

labor of his devoted band of fellow workers, who are doing so much to improve the temporal as well as spiritual condition of the natives. The squire and Mrs. Tristram are now amongst the most generous supporters of mission work, and contributors to Church work generally, and, often as he reflects upon the mysterious workings of God, he says that all this is owing under God, to the missionary address he gave to the children of his Sunday School on a certain Sunday afternoon, which will ever be remembered, at least, by Charlie Tristram.

WITH JESUS IN HIS SORROW.

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

I STRAYED alone through the City and my heart grew sore indeed
At sight of the sheep who wandered, and whom there were none to feed;
Afar from the pleasant pastures where the Shepherd tends His own,
Afar from the cooling fountain where His flock at noon lie down.

The grief that oppressed my spirit seemed all too heavy to bear,

Till I sought the Feet of the Shepherd and laid my burden there;

Till I heard His Voice as it whispered to my faint and weary heart—

"My child, in My soul's deep travail thou art called to bear thy part;

"These sheep on My Heart I carried as in prayer by night I bowed;

For them in the Garden of sorrow the sweat of my anguish flowed;

For them were My Arms extended as I hung on the Cross alone,

Yea, for those who will not draw nigh Me, the sheep who no Shepherd have known.

"Hast thou sought to enter deeply into what I have borne for thee?

Such knowledge is won by bearing some part of my Cross with Me:

By drinking the cup of My sorrow, by willing the pangs* to know

Of my Heart's unanswered yearning o'er Jerusalem below.

"As I unto hell descended and preached to the spirits there,

E'en so must the spirits in prison command thy tenderest care;

The souls which are held in bondage by error's deadly chain,

The bodies led captive by Satan which, like me, thou art seeking in vain.

"Thou must seek and perchance mayst find them, they are nearer than thou dost deem,

The 'one fold' is my own true promise, and not a romantic dream;

One thing thou wilt find full surely—thy lot in the City above,

Thy part in the sweet communion of saints in My changeless love!"

THE Church of England has a mission in Upper Burmah under the lead of six priests, two English, one Tamil and three Karen. Fifty villages are reached; there are 1,237 communicants and 597 scholars.

THE OLD SCOTCHMAN'S PRAYER.

I WAS pleased the other day with a story which an aged man told me about an old Scotchman who was on his way to some mission week services. The old pilgrim was poor and ill-clad, and partially deaf, but he trusted in the Lord whom he served, and rejoiced in his kind providence. On his way to the meeting he fell in with another Christian brother, a younger man, bound on the same errand, and they travelled on together. When they had nearly reached the place of the meeting it was proposed that they should turn aside and have a little prayer. They did so, and the old man, who had learned in everything to let his requests be made known unto God, presented his case in language like the following:—

"Lord, ye ken weel enough that I'm deaf and that I want a seat on the first bench if ye can let me have it so that I can hear the Word, and ye see that my toes are sticking through my shoes, and therefore want ye to get me a pair of new ones; and ye ken I have nae siller, and I want to stay during the meetings, and therefore I want ye to get me a place to stay."

When the old man had finished his quaint petition and they had started on, his younger brother gently suggested to him that he thought his prayer was rather free in its form of expression and hardly so reverential as seemed proper to him in approaching the Supreme Being. But the old man did not accept the imputation of irreverence.

"He's my Father," said he, "and He's well acquainted with me, and I take great liberties with Him."

So they went on to the meeting together. The old man stood for a while in the rear, making an ear trumpet of his hand, to catch the words, until some one noticed him, and beckoning him forward, gave him a good seat upon the front bench. A lady who had noticed his shoes asked him at the close of the service, "Are these the best shoes you have?"

"Yes," said he, "but I expect my Father will get me a pair soon."

"Come with me," said the lady, "and I will get you a new pair."

"Shall you stay to the end of the meeting?"

"I would, but I am a stranger in this place and hae nae siller."

"Well," said she, "you shall be welcome to make your home at my house during the meetings."

The old man thanked the Lord that he had given him all that he had asked for, and while his brother's reverence for the Lord was right and proper, it is possible that he might have learned that there is a reverence that reaches higher than the forms and conventionalities of human taste, and which leads the believer to come boldly to the throne of grace, and to find all needed help in every trying hour.—*Selected.*