

"LORD, WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO?"

When first the soul awoke to life and love,
Consumed with earnest longing pure and true
To give itself away, it looks above
And asks, "O Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?"

To each the answer comes in different form:
To some the message is, "My son, arise,
And face the force and fury of the storm;
Far from thy home and friends thy duty lies:

"To seek the wanderer, whereso'er he roam:
Although the way be desolate and wild,
By love and pity lead him gently home:
If he has wandered far, he is My child."

Another hears the Master say, "To you
A bright and glorious mission I assign—
The sunbeam's work I give to you to do,
To gladden all you meet with love divine.

"Where'er you are, at home or in the street,
With sunny brightness every cloud dispel:
Disarm all anger by forbearance sweet;
Tell those who sorrow all will yet be well."

To others comes a voice, "In lying still
And patient waiting shall your service be;
But in your loneliness My love shall fill
Your life, and draw you very near to Me.

"In your retirement many a weary heart
Shall come to you for comfort, peace and rest.
By suffering you shall learn the gracious art
Of soothing those by grief and care oppressed."

Lo, to his work each one the Master speeds,
Choosing for every one, in love alone,
That discipline his character most needs
To mould it to the likeness of His own.

SAFE SAILING.

GOD "holdeth the winds in His fists."
"He ruleth the raging of the sea." A
voyager, not himself a Christian, thus
expressed his confidence in his mother's
God, and in his mother's prayers:

"Sleep soft, O storm-tossed mariner,
Rocked in the cradle of the sea:
The ear of heaven bends low to *her*,
He comes to port who *sails with me*."

In an article in *The Missionary Review* on
"The Divine and Supernatural," Edward
Storow mentions the voyages of the Moravian
missionary ship which has sailed to and from
Labrador for 120 years without any serious
accident, though the voyage is an unusually
precarious one. The case is so exceptional that
the experienced Lord Gambier declared that he
considered the continued preservation of this
ship the most remarkable occurrence in mari-
time history that had come to his knowledge.
And this is but one of many marvels.

During 158 years 2300 Moravian missionaries
have sailed to foreign lands, but only eleven
times has shipwreck resulted in the loss of life.

Of all the children of missionaries sent home to
Europe in charge of friends, *not one has perished
at sea*. And so it is with missions generally.
A careful investigation of the nautical affairs of
any society will show how few missionary ves-
sels have been lost, and how few missionaries
or missionary families have perished by ship-
wreck.

Mr. Storow says that the protection of mis-
sionaries from violent men is very marked. The
escape of five Malagasy refugees to England
was a series of providential interventions. Three
of them were chiefly sustained for six months
in a forest by food brought by a friend a distance
of fifty miles. One of them would have been
apprehended by soldiers in a house where she
was hiding had not the noise made by crows
given warning of their approach. On another
occasion she only escaped by lying in a bog,
with her head concealed in rushes. She was
recognized by a slave, who told her master, but
he would not believe her. A house in which
she was hidden was searched, but she was not
found. On their flight to the coast they had to
travel by night, often lost their way, had to
avoid villages, soldiers, and spies, to be ferried
across a river swarming with alligators, where
the boatmen were on the watch for fugitives.
How they escaped was a marvel to their ene-
mies, to themselves, and to their friends.

IN a sermon published in the *Chinese Re-
corder*, T. R. Stevenson tells of a missionary
in a Chinese city who labored long without
success, seeking to win the Chinese to
Christ. One day when he was becoming dis-
couraged, a Chinaman said to him, "I want
your God to be my God." "What do you
mean?" said the missionary. "I wish to have
the same religion as you," said the Chinaman.
"Why do you?" inquired the missionary.
"*Because if your God is like you, He must be
good.*"

This was the result of a Chinaman's reading
a *living epistle* which was placed before his
eyes. This was his conclusion, after watching
the man who had come to bring him tidings of
an unknown God and an unknown Saviour.
Just as the name of God is blasphemed among
the heathen on account of the whisky, the
opium, the drunkenness, and the immorality
of men who come from professedly Christian
lands, so Christian men, walking in the fear of
God and bearing the beauty of God in their
faces, and the love of God in their hearts, adorn
the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things,
and lead others to believe and know the grace
of God in truth.

In the rest of the Christian there is stability,
Nothing can shake his confidence but sin.—
Carlyle.