

## Dead!

"My son Absalom! My son, my son!"

DEAD: stricken down by a blow  
Dealt out by a passionate hand!  
In the wink of an eye-lid laid low,  
His blood welling out on the sand,  
And crawling all red in its flow,  
Till it crept to my feet where I stand!  
My son, my son!

Dead: killed in a wild drunken brawl—  
Ah! here is the sting and the shame;  
Ah! here is the wormwood and gall;  
This burns in my bosom like flame;  
Would that tears had dropped on my pall  
Ere this blot had blackened his name.  
My son, my son!

Thus to die with a wine-maddened brain,  
Besotted, befooled and beguiled!  
I curse from the heart of my pain,  
In words that sound frantic and wild,  
The wine—but my curses are vain:  
They cannot restore me my child.  
My son, my son!

Yet my grief is but common, they say;  
Others feel the same anguish and woe:  
Sad mothers and wives face the day,  
And their eyes with hot tears overflow,  
As weeping, they pass on their way,  
And cursing the wine as they go.  
My son, my son!

I tell you in God's holy name  
That this is the scourge of the land,  
Its burden, its sorrow, its shame,  
Burnt deep on its brow like a brand;  
Striking hard at its honour and fame,  
And crumbling its strength into sand.  
My son, my son!

We mothers and wives lift the cry,  
And pray you, O men, for your grace;  
Come, help for your stations on high,  
As ye hope to look God in the face,  
Who sees us, as weeping we lie,  
And ask you for ruth from your place.  
My son, my son!

O poets, your aid we implore;  
Chant no longer the praises of wine.  
Dash the wine-cup down on the floor;  
You dishonour a craft so divine.  
Ah, indeed, you would praise it no more  
If your son lay dead there like mine!  
My son, my son!

Hear the cry from the madhouse and jail;  
Hear the moan of the starving and poor;  
Hear the widows and orphans' sharp wail,  
Who, like martyrs that groan and endure,  
Lift to God their white faces so pale.  
And, though speechless, His pity ajure.  
My son, my son!

Oh, scorn not, I pray you, the cry  
Of a mother, a widow undone;  
But, even though you pass it by,  
It will move the great God on His throne.  
He hears from the dust where I lie,  
Where in ashes I weep for my son.  
My son, my son!

## Interest in Missionary Work.

BY MARIA WOOSTER.

EVERY now and then some one gives directions for exciting an interest in missionary work. One proposes that we study the geography of heathen countries, the dress, the language, manners and the history of the people, any thing that brings the heathen out from the obscurity of the distance and makes us realize that they are men and women like ourselves; another suggests that we should be bold in urging the claims of missions; another that we should put missionary work into everybody's hands.

All these directions are good as far as they go, and so it might be said of a bridge that goes half way across a river and there stops. It is good as far as it goes, but because it does not go far enough, it is good for nothing. There is one thing alone that will excite an interest in missionary work, and that is *love to God*.

The moment that any one, even a little child, begins to love God, he becomes a missionary. He works to

save men. It makes no difference whether they live in his own house or on the other side of the world. He works with all his might and nothing but death can prevent him from working. People are not indifferent to missionary work because of ignorance, or because their torpid imagination needs to be stimulated. It is *solely* because they are indifferent to Christ.

This is an age of knowledge. Everybody knows enough of the world so that he need not hesitate an instant if he wants to do good. Even the geographies that are used in primary schools contain enough information with regard to the heathen to arouse the Christian world to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. To people who love the Lord, the simple statement that there are heathen in the world is enough.

Say to a father who has a father's heart, "Your child lies sleeping in your blazing house." Not another word is needed. You do not need to remind him of all that his child is to him; to dwell upon the horror of the threatened death. Such talk would be foolishness to him if he heard it. Say to a Christian, "There are heathen in the world," and all the strength there is in him springs into activity. His own heart will paint the condition of the lost with a power that leaves no need of words.

People give their money and their efforts for the things that they love. Look at that church member who is always ready to spend money for his own pleasure. He gratifies his taste in his dress, his house, his surroundings, his education. He says that his heart is not set upon these things. It is false. His heart is set upon or he would not have them. He cares more for them than he cares for suffering humanity, than he cares for a pure life, than he cares for Christ. Even if he refuses to see in this life, an awful day will yet dawn upon him when he will confess the truth, but he will know also that heaven is lost.

If we wish to excite an interest in missionary work, let us labour to make men pure in heart, and all else will take care of itself.

## Our Best for the Master.

A poor woman, living at Kedgeroe, near Saugar Island, had twin babes born to her. Very lovely they were, with their diamond eyes and dimpled cheeks, as they lay in infantile grace and beauty in their basket cradle, swung to and fro in the cool shade of one of the cocoa-palms that surrounded the mother's lowly cot.

She loved her little ones, as every mother does; but a dark cloud seemed ever to overshadow even the joys of maternity, and the tiny faces of the infants were often bathed in the mother's tears. Sadly she told me the story of her sorrow. Her god, she said, was angry with her; and she knew it, because one of her babes was a girl, and blind. Had she not offended him in some way, both would have been boys, and then she would have been so happy. The blindness she did not much mind; but to have a poor despised girl—it was more than she could bear. Thus she would bewail her sad fate whenever I saw her, and always concluded her lament by saying: "The god must be appeased, cost what it may."

Little did I understand the fearful import of her words, till calling one

pleasant evening at the cabin I found but one babe in the cradle, and the mother weeping in agony at its side. It was the blind girl that remained—the perfect child, the high-priced boy, had been sacrificed by being thrown into the Ganges, in order to appease the fancied anger of the god!

At first I was dumb with horror at the unnatural crime. But when able to speak, I could not forbear asking the mother, why, if she must destroy one, she had not sacrificed the girl she lamented and whose blindness made her a subject of pity, and spared the boy she prized so highly.

"Ah, that was my great grief," she replied: "I could not offer a girl when I had a boy, nor a blind child when I had a perfect one. That would only have made Gunga more angry. The god must always have the best. Alas! for my boy—my beautiful boy—the sunshine of my heart is gone out forever!" And the poor woman beat her breast and tore her hair in agony.

Thus wrote a missionary lady of India. Are we with our purer faith always thus consistent? Do we give the best of our time, talents, property, influence, and affection to our King; to Him who gave His best—His only Son—a ransom for our sins, that we might be saved through Him.

## A Fijian Missionary Hero.

AMONG other distinguished missionaries who have laboured in Fiji, honorable mention should be made of John Hunt, who was a farm-labourer in Lincolnshire, and was converted in his youth in a Wesleyan chapel in his native village. He was an untutored young man—neither his father nor mother could read—still he became a local preacher, and used to walk many miles on Sundays to preach the Gospel.

On being recommended for the ministry he was sent to the theological institution at Hoxton, London, where he devoted himself with great energy to the study of English, Latin, Greek and Theology—hitherto his only books had been a Bible and "Pilgrim's Progress." News reached England from Fiji for a reinforcement of missionaries, when John Hunt and James Calvert were sent to strengthen the hands of the little band who were labouring among the cannibals. On his arrival he entered heartily into the work, but he was only permitted to labour about ten years. His companion, Mr. Calvert, says respecting him: "His labours were abundant. He preached regularly and attended to the people of his charge, visited the schools, wrote 'memoirs of the Rev. William Cross,' translated nearly the whole of the New Testament and some parts of the Old, composed in the Fijian language an original and much-enlarged edition (left in manuscript) of 'Sermons on the Evidences, Doctrines, Duties and Institutions of Christianity,' visited infant churches and unexplored parts of Fiji, studied and administered medicine to great extent, and built two mission-houses at much personal toil.

Sickness befell this man of God from which he never recovered. During the weeks of suffering which preceded his death the people made the greatest lamentations and offered earnest prayer for his recovery: "Oh, Lord!" Elijah Verani cried aloud, "we know we are very bad; but spare thy servant. If one must die, take me!"

Take ten of us! But spare thy servant to preach Christ to the people.

As he neared his end, he confidently committed his wife and babes to God, but was sorely distressed for Fiji. Sobbing as though in acute distress, he cried out, "Lord bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji: my heart has travailed in pain for Fiji!" Then grasping his friend Calvert by the hand, he exclaimed again, "Oh, let me pray once more for Fiji! Lord, for Christ's sake, bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Save thy servants, save thy people, save the heathen in Fiji! To his wife he said, "this be dying, praise the Lord." His countenance assumed a heavenly smile when he exclaimed, "I want strength to praise him abundantly," and with the word "Hallelujah" on his lips he joined the worship of heaven. He was buried the day following his death. Loving Fijians bore him to the tomb. On his coffin were these words:

REV. JOHN HUNT.

Slept in Jesus, OCTOBER 4th, 1883,  
Aged 36 Years.

—THE REV. EDWARD BARRASS, M. A.,  
in *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*  
for July.

## Missionary Notes.

THERE is a small organized department in the Highland University, Kansas, for Indian youth. It has grown out of a very generous gift of \$100 from an Indian girl, a convert to Christianity.

ONE-FOURTH of the human family are women without the knowledge of Jesus! Let us each write this upon the fly-leaves of our Bibles; then read, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

THE China Inland Mission was started in 1865, and now consists of 112 missionaries scattered throughout the whole of the Chinese Empire. When Mr. Hudson Taylor returned to England he desired to obtain 70 new missionaries to extend the work of the mission; 35 have already come forward, and he is sanguine of soon obtaining the remainder of the 70.

THE annual summary of British contributions to foreign missions, just completed by Canon Scott Robertson, and printed in the *Churchman*, shows that for the financial year 1882 they exceeded those of the previous year by nearly £100,000. The totals are as follows: Church of England societies, £500,306; joint societies of Churchmen and Non-conformists, £154,813; English and Welsh Non-conformist societies, £348,176; Scotch and Irish Presbyterian societies, £176,362; and Roman Catholic societies, £11,519. Total voluntarily contributed in the British Isles for 1882, £1,191,175.

THE new Queen of Madagascar, with the pleasant and appropriate name of Razafindrakety, is said to exert quite as active an influence toward the advancement of Christianity as her predecessor, the late Queen Eauavalomanyakah. She was educated in a Christian school sustained by the London Missionary Society, and was baptized when she was 16 years of age. Her beauty is described as something marvelous. The work of evangelization in Madagascar has not been interfered with by the French troubles.—*Inter-Ocean*.