

other kind of work. At present we all have rather more than we can manage, and you know what that means in this or any other climate. At present I am forbidden by the doctor to do any work, but manage to content him with a promise that I would not go to college or read any books to provoke thought." *Mission Field.*

S. P. G. MISSIONARY HYMN.

GOD is working His purpose out, as year succeeds to year :
God is working His purpose out, and the time is drawing near—
Nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

From utmost East to utmost West, where'er man's foot hath trod,
By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the voice of God :

Give ear to Me, ye continents—ye isles give ear to Me,
That the earth may be fill'd with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

What can we do to work God's work, to prosper and increase
The brotherhood of all mankind—the reign of the Prince of Peace ?

What can we do to hasten the time, the time that shall surely be,
When the earth shall be fill'd with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

March we forth in the strength of God with the banner of Christ unfurl'd,
That the light of the glorious Gospel of Truth may shine throughout the world :

Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set their captives free,
That the earth may be fill'd with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

All we can do is nothing worth, unless God blesses the deed,
Vainly we hope for the harvest, till God gives life to the seed ;

Yet nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that will surely be,
When the earth shall be fill'd with the glory of God as the waters cover the sea.—Amen.

A. C. AINGER.

A RUINED TREASURE.

IT is related of the celebrated potter, Josiah Wedgwood, that an English peer once called upon him and desired to see his great pottery factories. With one of his employees, a lad about fifteen years of age, Mr. Wedgwood accompanied the nobleman through his works.

The visitor was a man of somewhat reckless life, and rather vain of his religious unbelief. Possessing great natural wit, he was quite entertaining in conversation, and after a while forgot himself in expressions of "polite" pro-

fanity and in occasional jests with sacred names and subjects.

The boy at first was shocked by the nobleman's irreverence, but soon became fascinated by his flow of sceptical drollery and laughed heartily at the witty points made.

When the round of the factory had been made, the boy was dismissed, and Mr. Wedgwood selected a beautiful vase of unique pattern and recalled the long and careful process of its making, as they had just seen it at the vats and ovens. The visitor was charmed with its exquisite shape, its rare coloring, its pictured designs, and reached out his hand to take it. Mr. Wedgwood let it fall on the floor and broke it to atoms. The nobleman uttered an angry oath. "I wanted that for my collection," he said. "No art can restore what you have ruined by your carelessness."

"My lord, replied Mr. Wedgwood, "there are other ruined things more precious than this which can never be restored. You can never give back to the soul of that boy who has just left us, the reverent feeling and simple faith which you have destroyed by making light of the religion which has been his most sacred memory and inheritance."—*Champions of Christianity.*

HELPFUL WORDS.

(Extracts from a letter to Mrs. Irving of the U. S. V. A., from Mrs. Awdry, wife of the Bishop of Osaka, read at the Conference in March last.)

YOUR request to write down, at length, what I said at our conference last summer, has fairly puzzled me. You know that I only spoke because Mrs. Creighton suddenly called upon me by name ; that I had prepared nothing, and have no notes. Your mention of a musical illustration just recalls that I have often urged—that the rests are just as essential a part of the music as the notes. The performer, in an orchestra form together the instrument upon which the conductor is to play if they are thoroughly with him, imbued with his spirit, practiced in obedience, with eyes always fixed on his slightest gesture, he will give a magnificent performance; if their eyes are always bent down on their tasks instead of on him, and each counts more or less accurately after his own fashion, if the performance goes through at all it will be without finish, without allowing the conductor to express himself.

As I write down the words it comes home to me more forcibly how truly this illustrates the mode of God's work on earth. He, of course, can do all, but He is playing His music on and through imperfect and wayward human performers, and they do not wait closely enough upon the Conductor. With him they (that is,