

MESSAGE.

The following tender and pathetic lines were found in the desk of a recently deceased lady (Mrs. George B. Muir, of Montreal).—

When I am gone
And you remember how the way seemed long,
When my tired feet
Stumbled and fell,
Though you gave loving care, say : It is well
For rest is sweet.

When this poor head
Lies softly pillowed in a dreamless bed,
Remember then
It aches no more ;
To God's good will, though you my loss deplore,
Respond, Amen.

In coming years
When all forgotten are these bitter tears,
Will you recall
My life's closed page
And sometimes, mid the hush of quiet days,
My name let fall.

And oh, be sure
To cast love's tender mantle, white and pure
Over the past,—
There are mistakes
The wayward heart in utter blindness makes
Until the last.

God bless thee, dear !
Thy faithful love, through the life journey here,
Always the same
Precious and true,
Remaineth as fast death's chilling dew,
We'll meet again.

To you, my boys,
Entwined so closely with life's dearest joys,
My parting prayer
And tender love
Would lead from earth to the safe fold above
Its peace to share.

Sisters, farewell.
(Ah, by-gone years, how sweet the tale you tell
Of happy days.)
Brothers, adieu.
Our father's God, may he abide with you,
Blessing always.

And Jesus waits :
Yes, doubting heart, thy guilty self He takes,
The sinner's friend ;
Night closes in,
The shadows deepen, but faith clings to him
Until the end.

A lady who had a large experience in missionary matters wrote as follows : "Don't be too anxious to have a special field or object of support. Give your money by an act of the most spiritual worship, directly to the Lord, and drop it quietly, laden with prayer, into the treasury, having confidence (you must have that), in those who distribute it for you, and let them send it where most needed. Dedicate it wholly, not only to the glorious King, but to the Man of Sorrows; and if the Master wants twine strings, wrapper paper and pine boxes, so practical and unromantic, let your funds go for those to carry the Bible in."—*Friend's Missionary Advocate*.

LITERATURE FOR MISSIONARIES.

The following, from *The Christian*, may have a message for us :

DEAR SIR,—In these days, when the tide of missionary interest is rising, there may be those of your readers, Mr. Editor, who are seeking for some way of showing their interest in the work, but who are unable to go forth themselves. To such let me suggest one of the many ways of thus furthering the cause dearest to Christ's heart, and for which *He* gave his life's blood.

Missionaries being exactly like other men (although some imagine they have such a superabundance of grace that they can dispense with the ordinary means of grace employed by their brethren at home), have their times of despondency and sore temptation. Isolated from fellow workers, without church or chapel, and surrounded by the utter indifference of the people among whom they dwell, they often feel their need of a stimulus or a bracing tonic which books of missionary biography of men like Livingstone, Moffat, Hannington, Mackay, or Gilmour can give.

In these faithfully drawn portraits of men of like passions as themselves, there is much to encourage faith and hope.

Who is there that can read Alex. Mackay's heroic life, or brave Jas. Gilmour's at his lonely post after wife and children were lost to view, without feeling refreshed and encouraged to overcome the thousand and one trials of foreign mission work ?

Possibly other brethren have felt like myself after reading Gilmour's life, that, compared with him, some of us are more like Stanley's pigmies in spiritual stature. Faith, however, grows by being tested and practiced ; and, without doubt, it gets full play in the foreign field, away from the hot-houses or nursery-beds of conventions, and an endless round of meetings at home. It is the planting out that tests the plants.

Alas ! some of us have felt the effects of chilling indifference, or lukewarm profession, or even the bitter biting blast of persecution, and we do sometimes seek a stimulus along with the pure milk of the Word of God.

Such a tonic is best administered in reading what others have braved and toiled to achieve, or it may in a more diluted form, suiting better certain constitutions, be given in the form of religious periodicals too numerous to name. Possibly the editor of this valuable journal could furnish a list of helpful books and magazines such as *Good Words*, *Leisure Hour*, *THE CHRISTIAN*, *Divine Life*, &c. We enjoy the *Life of Faith*, *Divine Life*, which presents the theoretical side of the question, while Mackay's and Gilmour's lives are the practical and more bracing side, showing us the possibility of living divine lives even among debased men and women.

It is scarcely a figure of speech to say that "woman is the corner-stone of heathenism." Notwithstanding their degradation, heathen mothers have immense power over their sons. The fear of a mother's curse prevents many Chinamen from listening to the claims of the gospel. An intelligent Hindu exclaims : "It is the women who maintain the system of Hinduism." Christ and his gospel are the only levers that have raised the nations. But in all the Orient only a woman's hand can adjust these levers to the corner-stone.—*Mission Studies*.