

REMARKS OF AN INDIAN BOY.

IT were well to build a mission
For the far-off Japanese ;
It were well to read a Bible,
To the patient, brown Chinese.

It were well to tell the story
Of a Saviour good and true,
To the Minnesota Indians
And the wronged but noble Sioux.

But I tell you it were folly
For these distant fields to care,
When your own minds need a mission
And your souls are cold and bare.

Turn and look within a moment,
Of your own life take a view ;
Do not fret about the heathen
When you are a heathen, too.

Make yourself a missionary
To yourself in darkness bound :
Where a man's own heart is dreary
There his mission field is found.

MOTHER'S BOYS.

YES, I know there are stains in the carpet,
The traces of small muddy boots,
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
All spotless with blossoms and fruit.

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands,
And that your own household most truly
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many old treasures and toys ;
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharm'd by the presence of boys ;

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day ;
While you sit in yours unmolested
And dream the soft quiet away !

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
Where I must stand watchful each night ;
While you go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman,
I like my house orderly, too ;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings ;
Yet would not change places with you.

No ! keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise ;
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But give me my four splendid boys !

To try too hard to make people good is one way to make them worse ; the only way to make good is to be good—remembering well the beam and the mote. The time for speaking comes rarely ; the time for being never departs.

The Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Keen, formerly of the Diocese of Moosonee, after spending some time in England, have just gone to British Columbia to take part in the C. M. S. work. We believe they are to be stationed at one of the North Pacific Missions:

A DERVISH PRAYER MEETING.

MR. GEO. MITCHELL (lately of the North Africa Mission), of Tripoli, thus describes a visit he paid to a meeting of "howling dervishes":—"They all sat in a circle on the ground, with two of them, little boys of 12 or 14, in the middle, and the formula, 'There is no God but God,' in Arabic, was said, at first slowly, and then, each one swaying his body from side to side, more quickly and louder. This proceeded until the words became a roar of inarticulate sounds, the bodies being frantically thrown from side to side, and backwards and forwards, until we could not but fear that some of their backs would be dislocated. Sometimes they sat, at other times they knelt, again they stood, and so kept up movement and utterance for some time. All this while one of the party was chanting a kind of song. Suddenly, however, all was still, and the Sheikh commenced in a low musical voice to sing some long portions of the Koran. Then collective repetition was resumed, and again the simultaneous swaying of the body with hoarse roaring.

"The meeting was over about midnight, after about two hours or more of the most frantic exertions. All then re-entered the room, and the Sheikh took his seat as before. Two gentlemen from the Custom House, friendly to us, came and in turn interpreted for me from Arabic into Turkish to the Sheikh, and we engaged in an exhaustive discussion as to the truth of Islam. I took the opportunity of telling the Sheikh the glad news of salvation in Christ. There was no excitement or heat of argument, but the quietest, most friendly discussion. At one juncture I took occasion to say: 'I have brought a message from God to you. He offers eternal life to whomsoever will accept it in His Son.' Turning to the whole company. I said: 'If any of you will come to God, as dead in trespasses and sins, and condemned in His sight, and will plead the death of Christ His Son in your stead, He will give you eternal life, the resurrection life of Christ.' Questions were raised, and the conversation went on until nearly 3 o'clock. I begged their pardon for having kept them so late, but they replied that they were delighted, and hoped we would come again. I intend to learn Turkish on purpose to facilitate intercourse with such persons as the Sheikh, who knows little or no Arabic."

After a second visit to the dervishes, Mr. Mitchell writes: "I came home much distressed. Mohammedanism is, I believe, the only system of religion which deliberately, as a point of faith, denies the Godhead and atoning death of Christ, and also the Holy Spirit of God. I never realized so painfully as now how entirely we are dependent on Him for wisdom, or how necessary is the revelation of God the Holy Ghost to dead souls."—*The Christian*.