

dark but because death was stealing away the physical senses, and that of vision was the first to go. Later the child's father came. He had been away from home when the accident happened. She heard and recognized his voice, though she could not see him. As he bent over her and she felt his nearness, she said: "Is this Papa?" and then she reached up her hands, placing one on his brown forehead and the other on his tanned cheek, and as she moved her hands about over his face she said, "Yes this is Papa. Good-bye, Papa; say good-bye to Ned and Jessie for me; tell Ralph I forgive him; good-bye, Papa." Exhausted by the effort to talk she lay quite still. Her pulse so weak and rapid it could hardly be felt at the wrist; her respiration so slow and shallow as to be imperceptible, except with great care. After remaining silent for a long time she began to be a little restless and soon spoke again. "Mama, I see the angels;" and then a little later, "I hear them calling me." Then after another period of silence she reached out her hands that had been quite still for a long time, and as a smile crept over her face, she said, "And now they're coming." And just then, as through the windows eastward we could see the first gray of the dawn, and when the hands of the clock on the white wall of the hospital ward told us that the early morning of the long summer day was about to begin, the angels came. The little hands fell softly upon the white counterpane, and the smile remained where the sight of the angels had left it.

And you may talk to me about visions and hallucinations all you like, but I believe the child saw with the eyes of the spirit just what she testified to with the lips of the flesh.

It is sometimes permitted to men in the flesh to come into close relation with the other world. Especially is this so as the time of separation of body and spirit draws nigh, and the more so when the physical faculties once keen are dulled or lost.

How beautiful are those lines of Milton, written when he was old, worried by domestic troubles, neglected, blind and almost poor. Hark, how he sings as he is being freed from material things:

"Oh, I seem to stand
Trembling where foot of mortal ne'er hath been,
Wrapt in the radiance of that sinless land,
Which eye hath never seen.
Visions come and go—
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng;
From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song.
In a purer clime
My being fills with rapture; waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit; strains sublime
Break over me unsought,
It is nothing now,
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes;
When airs from Paradise refresh my brow,
That earth in darkness lies.
Give me now my lyre;
I feel the stirrings of a gift divine;
Within my bosom glows unearthly fire,
Lit by no skill of mine."

Mark how this aged singer testifies to the awakening of every dead or dulled sense.

"Eye hath not seen"—Yet Milton stood so near the other world that physical blindness could not keep him from seeing.

"Visions come and go—
Shapes of resplendent beauty round me throng."
And then again—

"It is nothing now
When heaven is opening on my sightless eyes."

"Nor ear heard."—But Milton stood so near the place where his faith was going to be changed into realization that he could say:

"From angel lips I seem to hear the flow
Of soft and holy song."

And again—

"Strains sublime,
Break over me unsought."

"Neither hath it entered into the heart of man."—Not yet; no, we are still too much hindered by these bodies. Our thoughts are not yet God's thoughts. But if we have in us the principle of spiritual growth, we shall tend in that direction. And if we progress in Christliness, being changed into his image day by day, shall it be any wonder if, when we stand very near to that place where we shall be like Him, some are able to say with the old Bard, who often had peopled his songs with spiritual things:

"In a purer clime,
My being fills with rapture; waves of thought
Roll in upon my spirit."

THE PROVINCES FOR CHRIST.

By J. C. B. APPEL.

"But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." I Tim. v: 8.

If Paul wrote thus regarding the converts who failed to supply food and clothing for those dependent upon him, what would be said of those who disregarded the spiritual needs of home and native land? The very name of *Home Missions* should cause a thrill of generous liberality to vibrate throughout our churches, and should insure a bountiful provision for the carrying of the Gospel into every city, town, village and home of our land.

As Christians, we must be interested in missions. To fail here is to cease to walk with Christ. Our Saviour's commission to us is to evangelize the whole world; but in looking through the Foreign Christian Missionary Society telescope at the "utmost parts of the earth" let us not forget our "Jerusalem and Judea." The evangelization of the heathen fields cannot be accomplished without me and money from Christian lands and the stronger—numerically, financially and spiritually—the churches in the Maritime Provinces, the more assistance available for other needy sections.

Canada has proved her willingness and ability to share in the defence of the British Empire. Money, blood and life were not withheld when the battle flag was unfurled and the war drum beat. Some of the hardest fighting has fallen to the lot of the Canadians, and right well have they honored the Dominion. The Commander-in-chief of the army, the Colonial Secretary and our most Gracious Queen, have all recognized the prowess of the men that sailed from our shores; and all loyal Britishers are proud of the record made. Shall we be loyal and devoted subjects to Queen Victoria, but stingy, selfish, self-indulgent servants of the King of Kings and Lord of Lords—our Saviour, Redeemer and Friend? "*The Provinces for Christ!*" is the battle cry. The enemy is Legion—carelessness, indifference, infidelity, pleasure-seeking,

greed of gain, the saloon, a church weakened, divided and cursed by denominational divisions—all these are in battle array against the recognition of the Divine mission of the Lord Jesus Christ and the acceptance of His Gospel.

As Christians who are seeking to bring the world religious and irreligious to Apostolic Christianity, we have a tremendous responsibility. It is our privilege to win the Maritime Provinces to "Where the Bible speaks, we speak; where the Bible is silent, we are silent." Already a wonderful gathering together has been witnessed in the union of the various sections of the Methodist and of the Presbyterian churches. It is our privilege and duty to show them and all other denominations that the Bible requires still more comprehensive union. It is a great work, we are a feeble band, but *we have God with us* and therefore, if faithful, *must conquer*. Shall we be faithful? Shall we rise to our privileges and responsibilities? Shall we be true to the Christ who died for us?

HOME MISSIONS AT HOME.

By R. F. WHISTON.

There may be a question in some minds concerning the relative value of home and foreign missions. God's field is the world! Wherever the curse of sin is found, there should be preached the gospel of Jesus Christ. While God knows no home and foreign field, the same cannot be said of the Christian. He is to begin first in Jerusalem, then in Judea, then Samaria, then the uttermost parts of the earth. Or, to bring it more vividly before us, allow me to put it in this way: My first duty is to Charlottetown, then Prince Edward Island, then Canada, and then the uttermost parts. Should I support our colleges in the United States or in France before those in Canada? Certainly not. Should I give the evangelization of Africa or India precedence over that of Prince Edward Island? Most certainly not. Love and support begin at home, and the greater our interest in the progress of the home work, the greater will be our interest abroad.

I am profoundly impressed with this fact: that home missionary effort in the Provinces is not what it should or might be. Far be it from me to detract in the least from the value and necessity of foreign missionary effort. We have not done sufficient along that line, and are capable of much more. The "eternal go" is as applicable to China as to Nova Scotia. Nevertheless, with a few exceptions, the home work in the Provinces is largely at a standstill. Pictou looms up as a noble exception. A goodly offering and a splendid house of worship is Pictou's gift. But that isn't all. Pen cannot describe the sacrifice and self-denial of Bro. D. Fullerton, that the Apostolic faith might be firmly established in that place. His indomitable faith and remarkable zeal, coupled with a royal generosity, have been rewarded in a measure, and more is to follow.

Halifax has improved this past year. Their last offering to the American Home Board was but five dollars, according to the report of '99. This year that has been augmented by over twenty dollars.

New Glasgow, P. E. I., has certainly made a splendid showing so far this year. Heretofore they have not contributed to the States Home Board as a church. This year they raised twenty dollars.

Charlottetown, Pictou and Halifax are helped annually by the American Home Board.