



AK-HISSAR. THE ANCIENT THYATIRA.

## Marquette.

"THEY ARE MANY; WE ARE FEW."

It was on an autumn evening,  
And two hundred years ago,  
That around a cabin fire,  
Gazing on its ruddy glow,  
Saw a group of souls in silence,  
While without their cabin rude  
They could hear the cold winds moaning  
Through the forest solitude.

Long they sat in silence musing,  
Not one speaking any word,  
Though 'twas plain amid that silence  
Some grave thought each bosom stirred,  
For each comrade's face was sober  
As if death that very day  
To their number had descended  
And some loved one borne away

But, at last, one spoke: "O brother,  
I appeal this hour to you!  
Can we do the work, and mighty,  
That we sought these wilds to do?  
Point the red-men—they are many—  
To the Cross—the Saviour true—  
For remember, O good brother,  
They are many; we are few."

Spoke another of the number,  
And his speech was sad and true:  
"O good brother, from the Fatherland  
I hear loved voices call,  
And in tones of very sorrow—  
'Oh, return to those who yearn  
For thy presence every hour—  
To thy loved ones, oh, return.'"

Then he of the number truest,  
Turning to his comrades, said:  
"Is the spirit of the Master  
In your faithless bosoms dead?  
To the cause ye long have cherished  
Are ye going to prove untrue,  
Though the red-men be so many,  
And, alas! we be so few?"

"Though ye hear loved voices calling  
From the Fatherland, 'Return!'  
Though to look upon dear faces  
Far away, I know ye yearn;  
Will ye leave me, O companions,  
While ye go unto your own?  
Leave me here, far from my kindred,  
Leave me here to toil alone!"

"For I cannot go, O comrades!  
There's a work which must be done.  
Who will do it if we leave it?  
Who, of Christ, the Holy One,  
Here shall speak to those who know not  
Of His mercies, ever new,  
Unto those who seek His blessing?  
To my trust I must be true!"

Thus he spoke, the loyal, loving,  
The true hero, patient, meek,  
In that hour, when in his comrades'  
Breasts faith seemed, alas! so weak.  
And once more there fell a silence  
In that little cabin rude,  
While without the winds went moaning  
Through the forest solitude.

But at length, in tears, spoke Jacques:  
"Brother, 'twill be as you say!  
Where you labour for the Master  
There I, too, shall toil and pray—  
Pray and toil, and doubt not ever,  
Holding to the faith with you,  
Though the red-men be so many—  
Oh, so many! we so few!"

Spoke the lone Pierre, and homesick,  
Sighing for loved ones afar:  
"Neither will I leave you, brother,  
Since faith is my guiding star!  
Though I hear loved voices calling,  
He who calls me first is Christ;  
Cherished wishes of my heart, for  
His sake, must be sacrificed."

Then Marquette, with gladness beating  
In his heart, arose and said  
(Looking upward, while he laid his  
Hands upon each comrade's head):  
"Halleluiah to the Father!  
Halleluiah to the Son!  
Halleluiah to the Spirit!  
Blessed Triune—Three in One!"

And they went forth on the morrow,  
Those three knights of long ago,  
Stronger, better, nobler, purer, for that  
Very hour; and lo!  
In the winter, and the summer,  
In the cold, and in the heat,  
God was with them in their labours  
With His benediction sweet.

Vanished are the mighty forests,  
Gone, for aye, the red-men bold.  
Passed to God are they who for Him  
Wrought amid the days of old:  
But where stood the mighty forests,  
You may hear them calling yet  
Hear the red-men sadly calling—  
"Jacques, Pierre, and loved Marquette!"  
—Geo. Newell Lovejoy.

THE zeal that would concentrate the  
most efficient evangelizing agencies  
where you happen to live to the ex-  
clusion of needier fields is questionable.  
Selfishness slips in, calling itself by an-  
other name.

## Ak-Hissar, the Ancient Thyatira.

THE name of this ancient city is mentioned four times in the New Testament—in Acts 16, 14; in Revelation 1, 11, and 2, 18, 24. The first mention is in connection with Lydia, whom Paul and his companions met among the worshippers by the riverside at Philippi. She was a native of Thyatira, a seller of purple, and apparently a woman of means. In Revelation, Thyatira is mentioned as one of "the seven Churches of Asia" to which special letters were addressed. (See references as above.) It has been thought probable that Lydia, after having become a Christian, returned again to this city, and became the means of establishing the Gospel there. Thyatira was from early times noted for the richness and beauty of its purple-dyed goods; and this reputation is maintained to the present day. The scarlet cloth especially dyed there is said to be unsurpassed for elegance and permanence of colour. The city is situated in the western part of Asia Minor, on the northern border of the province of Lydia. The present population is estimated to be from 17,000 to 20,000.

## A Waif of Song.

It is the inspirations of duty, and not of ambition, that make one's efforts most useful to the world.

Some years ago I was called to do some work in association with an American song-writer, whose benevolent purpose in life and self-forgetfulness for others greatly impressed me, and whose influence I hope never to forget or lose.

His songs are known wherever the English language is spoken, but many of them are very simple—voices of the heart. In moral and spiritual things he claimed that that is the best music that will do the most good, and that inspiration dictates to be written.

"The people love these simple airs," he said, "and I like to write for the people."

It is easy to criticise such interpretations of the heart, but they cannot be successfully imitated.

One of these airs was written to the words,—

"When He cometh,  
When He cometh,  
To make up His jewels,  
All His jewels, precious jewels,  
His loved and His own.  
Like the stars of the morning,  
His bright crown adorning,  
They shall shine in their beauty,  
His loved and His own."

Two years ago we heard the chimes of St. Martin, at the West End, London, one Sabbath morning, bursting into music, filling all the air over the Thames and about Westminster Bridge, the Parliament Houses, St. James' Park and Buckingham Palace, with crystal tones. Parliament was in session; it was near the close of the London season, and the West End was crowded with titled people.

What tune were the bells of St. Martin playing on this quiet Sabbath morning, preaching an early sermon to England's law-makers, as it awoke them from their slumbers?

It was our friend's simple air,—

"When He cometh,  
To make up His jewels."

A few weeks later, we returned to America on one of the ships of the Allan line. On Sunday the bell rung

for service, and the cabin passengers generally responded to the call, but the steerage passengers, on account of their poor clothing, were unwilling to attend.

The poor people in the steerage numbered a thousand souls, and represented nearly all religions and nationalities. After service in the cabin was over, it occurred to them that even they might have a sermon or two in the form of songs. What could they all sing? Listen:

"When He cometh."

The song floated up grandly from the hatchway. There were few silent voices; the chorus was full, even the children could all sing that.

We arrived at Quebec on Sunday morning. The thousand emigrants poured out of the ship, and waited in the emigrant sheds for the "making up" of "their trains."

At about four o'clock in the afternoon two trains of great length were ready for them, one going east to Richmond, Canada, and the other west to Winnipeg, and the shores of the Georgian Bay.

The whistles blew, and the trains began to move. In one train rose a hymn; it was taken up by the passengers of the other; it was the emigrants' sermon for that day—

"All His jewels, precious jewels,  
His loved and His own.  
Like the stars of the morning,  
His loved and His own."

"When He cometh!" The two streams of song flowed wider and wider apart as the trains moved on. Few of these thousand emigrants would ever meet on the Atlantic or in either continent again. Yet the parting on that dreamy summer afternoon made them feel that all in this world are emigrants, and the words lighted the rainbow of hope in the spiritual horizon like an antiphon:

The trains wound away from the St. Lawrence, and the parting song was lost in the sun-flecked woods.

"All the pure ones, all bright ones,  
His loved and His own;  
Like the stars of the morning,  
His bright crown adorning,  
They shall shine"—

It became a shadow song, and was lost. The simple heart-tone had repeated to many lands the sublime truth of the great Hebrew prophet:—

"And they shall be mine in that day when I make up my jewels."—Malachi 3, 17.

## But one Journey.

"WHEN I was a young man there lived in our neighbourhood a farmer who was usually reported to be a very liberal man, and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the produce of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure, or, rather more than would be required of him. One of his friends, observing him frequently doing it, so questioned him as to why he did it; he told him he gave too much, and said it was to his disadvantage. Now, mark the answer of this excellent man: 'God has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when I am gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes.' The old farmer's mistakes were of the sort he did not want to rectify."—Horatio Seymour.

God gives us many precious prospects for this life and the next.