

Moses went up unto God, and the Lord called unto him out of the mountain, Thus shalt thou say: Ye have seen what I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself. Now therefore if ye will obey indeed."—Ex. 19: 3.

How fleeting the pathway of wings! Men are warned not to set their eyes upon that which is not, "for riches certainly make themselves wings, they fly away as an eagle towards heaven."

Wings indicate speed, elevation, expansion. How condescending is God! "He formed the heavens also and came down; and darkness was under his feet, and he rode upon a cherub and did fly, and he was seen upon the wings of the wind."—2 Sim. 22: 10. Who does not sympathize with the man in middle life, his cares many, his comforts few? "O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest." Instead of asking for the strength of the ox to bear his trials, he asks for wings to flee; in other words, to turn coward and run away. God does not answer such prayers, for He wants us to stand and not to run.

Think of the wings of the morning! The morning of youth, of ambition, of opportunity, discovery in learning and in travel. Ho to the land shadowing with wings which is beyond the rivers, that sendeth ambassadors by the sea. Is it by the wings of the morning that English-speaking people are sailing to the uttermost parts of the sea, hoisting the ensign of liberty, law and salvation?

"Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious."

Wings speak of safety. "Hide me under the shadow of thy wing" is the prayer of many in distress. How many more declare "In the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice!"

He cometh with healing in His wings and offereth the shelter of a covering which is renewed every summer in the sermon preached by the hen. "How often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."—Matt. 23: 37.

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LOVE STRONG AS DEATH.

Ye say that love is strong as death—
Ye know not what ye speak;
Shall love be as the feeble breath,
The color on the cheek?

Stronger than death, or woe, or time,
Is he who reigns above,
And down the ages love's words chime,
Declaring, "God is love."

Death is the subject slave of love,
For love is God on high!
Stronger than death love rules above,
Till death himself shall die.

—Clara F. Guernsey, in *Parish Visitor*.

SILENT PREACHING.

Francis of Assisi once stepped down into the cloisters of his monastery, and, laying his hand on the shoulder of a young monk, said:

"Brother, let us go down into the town and preach."

So they went forth, conversing as they went down the principal streets, and lanes, even to the village beyond, till they found themselves back at the monastery again.

Then said the young monk, "Father, when shall we begin to preach?"

"My child, we have been preaching; we were preaching while we were walking. We have been seen, looked at, our behaviour has been remarked; and so we have delivered a morning sermon. Ah, my son, it is of no use that we walk anywhere to preach, unless we preach as we walk."

This is in harmony with a most tender and precious experience. It occurred when I was thirteen years old. I was an office boy, and my master was secretary of the town mission. The brethren handed in their reports from time to time, and there was one who so impressed me, that he stands alone in his power over my receptive soul. This was more than sixty years ago. I have looked at Christian men for long years with a sympathetic interest, but no man ever came near to this one in his power to impress the spirit and meaning and bearing of his master. He never talked religion to me, never asked me about my soul, never spoke in words—and yet he did. Diviner words never reached me with such power, as did the silent words of this dear brother who has long since been gathered home.

—OLD MISSIONARY.

MISSIONARY.

The following is an extract from a letter received from the Rev. F. N. Alexander, of Ellore, India, under whose direction St. Peter's native missionary, Jonah, works:

"The chief feature of our work at present is famine relief. In Ellore forty coolies are working and many children and old people depending on them receive batta or money help. These coolies have repaired the earthen wall round our compound and filled in mud on the low-lying vegetable beds. They have built two good schools of mud and filled up deep holes.

"I took a long tour of over a month's duration in the distressed parts to see for myself how things stand. I think there is great distress among the labouring classes and severe pressure; even among the well-to-do farmers as well there is much distress, the land above the canal being absolutely bare—no crop whatever. In government villages there is always remission of rent when crops fail, but in Zemindari lands full sist (rent) is charged. Often cattle have to be sold to pay the rent and this leaves the Ryot no means to cultivate his land when the next rain comes on. Bullocks and buffaloes do all the ploughing of the country. India is essentially an agricultural country. In these parts, for the bulk of the people, it is the only means of livelihood, so when rains fail there is nothing to fall back upon—people starve. There is no work to be had. Very many live by bruising the white mortar stuff, a stone that is used for marking figures in front of their houses for ornament. Vast numbers have taken to stripping bark from the acacia tree; it is used for tanning purposes. A whole sackfull brings only a few pence and as corn is at famine prices the poor get only a handful of grain after a long day's work and this has to support wife and children as well. They simply pound the grain on the mill-stone and, without cleaning away husk or dirt, they boil it into gruel just as it is and try in this way to keep body and soul together. The water famine also adds to their distress. The Panchamas (or low castes) have rarely wells of their own; they depend on tank water