

With blessings from His mercy-seat,
Will never meet with triflers there.

Then, when within His earthly courts,
The form of worshippers we wear,
Oh! let not lips and hands alone,
But our whole souls be raised in prayer:

And He, whose blessings far exceed
The noblest gifts that monarchs grant,
Will pour His Spirit on our hearts,
And more than answer every want.

A MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

Why are we not in some really worthy sense a missionary Church? We must carry our question to the Lord Himself. He answered it before it was ever asked. When He planted the Church He planted it by missions, and when He made missionaries He made them by taking common men and filling them with Himself. Never since when men have been filled with Him has there been any lack of missionary life. He said, "Herein is My Father glorified that ye bear much fruit." What "fruit?" He makes it plain. It was fruit raised through men *ordained* and *going*. Missionary fruit, "I have chosen you and ordained you that ye should go, and bring it forth." You must travel and sail, climb and swim, learn languages and wash barbarians' feet. It is rough and dirty work. How shall they bear such fruit? "He that abideth in me the same bringeth" it "forth." Rough and dirty, is it? It is welcome and illustrious work. That doctrine runs all through the four Gospels. How much personal love and faith towards the Master, so much eager sacrifice for the spreading of His kingdom. St. Paul catches it and sounds it through His to all those scattered flocks which knew that so he had gathered and nourished them. He says it in that most churchly epistle to the Ephesians, the "Power that worketh in us" for the more abundant glory is Christly power. Nay, it is He, indwelling. We read a first principle of this heavenly economy. The measure of a personal and intimate affection for the living Jesus, in the people dwelling at home, in settled congregations, will be the measure of the missionary spirit, missionary money, and missionary power. Possibly this may sound like a truism. If it is, it is one of those truisms that are tame only when they are not believed, but which, when they enter in, strike hard and cut deep—truisms that make the preacher tremble while he speaks them, and meet because they humiliate the hearer. We have at this time to search not other men, or the denominations but ourselves. Our business is not to cover anything up. We had better be honest or else be still. Look beneath the admirable mechanism and see whether any awful force lies latent in the heart of the ship. It is in vain to think of great income, wider fields, and rich harvests, unless a more definite spiritual life, a heartier piety, warms and inspires the people. If we are doing but little to convert the world, it is because we are but partly converted ourselves. Gaspar Borzeo, the great Eastern missionary, used to say: "If Christ Himself had not established a mission in a heart worse than any Mohammedan land, I should never have been preaching the gospel in Persia." The heart and core of Christianity is to give self away for the Son of Man, and for man. That is the heart and core, also, of missionary life.

Children's Department.

THERE CAME THREE KINGS ERE BREAK OF DAY.

There came three kings, ere break of day
All on Epiphany;
Their gifts they bare both rich and rare
All, all, Lord Christ for Thee:
Gold, frankincense and myrrh are there,
Where is the King? O where? O where?
O where is the King? O where?

The star shone brightly over-head,
The air was calm and still,
O'er Bethlehem fields its rays were shed,
The dew lay on the hill:
We see no throne, no palace fair,
Where is the King? O where? O where?

An old man knelt at a manger low,
A babe lay in the stall;
The starlight played on the Infant brow,
Deep silence lay o'er all:
A maiden bent o'er the Babe in prayer:—
There is the King, O there! O there!

THE SAMARITAN DOG.

"Please tell us a story, mamma," said the children, coming to her side in the sweet twilight.

"What sort of a story?" asked mamma, lifting Benjie into her lap, and twining Gracie's curls around her fingers.

"A bird story—a true one," said Gracie; "A dog story," said Benjie, in a breath. But Gracie spoke again—

"I'd like the dog story just as well, mamma."

"Then I'll tell you about a bird to-morrow night Gracie, and for to-night—Let me see: I read one not long ago of a dog that 'went on a mission.' Will that answer?"

"Yes, indeed," said Gracie, and Benjie clapped his hands.

"The dog's name was 'Hunter,' and he was very large and strong. When he was a puppy, his appearance was unkempt and grotesque that Rob, his young master, was somewhat laughed at and teased when he brought him home, having bartered for him a hoop and jack-knife. But he was soon loved and valued on account of his good temper, sagacity, and kind, patient, careful way with children. His looks improved, too, with the feeding and petting he received. He grew plump and shining, and his eyes were magnificently large, brown, and full of expression.

"Faithful and kind as he was with the children, the home sphere was not long the limit of his good deeds. His first Samaritan act was bringing home in his mouth a small, homely, scrawny black dog that seemed sick or hurt. Hunter laid him down tenderly on a straw bed in his kennel, and for days watched and tended him. He carried food to him across the yard, and licked him over with his great tongue. The little dog was soon quite well, and was given to a friend of the family who would treat him kindly. He lived near by, however, and remembered Hunter's kindness with grateful affection, and the two exchanged frequent visits.

"One morning, 'Lilliput,' as the new dog was called, came to the gate and barked furiously. Hunter went out, and Lilliput must have told his story in some way that his friend understood, for presently the two dogs trotted down the long green lane. Bob followed quietly, to see what was the matter.

"A poor mother dog lay by the roadside, moaning as if in great pain, while two puppies, only a few days old, were creeping over her. A hedge partially screened them. Bob peeped through, and saw the two friends sitting by her, seemed to consult what to do. They brought her food; and when she died a few hours afterward, Hunter took one puppy in his mouth, leaving Lilliput to watch the other, and went straight home—not this time to his kennel, but to his mistress. He laid the tiny creature in her lap, looking up entreatingly in her face, and as soon as he saw her began to pet him and ran off for the other. This, too, he brought to Bob's mother, and was not disappointed.

At another time, Hunter was absent from home two days, and when he returned, he brought a beautiful Maltese kitten. The little thing seemed already to love and trust him, and looked into his great, beautiful eyes as if she meant to say—'Please don't leave me among strangers.' But she found Hunter's friends hers, and she became a great pet.

"One day he came home, went straight to his mistress, and laid a bit of chintz in her lap. He looked earnestly in her eyes, walked back and forth between her and the door, and kept barking. She called Bob; and as they felt sure that Hunter had come on some errand of mercy, she filled a basket with needful articles. Hunter had shown no sign of weariness or hunger, but the moment that Bob stood ready with his basket, and whistled for him to lead the way, the dog, strange to say, lay down on the piazza panting, as if exhausted.

"Bob" said his father, 'don't walk; take the

buggy. Hunter has run a long way, and this bit of chintz is from a woman's dress. You may be sure he has a purpose in bringing it.'

"The dog seemed satisfied when he saw them harnessing the horse, and with a bone in his mouth started to lead the way. When fairly on the road he was willing to ride, and sat quietly by his master till near some woods, when he jumped out, and ran barking to a rude hut, such as wood cutters use. There Bob found a poor emigrant woman and a tiny baby. She afterwards said that when the dog tore a piece from her dress, she was much frightened, but, on looking into his great, kind eyes, she felt sure he ment no harm. She and her child were well cared for, and it was only through Hunter's information that they were rescued from starvation."

"Oh, mamma, wasn't Hunter a splendid dog?" said Gracie; "is it true?"

"Yes, dear; Mrs. Chaplin, a cousin of Hunter's young master Bob, wrote an account of these brave deeds; and she says he has saved many other lives, and still continues his acts of mercy. Surely his example might teach human beings a lesson of helpfulness. And those who would treat any one unkindly are less worthy of respect than the generous, faithful animal."

KNOWING NOT THE GREAT CREATOR.

Knowing not the great Creator
Lay the world in deepest night,
When there broke on Eastern mountains,
Wondrously a golden light,
And the grace-star led the Magi,
To the lowly cattle stall
Whence the glory daily widening
Brought redemption to us all.

Prostrate fall the bloody altars,
Men to bats their idols fling,
And the Gospel reigns triumphant
To the Ocean's widest ring.
And where its bright beams are burning
Rises up an Empire new,
On the ruins of old temples
Pleads the Offering one and true.

THE MAN WHO SWALLOWED A BIBLE.

"In the days of my boyhood," says Old Humphrey, in his "Thoughts for the Thoughtful," "my father told me that he knew an old man who had swallowed a Bible. This greatly excited my astonishment, and I wondered how it could be. My father, who had an object in view in keeping me in ignorance of what he meant, never explained the matter to me; but went with me some time afterwards, to call upon the old man. Many a thoughtless prodigal has been cut off since then, and many a pardoned sinner entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God; yet do I remember it as well as though it happened but yesterday.

"Oh how graciously did texts of Divine truth fall from the lips of that aged servant of Christ! for the Holy Scriptures dwelt in him richly in all wisdom. His Bible seemed to be a mine of illimitable value, a storehouse of precious things, and he drew forth liberally, like one who draws water from a well that he believes to be inexhaustible."

"As we came away, my father said to me 'Well and what do you think of this man having swallowed a Bible?'"

"Think, father!" said I, 'why I think that he has indeed swallowed a Bible, for the Word of God seems like meat and drink to him.'"

"Oh that the blessed Book of truth were meat and drink to us all! Oh that we had all swallowed a Bible! for then should we find it, not bitter, like the little book eaten by St. John in the Revelation, but sweeter than honey and the honey-comb."

—We should carry our affections to the mansions prepared for us above, where eternity is the measure, felicity the state, angels the company, the Lamb the light, and God the inheritance and portion of His people forever.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

—God demands an account of the past, that we must render hereafter. He demands an improvement of the present, and this we must render now.

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