

my beloved Johnny, I commit you to God." Having put her name to this letter with her own hand, she laid down the pen never more to take it up, and said "now I am ready to die." Two days before her death, referring to this letter, she remarked,—"I view it as a legacy to my dear children, immensely more precious than that of silver or gold, houses and lands." The Life of Mrs. Wilson, written by her husband, is one of the most inspiring missionary biographies in the language.

Household Words.

FELLOW-LABOURERS WITH ST. PAUL.

"Those women which laboured with me in the Gospel, and others of my fellow-labourers whose names are in the book of life."

They lived and they were useful; this we know,

And naught beside;

No record of their names is left to show

How soon they died;

They did their work and then they passed away,

An unknown band,

And took their places with the greater host
In the higher land.

And were they young, or were they growing old,

Or ill or well;

Or lived in poverty, or had much gold,

No one can tell.

One-only thing is known of them: they were

Faithful and true

Disciples of the Lord, and strong through prayer

To save and do.

But what avails the gift of empty fame?

They lived to God.

They loved the sweetness of another name,

And gladly trod

The rugged ways of earth, that they might be

Helper or friend,

And in the joy of this their ministry

Be spent and spend.

No glory clusters round their names on earth,

But in God's Heaven

Is kept a book of names of greatest worth,

And there is given

A place for all who did the Master please,

Although unknown,

And their lost names shine forth in brightest rays

Before the throne.

O take who will the boon of fading fame!

But give to me

A place among the workers, though my name

Forgotten be;

And if within the book of life is found

My lowly place,

Honour and glory unto God redound

For all His grace!

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

JEHOVAH'S CHARIOTS.

When He rides out in His morning chariot at this season, about six o'clock, he puts golden coronets on the dome of cities, and silvers the rivers, and out of the dew makes a diamond ring for the finger of every grass blade, and bids good cheer to invalids who in the night said:—"Would God it were morning." From this morning cloud chariot He distributes light, light for the earth and light for the heavens, light for the land and light for the sea, great bars of it, great wreathes of it, great columns of it, a world full of it. Hail Him in worship as every morning He drives out in His chariot of morning cloud, and cry with David, "My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee and look up." I rejoice in these Scripture ejaculations, "Joy cometh in the morning," "My soul waiteth for Thee more than they that watch for the morning," "If I take the wings of the morning;" "The eyelids of the morning," "The morning cometh," "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning?" "His going forth is prepared as the morning," "As the morning spread on the mountains," "That thou shouldst visit him every morning." What a mighty thing the King throws from His chariot when he throws us the morning!

Yea, He has His evening cloud chariot. It is made out of the saffron and the gold and the purple and the orange and the vermilion, and upshot flame of the sunset. That is the place where the splendours that have marched through the day, having ended the procession, throw down their torches and set the heavens on fire. That is the only hour of the day when the atmosphere is clear enough to let us see the wall of the heavenly city, with its twelve manner of precious stones, from foundation of jasper to middle strata of sardius, and on up to the coping of amethyst. At that hour, without any of Elisha's supernatural vision, we see horses of fire and chariots of fire, and banners of fire and ships of fire, and cities of fire, seas of fire, and it seems as if the last conflagration had begun, and there is a world on fire. When God makes these clouds His chariot, let us all kneel. Another day past, what have we done with it? Another day dead, and this is its gorgeous catafalque. Now is the time for what David called the "evening sacrifice," or Daniel called the "evening oblation." Oh!