



Devoted to the interests of the Mission Circles and Bands of the Women's Missionary Society, Methodist Church, Canada.

VOL. II.

JUNE, 1895.

No. 6.

A SONG OF TRUST.

God has given me a song,
A song of trust ;
And I sing it all day long,
For sing I must ;
Every hour it sweeter grows ;
Keeps my soul in blest repose ;
Just how restful no one knows
But those who trust.

I sing a song, a song of trust,
For sing I must ;
And soon I'll stand at thy right hand,
My Saviour dear, my ransom price,
And sing the song of Paradise.

Oh, I sing it on the mountain
In the light,
Where the radiance of God's sunshine
Makes all bright ;
All my paths are bright and clear.
Heavenly lands seem very near ;
And I almost do appear
To walk by sight.

And I sing it in the valley
Dark and low ;
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
Pain and woe ;
Then the shadows flee away
Like the night when dawns the day,
Trust in God brings light away—
I find it so.

For I've crossed the river Jordan,
And I stand
In the blessed land of promise—
Beulah land !
Trusting is like breathing here,
Just so easy doubt and fear
Vanish in this atmosphere,
And life is grand.

W. M. S. HYMNAL.

HOPE FOR INDIA.

Recent writer speaking of India under British rule, says: "There is nothing in all history—excepting that of the Israelites—so clearly indicative of a divine purpose, and it is not

presumptuous to affirm, that the grandest opportunity—with perhaps one exception—ever given to one race to benefit and bless another, is ours in relation to India. Never since one race ruled over another, have any subject people been governed so justly, gently, and with so much mindfulness of their rights and welfare. It is sufficient however to point out that the justice of our laws, our recognition of the rights of the lower castes and classes, the freedom of religious belief and profession we allow, the humanity of our policy, and the encouragement we give to intellectual, social and moral progress, prove it. The drift of our policy is far from perfect, as the opium monopoly and drink traffic too plainly reveal, but generally speaking it is distinctly on Christian lines."

This writer might also have spoken of social problems with which Britain has scarcely begun to grapple and which bear, oh, so hard, upon the women and children. Dr. Rudisill, a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal church, a church which is one of the foremost in doing good, grand work for India, in one of his stirring addresses, after a return home to Baltimore, gave a very clear idea of the state of the country under British rule ; its wonderful progress in all that relates to civilization. He dwelt especially on the perfection of its railway and postal service. He described a station in one of the largest cities as a miracle of beauty, an exquisite work of art, inlaid with mosaic and precious stones.

But he said that all this apparent refinement and civilization were but a thin veneer over wickedness, infidelity and corruption of every kind. In company with a friend he visited one of the grand temples on a special day. At the entrance they were met by a