

Choice Literature.

"THE MAID IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH."

Ah! yes, sleeping that last, long sleep,
That here knows no waking;
While loved ones bending o'er you weep
With grief almost heart-breaking.

And yet 'tis said, "There is no death;
But, Lord, with silent tread,
Thou bearest those we love away,
And we miscall them dead."

"And when there is a smile too bright,
A heart too pure for vice,
Thou bearest it to realms of light
To dwell in Paradise.

"That soft, sweet voice, whose notes of joy
Made glad this world of ours,
There sings the everlasting song
In heaven's beauteous bowers.

"And often near us, though unseen,
Their dear, sweet spirits tread,
For all the boundless universe
Is life. There is no dead."

We had our plans for our beloved,
But, ah! God knoweth best,
Those plans of ours He laid aside
And gave our loved one rest.

"Thou hast come very near us, Lord,"
Hast called our loved away;
While we with sorely stricken hearts
To Thee can only pray.

That cheerfully we now may yield
The gift we had from Thee,
And the seventeen beautiful years
A memory sweet may be,

To draw us to that home above,
That bright celestial shore,
Where God's redeemed with Him shall dwell
Rejoicing evermore. —Ex.

DEACON LEE'S OPINION.

We know not where "Deacon Lee" lived, says the Golden Rule, nor whether he ever lived at all; but his "Opinion," as expressed in the sub-joined sketch, sent to us by mail, ought to be read and pondered in every parish in the land.

Deacon Lee, who was a kindly, silent, faithful, gracious man, was one day waited upon by a restless, ambitious, worldly church member, who was labouring to create uneasiness in the church, and especially to drive away the preacher.

The deacon came in to meet his visitor, who, after the usual greetings, began to lament the low state of religion, and inquire as to the reason why there had been no revival for two or three years past.

"Now, what do you think is the cause of things being dull here? Do you know?" he persisted in asking.

The deacon was not ready to give his opinion; and, after a little thought, frankly answered:

"No, I don't."

"Do you think the church is alive to the work before it?"

"No, I don't."

"Do you think the minister fully realizes the solemnity of his work?"

"No, I don't."

A twinkle was seen in the eye of this troubler in Zion, and taking courage, he asked:

"Do you think his sermon on 'Their eyes were holden' anything wonderfully great?"

"No, I don't."

Making bold, after all this encouragement in monosyllables, he asked:

"Then don't you think we had better dismiss this man and hire another?"

The old deacon started as if shot with an arrow, and in a tone louder than his wont, shouted:

"No, I don't."

"Why," cried the amazed visitor, "you agree with me in all I have said, don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"You talk so little, sir," replied the guest, not a little abashed, "that no one can find out what you do mean."

"I talked enough once," replied the old man, rising to his feet, "for six praying Christians. Thirty years ago I got my heart humbled and my tongue bridled, and ever since that I've walked softly before God. I then made vows solemn as eternity; and don't you tempt me to break them!"

The troubler was startled at the earnestness of the hitherto silent, immovable, man, and asked:

"What happened to you thirty years ago?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. I was drawn into a scheme just like this of yours, to uproot one of God's servants from the field in which He had planted him. In my blindness, I fancied it a little thing to remove one of the 'stars' which Jesus holds in His right hand, if thereby my ear could be tickled by more flowery words, and the pews filled with those turned away from the simplicity of the Gospel. I, and the men that led me—for I admit that I was a dupe and a fool—flattered ourselves that we were conscientious. We thought we were doing God's service when we drove that holy man from his pulpit and his work, and said we considered his work ended in B—, where I then lived. We groaned because there was no revival, while we were gossiping about, and criticising and crushing, instead of upholding by our efforts and our prayers, the instrument at whose hand we harshly demanded the blessings. Well, sir, he could not drag on the chariot of salvation with half a dozen of us taunting him for his weakness, while we hung as dead weight to the wheels; he had not the power of the Spirit, and could not convert men; so we haunted him like a deer till, worn and bleeding, he fled into a covert to die. Scarcely had he gone when God came among us by His Spirit to show that He had blessed the labours of His dear rejected servant. Our own hearts were broken, and our wayward children converted, and I resolved at a convenient season to visit my former pastor and confess my sin, and thank him for his faithfulness to my wayward sons, which, like long-buried seed, had now sprung up. But God denied me that relief, that He might teach me a lesson every child of His ought to learn, that he who toucheth one of His servants touches the apple of His eye. I heard my pastor was ill, and taking my oldest son with me, set out on a twenty-five miles ride to see him. It was evening when I arrived, and his wife, with the spirit which any woman ought to exhibit towards one who had so wronged her husband, denied me admittance to his chamber. She said, and her words were arrows to my soul, 'He may be dying, and the sight of your face might add to his anguish!'

"Had it come to this, I said to myself, that the man whose labours had, through Christ, brought me into His fold, who had consoled my spirit in a terrible bereavement, and who had, till designing men had alienated us, been to me as a brother—that the man could not die in peace with my face before him? 'God pity me!' I cried, 'what have I done?' I confessed my sins to that meek woman, and I implored her, for Christ's sake, to let me kneel before His dying servant, and receive his forgiveness. What did I care then whether the pews by the door were rented or not? I would gladly have taken his whole family to my home forever, as my own flesh and blood, but no such happiness was in store for me.

"As I entered the room of the blessed warrior, whose armour was falling from his limbs, he opened his languid eyes, and said, 'Brother Lee! Brother Lee!' I bent over him and sobbed out, 'My pastor! my pastor!' Then raising his white hand, he said in a deep, impressive voice, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm!' I spoke tenderly to him, and told him I had come to confess my sin, and bring some of his fruit to him, calling my son to tell him how he had found Christ. But he was unconscious of all around; the sight of my face had brought the last pang of earth to his troubled spirit.

"I kissed his brow, and told him how dear he had been to me; I craved his pardon for my unfaithfulness, and promised to care for his widow and fatherless little ones; but his only reply, murmured as if in a troubled dream, was, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.'

"I stayed by him all night, and at day-break I closed his eyes. I offered his

widow a house to live in the remainder of her days, but like a heroine she said, 'I freely forgive you. But my children, who entered deeply into their father's anguish, shall never see me so regardless of his memory as to take anything from those who caused it. He has left us with his covenant God, and He will care for us.'

"Well, sir, those dying words sounded in my ears from that coffin and from that grave. When I slept, Christ stood before my dream, saying, 'Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm.' These words followed me till I fully realized the esteem in which Christ holds those men who have given up all for His sake, and I vowed to love them evermore for His sake, even if they were not perfect. And since that day, sir, I have talked less than before, and have supported my pastor, even if he is not 'a very extraordinary man.' My tongue shall cleave to the roof of my mouth, and my right hand forget her cunning, before I dare to put asunder what God has joined together. When a minister's work is done in a place, I believe God will show it to him. I will not join you, sir, in the scheme that brought you here; and, moreover, if I hear another word of this from your lips, I shall ask my brethren to deal with you as with those who cause divisions. I would give all I own to recall what I did thirty years ago. Stop where you are, and pray God, if perchance the thought of your heart may be forgiven you."

This decided reply put an end to the newcomer's efforts to get a minister who could make more stir, and left him free to lay out roads and build hotels.

There is often great power in the little word "No," but sometimes it requires not a little courage to speak it so resolutely as did the silent deacon.

PRECISION IN ASTRONOMY.

There are few doubts in general among the public of the precision attained by the science of astronomy in what concerns certain very interesting points in the study of other worlds. Thus, for instance, the rotation of Mars on its axis, a diurnal movement to which this globe owes, as does our own, the succession of the days and nights. The rotation of the earth is accomplished in 23 hours, 56 minutes and 4 seconds. The Martian rotation is made in 24 hours, 37 minutes, 22 seconds, and 65 one-hundredths, no more and no less. It is with the same exactness that the year of the inhabitants of Mars has been determined. It is 686 days, 23 hours, 30 minutes and 41 seconds long. When we state that on Mars the years and seasons are nearly twice as long as ours, no one has the right to suppose that there can be in this assertion a grain of fancy. It is the same thing if we speak of the weight of this planet. In representing the weight of the earth by the number 1,000, that of Mars is represented by 105; and as our planet weighs 5,875 sextillions of kilograms, Mars weighs 617. Its diameter is by nearly one-half, shorter than that of the earth; it measures 6,753 kilometers. Its surface is estimated at 143,000,000 of square kilometers, of which 66 are sea and 77 continents; the habitable surface being about six times larger than that of Europe. It is not necessary to journey to Mars to know what is the intensity of weight on the surface of the planet. A terrestrial kilogram of 1,000 grams, carried thither would only weigh 376 grams; a man weighing seventy kilograms here would there only weigh twenty-six. A body which on the earth in falling drops four meters and ninety centimeters in the first second of its fall, would on Mars only drop one meter and eighty-four centimeters in the same degree of time. A would-be suicide flinging himself from a height would have ample time to think during his descent and probably would seldom succeed in his design.—Camille Flammarion, in Frank Leslie's Weekly.

Rev. Dr. Newman Hall, interviewed on Home Rule, quoted the appeal of Paul from Jerusalem to Rome as a strong argument against handing over the Protestants of Ireland to the mercy of a Roman Catholic majority.

Missionary World.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

The fields are white unto the harvest,
Lord,
They stretch, in wealth untold, on every side;
But who shall gather in the priceless grain?
The reapers are but few, the world is wide.

Lord, send the labourers forth!

The fields are Thine, bought by the precious blood,
So freely shed, of Thy beloved Son;
'Tis long since He the wondrous ransom paid,
Yet scarce the reaping seems to be begun.
Lord, send the labourers forth!

To us, Thy people whom Thou hast redeemed,
To us belong the sin, the humbling shame,
We have been sunk in sleep, our voices dumb,
We have not called upon Thy Holy Name.
Lord, send the labourers forth!

Awake Thy Church, for while she sinful sleeps,
Silent, but ceaseless, works the reaper, Death;
O God! forgive, and into torpid hearts send,
Like a mighty wind, Thy quickening breath.
Lord, send the labourers forth!

Come from the north, O wind! come from the south,
And from Thy Garden make the spices flow,
Until the fragrance perfume all the earth,
And God's great gift to men all men shall know.
Lord, send the labourers forth!

The glory shall be Thine, and Thy dear Son
The travail of his soul fulfilled shall see;
While men redeemed, and glad angelic hosts,
Shall hymn Thy praise in one grand harmony.
Lord, send the labourers forth!

James S. Scotland in U. P. Missionary Record.

COLLEGE AT INDORE.

When Mr. Wilkie was home about four years ago, he appealed earnestly for \$10,000, towards the erection of college buildings at Indore, which were urgently needed. Mr. Wilkie was encouraged in this appeal, by the prospect of getting another \$10,000 from the Indian Government.

The Foreign Mission Committee did not see its way to undertake this work and referred it to the General Assembly. At the meeting of the General Assembly, held in Toronto in 1889, the following resolution was passed: "The General Assembly recommends to the liberality of the Church, the High School, and College work committed to Mr. Wilkie, and trusts that all necessary aid will be given him in his endeavours to raise funds to enable him to procure buildings requisite for the efficient carrying on of the work." The Church responded to this appeal, and Mr. Wilkie, after much laborious effort, secured the \$10,000 for which he asked.

After his return to India, the work was immediately begun. The plans are as follows: A two story building with a large Assembly Hall in the centre, 70 ft. by 40 ft., and surrounded on each flat by class rooms, library, etc., 25 ft. by 20 ft. The centre hall is to be the height of the whole building, and its walls to constitute the inner walls of the class rooms around it. Between this hall and the class rooms in the lower flat, are folding doors, that will, when necessary, throw the whole flat into one audience room, capable of accommodating 1,200 persons, all of which will be needed, indeed it is already needed at times. But imagine Mr. Wilkie's disappointment, in finding that the Government, owing to financial embarrassments, is not able to grant the expected \$10,000. The first story is completed and already in use, greatly to the comfort of the school, and for public gatherings two class rooms, thrown into one, are used, which although entirely insufficient for the crowds that come, yet are a very great improvement on what they formerly had.

Now the question is, what next? Will it be necessary to roof over the first story,