

Whom Shall I Send?

(ISAIAH vi. 8.)

O Spirit's anointing,
For service appointing,
On us descend;
For millions are dying,
And Jesus is crying,
"Whom shall I send?"

Ethiopia is reaching
Scarred hands and beseeching
"Rend, Christians, rend
The chains long enthralling!"
And Jesus is calling,
"Whom shall I send?"

See China unsealing
Her gates, and revealing
Fields without end!
Her night is receding,
And Jesus is pleading,
"Whom shall I send?"

Dark India is breaking
Her caste-chains, and making
Strong cries ascend
To Jesus, once bleeding,
But now interceding,
"Whom shall I send?"

Japan is awaking,
Old errors forsaking;
Haste, your aid lend!
"More light!" Hear her crying
And Jesus replying,
"Whom shall I send?"

While Israel's unveiling,
And penitent wailing,
All things portend,
Why, why our delaying?
Since Jesus is saying
"Whom shall I send?"

The islands, once hating
His yoke, are now waiting
Humbly to bend.
Hear Jesus appealing,
To bear help and healing,
"Whom shall I send?"

Death of Dr. Nelles.

BY THE EDITOR.

UPON the Methodist Church in Canada has come the shadow of a great sorrow. By the death of Dr. Nelles that Church has lost one of its greatest minds, one of its noblest spirits, one of its most tender and generous hearts. But the profoundest sorrow, outside the circle of his own immediate kindred, will be felt by the many hundreds of present and former students of Victoria University throughout the length and breadth of the land. These have come into personal relations with him and have felt the spell of his genius. No man in Canada ever so largely helped to mould the mind and character of so many of the young men of the country at the most susceptible formative period of their lives. For thirty-seven years he stood at the head of the Institution with which his best affections and his ceaseless labours were identified. He found it in a weak and struggling condition. For long years he bore the stress of the strain to raise its character, to increase its resources, to develop its educational scope. Despite its comparatively limited means, its inadequate buildings and the limited number of its teaching faculty, that Institution, under his faithful guidance, won its way to the forefront and laid the entire Province under the

greatest obligation for its services in the cause of higher education.

In the engrossing duties of the College President those of the Christian minister were not forgotten. Old students will remember with delight the inspiring and uplifting sermons delivered in the College chapel. Some of those which we heard thirty years ago abide with us still as a precious memory. Dr. Nelles was one of the grandest preachers we ever heard. There was in his sermons nothing commonplace. The thought was lofty, the language chaste and beautiful, the spirit sympathetic with all that was best and noblest in morals and religion.

It is a cause for great regret that the engrossing duties of his position prevented his making larger contributions to the permanent literature of his country. Few men were more graceful masters of style. His taste was fastidious and exquisite, and his writings were read with delight and remembered with profit.

God endowed our departed friend with a keen sense of humour, which found frequent expression in sparkling and effervescent wit. But only those who were favoured with his intimate friendship or private correspondence knew the pensive side of his nature, and the serious depth and tenderness of his religious life and thought.

Though the breadth of his sympathies and the clearness of his vision rendered it impossible for Dr. Nelles to become an extremist or a partisan, yet on a great question he could unhesitatingly take sides and strongly avow his convictions. It was conspicuously so on the Union question, which was before our Church four years ago. More recently he exhibited his characteristic breadth of view in his adoption of the principle of University Federation, of which he was, under its earlier aspects, the most eloquent exponent and advocate. The partial failure of that scheme in its original scope, led to a change in his views, and a frank and candid statement of that change and of reasons which seemed to him to demand it. In this we believe he was much misunderstood and misconstrued. But no fair-minded man ever for a moment doubted Dr. Nelles' loyalty to his convictions of duty, and to what he deemed the best interests of the Institution in whose service he had spent his life. Although the present writer differed widely in his conscientious convictions from those of his dear and honoured friend, yet that divergence never caused the shadow of a shade to becloud the intimacy of their personal friendship.

No man was more unselfish, more incapable of self-seeking than Dr. Nelles. His fidelity to Victoria University, and to the Church of his choice, deprived of attractiveness any offers of preferment which his brilliant abilities would have commanded elsewhere.

It is with a deep and poignant sense of personal loss that we write these lines. The bereavement is so sore and

so sudden that it almost benumbs the mind. We hoped that the Church and country would long have enjoyed the benefit of Dr. Nelles' wise counsels, of his irenic temper, of his Christian spirit, in the solution of the Educational problems before us. But the God whom he served has called him from his life-long labour to his everlasting reward. A prince and a great man is fallen in Israel. Now that he is gone from us we realize more fully his worth and the greatness of our loss.

A Doll that Went to India.

BY MRS. E. S. WEST.

A SOCIETY called a Mission Band met every Tuesday afternoon in a large, old-fashioned house in New York city.

There were fifteen little girls in this Band, and as they were neighbours, and went to the same Sunday and day-schools, they were of course the best of friends, and happy in their work.

One year this Mission Band received a letter from Miss Bertram, a missionary in India, in which she told of her work among the heathen girls, and that she wished very much to give her school a Christmas tree during the holidays. After hearing this letter there was a long talk among these little girls, and then they decided to help Miss Bertram with her Christmas tree; and they went to work with a hearty good will to do it. It was then March, still there would be plenty of time to get a box ready to send all the way to India.

I was invited to help pack the box after everything was ready, and it was a very pleasant duty. There were skirts and sacques of blue, pink, and buff calico; several patchwork quilts, and plenty of pretty patchwork, all cut and basted. Also, doll's cradles, with mattresses, pillows, sheets and pillow-cases; and, best of all, over one hundred dolls, all of which were dressed by these busy fingers.

All these things were carefully and tightly packed, the lid screwed on, and then the box started on its long journey around the Cape of Good Hope to India.

After several months a letter came from Miss Bertram, telling us that the box had reached her safely, of the Christmas tree, and the pleasure it gave to the little Hindoo girls. But there was one doll in the box which I must tell you about, for if ever a doll went on a mission of mercy it was that one.

It was larger than any of the others, had an indestructible head, black hair and eyes, and a pink cambrie dress, with a white apron. Miss Bertram put it carefully away, and very soon after the Christmas festival went to visit a house in which she had several Hindoo women as pupils. Into this house there had come a dear little girl, nine years of age, who had just been married to a Brahmin, 35 years older than herself.

Poor child, she had never been away from home before, and now she had

come one hundred miles to a strange family, as the wife of one of the sons, and she was so lonely and homesick.

The kind missionary lady had noticed how pale she was, and how her lips quivered whenever she spoke, and she longed to comfort her; so after praying that God would help her to do so, she started out to visit the women in that house. For each one she had selected a gift; but to Monee, this sad little wife, she took the beautiful doll and its cradle. When it was given to her, her face lighted up with the first smile which had been seen upon it, then taking it into her arms, she cried as if her heart would break. At length Monee seemed tired out, and sat quietly holding it, then Miss Bertram went to her and showed her how to undress the doll, and put it to sleep in the cradle.

The next day, when the teacher went there to give her lesson as usual, this little girl seemed much happier.

Two years passed; Monee learned to read nicely in "Peep of Day," and in the Testament, and listened gladly to the story of Jesus, the friend of all sad and lonely ones. All this time she kept the doll nicely, and dressed it carefully every day.

But one hot season Monee was taken with fever, and it soon became evident that she must die, but her life had been so sad that Miss Bertram did not feel sorry, for she felt that her dear pupil was one of the lambs of the Saviour's fold, and he would care for her. Just before she died she recognized her, and said in a low whisper, "Teacher, your Jesus is so good; he loves me," and in a few minutes she went to that blessed home in Heaven, where all tears shall be wiped away. Before night, of that same day, as is the custom in that warm country, Monee was buried, and the doll with her, as she had held it so much during her sickness. It is pleasant to think that it added so much to her happiness during her life; and now, do you not think as I do, that this doll went to India on a mission of mercy?

It is not easy to overestimate the value of Sunday-school work. The common school, said Sir Charles Reed, M.P., had to do with the physical, intellectual, and moral faculties and capabilities, but the Sunday-school recognized the supreme importance of spiritual interest, and its teaching therefore crowned and glorified the educated man. John Bright, the Quaker English statesman, once said to General Clinton B. Fisk: "There is nothing that is going to give such stability to this Government as the religious instruction of our children in the Protestant Sunday-schools of the realm; and I have read all about them in your country, and your people are going to be safe if you only stand by your Sunday-school men, and train up your children in the way of the Lord."