

Missionary Readings.

A CONSECRATION OFFERING.

LORD, here's a hand !
 Oh, take this hand and lead me at Thy side,
 For I would never ask another guide ;
 I lift it, Lord, withdrawn from other hands,
 For Thee to grasp and lead in Thy commands.
 Lord, take this hand !

Lord, here's a heart !
 Thy temple it should be. Good Master, rout
 All mean intruders ; turn the dearest out,
 And only let Thy own true priesthood in ;
 Be Thou the keeper ; keep from every sin.
 Oh, take this heart !

Lord, here are feet !
 Feet Thou Thyself has washed from every stain ;
 Feet that have slipt and been restored again ;
 Move Thou my feet, that I may ever lift
 Their steppings at Thy will, unfettered swift ;
 Oh, take these feet !

Lord, here's a life !
 With all its possibilities of ill,
 Or boundless good—as Thou, my God, shalt will ;
 If Thou dost bless, life shall a blessing be ;
 If Thou withhold—Lord, all must come from Thee ;

Lord, here is all !
 My hope, my love, my prospects, all I bring,
 A humble offering to my gracious King ;
 My barley loaves and few small fish I place
 In Thy dear hands ; accept them in Thy grace.
 Oh, keep my all !

—*World's Crisis.*

ARE MISSIONARIES HAPPY ?

HENRY MARTIN.

I AM born for God only. Christ is nearer to me than father, or mother, or sister—a nearer relative, a more affectionate Friend ; and I rejoice to follow Him and to love Him. Blessed Jesus ! Thou art all I want !—a fore-runner to me in *all* I shall ever go through as a Christian, a minister, or a missionary !

“I do not know that anything would be a heaven to me but the service of Christ, and the enjoyment of His presence. Oh, how sweet is life, when spent in His service ! I am going upon a work exactly according to the mind of Christ ; and my glorious Lord, whose power is uncontrollable, can easily open a way for His feeble followers through the thickest of the ranks of His enemies. And now let me go, smiling at my foes ; *how small* are human obstacles before this mighty Lord !

“Whenever I can say, Thy will be done, teach me to do Thy will, for Thou art my God, it is like throwing ballast out of a balloon—my soul ascends immediately, and light and happiness shine around me.”

DAVID LIVINGSTONE, AFRICA.

“Nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God, and go forward.” He pursued his investigation ; but at length the strong man was utterly broken down. They had reached

Llala, and, as he could go no further, his followers built a hut and laid him beneath its shade. The next day he lay quiet, and asked a few questions. On the following morning (May 4th, 1873), when his boys looked in at dawn, his candle was still burning, and Livingstone was kneeling by the bed, with his face buried in his hands upon the pillow—he was dead—and he had died upon his knees, praying, no doubt, as was his wont, for all he loved, and for that dear land to which he had devoted three and thirty years of his life ! There is a touching entry in his journal, written upon the last birthday but one of his eventful life, and it reveals the earnestness of his whole career : “My Jesus, my King, my Life, my All, I again dedicate my whole life to Thee.”

REV. JOHN HUNT, FIJI.

When those who had just united in committing their great crushing care to Him who cared for them, stood looking at the dying man, they marked how he kept on silently weeping. In a little while his emotion increased, and he sobbed as though in acute distress. Then, when the pent-up feelings could no longer be withheld, he cried : “Lord, bless Fiji, save Fiji ! Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji ; my heart has travailed in pain for Fiji !” It was no sorrow on his own account that made the Christian weep. His own prospect was all unclouded brightness, and he had safely stored his last treasures—his wife and children—in heaven ; they were in God's keeping. But there was something that clung about his heart more closely than these. That object to which all the energies of his great soul had been devoted, was the last to be left. He had lived for Fiji, and his every thought, and desire, and purpose, and plan, and effort, had long gone in this direction—the conversion of Fiji. For some weeks he had been laid by from his work, his voice hushed and his hands powerless. Yet he had never ceased to pray for the people of the islands ; but now his prayers were also to cease ; never till then did he feel how Fiji had become identified with his very life. And, in his utter feebleness, the spirit within him strove and struggled with its great burden. Those who stood by feared to see the weak frame so tossed about, and tried to soothe him. Mr. Calvert said : “The Lord knows you love Fiji ; we know it ; the Fijian Christians know it ; and the heathen of Fiji know it. You have labored for Fiji when you were strong ; now you are so weak you must be quiet ; God will save Fiji. *He is saving Fiji.*”

At this the dying missionary was calmer for a little while, but he still wept. The burden was there yet, and his spirit strengthened with the powers of an endless life, shook the failing flesh as it rose up and cast the great load down at the Cross. He grasped Mr. Calvert with one hand, and lifting the other—mighty in its trembling—he cried aloud, “Oh, let me pray once more for Fiji ! Lord, for Christ's sake bless Fiji ! Save Fiji ! Save Thy servants, save Thy people, save the heathen in Fiji !” After this he gradually quieted down, and his peace was unbroken.—*Missionary Echo.*

NOTHING is easier than fault-finding ; no talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business : but those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.

THE new Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal has added his testimony to the value of missions as judged from the standpoint of high Indian officials : “I make bold to say that if missions did not exist it would be our duty to invent them.” This is what was said by the famous men who built up the administration of the Punjab, and who, when it was annexed in 1849, wrote home to the Church Missionary Society for a supply of missionaries as a part of the necessary equipment of the province.