

Dr. Hart was a missionary of the days before railways crossed the continent, days when the missionary China-bound had to round the Cape of Good Hope on his five months' voyage. The work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in China was necessarily pioneer work in those days, and for twenty-two years Dr. Hart gave himself heart and soul to the cause. Then, worn by toil and malaria, he returned to Canada and purchased a little fruit farm near Burlington, Ont. Presumably his work in China was done.

But ere long Canadian Methodism began to consider the taking up of a new mission field. It was then Dr. Hart made his invaluable suggestion of the rich and teeming province of Sz-Chuan, with its capital city, Chentu. His health had improved. His advice was taken by the Board, and he himself was asked to superintend the mission. Forth again, in the year 1888, went the veteran missionary, and it is hard to estimate how great a mea-

sure of the success of our mission is due to its late superintendent. In 1897 he introduced the first printing-presses into West China. Three years later ill-health compelled him to return for the last time to Burlington. It was here, after a two days' illness, an attack of la grippe, he passed away, in his sixty-fourth year.

"I would like to make one more effort for China," he said to a friend not long ago.

Dr. Hart leaves behind a widow, one daughter, Mrs. Hare, of Halifax, and four sons, Rev. E. I. Hart, of Sault Ste. Marie; Prof. M. Hart, of St. Louis; Dr. Egerton Hart, of the M. E. Hospital at Wu Hu, China, and Rev. Ross Hart, of Burlington.

He is the author of a work on Western China and another on Confucianism, and our young people will be especially reminded of him by his introduction to Mr. Wallace's "Heart of Sz-Chuan," recently published by the Young People's Forward Movement for Missions.

THE BEST WE HAVE.

Christ wants the best. He in the far-off ages

Once claimed the firstling of the flock, the finest of the wheat,
And still He asks His own with gentlest pleading

To lay their highest hopes and brightest talents at His feet.
He'll not forget the feeblest service, humblest love,

He only asks that of our store we give to Him
The best we have.

Christ gives the best. He takes the hearts we offer

And fills them with His glorious beauty, joy, and peace.
And in His service, as we're growing stronger,
The calls to grand achievements still increase.

The richest gifts for us on earth, or in the heaven above,
Are hid in Christ. In Jesus we receive
The best we have.

And is our best too much? O friends, let us remember

How once our Lord poured out His soul for us,
And in the prime of His mysterious manhood
Gave up His precious life upon the cross!

The Lord of lords, by whom the worlds were made,
Through bitter grief and tears gave us
The best He had.

—*The Interior.*