

of the missionary societies will look after that. They ought to, anyway, for they get a great deal of money for such purposes. Janet, is tea in?"

"Yes, mamma," said Janet. So they gathered about the table, all except Airlie, who was glad to sit still and be waited on by Errol, who seemed to like the task. And the shadow lifted from her heart a little, and she had a happy laugh and a gay jest for them all, and somehow

managed to make herself the chief centre of attraction in the room. And though Jack had been too studiously inclined to go to the station, he seemed to find time to listen to Airlie's account of her voyage, and to laugh over her irresistible descriptions of its more comical aspects. Not again that night did Airlie allude to Tabai or anything connected with it. It seemed as if she could not bear to talk about it yet.

LISTENING.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

SPEAK to me, Lord, I listen, O, I listen,—

Give me the words which Thou would'st have me say;
Thou know'st my lips would move but at thy bidding—
Teach me, O teach, I pray!

Lord, I am tired,—but in Thee there is resting;
And I am sorrowful,—but Thou canst cheer;
O comfort me—and let me comfort others
With the sweet words I hear:

For Thou dost gently soothe the worn and weary;
And whisper heavenly hope unto the sad—
That by the gladness which to them Thou givest
They may make others glad.

Happy the visions, Lord, which oft Thou sendest.
Of the fair land far from this world of care:
Would that these faltering lips were graced with language
To paint the glories there!

Oh, for fit words to tell of radiant mansions
Within a city shining jasper-bright:
Or speak of crystal sea, or throne resplendent
Circled with rainbow light!

Oh, for an echo of the swelling chorus
Which angel-multitudes delight to sing,
All the redeemed from earth glad voices joining,
To praise the Saviour-King!

And oh, to tell how, in the homes supernal,
Where friends long sundered meet to part no more,
Pure joys abide; and sweet, sweet rest remaineth—
Sorrow and suffering o'er!

But ah! I may not—cannot: shall the earthly
Attempt the things of heaven to portray?
Yet still I yearn to cheer the weary pilgrims
Treading life's toilsome way:

O teach me, Lord! all eagerly I listen!
With Thine own words my feeble lips endow;
Thou know'st that they would move but at Thy bidding;
Speak, for I listen now!