

HERE AM I, O LORD SEND ME.

BY J. E. RANKLIS, D.D.

I have not an angel's tongue,
 Skilled in winning speech or song;
 Weighty words at my command,
 Pleas fallacious to withstand;—
 Is there not some little child
 I can win from paths defiled?
 Weak, unworthy though I be,
 Here am I, O Lord, send me.

I cannot the sickle wield,
 In the noon-day harvest field.—
 Bear the burden of the day;
 Garner loaded wains away—
 I can only stoop and glean
 Where more stalwart forms have been,
 Weak, unworthy though I be,
 Here am I, O Lord, send me.

I cannot the sword gird on,
 If there's victory to be won—
 Where has ebb'd the battle-shout,
 I can seek the wounded out,
 Soothe the dying; make the bed
 Of the sad and lonely dead,
 Weak, unworthy though I be,
 Here am I, O Lord, send me.

Send, O Lord, by whom thou wilt!
 Cleanse this world of woe and guilt!
 Where the hosts of error low'r,
 Clothe thy chosen ones with pow'r,
 In the kingdom of thy grace,
 Give to me some humble place,
 Weak, unworthy though I be,
 Here am I, O Lord, send me.

—Selected.

A PARISH MINISTER ON SUNDAY HARVESTING.—At the close of divine service on Sunday, the Rev. W. Wallace of Traquair, said he hoped that it was not unbecoming in his position to refer to the past disastrous summer, and to the necessity of securing as soon as possible the remainder of the harvest. His parishioners would of course be regulated by their own conscience, but in his opinion every hour was available—even the hours of the Lord's Day. It is impossible for him, as minister of a country parish, not to feel deep sympathy with those who were dependent for their subsistence upon the cultivation of the soil, and who had already been exposed to much suffering and loss. There

was the prospect, also, it was to be feared, of an early and severe winter; and, considering the uncertainty of the weather, and the lateness of the season, it appeared to him right and proper to secure the precious fruits of the ground without delay. In offering this suggestion, Mr. Wallace said he was probably laying himself open to misconstruction and hard words, but surely it was the duty of a minister to speak what he conceived to be the truth than to seek for a vain popularity. Wanton desecration of the day of rest by rich or poor in the shape of feasting, holiday-making, and frivolous conversation, was as distasteful to him as it would be to them; but he saw no desecration in preserving the bread which God had given them by using the means which he had put within their power. On the contrary, he considered the farmer would be well employed in the harvest field that afternoon, and better still if he should return the first-fruits of his toil to the Lord with a grateful heart, and remember his suffering fellow-creatures in India now dying of starvation. This at least was in accordance with the teaching of the New Testament, and also of the Old, when it told us that the Most High prefers mercy to sacrifice. 'Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fallen into a pit, and will not straightway pull him out on the Sabbath day? And surely no one, on the same principle, can be chargeable with offence who rescues his crop from possible disaster and loss, and performs a work of necessity and mercy in circumstances so exceptional. We could only hope that on the great day of accounts none of them might have to answer for anything more serious than this.