

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

MISSION HYMN.

Written by Christian Gottlob Barth for the Basle Missionary Festival in 1835, and translated from the German by Rev. J. P. Appleton.

Watchman! has the night departed?
Watchman! have the shadows gone?
Ah! we count the hours, sad-hearted,
Till we see the reddening morn;
Till the darkness all has vanished,
Till the pale starlight is banished,
And the glorious sun's warm beam
Glistens over hill and stream.

See you not the mountain spires
Rising from the mist's thick night?
Kindling in the clouds its fires,
Breaks the morning red with might.
And benighted heathen races,
Freed from death-shades, lift their faces,
Now unveiled, their sight restored,
To the wondrous light of God.

Thou, O God! the Great and Holy!
Lift Thy sceptre o'er the lands.
See us stand in wonder lowly

At the work of Thy strong hands.
Doors long closed hast Thou unbolted,
Won to Thee souls long revolted,
Given from many a heathen race
Precious earnest of Thy grace.

Even further, ever bolder,
Through the country of Thy foes
Presses many a valiant soldier,
And Thy banner forward goes.
Faithless, scarce we dared to hope, when
Thou didst throw the gates wide open;
Faint is heard our faltering tread,
Where Thy conquering march has led.

With the labor sore and weary,
Plodded we our darksome way,
When from heavens on regions dreary
Broke Thy hand, and all was day.
Praise we now Thy mighty working!
Drive from us the doubt still lurking!
Lead! the way is Thine, O Lord!
And we follow, at Thy word.

In our day Thy work extending,
Let Thy servants hear Thy call!
Bring we, to the burden bending,
Stones for Thy great temple-wall.
Deeper lay our own foundation
On the Rock of our Salvation!
Make us count our gain but loss,
Glorying only in Thy cross.

Oh! what blessing shall be ours,
When we walk at Thy right hand!
When descend Thy bounteous showers,
Green shall be the barren land.
Nations, with Thy glory beaming,
Hasten to Thy portals streaming,
Humble, at Thy feet they fall;
Joyful, own Thee Lord of all.

TWO ENDS OF A MISSION BOX.

BY LUCY ELLEN GUERNSEY.

PART II.—THE WEST END.—(Continued)

Then the packages were opened. What rejoicing there was over the nice warm woollen dresses—over the dead Annie's frock, which just fitted Kitty, and the dead Mary's cloak, which was exactly the thing for Isabel to wear to school through the cold weather—over the new shoes and the warm knitted stockings, and the great package of candy and cards, which all claimed must be kept to make a Christmas tree for the Sunday school. Herbert opened his grave blue eyes at the sight of the clothes and books, the pencil and paint box—a legacy of that other little Herbert, now in paradise.

How every one rejoiced over the warm flannels, while nobody spoke the thought that was in every heart—'If they had been here our Lucy would not have died.' Even Kitty was more than satisfied with her outfit, and admitted that there was one parish at least, which knew how to send a box.

'Do you know, mamma, this is the first new dress I ever had in my life!' said she, lovingly caressing the soft folds. 'Lucy had a new calico that Mrs. Green gave her, but I never did. Oh, see the new flannel wrapper. Do put it on mother. How nice and warm it will be.'

'Come, come, children; let us have our supper,' said the father at last. 'I cannot eat merino and flannel, whatever you can, and I have walked ten miles to day.'

The Missionary Society at Flowerville was gathered to hear the Rev. Charles Root's letter of acknowledgement.

'I only wish you could see the difference made in our household by your gifts, and realize the load of anxiety taken off our hearts,' wrote Mr. Root. 'The day I received your two letters—'

'What two letters?' asked Mrs. Oaks; 'I only wrote one.'

'Perhaps we shall find out,' said Mrs. Rose, while Rosamond became suddenly very much engaged in picking up a stitch in her little red stocking. (She had taken to knitting little red stockings of late.) 'Let me read on.'

'The day I received your two letters, it seemed to me that I had come to the end of my faith and patience. As I walked the ten miles between our house and the post office, and thought of my sick wife at home, of my children kept in the house on Sunday because their shoes were not fit to go out in—of my eldest daughter's school, which is doing so much good, and which she must soon give up, because she had literally not clothes to keep her warm—I felt utterly sick at heart and discouraged. It seemed to me as if God had refused to sanction my work—as if I must be the wrong man in the wrong place. I thought perhaps I ought to give up my charge and let some one else try it. But the poverty was not so bad as were the debts. I owed a bill of \$20 at the store in Smithville. I had also been obliged to borrow \$15 more to pay some of the expenses of my daughter's illness, thus anticipating my quarter's stipend, and I knew not where to turn for the money to pay my just debts, to say nothing of buying necessities for my family. In such a state of mind, you may guess what it was to me to find your generous gifts awaiting me—to find myself, my wife and children provided not only with comforts, but with luxuries, and myself free from debt and with \$35 before hand, for I am glad to say that the generous merchant made me a present of his amount. When I came home I found our dear Mary Hawkeye—one of the Indian girls whom my wife mentioned to you—had killed her pet white hen—greatest earthly treasure—to make some broth for my wife. How glad I was to tell her that her education and Emma's were secured by your bounty. I am sure that you will never regret what you have done for these girls.'

'Well, I should just like to know who sent that money,' said Mrs. Oaks.

'I know,' said Mrs. Weed, who had taken to coming to the meetings. 'It was a mink fur lining and a trimming of silver fox. I saw them yesterday, and they told me so.'

'You speak in riddles,' said Mrs. Oaks. 'Never mind. Let us hear the rest.'

'Mrs. Root wishes especially to thank the friend who sent her a thick warm shawl. It is an unspeakable comfort. My little son has written a note to the mother who sent him her Herbert's clothes and books.'

Mrs. Underwood took the letter directed in a large childish hand, such as might have been written by the little fingers whose dying clasp

still lingered in hers. She felt she could not read it just then. The letter concluded with some details of Mr. Root's work among the Indians under his charge.

'That letter is worth all the trouble twice over!' said Linda Birch.

'Well, they ought to be thankful when we give them such a nice box,' said the lady who had sent the things to get them out of her way.

'I think it was a great deal for us to do.'

'It was a very good box, but not half as good as it might have been if every one in the parish had done his part,' remarked Mrs. Oaks. 'Of over four hundred communicants, not more than sixty at the outside gave anything. If every one would remember to put one cent each Sunday in the mission box at the church door, it would give us a working income of two hundred a year at least.'

'Why don't they do it then?' asked Linda. 'There is not a person in our church who could not afford one cent a week.'

'They do not remember, my dear. If God forgot his children for one hour as they forgot Him, where would we be?' answered Mrs. Rose. 'When we will have Him abiding in our hearts and controlling our actions, we shall not forget.'

THE END.

DON'T WANT TO.

BY GRACE H. DUFFIELD.

'Tom,' said mamma, looking up from her sewing, 'run into the other room and bring me my thimble. It's on the window sill.'

Four year-old Tom was sitting on the floor tying the cat into a harness of gray tape, which matched her fur beautifully.

'Don't want to,' he replied cheerfully, at tempting to pull poor kitty's ears through an impossible loop.

Mamma said no more, and Tom stole one or two curious glances at her from under his curly brown lashes. Was it possible that he was going to have his own way? It really seemed so. Usually mamma said something more, and it ended by Tom's doing—oh, so slowly and unwillingly!—what he was told to do.

But something was the matter with that beautiful gray harness; it wasn't so pretty after all, and it didn't fit in the least.

So Tom abandoned it and hunted up his long lines that grandma made, and fastened them to the rocking chair. Those lines acted very queerly. Tom couldn't understand it.

'Oh de me!' he said at last, despairingly. 'Mamma, my lines is snangled; please to un-snangle 'em for me—won't you?'

Mamma's brow drew into a little frown, and she said in a whining voice:

'No, I don't want to.'

Tom looked at her very hard, and decided that she hadn't understood him, so he repeated his remark:

'I said wey must be fixed, mamma; please to fix 'em.'

'Don't want to,' she said again, this time with more of a whine than ever.

'But you're the mother,' Tom objected.

'Don't want to,' was all the answer he received; so, very much puzzled, he carried them to Bridget.

By and by papa came home and met his small son in the hall.

'See here, little fellow,' he called cheerily, 'take this paper to mamma; I'm in a hurry.'

Then Tom's pretty lips pouted, and 'Don't want to' was what they said. A gleam of remembrance lighted papa's face, and he took the paper in himself. That was such a little thing that Tom forgot it, but papa didn't.

After dinner the little boy was in his father's lap before the fire, and mamma heard him beg as usual: