

ray to flood the earth and sky with the beauty and glory of color? Who sent it on its course through illimitable space to give warmth and life and gladness? "And God said, Let there be Light, and there was Light." Could we but know the amazing wonder of it all! But what were light with none to see? Who made this wondrously perfect thing, the eye? With all its variety of form and size and structure in the wide range of animal life, it is always the complement of light. I recall a picture seen years ago through the microscope. The light was very good, I was using a rather high-power lens, and looking at the delicate beard in the throat of the corolla of a snap-dragon. The fine filaments under the objective became separate stalks standing apart from one another, when suddenly into the bright light, with ample room for all his movements, there ran one of the most beautiful animals I have ever seen, light green in color, almost transparent, perfect in form, his antennae in quick movement, and his eyes which impressed me most, alert, eager, brilliant. He felt the unusual warmth and light and seemed to enjoy it. As I looked at those eyes it was with a feeling of reverence for the Power that created them, such as has seldom been stirred within me by the spoken words of man. To the naked eye this wonderful creature was quite invisible! A good microscope is a very profitable thing to play with. Not many books can match it, if one brings a seeing eye to the lenses.

And this wonderful ocean of air, at the bottom of which we walk on solid earth! How came it into being—this elastic shell, a vast mixture of gases in physical contact but not in chemical union, colorless, transparent—this "goodly firmament" through which we see the far-off sun and moon, the planets and the stars; which holds for us the blessings of the rain and the dew, the snow and the hoarfrost? All living beings upon the planet are so created and so marvelously adapted to it, that it is the very breath of their life! Its pulsations, obeying law, give us sound and music; and as the complement of this property of the air we have throughout the animal world the wonder of the ear, with its marvelous sense of hearing, more rich in blessing to thoughtful souls of sensibility than the eye itself.

We have the wonder of waters, so essential to animal and vegetable life, and to the changes needed to make the earth a habitable planet. Water everywhere, above, below, and all about us, to supply our constant need; fresh and salt, always changing conditions and locality under the potent influence of the sun, the master force upon this working world. The gases here not simply mixed together in given proportion, as in the air, but in chemical union, in such vast quantity that if the tie which binds them and makes them life-giving water were suddenly dissolved, the earth would at once be changed to a glowing furnace, in whose fervent heat every semblance of life upon it would be utterly destroyed. We are told by scientists that the proportions of land and water surface, one square mile of land to three of water, is what it should be for evaporation and the rain supply. We are told also in the Book that one day the earth shall be destroyed by fire. He who sealed this marriage bond between these gases needs but to break that seal! Stars have blazed out in the depths of space, glowing bright for many months, attaining high magnitudes, where before no star had been seen, and then died out, to be seen no more—worlds, perhaps, in which, in God's appointed time, this seal was broken!

In the animal and vegetable world, wise men are everywhere reverent students of structure, reading the lesson of design and wonder. Not only in the creature itself, but in every detail of its organism, it affords the same amazing evidence of plan and purpose, and, like the old astronomer, the earnest student of these things is but "thinking the thoughts of God after him." He looks at man, the masterpiece of creation, and feels in the depths of his being that he is "fearfully and wonderfully made," and the more he knows of ten thousand creatures less exalted than man, the more these words express his feelings and his thought. Look at a dog or a horse! a cat-bird or a song-sparrow!

Through ages of heat, and cold, and wear, and change, and life, and death, the fertile soil has succeeded to solid rock, until now, wonder of wonders! it brings forth abundantly fruit and seed "after its kind." Have you ever thought what a wheat-field is? or a corn-field? a cherry tree, or a currant bush? or any other of the ten thousand growing things that come and go within the year, or that last for many years with their annual fruitage? To the miracles of wonder wrought about us all the while our eyes are hidden that we do not see. The perfection of God's work is on every hand—and we so seldom think of it as related to him! And one of these days we expect to go to Heaven! Wouldn't it be well to get somewhat acquainted with the thought of the nearness of God in our daily life and in our present surroundings, that we may grow more into the atmosphere of that blessed country? And to impress this thought upon our children, our pupils, in ways that, to some of them at least, may make it attractive and delightful? Heaven is not so much a place as a condition of mind and heart; and we and they may be in it even now in so far as we accustom ourselves to the thought of seeing him in his wondrous works, and in so far as it is the habit of our lives to "think pure, speak true, right wrong, and follow the King."—Pennsylvania School Journal.

Sights and Sounds in India for Boys and Girls in Canada.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:

Red lanterns hurried to and fro:
And footsteps, soft and quick paced through
The house, and native brethren came
With tearful eyes and sat upon
The bamboo matting at the doors,
Wide open flung to the night air.
Lord lay thy hand upon our hearts!
The sister, who, with rainbow face,

Had welcomed to her lonely home
This "chellelu, the gift of heaven,
Now knelt beside the bed and prayed,—
"O, Jesus! Make my sister well!"
"Your choice,—not mine,—your choice is best!"
She stood and watched our every move
And all we did, that God had placed
In our poor human power to keep
The one more precious than all worlds.

The heavy breathing ceases now
And she is better. Yes! No more
That deathly pallor shall o'erspread
Her angel face and crush our hearts.
For death has done his very worst:
And has no more that he can do.
O, fear him not! O, fear him not!
He cannot touch her deathless soul.
Receive her spirit, Jesus, Lord!
Of such thy kingdom is composed.
Thou lov'st her best. With many tears
And psalms, we yield her up to thee.
Our bosoms quake. Our heart and soul
Are loosed from their foundations in
Our breast: earth sinks beneath our feet.
Though all is gone from pole to pole;
The rock of ages holds us up,
And arms of everlasting love
Support our trembling frame of dust,
And we are still. The voice that hushed
The raging waves on Galilee
Now speaks his word of power: and peace,—
His perfect peace reigns in the storm.
Though moon and stars be turned to blood,
And planets into planets crash;
Without thy leave no sparrow falls:
Nor shall one little one be lost.
Thy will is best. Thy plan for her
Is best for her, and best for us.

O, lovely Master, who in arms
Of love, the little children did'st
Enfold and lay thy hands upon
The tender locks of infancy,
How precious in thy sight are all
The little ones of this dark globe!
How did thy cheek, with holy wrath,
Burn on that day when bigot men
Would drive them back from coming to
Thy feet; and rob them of thy touch!
Ah! Those same men must first become
Like those same children ere thy face
In glory they may see! How glad
Each innocent to nestle in
Thy gentle arms! Thy dulcet call
Drew them to thee, as running to
Their mother's knee. Thou wast, sweet Prince,
The children's joy! Thy bosom was
Their heaven! They were to thee the most
Like home in this low world,—a rest
Unto thy soul, bowed down to death
Beneath the burden of our sins.
This moment, our dear Frances has
Forsaken our weak arms to go
To thee. Thou lov'st her best; and thou
Hast called. Without thy call, all earth
And hell could have no power to trar
Her from our nest. Though absent from
The body now! she is at home
With thee,—at home with thee,—at home!
As angles bare the poor man from
His sores to thee, so now they bear
Her spirit free to thy embrace,
Thou lover of our precious lamb!
The fever dread is left behind.
Far from this burning clay, she has
Departed and found refuge from
The heat, among the fountains where
Thou leadest forth thy flock, and where
The sun of Ind shall smite no more.
She is with thee in Paradise
To-night, and smiles to see thy face,
Which shines upon her soul and lights
For her, the hills and fields of heaven
And Jasper walls and golden streets.
Far better, very far, than all
The Edens of this world, in all
The halcyon days of history.
To die is gain! To die is gain!

By faith, we follow her glad soul
Clear through the shining pearly gates.
We see her lovely earthly smile
Transfigured by celestial grace.
How can we tell you all we see?
Her happy face, her beaming eyes;
The loveliest gardens God can make;
The loving angels round her there;
Angelic saints all robed in white,
Each heart aglow with mother love
For those who leave their mother's here;
And many loved ones gone before,
Who wait for us, and welcome her
With such deep joy as angels know
When, in God's presence, they rejoice
To see one soul returning from
Eternal night. So there is joy
In heaven at one more purchase of
His blood brought home! To die is gain.
The half has never yet been told.
The sky bursts open to our gaze
And we behold her sweet surprise
When ushered into all this love!
Thus while one troop of angels bore
Her hence, another troop swept down
To comfort us, were left behind;
As once of old they came to soothe
The sorrows of Gethsemane.
They sang to us and made us sing
As once of old their voices rang
O'er midnight fields nigh Bethlehem.
Sufficient is his grace, as he
Has said, for every awful hour
Of trial keen, as we have proved.
He does not fail, his Word is true.
The half has never yet been told.

"Chellelu" is the common Telugu word for a younger sister.

Poor Marion sobs at mother's knee.
This first great sorrow breaks her heart.
Her lamentations fill the house.
Like grief that cannot be assuaged.
"Weep not, my dear," the mother said,
"Our darling is with Jesus now
And all the lovely angels too.
They will take care of her so well
That she shall have no fever more,
Nor feel the heat of this hot clime,
Nor any pain; but laugh and play
And sing with happy boys and girls
And brother Phillips, who from this
Same room was carried by a band
Of angels to the better land.
He will be, O, so glad to see
His little sister come to be
With Jesus too, and they will love
Each other there and look for us.
And we shall follow soon to stay
With her and him and Jesus too,
And Paul and Mary evermore,
And Christians more than we can count,
To look at Jesus face to face.
And sing about his dying love.
'Twill not be long. 'Twill not be long!"

She dried her tears and wept no more.
At once the Bible she believed,
And there and then such grace received,
The God of grace alone can give.
For he who heals the broken heart
Poured oil into her wounds that night
And turned her sorrow into joy.
Thus pillowed on her Jesu's breast,
She slept that night the sleep of peace,
And with the rising sun arose
To walk amid the garden shrubs
To gather flowers and pretty leaves.
From bush to bush, with humming heart,
Like humming bird from flower to flower,
Like honey bee from bloom to bloom,
She filled both hands with garlands gay,
Then hid to that still room where lay
The little tenement of clay,
The house forsaken of the soul,
But precious beyond words to tell.
With throbbing pulse and gentle hands,
There all around that silent form,
She scattered tokens of her love;
And his love too, who made the flowers,
Dappled leaves of green and gold
And bells of odors sweet, sweetest
Of all that grow on Bimili sods.
The last I saw of that pale brow
It was encircled with these blooms,
And in each little close shut hand
Two golden bells of sweet perfume;
Embalmed in her young sister's love,
Her body in a bed of flowers
And her free soul in Jesu's arms.

Permission granted, often since
That long-to-be-remembered day,
Has she gone down with nimble feet,
Passed through a gate between high walls
Close to the sounding Bengal beach,
To a retreat 'neath shady trees,
Into the English cemetery
To lay more blossoms on two tombs
That wait the voice of him who shall
Himself descend with mighty shout
God speed the day! God speed the day!
Before she enters that great door
Into the garden of the dead,
She knows that Frances is not there,
Nor Phillips either, but the house
They lived in here a little while.
The house is fallen like the tent
Which we take down when we come home
From touring in the villages
To rest from weary wanderings.
The rattle she had learned to shake
The last few days before she went,
The little socks and hood she wore,—
The hood that fringed her smiling cheeks
And laughing eyes out doors at even,—
These all are treasures precious still.
A halo shines round everything
In her wardrobe and nursery,
And all she touched has turned to gold.
Her wicker cot, her baby cart
That rolled her out to get the air,
And e'en the ayah's homely face
Who wept the night she passed away
Are gilded o'er with memories
Of one that's gone to be with Christ.
Dear also is the house of clay
Where she lived here, until that day
When heaven opened to her soul.
That little grave we visit still
As we would visit Bethany
Or Jacob's well or Galilee,
To think of one that used to be
To mortal vision visible,
But now is vanished from our sight
To sit upon the right hand of
The great white throne, where she is with
Him now, rejoicing in his arms
Thus e'en the urn beneath the trees
Festooned with sister's leaves and wreaths,
And every sacred toy or frock
That does recall her image sweet
Is fragrant with ambrosial myrrh,
Is redolent of Paradise,
To disenchant from earthly fumes
To draw our thoughts up after her,
To charm us with eternal joys,
Lift heart and soul to set our love
Upon the things that are above,
Not on the things upon the earth.

Yours truly,

L. D. MORSE.

In Camp, Mopada Market, eight miles north of Bimlipatam, India, Nov. 29th.