

I stand here to tell you that your vision of to-night is no disordered dream. I have brought truth to your door; shall it knock in vain? I gave you an elevated position, for you are above the sisters whom you have seen, but the platform that raises you is the Rock, Christ Jesus. Will you be content to stand there alone, or have you at last interest to spare for the nations low in the dust at the feet of Allah and Brahma? Will you help them up, or will you choose to hear your Redeemer say to you, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me'?"

For answer I fell on my knees and Conscience left me, satisfied to have brought me to my God, knowing that she could trust my waking with Him. To a pitiful Saviour I confessed all my pride and indifference and he forgave me; then I slept sweetly and refreshingly. The next morning I hastened to the house of my friend the collector, took back my heartless words of the night before, and gave her double what she had asked. That morning was the beginning of a new life to me, for I promised my Saviour that henceforth His cause should be mine, and that I would give to the women of other lands as freely as I had received from Him; and I pray God to keep me from ever being again so fast asleep as I was on that night when asked to contribute to Foreign Missions.

Emma J. Cummings, M.D.

A TEMPERANCE LESSON.

ONE of the best temperance addresses we have seen recently comes from Mr. Chauncey Depew, the great railroad president, and is a portion of his remarks at a meeting of railroad employees: "Twenty-five years ago I knew every man, woman and child in Peekskill. And it has been a study with me to mark the boys who started in every grade of life with myself, to see what has become of them. I was up last fall and began to count them over, and it was an instructive exhibit. Some of them became clerks, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, doctors. It is remarkable that every one of those that drank is dead; not one living of my age. Barring a few who were taken off by sickness, every one that proved a wreck and wrecked his family, did it from rum and no other cause. Of those who were church-going people, who were

steady, industrious and hard-working men, who were frugal and thrifty, every single one of them, without an exception, owns the house in which he lives and has something laid by, the interest on which, with the house, would carry him through many a rainy day. When a man becomes debased with gambling, rum or drink, he doesn't care, all his finer feelings are crowded out."—*Apostolic Guide*.

SICKNESS

SAVIOUR! in sickness I can feel

Thy tender love to me,

Who for my sake didst deign to bear

An untold agony.

Thoughts of the anguish of Thy cross

Can calm my sufferings now;

The memory of Thy crown of thorns

Can soothe my throbbing brow.

When every limb is aching

In weariness of pain,

I think upon the Lamb of God

For sinful mortals slain.

How "all Thy bones were out of joint;"

Then how shall I repine?

The sorest anguish I can bear,

What is it, Lord, to Thee?

But as one ripple on the wave,

One drop within the sea,

One tear among the many wept

In life's long misery.

THE LITTLE CHILDREN THAT ARE GONE.

Why do they come, these little ones that enter our homes by the gateway of suffering, and that linger with us a few months, uttering no words, smiling in mysterious silence, yet speaking eloquently all the time of the purity and sweetness of Heaven! Why must they open tenderest fountains of our nature only to leave them so soon choked with the bitter tears of loss?

It is impossible wholly to answer such questions of the tortured heart; but one can say, in general, that these little temporary wanderers from a celestial home come and go because of the great love of God. It is an inestimable blessing to have been the parent of a child that has the stamp of Heaven upon its brow, to hold it in one's arms, to minister to it, to gaze fondly down into the little upturned face, and to rejoice in the unsullied beauty of its smiles, and then to give it back to God at His call, with the thought that in Heaven, as upon earth, it is still *our own*, a member of the household, still to be counted always as one of the children whom God hath given us.

Such a love chastens and sanctifies the hearts of the father and the mother, carries them out beyond time and sense, and gives them a hold upon the unseen. As things of great value always cost, it is worth all the sorrow to have known this holy affection, and to have this treasure in Heaven.

A DANGER.

THE danger of false tenderness in the training of children was finely illustrated at one time in the following manner: A person who was greatly interested in entomology, secured, at great pains, a fine specimen of an emperor moth in the larva state. Day by day he watched the little creature as he wove about him his cocoon, which is very singular in shape, much resembling a flask. Presently the time drew near for it to emerge from its wrappings, and spread its large wings of exceeding beauty. On reaching the narrow aperture of the neck of the flask, the pity of the person watching it was so awakened to see the struggle necessary to get through that he cut the cords, thus making the passage easier. But alas! his false tenderness destroyed all the brilliant colors for which this species of moth is noted.

The severe pressure was the very thing needed to cause the flow of fluids which create the marvellous hues. Its wings were small, dull in colors, and the whole development was imperfect. How often we see the result in character when parents, thinking to help a child over some hard place, rob him of strength of purpose and other qualities essential to the highest attainments in mental and spiritual life—*The Parish Visitor*.

WANTED ENTHUSIASM.

HOPE, courage and earnest purpose are essential to the success of any great enterprise. The thing to be done must be worthy to command not only intelligent assent, but ardent love and enthusiastic devotion.

The work of missions rightly claims first place in thoughts, prayers, gifts and labours of Christians. The disciples of the risen Christ owe it to Him as their Lord and Master to throw themselves heart and soul into the work which He has given them to do. That is their one great work. The Easter triumph sends forth afresh the grand commission and lays it as a