

Always a River to Cross.

TURNER'S always a river to cross;
Always an effort to make
If there's anything good to win,
Any rich prize to take;
Yonder's the fruit we crave,
Yonder the charming scene;
But deep and wide, with a troubled tide,
Is the river that lies between.

For the treasures of precious worth
We must patiently dig and dive;
For the place we long to fill
We must push and struggle and drive,
And always and everywhere
We'll find in our onward course,
Thorns for the feet and trials to meet,
And a difficult river to cross.

The rougher the way we take,
The stouter the heart and the nerve;
The stones in our path we break,
Nor e'er from our impulse swerve;
For the glory we hope to win,
Our labours we count no loss;
'Tis folly to pause and murmur because
Of the river we have to cross.

So, ready to do and to dare,
Should we in our places stand,
Fulfilling the Master's will,
Fulfilling the soul's demand;
For though as the mountain's high
The billows may rear and toss,
They'll not overwhelm if the Lord's at
the helm
When the difficult river we cross!

—Josephine Pollard.

Christian Deathbeds.

BEHOLD the splendour of Christian deathbeds! Those who deny the Bible, or deny any part of it, never die well. They either go out in darkness, or they go out in silence portentous. You may gather up all the biographies that have come forth since the art of printing was invented, and I challenge you to show me a triumphant death of a man who rejected the Scriptures or rejected any part of them. Here I make a great wide avenue. On the one side I put the deathbeds of those who believed in an entire Bible. On the other side of that avenue I put the deathbeds of those who rejected part of the Bible, or rejected all of the Bible. Now, take my arm and let us pass through this dividing avenue. Look off upon the right side. Here are the deathbeds on the right side of this avenue. "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" "Free grace!" "Glory! glory!" "I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb!" "The chariots are coming!" "I mount! I fly!" "Wings! wings!" "They are coming for me!" "Peace, be still!" Alfred Cookman's deathbed! Richard Cecil's deathbed! Commodore Foote's deathbed! Your father's deathbed, your mother's deathbed, your sister's deathbed, your child's deathbed. Ten thousand radiant, songful deathbeds of those who believed in an entire Bible. Now, take my arm and let us go through that avenue and look off upon the other side. No smile of hope. No shout of triumph. No face supernaturally illumined. Those who reject any part of the Bible never die well. No beckoning for angels to come. No listening for the celestial escort. Without any exception they go out of the world because they are pushed out: while on the other hand the list of those who believed in an entire Bible, and went out of the world in triumph, is a list as long as it seems interminable.—Talmage

LAVATER said, what it will do us no harm to ponder upon, that "he who purposely cheats his friend would cheat God if he could."

An Old Song Analyzed.

You all know the old "Sing a song of sixpence," but have you ever read what it is meant for?

The four-and twenty blackbirds represent the twenty-four hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the top crust is the sky that overarches it. The opening of the pie is the day-dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king.

The king who is represented as sitting in his parlour counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunshine.

The queen who sits in the dark kitchen is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before the king—the sun—has risen—is day-dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds, while the bird who so tragically ends the song by "nipping off her nose," is the hour of sunset.

In Peace.

EVERY day there are foes to meet,
And fighting that must be done;
We stand each morn where the battles rage
That have to be lost or won;
But God can give us for weakness, might,
And the troubles cease,
And the heart has peace,
When the cause is that of right.

Every day there are cares that spread
Like mists across the skies;
There are fears that silence the happy song,
And sorrows that dim the eyes;
But the sun is shining the clouds above,
And the troubles cease,
And the heart has peace,
With rest in the Father's love.

Every day is a fading time,
Some leaf, some flower must go,
Wherever the night dews fall around,
Wherever the cold winds blow;
Yet winter is but the nurse of spring,
And troubles cease,
When the heart has peace,
And the trustful soul can sing!

And so, whatever the day may be,
We may raise our song of rest,
If God be for us then all is well,
We are rich, for we have the best,
And all beside can be left to Ham,
For the troubles cease,
And the heart has peace,
Let the days be bright or dim.

FIFTY years hence, and it is to be hoped that Japan will have become a thoroughly Christian nation, consecrating her gold and silver to the Lord, and bearing her part in diffusing abroad the gospel amongst the yet unconverted nations. It is to be hoped that China, with all her millions, shall read in her own tongue the wonderful works of God, and that India with all her vast population will have welcomed the gospel, and that the "Dark Continent" will have been flooded with heavenly light, and that none by the Isles of the Sea shall have waited in vain for God's law. Fifty years hence, it is to be hoped there shall not be a dweller on all the face of the earth who shall not have heard of Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost. A blessed thing will it be to live in those blessed days. But long ere that time will the writer have gone from the world. It is his hope, that in a better world he may be greeted with the glad tidings of these things, and that for them, with millions of redeemed souls, and with all the holy angels, he may join in ascribing praise to God and to the Lamb.

A Missionary Revival.

THE "signs of the times" indicate that we are on the eve of a great missionary revival. The prayer and faith and thought of the Churches are gathering around the vast field of unevangelized heathendom. Plans are being matured for aggressive work, and the expectation is becoming general that the next decade will witness a grand onward movement of the entire host. Missions are no longer a side-issue: they are the main question of Nineteenth Century Christianity; and the conviction is growing that on this issue the Church must stand or fall.

Our own branch of the Church universal is sharing in this revival. Hitherto we have been only *playing* at missions; but the time for earnest effort has fully come, and there is a growing desire to measure up to the responsibilities of the hour. There is a disposition to "undertake great things for God, and to expect great things from God" that is prophetic of grand results. The Lord never disappoints the faith of His people when they show their faith by their works. Our disappointments in the past have not arisen because we expected too much, but because we attempted so little.

The demand of the hour is for a radical change in the Church's missionary policy. A fearless, aggressive spirit must replace the timid, hesitating policy of the past. We do not advocate reckless administration or lavish expenditure; but we do plead that the missionary army be placed without delay upon a war footing, ready for either home or foreign service. Let us fill up the ranks and reorganize the Commissariat. We must strengthen alike the Home Guard and the Foreign Contingent. We have spent enough time in reconnoitring the enemy's position. The hour has come to advance in solid battle array.—REV. D. SUTHERLAND, in *Missionary Outlook*.

WHEN the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant holding it to him on a saucer, and asking him if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed in them! He who had commanded the great armies in Europe, and had long used the throne of authority, did not despise or overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do! What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers! This is ill-bred and unchristian, and shows a coarse nature and a hard heart. In all your home talk, remember "if you please." Among your playmates don't forget "if you please." To all who wait upon you and serve you, believe that "if you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Don't forget three little words—"if you please." Life is made up not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.—Sir Humphrey Davy.

An old lady in Iowa was asked what she would do with all the corn if it could not be made into whisky. She replied, "I would have it made into starch to stiffen the backbone of many of the temperance people."

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in last Number.

80.—1. Bun; run; sun; Burns. 2. Saw, cot, irritate, sell, Sir Walter Scott.

81.—1. Chair, hair; air. 2. Spain; pain. 3. Mabel, Abel; Bel.

82.—PARACLETE
FALLACY
FLEET
APT
S
BYE
CEDAR
CHARTER
PREDATORY

83.—T
RED
TEXAS
DAY
S

NEW PUZZLES.

84.—CHARADES.

1. To mark with specks; a pronoun, children; a public room. A school mentioned by Dickens.

2. Part of the body; a seat. A prop.

85.—TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. Clothing; a tulip.

2. To feed; a mythical character in Tennyson's works.

3. A spy of the tribe of Ephraim; a book of the Old Testament.

86.—PRINTER'S PI.

1. Styenoh si hte setb Licopy.

2. Rthut husrred ot heart hwl sire ainga.

3. Het naltere, rayes fo dog era resh.

87.—WORD SQUARES.

1. A path; an O T. character, to mention a bird.

2. A thousandth of a dollar; a thought; a mineral; to load.

NEVER restrain an impulse to pray. Who can tell with what treasure He is laden when the Holy Spirit in this way knocks at our heart's door?

REV. DR. MACKAY writes from Yamsui, Formosa: "I regard this year, 1883, an era in the history of this mission. After years of toil on the east coast, the Lord has at length opened a large, wide door for his own blessed gospel. I sent a telegram some time ago to say that 1,000 were asking Christian instruction. I state below the mark, now, when I declare that upward of 2,000 have thrown their idols away, and wish to follow the Lord of hosts."

A TEAMSTER, driving a cart to which were attached four oxen, was heard calling out to them in the following most extraordinary fashion. "Wo, Methodist!" "Gee, Presbyterian!" "Haw, Campbellite!" "Get along, Baptist!" When asked why he called them such names, he said, "Cause they are like them. That feller in a lather balks a little, and pulls on a spurt. He's Methodist. That slow, steady-going, cold-blooded one is a Presbyterian. That one next to him, who rushes for the water and lies down in every stream, is the Campbellite. And then that last one, a rascal, won't eat a mouthful unless I give him a trough to himself, and he is the Baptist."