

A LADY MISSIONARY'S PLEA.

"Listen, listen, English Sisters,
Hear an Indian Sister's plea,
Grievous wails, dark ills revealing,
Depths of human woe unsealing,
Born across the deep blue sea!
'We are dying day by day,
With no bright, no cheering ray;
Nought to lighten up our gloom—
Cruel, cruel is our doom.'

"Listen, listen, Christian Sisters,
Show ye have a Christ like heart;
Hear us sadly, sadly moaning,
'Neath our load of sorrow groaning,
Writhing 'neath its bitter smart;
With no hope of rest above,
Knowing not a Father's love;
Your true sympathy we crave,
You can help us, you can save.

"Listen, listen, Christian Sisters;
Hark! they call, and call again;
Can ye pass them by, unheeding,
All their eager, earnest pleading?
Hear ye not their plaintive strain.
Let your tender hearts be moved,
Let your love to Christ be proved:
Not by idle tears alone,
But by noble actions shown.

"This is no *romantic story*,
Not an idle, empty tale;
Not a vain, far-fetched ideal:
No, your Sisters' woes are *real*.
Let their pleading tones prevail,
As ye prize a Father's love,
As ye hope for rest above,
As your sins are all forgiven,
As ye have a home in heaven.

"Rise, and take the Gospel message,
Bear its tidings far away;
Far away to India's daughters:
Tell them of the living waters,
Flowing, flowing, day by day.
That they too may drink and live.
Freely have ye, freely give,
Go disperse the shades of night,
With the glorious Gospel light.

"Many jewels, rare and precious,
If ye sought them, ye should find,
Deep in heathen darkness hidden,
Ye are by the Master bidden,
If ye know that Master's mind:
Bidden, did I say? Ah no!
Without bidding ye will go,

Forth to seek the lone and lost;
Rise and go, whate'er it cost!

"Would ye miss His welcome greeting,
When He comes in glory down?
Rather would ye hear Him saying,
As before Him ye are laying,
Your bright trophies for His crown,
'I accept your gathered spoil,
I have seen your earnest toil;
Faithful ones, well done! well done?
Ye shall shine forth as the sun!'"

THE WAY TO DO GOOD.

There, said a neighbor, pointing to a village carpenter, there is a man who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any other person who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very much in public, and he does not try. He is not worth \$2,000, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find it out and give them a neighborly welcome and offer them some service. He is on the look-out to give strangers a seat in his pew at church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor and look after his affairs for him. I believe he and his wife keep house-plants in winter mainly that they may be able to send little bouquets to friends and invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word to every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one-horse waggon when he has no other load. He has a genius for helping folks and it does me good to meet him in the streets.

HOW SHALL WE ESCAPE.

Many years ago a Welsh minister, beginning his sermon, leaned over the pulpit and said, with a solemn air, "Friends, I have a question to ask. I cannot answer it. You cannot answer it. If an angel from heaven were here he could not answer it." Death-like silence reigned. Every eye was fixed on the speaker. He proceeded:—"The question is this,—How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" Reader, can you answer the question? I ask not, Do you *intend*, do you *wish*, do you *hope* to flee, but *Have you fled* for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before you? "How shall you escape, if you neglect so great salvation?"