

in the brightness of which that consecrated soul may go on to renewed toil, to deeper devotion, and on to the "Well done, good and faithful servant." God bless dear Miss Hatch! How many thoughts went onward with her as, years ago, she sailed away from the homeland! How many prayers went upward for her during those years of beautiful service! And now again we shall follow her with our thoughts and prayers, we shall watch her work, we shall trust God through her inevitable wearinesses and praise Him through her successes, praying that if it be His will she may be spared to return to us yet again to inspire us to more entire consecration.

But God's work goes on, and still another, by special providence, leaves us now for Telugu land. She will take the same journeys that our other loved missionaries have taken. She will experience the same ecstatic joy and the same sickness of heart from hope deferred experienced by our other missionaries. She will praise and pray, praise and pray, just as they have done, while at times the human in her heart, as if to remind her that the battle is not quite fought, the victory not quite won, will cry out for the loves of home. For the testing hour of a missionary's life is not the hour in which he suffers from the heat, not the hour in which he meets the beast of prey, not the hour in which he battles with disease; but it is the hour when the banner of the Lord seems to be trailing in the dust, when home and friends are lost in the shadowy perspective of long months or years; when even nature, withered and scorched, gives no response to the voice of his heart; when his only companions are silence, loneliness and doubt, which press close about him and say, "Where is now thy God?" It seems to me that if there is a time in life that is worthy to be even suggestive of our dear Lord's agony in the garden, it is that hour in the life of a consecrated Christian missionary. But thanks be to God who giveth him the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. When he has been fully tried through his soul's dark night, God will light the stars of hope one by one, then the dawn will appear to be followed by the unclouded rising of the sun. Oh, the rapture of the soul's morning! But just as surely as the night must precede the day, so surely must the soul's conflict go before that time of ecstatic joy when earth touches heaven, when the soul meets God and lays hold of His promises, nay, of His very presence, with a faith that neither earth nor hell can shake. Cowed and defeated, the foes of the night have slunk off to the darkness and damp of their abodes. Blood-thirsty, but trembling, they crouch in their dank dens, and tear themselves, as strains of a song of victory are blown by. For above and beyond abides the soul, bathed in the light of its morning, jubilant and spotless, one with God through Jesus Christ. Rapture? God knows it is a foretaste of heaven, and it were worth a million nights to know one morning.

"Deep waters cross'd life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp;
Now these lie all behind me—
Oh, for a well-tuned harp!"

But if these supreme moments of the imprisoned soul are so glorious, infinite must be the rapture of the soul that rises to the radiance of a perpetual sunrise, to the golden glory of a morning that will never end. "Watch man, what of the night?" The soul's testing hour is robbed of its bitterness, pain is pregnant with purpose and hope hastens on to fulfilment.

I am sure that our sister, Miss McLeod, goes out to India in the strength of the Lord, ready for any experience. May the God of all grace be her constant stay and, in His own wise way, use her in the achievement of great things for Him. She will be one more to love and to pray for, one more to commune with, soul to soul; for the distance between India and Ontario is bridged by the chain of thought that neither wind nor wave can sever.

Although the hearts of the two sisters from whom we now part have been touched by, and have responded to the cry of the women, another call has been heard by them to which each has answered, "Here am I, send me." Lovingly they obey the command of our risen and ascended Lord, "Go ye, therefore, and make disciples of all the nations," leaning on the promise, "And lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Is it worth the cheerful giving
Of your silver and your gold;
Is it worth the pain of leaving
Those whose hands you love to hold?
Is it worth good-bye and heartaches?
As the proud ship sails away,
And the land you love so dearly
Slowly fades in twilight grey?

Is it worth the long, long waiting
For the ripening of the grain?
For the scanty sheaves, late gathered,
From the seed oft sown in pain?
Is it worth the persecutions,
And the perils of the land?
Dare you hope to save a nation
By a feeble Christian band?

God is on His throne, beloved,
Do not falter in the fight;
Crowns and victor's palms await you,
And the morning after night.
And 'twere worth the inner conflict,
And 'twere worth the outer foe,
If but thus one dusky sinner
Might the world's Redeemer know.

EVANGELICAL

THE PRAYER OF THE WASTEBASKET.

BY REV. R. DE W. MALLARY, LENOX, MASS.

The minister sat writing a sermon on "Shall we know each other there?" It was Friday morning, and as he was struggling with his theme, chiding himself that he had announced that he would preach on a topic about which the Scripture said little, and he knew less, there was a tap at his study door. It was only the maid, who wanted the wastebasket; but this time it was stuffed full.