

OUR INDIAN GRAVES.

(See *Canadian Baptist*, March 24th, 1904.)

All earnest souls are led to think,
 Why lives so fair were caused to sink,
 Like wrecks beneath the waves ;
 Brave were these messengers of grace
 Whose bodies found a resting place
 In far-off Indian graves.

Those silent graves contain the forms
 Of those who bravely faced the storms,
 Where sin the land enslaves.
 Their happy spirits dwell with God,
 Their bodies rest beneath the sod,
 In far-off Indian graves.

Above the honoured of the earth,
 The record of their lasting worth,
 The hand divine engraves :
 To hearts constrained by love sincere
 A message comes distinct and clear,
 From far-off Indian graves.

Beside those graves in thought we stand,
 And view that prospect vast and grand,
 From which each spirit craves ;
 For God will His great promise keep,
 And glorious harvests He will reap.
 Beside those Indian graves.

—T. WATSON.

Dalesville, Que., 1904.

THE MISSION OF THE THORN BUSH.

By Mrs. Margaret E. Backus.

JUST a common thorn bush that grew at the back of the desert toward Mount Horeb.

Wandering winds brought to it tidings of a wonderful life beyond the mountain and the desert. Stories of heaving seas and laden ships and strange peoples ; of strife and stress ; of cries for help ; and voices of sympathy. And the little bush stirred and throbbed within itself, and longed for a heart of oak or the strength of a cedar, that it might be used in the work of the world.

No answer came to the aspirations of the lonely bush. The solemn stillness of the mountain round about was unbroken, and neither strength nor beauty was given to be its portion. But strong desire sent the roots down deeper into its native soil, and the gnarled branches put forth fresh leaves and gathered all of light and moisture that was possible for its growth there in the desert in the shadow of the mountain. And suddenly one day a breath, a wind, moved over the thorn bush. It glowed, it flamed, it could no longer be hid.

A shepherd with his flock beheld the glory, and stepped to one side to look and listen. And through the midst of the thorn bush the Spirit wind breathed such a wondrous message that the shepherd left his flock and went forth into the wide world beyond the desert and the mountain, and led a people crying for help out into a sunny land of plenty and of peace.

To the thorn bush was granted a marvelous vision of a nation saved, and the gift of the Light of the World. So it came to know that more powerful than a heart of oak, or the strength of a cedar, was the message breathed through its glowing leaves to the shepherd on that quiet day in the monotony of the desert.

Does the story of the thorn bush bring any message of comfort to those who love the Master and His service, and who desire above all things to be used by Him in the upbuilding of His Kingdom here on earth ? To those who are almost discouraged because of the smallness of this world's goods, the lack of opportunity, the pressure of the common every-day duties and the passing of youth with its possibilities ?

God most often reveals Himself to those who are quietly and faithfully and prayerfully performing "the trivial round, the common task." He gives them sudden flashes of insight into the meaning of life, a vision, some new truth, a consciousness of divine companionship. Let us be consecrated and faithful where God has placed us, and some day he will speak through us, and perhaps a listening soul may go forth to lead many people out of bondage of sin a superstition into the glorious promised Kingdom of God and of His Christ.

Only seven years have passed since Bishop Tucker of the English Church Missionary Society began work in Uganda, and to-day there is a Christian community there of 3000. Touching the northwest corner of Lake Victoria, Nyanza, Uganda is in communication with the east coast of Africa, by water and railway ; and with the west coast all the distance save a few hundred miles. From the north to the South of Africa one-half of the distance is now covered by steam travel, and there is a possibility of connection being made the remainder of the way. Thus when steam travel crosses Uganda from north to south and from east to west, it will find this Christian community ready to influence the whole of that vast and dark continent.