

A MESSAGE TO GLEANERS.

"Look how thy brethren fare"—I. Sam. xvii., 18.



SONS of Jehovah! a message to you—
(Let true-hearted servants the answer prepare,)
The word of the Father so tender and true:
"Go, see how your brethren fare."

No one is forgotten or far from His heart,
None out of the reach of His Fatherly care;
Yet He to His people hath given this part,
To see how their brethren fare.

O Jesus, Redeemer! the mission is Thine—
Adored be Thy Name, in that work we may share,
And go in the night of Thy Spirit Divine,
To see how *Thy* brethren fare.

O come to our hearts, Blessed Spirit, we pray,
Thy seven-fold graces to shed abroad there,
Then send us with love-quickened steps on our way
To see how our brethren fare.
—Mary S. Tucker, in *Church Missionary Gleaner*.

"CANADA."



AND of mighty lake and forest!
Where the winter's locks are hoarest;
Where the summer's leaf is greenest;
And the winter's bite the keenest;
Where the autumn's leaf is scarest;
And her parting smile the dearest:

Where the tempest rushes forth,
From his caverns of the north,
With the lightnings of his wrath,
Sweeping forests from his path;
Where the cataract stupendous,
Lifteth up her voice tremendous;
Where uncultivated nature
Rears her pines of giant stature,
Sows her jagged hemlocks o'er,
Thick as bristles on the boar;
Plants the stately elm and oak
Firmly in the iron rock;
Where the crane her course is steering,
And the eagle is careering;
Where the gentle deer are bounding,
And the woodman's axe resounding.
Land of mighty lake and river,
To our hearts thou'rt dear forever!
Thou art not a land of story;
Thou art not a land of glory.
No tradition, tale nor song
To thine ancient woods belong;
No long line of bards and sages,
Looking to us down the ages;
No old heroes sweeping by
In their warlike panoply;
Yet heroic deeds are done,
Where no battle's lost or won—
In the cottage, in the woods,
In the lonely solitudes—
Pledges of affection given,
That will be redeemed in heaven.

—Alexander McLachlan.

INCIDENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

BISHOP WILBERFORCE gave a good and needed counsel when he said: "Be specially on the watch against those little tricks by which the vain man seeks to bring round the conversation to himself, and gain the praise or notice which

his thirsty ears drink in so greedily. Even if praise comes unsought, it is well, while men are uttering it, to guard yourself by thinking of some secret cause for humbling yourself inwardly to God, thinking unto what these pleasant accents would be changed if all that is known to God, and even to yourself, stood revealed to man."

BISHOP JEWEL says of the Holy Bible:—"Cities fall, kingdoms come to nothing, empires fade away as smoke. Where are Numa, Minos, Lycurgus? Where are their books, and what has become of their laws? But that the Bible no tyrant should have been able to consume, no tradition to choke, no heretic maliciously to corrupt; that it should stand unto this day, amid the wreck of all that is human, without the alteration of one sentence so as to change the doctrine taught therein—surely there is a very singular providence, claiming our attention in a most remarkable manner."

ROWLAND HILL is reported to have said:—"Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast. But I am not; mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country, I was walking on yonder hill; I saw a gravel pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice so high that I was heard in the town below at the distance of a mile; help came and rescued two of the poor sufferers. *No one called me an enthusiast then;* and when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon poor sinners, and about to entomb them irrevocably in an eternal mass of woe, and call on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now?"

WHEN Judson had buried himself in Burmah and after ten years work could show but eighteen converts, he was asked "What of the prospect?" His heroic answer was "Bright as the promises of God." When John Wesley proposed to go to Georgia as a missionary to the Indians an unbeliever ridiculed him. "What is this? Are you one of the knights errant? How, pray, did you get this Quixotism into your head? You want nothing, have a good provision for life, and a prospect of preferment; and must you leave all this to fight wind-mills—to convert American savages?" Wesley calmly replied, "If the Bible be not true, I am a very fool and madman, as you can conceive; but if the Bible be of God, I am sober-minded; for He has declared, there is no man who hath left house or friends, or brethren, for the Kingdom of God's sake, who shall not receive manifold more in the present time, and in the world to come, life everlasting." And these heroic missionaries were perfectly right. The command is plain: "Go ye also into the vineyard;" and the promise is sufficient; "Whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive." God's rewards are liberal.