

Because the Lord who loves us will every burden bear ;
 Because we trust Him fully, and know that He will guide,
 And know that He will keep us at his beloved side,
 Abiding in his presence, and walking in the light,
 And seeking to 'do always what is pleasing in his sight ;'
 We look to Him to keep us, 'all glorious within,'
 Because the 'blood of Jesus Christ is cleansing from all sin.' "

In 1878, Miss Havergal went to live with her sister near Swansea. Here for a few months she was fully occupied in writing, helping others, and working in the neighbourhood of her new home. On May 21st 1879, she took cold from being out in the damp on one of the Master's errands ; a feverish attack ensued, then inflammation and peritonitis.

Through intense suffering and constant sickness her patient endurance and gladness in God's will witnessed to his power. Through the last hours again and again were heard the words, "Splendid, to be so near the gates of heaven !" and "So beautiful to go !" At dawn on June 3rd, the change came ; and with the King's name on her lips—trying to sing, but just uttering HE—she passed into his presence to behold Him in his beauty.

LONELY LABORERS.

Many Christians have to endure the solitude of unnoticed labor. They are serving God in a way which is exceedingly useful, but not at all noticeable. How very sweet to many workers are those little corners of the newspapers and magazines which describe their labors and successes ; yet some who are doing what God will think a great deal more of at the last never saw their names in print. Yonder beloved brother is plodding away in a country village ; nobody knows anything about him, but he is bringing souls to God. Unknown to fame, the angels are acquainted with him, and a few precious ones whom he has led to Jesus know him well.

Perhaps yonder sister has a class in the Sunday-school ; nothing striking in her or in her class ; nobody thinks of her as a remarkable worker ; she is a flower that blooms almost unseen, but she is none the less fragrant.

There is a Bible woman ; she is mentioned in the report as making so many visits a week, but nobody discovers all she is doing for the poor and needy, and how many are saved in the Lord through her instrumentality. Hundreds of God's dear servants are serving Him without the encouragement of man's approving eye, yet they are not alone ; the Father is with them.

Never mind where you work ; care more how you work ; never mind who sees if God approves. If he smiles, be content. We cannot always be sure when we are most useful. It is not the acreage you sow, it is the multiplication which God gives the seed which makes the harvest. You have less to do with being successful than with being faithful. Your main comfort is that in your labor you are not alone. For God, the Eternal One, who guides the marches of the stars, is with you.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

NO SCOLDING.

If you wish to make your family and neighbours happy—if you would see calmness and evenness of temper developed in your children—if you would lighten the cares and smooth the path of the companion of your bosom—do not irritate or scold, or be in a passion when your humour is crossed, but remember that others have hearts as well as yourself, and let the sunshine of Christian meekness and gentleness always beam from your eye. How happy will be the circle of such in such a case. Aye, this Christian temper is about the only requisite to make the fireside happy—places which husbands and children will regret to leave, and be glad to return to. Then let the husband be indulgent to the annoyances of his everworking and often-overworked wife ; and let the wife always meet him with smiles when he comes home perplexed with the cares of business ; and let both be forbearing under their mutual imperfections, and homes will be more as God intended them to be.—*Western Recorder*.

There are now four Protestant colleges in Asia Minor—Robert College, at Constantinople ; Armenia College, at Harpoot ; Central Turkey College, at Aintab, and a new institution (Anatolia College) at Marsovan, sixty miles south of the Black Sea, and about 400 miles west of Constantinople.