

A PRAYER.

BY ELLEN MOUNTCASTLE, CLINTON, ONT.

FATHER of mercy, infinite in might,
 Oh hear the prayer we make to Thee this night
 For health, and strength to aid us on our way;
 Thy guiding hand direct us day by day,
 That through thy grace, and wisdom we may be
 Inspired to lead some erring soul to Thee.
 Too long we've let our thoughts in silence rust,
 And now we come to Thee in love and trust
 To be by Thy unfaltering wisdom led
 That by its light we win our daily bread.
 Grant us the power to wield the mighty pen,
 Not for self-glory or the praise of men,
 Not for the place in letters we might win,
 Unless it save some erring soul from sin,
 But to eliminate the powers that lie
 In useless chaos and obscurity.
 Oh bring them forth, nor in a bushel hide
 The light that would some other mortal guide.
 Oh give us grace to read Thy will aright,
 And give us strength to battle for the right.
 Subdue our passions, keep us in control,
 That we may grow more beautiful in soul.
 All this we ask in meek humility,
 Oh grant our prayer, if thus it pleaseth Thee.

MY LITTLE WHILE.

BY REV. W. ALMON DES BRISAY.

GAMBLY I'm waiting my little while,
 No more will he let me do,
 Who knows I am anxious to see His face,
 Whose promise is sweet and true,
 "Twas again a little while," He said,
 And I watch by the sounding sea,
 For whether it's stormy or clear at last,
 I know He will come for me.

Over the winter or summer waves,
 Just which may please Him best;
 When my little while has its circle made,
 He will tell me its time to rest.
 So whether at night or in fair daylight
 I shall hear His inviting call;
 My soul shall be ready with lamp in hand,
 And willing to give up all.

Repose He will give me in His dear home,
 He has suffered with me to share;
 In the mansion through trials He passed into,
 And is keeping for me with care.
 And here as I'm waiting my little while,
 Though others may feel alone;
 He never will comfortless leave me, no
 Nor ever has left His own.

Again but a little while, O, friend!
 What harm though the winds be wild;
 And the surges beat on this stormy shore,
 He knoweth His weakest child.
 Departing He said He was coming soon,
 Be patient your little day;
 'Twill not be so when He comes again,
 He will surely take us away.

BISHOP WHIPPLE, of Minnesota, received while in England recently a gift of \$50,000 for Shattuck School in his Diocese. It is a pleasure to record such a gift for the promotion of Christian education.—*Spirit of Missions*.

No ONE follower of Christ should condemn another because the other's spiritual life is not of the same stamp as his own. Let not Martha, busied with her much serving, running everywhere, to missionary meetings, or to visit the sick and the poor, find fault with Mary in her quiet devotion, peaceful, thoughtful, gentle, loving, because she does not abound in the same activities. Nor let Mary in her turn judge Martha, and call her piety superficial. Let each of these follow the Master closely, see as much as possible of the infinite loveliness of His character, and copy all she can see into her own life, but let her not imagine that she has seen or copied all of Christ, and let her look at every believer's life with reverence, as bearing another little fragment of the same divine likeness. Let every young man do earnestly and well the particular work which he is fitted and called to do, but let him not imagine that he is doing the only kind of work which Christ wants to have done in this world; rather let him look upon every other faithful servant who does a different work as doing a part specially acceptable to the Master. Remember there is diversity of service.

SAYS Archdeacon Farrar, in the *Contemporary Review*: "The old rapacity of the slave-trade has been followed by the greedier and more ruinous rapacity of the drink-seller. Our fathers tore from the neck of Africa a yoke of whips; we have subjected the native races to a yoke of scorpions. We have opened the rivers of Africa to commerce, only to pour down them the raging Phlegethon of alcohol, than which no river of the Inferno is more blood-red or more accursed. Is not the conscience of the nation dead? If not, will no voice be raised of sufficient power to awaken it from a heavy sleep?"

A HINDU woman said to a missionary:—"Surely your Bible was written by a woman." "Why?" "Because it says so many kind things for women. Our pundits never refer to us but in reproach."

THE spirit of the poor widow, whose gift won the commendation of the Son of God, has not always been equally well understood by contributors to His treasury of the present day. Occasionally the "widow's mite" has an untrue ring, as though it lacked the one element, "even all her living," which made it more precious than the abundance of the rich.

Yet that spirit has not died out. As the secretary of a missionary association, which I believe is one of the very poorest honored by the name, I have received this year the collection of one widow, who, on account of her extreme poverty, it seemed to me ought not to be encouraged as a box-holder. When asked how she managed to spare anything for Foreign Missions, she answered that she received a farthing change on every half-loaf of bread, and this went straightway into her box.