

Them who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.—1 Thess. iv. 12.

IN MEMORIAM.

[Lines written in memory of Mrs Wm. Gooderham, beloved wife of a member of "Our Mission Union" Committee, and a liberal supporter of the work. Mrs G. was a great sufferer for over ten years. She fell asleep in Jesus on November 2nd, 1885.]

In Memory of Aunt Maggie.

She is not dead, but only gone before ;
Gone to the brightness of the Father's home ;
Free from all sorrow, weariness and pain,
She waits to greet us, when our call shall come.
She is not dead, but only gone before ;
Though here our home is filled with grief and gloom,
She is at rest, safe in her Saviour's arms.
Our faith can look beyond the dark, cold tomb,
We see her as she is, no pain, no tears ;
No weary nights, no sorrowful, dark days,
Walking the golden streets, beside the crystal sea,
Her voice is blending in the "Song of Praise."
Sorely we miss her here, but God knows best,
'Twas He that gave, and He who took away ;
'Tis he that smites, and he alone can heal ;
Oh, Heavenly Father, comfort us this day,
Oh, Blessed Saviour, give us all Thy grace,
To "suffer all Thy will" as she hath done,
To hear—as she does now, the "welcome home,"
The cross laid down, the victor's crown is won.

KATIE.

A Letter from Jamaica.



JAMAICA, Oct. 6, 1885
DEAR FRIENDS,—It is three long months since I left Canada to come to this beautiful Island of Jamaica. *Three months?* Yes, we have three months less to fulfil our Lord's last command (Mark xvi. 15, 16). Three months *redeemed* or three months *lost* for ever! which?

Oh, where are the reapers that garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?
With sickles of Truth must the work be done,
And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
The fields are all ripening, and far and wide
The world is now waiting the harvest tide:
But reapers are few and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.

Where are the reapers? WHO WILL COME?

O, to be stirred up to *far greater* energy and self-sacrificing zeal in "our Captain's cause. But what more soul-stirring words could be used than those used by the Captain himself just before He ascended to His Father: "Go ye into all the world and preach the *Gospel* to every creature." Do we not

remember how we listened to the last words of a dear friend, now gone to be with Christ? how we prize them as a sacred treasure; and if it was a request, how quickly that request was granted. If we think so much of the last words of an earthly friend, how much more should we think of those of that "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother," the Friend "that loved us ere we knew Him."

"Brethren, the time is shortened." (R. V.) *Let us redeem the little we have left.*"

But now we must tell you something about the work in Jamaica. The battle here is not—the religion of Christ against that of Buddha, Mohammed, or Confucius, but it is, "The Gospel vs. false Christianity," 2 Tim. iii. 5; 2 Pet. ii. 1; for here, as in many other fields, man's false doctrine is the greatest enemy of the Gospel.

In our "Evangelistic Mission" we have twelve stations, at each of which there is a tabernacle holding from 300 to 1,500. Besides the twelve tabernacles we have upwards of 50 meeting houses, holding from 100 to 200. To visit all the stations you would have to travel over 150 miles. However, the travelling, which is done on horseback, is relieved of all monotony by the grandeur of the scenery for which Jamaica is noted.

We have about 3,500 members, and a large number applying for admission. We trust that this number will rapidly increase, and that they may become, not only members of this Mission, but members of the Church, which is the body of Christ.

The other day I asked an old lady if she had anything to tell the people in Canada. Her answer was: "Well, me deah minister, jis tell dem I tank and praise de Lord dat Him was so kind as to send dat good man * to tell me of His love for me, and dat I have taste of de salvation of de Lord, and 'tis sweet to my soul. Before minister Johnston come, I was baptized and a member of de church, but I never knew 'bout de blood of Jesus. When minister come, he tell me 'Christ died to save sinners.' Ah! dat was de kind of Saviour I want, one who would save de lost sinner; and one day by de grace of God I look to Jesus (not to de Church) as my Saviour, and, minister, from dat day He keep me safe. Yes, HE keep me safe."

Now we sometimes hear of young men and young women going off to some foreign land to *die for Jesus*. Much as we admire their zeal for their Master, yet what we want to-day is men and women who will leave all, and go into the harvest field to *live for Jesus*.

Naturally I would make this letter an appeal for missionaries for Jamaica. But although the need of Jamaica is great, *very great*, yet the needs of India, Central Africa, and China are great also, and the question is not, what field has the greatest need? but, where can I do the most for Jesus? or where does God want me to go?

In closing I would ask the prayers of "Our Mission Union" for the spread of the *Gospel* in Jamaica.

I am, yours, W. A. BRIGGS.

James' Hill, Jamaica, W. I.

* Rev. James Johnston, M.D.