

Plea for Missionary Labourers.

"Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 16. 9.

I HEARD a sound of wailing,
Coming over land and sea,
And my heart aches with sorrow,
For its tone pierces me.

It comes from weary workers,
Borne down by over-toil—
Not those who work for riches,
Or gloat o'er golden spoil—

But from those who are sowing
On dark, untrodden fields,
The seeds of truth—Christ's gospel—
Hoping for harvest yields.

Those who from early morning,
Through weary days, till night,
Toil to give darken'd heathen
The pure, full gospel light.

Who work, toil on, and labour,
Calling for help with tears—
Thus does the cry keep rising,
And has done so for years.

Pat now the cry is greater
Than ever 'twas before,
For fields are growing wider,
And help is needed more.

And it comes so distinctly,
I cannot quiet rest,
Until to Christ my Saviour,
I unburden my breast.

This wail, and cry of anguish,
Says: "Lord, O Lord, how long"
Shall Satan be permitted
His kingdom to prolong?

Around the millions perish,
In darkness and in sin—
When shall we see the brightness
Of gospel light shine in?

From Africa we hear it—
'Mid clanking of her chains—
From India's highest mountains,
Down through her fertile plains.

From China and from Burmah,
From islands of the sea,
We hear the same cry rising—
The same deep anguish'd plea.

From our own dear loved country,
It rises more and more,
Increasing while advancing
From east to western shore,

Until the lofty mountains
Echo it o'er the plain,
And back the cry resoundeth,
From west to east again.

The black man just unfetter'd,
The red man of the west,
And those mix'd tribes and races,
With which our country's press'd,

At once demand attention;
Nor can we now delay,
Lest in procrastination,
We all shall pass away.

Hear it—"Come over, help us!"
That "Macedonian cry,"
Coming with louder pleading
From far as well as nigh.

Now it seems weary sighing,
Again wailing with tears,
And then a burst of anguish,
As of despair and fears.

Christians, will you not listen,
And heed this anguish'd cry?
"Come over now and help us,"
"Ere heathen perish—die!"

Young Christian men and maidens,
Will you not rise and go,
And thus your love for Jesus,
And for poor sinners show?

The fathers and the mothers,
And those bow'd down with years,
Can work at home by giving
Their money, pray'rs, and tears;

Can labour in preparing
Others to go abroad,
And thus all can contribute
In work for souls and God.

Our own homes are surrounded
By those from foreign shores;
And so God sends the heathen
Up to our very doors.

None are from work exempted—
The claim is on us all;
Let all arise and labour,
Heeding this mighty call.

Oh! Christian, time is passing!
Do what you can to-day—
If you can't teach the heathen,
Give money, time—and pray.

The Selfishness of Smokers.

THERE is little use at this time of day in taking up the parable of our "British Solomon," or of issuing a new edition of that monarch's "Counter-blaste to Tobacco." Whether or not we believe with the "Wise" James that tobacco-smoking in all its forms is "a custom loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the black, stinking fume thereof nearest resembles the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless," we must, we fear, so far accept the situation as to recognize the use of the weed as a *fait accompli*. And we do so with all frankness, having neither time nor inclination to discuss its harmful or beneficial influences.

But while all this is very evident, is there no room for asking, of course in a modest, deferential way, whether, after all, non-smokers have any rights or any feelings which the disciples of smoking or chewing are bound to respect? Our own impression is that judging by general practice, they have not. They are evidently "fair game," whether they happen to be men or women, and whether they be travelling by land or water. It is, of course, not to be forgotten that to very many tobacco smoke and, still more, the expectorations of tobacco smokers and chewers, are singularly disagreeable. The former is most assuredly to such, in the language of King James, "dangerous to the lungs," and "hateful to the nose," while the floods of polluted saliva are as "loathsome to the eye" and as upsetting to the stomach as anything will can be. Yet in the vast majority of cases it is taken for granted that it is all the other way, and that a man who cannot with pleasure stand tobacco smoke is a milksop, while a woman that would "object" is "no lady" and has little spirit. We are not saying that all smokers are of this way of thinking or of this way of acting. But in the vast majority of instances this is the case. Why should any one be subjected to untold agonies or to the disagreeable necessity of appearing churlish by objecting to the use of tobacco when the jaunty matter-of-course appeal has been made about its disagreeableness. In nineteen cases out of twenty it is always disagreeable to non-smokers, and gentlemen who are gentlemen indeed, and not mere cads, ought never to make the appeal in a promiscuous assembly for what cannot be indulged in without a selfish disregard of the feelings and comfort of others.

Let any one have to wait at our railway stations on a winter day, and what is his experience? "No Smoking" may be on the walls, though often not even that. But as a matter of fact the atmosphere is almost thick enough to be cut, and that with all kinds of villainous compounds made up by contributions from the mildest cigarette down to the most sickening of all possible articles

called tobacco. There is no alternative but to stay in and be choked, or to go out and be frozen. That which by a great stretch of imagination is called the "Ladies' Room" is in many cases not sacred if one of the feminine travellers has a masculine protector who loves the weed and has a right, as he fancies, to be where his wife is, and therefore to "take his ease in his inn." Appeals we have known made again and again to the station master, to be treated only with contempt, and to draw from the steaming crowd nothing but ridicule and insult. Nay, ten chances to one, the station master, porter, and policeman too, if there is one, are themselves all busy at their idol—burning it of course.

Then is there not something horribly selfish in making all second-class cars smoking ones? It would seem as if any one guilty of the crime of being poor had to be tortured by continual relays of smokers and spitters. Any one can see this any day he pleases. Who has not seen poor, decent emigrant women with a number of little children condemned to pass whole days in such places, with the atmosphere around them thick with tobacco smoke, and the floor often slippery, always disgusting, with unmentionable expectorations. Nor is it only in the second-class or emigrant cars that this iniquity is met with. When a company of chewers has travelled say a hundred miles, the floor of the compartment where they have laboured is more disgusting to both sight and smell than many a hog pen. Of course ladies' dresses are ruined, and the stomachs of more than ladies, when their owners become temporary heirs to the premises, are as likely as not to be distressingly upset.

It is the same thing on board our steamers. No place is sacred from the hateful intrusion. Wretched fellows who ought to know better will plant themselves in the neighbourhood of ladies and pull as for dear life at a cabbage leaf cigar or a smoke-begrimed clay pipe. Here again the wretched non-smokers have no protection and they are shown no mercy. A horrible nausea may be creeping over them, which they hope to overcome, when the inevitable smoker comes along and completes the ruin. Scores find all joy taken out of a trip to Niagara or to Hamilton, or even sometimes to the Island. These have no wish to put down smoking. They have no wish to be churlish or in any way to interfere with the enjoyment of others. But have they themselves not some rights when travelling that ought to be respected and protected? Ought smoking not to be strictly confined to some one place on board steamers so that all who go there might know what they have to expect? Ought smokers not to have as much good sense and good feeling as to recognize the fact that their favourite indulgence is horribly offensive to not a few, and that it is selfish beyond all thought to begin social intercourse by claiming to do what may be pleasure to them but is purgatory to their temporary associates?

We say nothing at all of the little wretches of boys of six, eight, and ten years of age that may be seen at every corner with their haggard cheeks, their bleary eyes, their horribly nervous appearance, busy with cheap cigars and filthy tobacco, ruining their bodies and making themselves before their time at once nervous and nerveless nonentities. Any well-wisher of the race may well

think of such till his heart aches. But what we have in hand at present is merely to speak a word for non-smokers, whether men or women, and especially the latter, for, we repeat, the current of feeling and practice seems at present strongly to indicate that all such are to be classed as *pariahs* who have neither rights nor feelings which the triumphant and somewhat inconsiderate and selfish "worshippers of the weed" are called upon either to respect, consider, or consult.—*Globe*.

Woman's Temperance Union.

AT the recent meeting of this Union Mrs. Harvie spoke as follows: Seven years ago it had seemed to her that there should be in Ontario a pronounced Woman's Christian Temperance Union in order that there might be not only sympathy, but unity of action. God had greatly blessed the work. The cause of temperance had been greatly assisted morally, educationally, and spiritually by the Union. She referred to the crusade of women in the United States against saloons, which had spread to Canada, England, Japan, and India, until there was scarcely a land under God's sun that had not the women banded together for temperance work; and now she was cheered to see that there was a proposition to form an international union. For what was the Union working? She did not know that she could do better than to take the motto that appeared on the programme—"For God, and Home, and Native Land." It was impossible to estimate the value of the work, because it involved the redemption of souls, and who could tell the value of a soul? This, then, was the work of God. What should she say of the second word in the motto, "Home?" She knew women in the Reformatory who would mock and laugh if God were mentioned, but who, if home and its associations were spoken of, would tremble and roll. Mrs. Harvie then related from her personal experience some painful incidents of the evil wrought by intemperance in the home. Not only for God and home were they working, but for native land. There was not a woman in Canada, whether born here or not, who did not love this fair land. It was not given to women to love it as publicly as men did. But in their homes and among their children, women were basing and founding and building this land. This was a representative gathering, for every lady represented at least fifty women. It represented five thousand women, influencing their husbands to vote for the Scott Act. In closing, she would say to the women, the work is great and large. Wherever you hear the sound of the trumpet, gather together. Shall not our God fight for us? A great temperance wave was spreading over this country until, she believed, that within five years we would have Ontario for prohibition.

A GLASS of whisky sells for a dime, and is drunk in a moment. It fires the brain and deranges and weakens the physical system. On the same table lies a newspaper. It is covered with half a million letters; it brings intelligence from the four quarters of the globe. The newspaper costs half the price of the glass of grog; but it is none the less true that there is a large number of people who think whisky cheap and newspapers dear.