

THE following from the pen of one lately visiting the city of Rome will be read with interest :

"I have been enjoying, more than words can describe, tracing the footsteps of St. Paul in this ancient city. I was so thrilled by his greeting, 'To all that be in Rome, beloved of the Lord, called to be saints.' He was far away when he uttered them, but in the city of his longing heart, and to me, here, they seemed like words from his very lips. And then he came. What a silent revolution that coming made in the Imperial City ! The servant of God in bonds ; downcast, we must believe, for when his few friends met him fifty miles beyond the gates, he 'thanked God, and took courage.' Would you not like to go to that 'own hired house' where he taught his glowing truths so freely, and whence he wrote those inspired letters for the different churches—yes, but for the Church throughout time ?

"I have stood in the very prison he occupied, confirmed not only by the credulity of the Roman Church, but also by the most careful antiquarian research. Imagine it ! A noisome cell, black as sin itself, reeking with damp and pestilence, a cellar below a cellar, to which prisoners were let down through a hole from the prison above. Here Jugurtha suffered death by starvation ; here the infamous Catiline conspirators were strangled ; and here was reserved for the later prisoner of the State to await his summons to appear before Nero the second time, the 'lion' whose mouth was shut before ; while here, as if to glorify the lowest deeps, was probably written, a very short while before his execution, that matchless, Second Epistle to Timothy, the 'son begotten aforetime.' Ah, one's soul must be stirred by such a spot ! All the busy traffic of Rome was passing overhead ; just across lay the massive ruins of the Forum and the crumbling triumphal arches of the world's great ones ; within sight are the remains of all the pride and glory of the palace of the Cæsars. They are passed away, but Paul, waiting in that low dungeon to be offered, lives more truly to-day than then."

WHO can study history and not see God's plan in it all, and where more conspicuously than in laying hold of India, that centre and stronghold of Oriental idolatry, superstition and civilization, and then planting in it the English race with its pure Christian faith ? Behold a great country, peculiarly central in the vast Asiatic continent with roads, laws, courts, postal system and schools, all English, placed like an open field before the Church, to till for a Gospel harvest. It took England 250 years to learn the secret purpose of God in permitting British occupation of the Indies ; but we see it all now !

IF the success of missions seems slow, we must not forget the fact that all great religious transformations are gradual. England, for instance, was for centuries under Christian influences before Augustine landed on its shores.

HE RESTS IN GOD.

HE rests in God." 'Tis all we read ;
The mouldering stone reveals no more.
"In God." Of other words what need ?
These span the broad eternal shore.

O'erladen with its starry blooms,
A jasmine bush conceals the mound,
Neglected in the place of tombs,
With spicy, golden sweetness crowned.

And deep within its leafy breast
Some tuneful bird has sought a home,
The tiny brood within the nest
Fearless and free to go and come.

A holy quietude is here,
Save where the happy birdling's song
Breaks through the stillness pure and clear,
And echoes the dark firs among.

Sleep on, sleep on, thou pulseless heart,
Where jasmine stars drop golden rain,
From every troubled thought apart,
Forgotten every earthly pain.

Sleep on ; thy long repose is sweet ;
Tender and cool thy grassy sod ;
O, traveller ! stay thy hurrying feet ;
Step softly here—"He rests in God."

FOLDED HANDS.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HANDS withered hands that more than four score years
Had wrought for others, soothed the hurt of tears,
Rocked children's cradles, eased the fever's smart.
Dropped balm of love in many an aching heart ;
Now, stirless folded, like wan rose-leaves pressed,
Above the snow and silence of her breast,
In mute appeal they told the labors done,
And well-earned rest that came at set of sun.

From the worn brow the lines of care had swept
As if an angel's kiss, the while she slept,
Had smoothed the cobweb wrinkles quite away,
And given back the peace of childhood's day.
And on the lips, the faint smile almost said,
"None knows life's secret but the happy dead."
So gazing where she lay we knew that pain
And parting could not cleave her soul again.

And we were sure that they who saw her last,
In that dim vista which we call the past,
Who never knew her old and laid aside,
Remembering best the maiden and the bride,
Had sprung to greet her with the olden speech,
The dear pet names no later lore can teach,
And "welcome home," they cried, and grasped her
hands ;
So dwells the mother in the best of lands.

THE apathy of Christianity towards mission work, which existed for three centuries prior to the Reformation, shows that the missionary zeal of the Romish Church had its origin with the Reformation. The loss of one-third of Europe aroused the zeal of Loyola, Xavier and their disciples to missionary work.

IN 1854 a native nobleman in Japan picked up a New Testament, floating in the harbor of Yeddo, and had it read and explained to him, and became the first convert to Christianity. Now there are 60 native churches there.