

eagerly bought in Constantinople, loved in the kloofs of Kafirland; while the voices of the dead from Assyria to Egypt have been lifted up to bear it witness." Among the millions in India there is a listening and a surmise: amid the strange, fascinating roar of civilization, advancing from the west, is heard the deep still music of the gospel; a quivering here and there, a faint ruddy flush, as of life, seem to announce that the swoon of superstition, unbroken for a thousand years, may ere long pass away. The all-important preliminary victory that had to be won over anti-Christian prejudice on the part of the new lords of India, is no longer doubtful. Still farther east than India, China has heard tidings of a true celestial empire, from the lips of apostolic men, who have cast behind them all the refinement and social pleasure of Europe, as Paul cast behind him the philosophy of Greece and the lordliness of Rome. Beautiful is this return of the Christian morning from the west to the east. Christianity does not now go forth against heathenism, as in the old crusading days, clad in visible armour, and bearing an earthly sword. It steps gently like the dawn, its weapons the shafts of light, wearing the breast plate of faith and love, and for a helmet the hope of salvation. Clothed thus in the armour of God, if faith does not waver, and love continues to burn, it *will* conquer.—*Bayne's Christian Civilization.*

Poetry.

FAR BETTER.

O beautiful abode of earth,
 Fall when thou wilt!
 Thy gold is gilt,
 And clouds of anguish veil thy mirth;
 Who loves not heaven, may bestow
 His love on earthly pomp and show.
 But I alone desire with Thee,
 Jesus, all preciousness! to be.

One who is weary with his load,
 Faint with the sun,
 Would fain have done,
 And craves long shadows on the road;
 That after so much labor past
 He may sleep sweet and sound at last.
 But all my longing is with Thee,
 Jesus, my only rest, to be!

Another doth pursue his trade
 By wave and cliff.
 Where his frail skiff
 Is tempest-tossed, and he afraid.
 But I will faith-wings spread, and fly
 Up, past the star-hills of the sky!
 For, Jesus, Thou alone shalt be
 The end of pilgrimage to me.

Come, death! sleep's only brother thou!
 Come, take the helm,
 And through thy realm
 To the sure harbor guide my prow.
 He may repel thee who doth fear;
 But I rejoice to see thee near,
 For thou alone canst usher me,
 Where I shall with my Jesus be!

J. FRANCE.