home, country, people mean. Is it Livingstone or Stanley who has recorded his o'ermastering joy at seeing white men? After months spent in the interior, he reached the coast. Just at sunset, he climbed the hill overlooking the sea and town; and there, in the road before him, were some native Caucasian merchants, in flowing white robes. Their faces were brown and tanned; their garments, yellow and travel-stained; their speech, broken and imperfect English; yet, to his heart-hungry eyes and ears, their robes were dazzling white; their faces, fair as those of his own kin; their voices, sweet as the softest song that ever stirred the air.

He who would be a missionary must lay down his life. He gives himself to unremitting toil in uncongenial and unhealthful climates. In health, in sickness, in strength, in weakness, he must work; until, long before age overtakes him, the step is slow; the form, bent; the face, marked and seamed with those lines which only care and toil bring. Unhealthful, unappetizing, repulsive food; rude, unpleasant dwellings must be his continual portion. He submits to the dwarfing of his mind. He, who puts himself out of the strong current of intellectual life, will not only be deprived of development which contact with intellect and with newly-discovered truth gives; but consents to the gradual deterioration and death in his intellectual life. The constant companionship of those who are savage or primitive, the continual dwelling upon the elementary subjects suited to their uncultivated minds adds to the process of intellectual decay. The missionary must be willing that "that which he has," intellectually, "shall be taken from him." He must resign himself to become, as years pass on, more and more like those among whom he labors. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

He who would be a missionary must possess courage—not bravery—something higher, nobler. He must have the power to labor, undiscouraged, without result, year after year; the power to endure, quietly and sweetly, opposition, calumny and insult as a daily portion; the power to look calmly and silently upon all manner of oppression, crime and wretchedness; the power to be unmoved in the continual presence of all that stirs the Saxon blood to fever heat; the power, too, to speak and act, at the right moment, fearlessly, faithfully authoritatively, "at all hazards, at whatever cost."