

## CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

[In 1835, when Dr. Webb and other missionaries sailed, the last words they heard from their native land were "Crown Him Lord of All!"]

They hushed their breath, that noble band,  
To catch the last farewell ;  
Their dear home-shore receding fast

With every ocean swell ;  
Above the city's noise and din  
A song rose on the air—  
A song of triumph and of joy  
From loved ones gathered there.

"All hail the power of Jesu's name !"

And, clear as bugle call,  
The words came floating on the air,  
"Oh ! crown Him Lord of all !"

They caught the spirit of the hymn,  
Danger and death looked small  
To those brave ones who gave their lives  
To crown HIM Lord of all.

A battle hymn, that song sped on,  
The world for Christ, the call,  
For every island of the sea  
Shall crown Him Lord of all !

On Himalaya's sunny slope,  
By Delhi's kingly wall,  
They lay their lives down at His feet,  
And crown HIM Lord of all.

The Southern Cross begins to bend,  
The morning dawns at last,  
Idol and shrine and mosque and tower  
At Jesu's feet are cast.

Triumphant Zion, lift thy head,  
Let every burden fall,  
Come, cast your trophies at His feet,  
And crown HIM Lord of all !

*Ill. Miss News.*

## THE NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITY.

An artist solicited permission to paint a portrait of the queen. The favor was granted, and the favor was great, for it would make the fortune of the man. A place was fixed, and a time. At the fixed place and time the queen appeared, but the artist was not there, he was not ready yet. When he did arrive, a message was communicated to him, that her majesty had departed, and would not return. Such is the tale. The King eternal consented to meet man. He fixed in his covenant and promised in his word, the object, time, and place of the meeting ; it is for salvation ; it is in Christ ; it is now. He has been true to his own appointment ; but how often is it otherwise with man ?

— *Arnot.*

## "THOU DIDST IT."

"If we could push ajar the gates of life  
And stand within, and all God's work-  
ings see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife.  
And for each mystery could find a key.

"But not to-day. Then be content, poor  
heart !  
God's plans, like lilies pure and white,  
unfold,  
We must not tare the closes shut leaves apart ;  
Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

"And if through patient toil we reach the  
land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loose,  
may rest,  
When we shall clearly see and understand,  
I think that we will say, 'God knew the  
best.'"

*Sel.*

## THE CHILD AND THE DRUNKARD.

"I was once playing with a beautiful boy in the city of Norwich, Conn. I was carrying him to and fro on my back, both of us enjoying ourselves exceedingly ; for I loved him and I think he loved me. During our play I said to him, 'Harry, will you go with me down to the side of that green bank ?' 'Oh, yes,' was his cheerful reply. We went together, and saw a man lying listlessly there, quite drunk, his face upturned to the bright blue sky ; the sunbeams that warmed, and cheered, and illumined us, lay upon his porous, greasy face ; the pure morning wind kissed his parched lips and passed away poisoned ; the very swine in the field looked more noble than he, for they were fulfilling the purposes of their being. As I looked upon the poor degraded wretch, and then upon that child, with his bright brow, his beautiful blue eyes, his rosy cheeks, his pearly teeth, and ruby lips, the perfect picture of life, peace and innocence ; as I looked upon the man and then upon the child, and felt his little hand convulsively twitching in mine, and saw his little lips grow white, and his eyes dim, gazing upon the poor victim of that terrible curse of our land—strong drink—then did I pray to God to give me an everlasting capacity to hate with a burning hatred any instrumentality that would make such a thing of a being once as fair as that child."—*John B. Gough.*