

THE MISSIONARY.

BY HORACE D. WOOLLEY.

WHAT time, with girded sword, the warrior brave
Goes forth to fight in lands beyond the wave
His country's war, exulting clarions swell;
Cheers rend the sky; a nation speaks: "Fare-
well!"

And for the victor, from a glorious field
Returned, all gifts that gratitude can yield
Profuse are poured: prince, people, laud his name,
And history confers immortal fame.

Yet have I known depart his native soil
A soldier who to peril and to toil
Unnoticed went; who counted all things loss
That he might plant the standard of the Cross
In distant lands unblest. Unarmed, he wore
No blood-bepolished sword, but peaceful bore
The words of life; commissioned not to fight
With fellowmen, but, battling for the Right,
The lamp of Truth to kindle, and to win
Immortal souls from slavery and sin.
Soldier of Christ, for him no parting cheer—
Alone fell on his breast a mother's tear;
One only lingered on the silent quay,
To watch the ship that bore him o'er the sea.

O noble destiny, heroic worth,
Of those who speak salvation through the earth!
Nor fame nor wealth they seek, but, Christ-like, go
Mankind to save from ignorance and woe;
Man to uplift, sin-ruined, fallen far,
But born to soar beyond the morning star;
Rousing from sleep of death the soul divine;
Where idols stood, to raise Jehovah's shrine;
And pointing up, to bid the darkness flee,
To tell of Bethlehem and Calvary.
What though unwrit on history's crumbling page—
Their names, effaceless through eternal age,
Are chronicled in heaven. Fame holds for them
No laurels mete, earth hides no fitting gem;
God strikes the medal: He, when time has run,
Before assembled worlds will say: "Well done."

Look where the Missionary's feet have trod—
Flowers in the desert bloom; and fields, for God,
Are white to harvest. Sceptics may ignore;
Yet on the conquering Word, from shore to shore,
Like flaming chariot, rolls. Ask oceans' isles,
And plains of Ind, where ceaseless summer smiles;
Speak to far-frozen wastes, where winter's blight
Remains;—they tell the love, attest the might
Of Him whose messengers across the wave
To them salvation bore, hope, freedom gave.

These are Thy first-fruits: Ride, O Christ, afar.
Not death, and not the gates of hell can bar
Thy way. Ride on till every tribe shall fall
Low at Thy feet, and own Thee Lord of All.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A thimble, a needle, and a piece of thread were all lying on a lady's work-table together. Now the needle had rather a hasty temper, and could give sharp pricks when it pleased, and this morning it was out of sorts; so it tried to pick a quarrel with the thimble, and said spitefully, "You gave me some hard knocks yesterday, and I wish that you would be more gentle in future." "It is true I do push you hard sometimes," answered the thimble; but you know it is only when you do not do your work properly, and our mistress makes me keep you up to it." "Pray don't you two quarrel," said the thread, wishing to be peacemaker. "You

mind your own business!" retorted the needle. "My business is your business," said the thread, "for you are no use without me, and I am none without you." "That's just it," said the thimble, "A great deal of nonsense is talked in this world about being independent; but my own opinion is that people should try to help one another, for from the highest to the lowest we are all very dependent on the good services of our neighbors for something or other every day of our lives."—*Little Folks Magazine.*

DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

KITTIE, dear, will you run up-stairs and bring me my workbasket from my table?" Kittie put down her book and went slowly out into the hall and glanced up the wide stairs.

"Mamma, Susan hasn't lit the gas yet; it is all dark up there."

"Don't you think you can find your way to my room, dear? Surely you don't need a light for that."

"But it is so very dark, Mamma, and I—"

"Come, Kittie, don't be foolish," interrupted her mother. "There is no need of your having a light to go up stairs. You are getting to be a great big girl, and it is quite time you—"

"There's Susan!" exclaimed Kittie, as the light was lit in the hall above, and she dashed upstairs and followed the girl into the room, keeping very closely beside her, and only breathing freely when the gas was lit.

"Did you go up in the dark?" asked her mother, as Kittie entered the room with the basket.

"No, Mamma, Susan went in and lit the gas," she said, hanging her head.

The next day after her lessons were over Kittie's mother said, drawing her to her side:

"Now, Kittie, you must try to overcome your fear of the dark. What is it you are afraid of then any more than in the light? You are nine years old, Kittie, and it is foolish for such a big girl to be afraid of nothing. God is with us in the dark just the same as in the light, and why should you be any more afraid? Now will you try, dear?"

Kittie said yes, and resolved she would, and then her mother gave her a verse to learn and remember: "Darkness and light are both alike to Thee."

Her mother said no more about it at the time, but a few evenings later she asked Kittie to bring a book from the third story. Although the halls above were entirely dark, Kittie started bravely up, and her mother heard her singing on the third-story stairs in a voice that would tremble a little, "Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war!"

She said nothing when Kittie came back, but her pleased face told as plainly as words could have done that she knew Kittie had remembered that darkness and light are both alike to God.—*Selected.*