

THE GREAT DELIVERANCE.

ALM Egypt slept The veil of heavy night
Hung dark 'twixt the desert and the sky.
Above the sleeping land that dreamed no harm,
The sullen clouds bent low and threateningly;
And through the darkness and the silence deep,
No voice of solemn warning breathed aloud:
"Prepare to meet thy God." The soft night wind
That crept from house to house with noiseless tread,
Repeated not: "Thy first-born all must die!"
The bird that moved upon the midnight bough
Said not, "The hour is come,"—nor yet the stars
That stood above the land. The night wore on,
And Egypt slept

The night wore slowly on;
And Israel, by the dimly burning light,
Did watch with anxious heart. The lamb was slain,
And on the lintel had the blood been struck.
The cloth was spread, the hurried meal was passed.
With girded loins and ready sandaled feet
The eager bondsmen waited, longed, and hoped,—
They knew not what.

And now the hour was come
The murky veil of night was torn by wings
Of God's destroying angel swooping down
To smite the land, and Egypt slept no more.
The angel passed, death hovered in his wake,
But Israel's blood-stained door was left uncrossed.
A sudden cry broke on the air. 'Twas not
The anguish of a single stricken heart,
It rang from house to house and swelling rose,
A mournful chorus, a funeral wail,
The voice of Egypt mourning her first-born.
Night wore away. The stars above the land
Went dimly out; and lo! the rising sun,
Whose latest dying ray had looked on slaves,
Saw Israel out of bondage,—free at last!

Years, ages have rolled by. A deeper night
Enfolds the land in darkness and in gloom.
Above a careless world that dreams no harm,
The clouds of sin stoop low and threateningly,
And Justice whets her keen avenging sword.
Still Egypt sleeps. God's awful warning words,
"The day thou eat'st thereof, thou'lt surely die,"
Forgotten are. The scornful idler laughs,
Unheeding that the hour is drawing nigh.
O men, O brothers, are you faithful, true?
Your candles, are they burning? Do you watch
With girded loins, with anxious hopeful hearts?
The Lamb is slain; and if his saving blood
Be on your lives, the angel will pass by.
And with the rising of the sun you'll quit
Your bondage for the precious Promised Land.
—*Young Men's Era.*

INCIDENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

God's providences are very closely related to the prayers of God's people. A few years ago a German missionary society found itself in debt ten thousand thalers. Fourteen years before it had received as a gift three acres of what was supposed to be worthless land in south Africa. At this juncture diamonds were discovered upon it, and enough was realized by percentage paid by the miners to pay the debt.

The founder of the Friendly Islands mission applied to the London Missionary Society for

permission to start a mission on another island whose chief had requested it. While waiting in prayerful anxiety for an answer, a box was washed ashore which contained a letter giving the permission. The wrecked ship was never heard from, and no other article from it was ever found.

In 1815 the Rev. B. Shaw went to Cape Town as a missionary, but on being forbidden by the government to labour there, he bought a yoke of oxen and a wagon, and he and his wife started for the interior, not knowing whither they went. After going 300 miles, he camped on the twenty-seventh day near a party of Hottentots, who, with a chief, were going to Cape Town after a missionary to teach them the "Great Word," of which that chief had heard. Had either party started half an hour earlier on its journey they would have missed each other.

When a fierce storm of persecution burst upon the Turkish missions of the American Board, much prayer was offered, and God interfered with such a striking series of providences in the Turkish nation and its capital that the persecutors were awed. They held a meeting, and agreed to stop the persecution and recall the Christians who had been banished. In the history of every mission may be found a series of striking providences in answer to prayer.—*Missionary Review.*

SOME years ago, a gentleman in New York left his entire property, some \$400,000, for the purpose of founding a musical college. At once, of course, the will was disputed; and now it appears that the entire property has been consumed in litigation, and not a dollar remains for the object specified in the will, even supposing the will to be sustained. This fact might well be proclaimed from the housetop. When will men learn to do good during their lifetime, and not to rob themselves of the pleasure of seeing the work which they desire prospering before their eyes?

"You press the Church too hard on this subject of Missions," said a brother when the subject of Missions was being discussed. When asked how much he gave for Missions per year, he said, "About one dollar." "How much does your tobacco cost you annually?" was asked. His face crimsoned a little as he answered, "About ten or fifteen dollars, I suppose." Ten or fifteen dollars for a questionable luxury and one dollar for Missions! There are too many in the church of whom this brother is a representative. Brother reader, are you one of them?

A CENTURY ago £1,000 a year were spent upon all the missions of the Reformed Churches, and a mere pioneer band of workers, mostly Moravians, made up the entire mission force.