

All wasted and worn with their wearisome toil,
 Still they pause not, that brave little band,
 Though soon their low pillows must be the strange soil
 Of that distant and grave-dotted strand :

For dangers uncounted are clustering there ;
 The pestilence stalks uncontrolled ;
 Strange poisons are borne on the soft, languid air,
 And lurk in each leaf's fragrant fold.

There the rose never blooms on fair woman's wan cheek,
 But there's beautiful light in her eye,
 And the smile that she wears is so loving and meek,
 None can doubt it comes down from the sky.

There the strong man is bowed in his youth's golden prime,
 But he cheerily sings at his toil,
 For he thinks of his sheaves and the garnering time
 Of the glorious Lord of the soil.

And ever they turn, that brave, wan little band,
 A long, wistful gaze on the West—
 "Do they come, do they come from that dear distant land,
 That land of the lovely and blest ?

"Do they come, do they come ? Oh, we're feeble and wan,
 And we're passing like shadows away ;
 But the harvest is white, and, lo ! yonder the dawn !
 For labourers—for labourers we pray !"—*Macedonian.*

WANT OF MISSIONARIES IN AFRICA.

At the recent annual meeting of the Church Missionary Society in London the Rev. H. Townsend, Missionary from Abbeokuta, thus describes the strong desire that is felt in these districts of Africa for missionary labourers:—

We have, at the present time, vast openings for missionary exertion, and I must endeavour to bring these before your minds, that you may give us the help that we require. You are aware that we have several stations already formed—formed, we hope, upon a right basis—carried on, we hope, in a right manner, looking to our Saviour alone for aid. Beyond us there are vast towns; but let me first draw your attention to a small town that is nearer to us than Abbeokuta, one of those that were destroyed by the slave wars, but was being rebuilt when I visited it with