

Young People's Department.



A MISSIONARY CROSSING A RIVER.

MISSIONARY JOURNEYING.

MISSIONARIES in foreign lands have to travel in all kinds of ways. Sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot, sometimes in a big waggon covered with canvas and drawn by ten or twelve oxen, sometimes by canoe and boat; but, however he goes it is all for his Master's cause and he feels happy. He climbs mountains, traverses deserts and sometimes swims the rivers that cross his path. Travelling is no luxury with him. He is often very tired and hungry. In Africa he often gets sick under the hot sun. Should we not try to support such men in the work they are doing for Christ and his Church?

CHRISTENING.

To-day I saw a little calm-eyed child—
Where soft lights rippled and the shadows turned
Within the church's shelter arched and aisled—
Peacefully wondering, to the altar carried;

White-robed and sweet, in semblance of a flower,
White as the daisies that adorned the chancel;
Borne like a gift—the young wife's natural dower—
Offered to God as her most precious hansom.

Then ceased the music, and the little one
Was silent; and the multitude assembled
Heard; and when of Father and of Son
He spoke, the pastor's deep voice broke and trembled.

But she, the child, knew not the solemn words,
And suddenly yielded to a troubled wailing
As helpless as the cry of frightened birds,
Whose untried wings for flight are unavailing.

How like in this, I thought, to older folk!
The blessing falls; we call it tribulation,
And fancy that we wear a sorrow's yoke
Even at the moment of our consecration.

THE SHORE IN SIGHT.

AND the soldiers' counsel was to kill the prisoners, lest any of them should swim out and escape. But the centurion, willing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose; and commanded that they which could swim should cast themselves first into the sea, and get to land: and the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

And little Mary's clear treble ceased as she ended the chapter with these words. She had been reading the story all through, rather slowly, and with a temporary stop or two where she came to the extra big words, while the sunlight that evening streamed from the cottage window on the sacred page. Her grandfather had sat listening very attentively to every word. It was a relief to his dim old eyes to lay aside his spectacles and get Mary to be "his eyes," as he called her, and it was sweet always for him to hear anything from the good Book, which had been his companion on many a voyage in the long, long ago. With his sailor life and experience, every word of the account of the shipwreck of St. Paul was of interest; he understood it as we could not have done, and certainly far better than little Mary, who had many questions to ask at the end of it.

"Grandfather, did you ever 'escape safe to land'?"

The old man leaned back, and carefully folded his spectacles as if in deep thought.

"Ay, my dear; it has so happened to me more than once; perhaps it was most like what you have