

**THE WATCHERS' BAND.**—This is the title given to a union of Christians who promise to plead with God at stated times on behalf of the London Missionary Society. It will include prayerful members in all of the churches who feel that the day of special blessing has already dawned, and are anxious that the church at home and abroad may seize the opportunity of a fuller service. Those who have watched the later developments of religious thought among professors of ancient creeds, and have marked the influence of Christian culture on the superstitions of the heathen world, are convinced that God is now calling us to enter into these promised lands in the name of the Saviour to whom they have been given as an inheritance. The members of this Band pledge themselves to set apart every week some stated seasons which shall be conscientiously observed, for intercession on behalf of the Society. It takes its name from the familiar passage in Isaiah lxii, 6, 7: "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem; they shall never hold their peace day nor night; ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, take ye no rest, and give Him no rest, till He establish and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."

The constitution of the Band was adopted by the Board March 15th, 1892. The agreement entered into by the members is as follows:

"Recognizing that I am called to fellowship with Christ in making known His Gospel to all the world, I will endeavor to pray each week for the work of the London Missionary Society, and as far as lies in my power to further its interests."

This movement is inspired by a deep consciousness of the fact that Christ has called us to stand with Him in the great work of redeeming the world from its sin, and translating men "from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God."

When the Holy Spirit hovered over the early church, His descent came in answer to ten days of united prayer. Prayer is the link in the great chain of spiritual cause and effect; we are surely responsible to supply this factor, and to stir ourselves up to take hold on God.

How many of our Baptist Christians are uniting in regular and earnest prayer for God's blessing upon our Foreign Mission Work with the feeling of deep responsibility and obligations expressed in the above. There never was a time when our work seemed to need our prayers more than the present. Our missionaries are earnestly calling for more helpers. Many young men and women, earnest and well qualified, are looking forward to the foreign field, and will soon be saying to us, "Here am I, send me." We need the funds to send them. Our missionaries on the field are asking for our prayers. The native Christians need them. Let us pray for the poor benighted heathen groping in the dark, that many may, this year, be led into the light.

### THE STARLESS CROWN.

**W**EARY and worn with earthly care,  
 Yielded to repose;  
 And soon, before my raptur'd sight,  
 A glorious vision rose.  
 Methought, while slumbering on my couch,  
 In midnight's solemn gloom,  
 I heard an angel's silvery voice,  
 And radiance filled my room.

A gentle touch awakened me;  
 A gentle whisper said  
 "Arise, oh sleeper, follow me!"  
 And through the air we sped.  
 We left the earth so far behind  
 That, like a speck it seemed;  
 And heavenly glory calm and pure  
 Across my pathway streamed.

Still on we went; my soul was wrapt  
 In silent ecstasy.  
 I wondered what the end would be;  
 What next would meet my eye  
 I know not how we journeyed, through  
 Those pathless fields of light;  
 When suddenly a change was wrought,  
 And I was clothed in white.

We stood before a city's walls  
 Most glorious to behold;  
 We passed through gates of glittering pearl,  
 O'er streets of purest gold.  
 It needed not the sun by day,  
 Nor the shining moon by night;  
 The glory of the Lord was there—  
 The Lamb Himself its light.

Bright angels paced those shining streets,  
 Sweet music filled the air;  
 And white-robed saints with glittering crowns  
 From many a throne were there  
 And some that I had loved on earth,  
 Stood with them round the throne;  
 "All worthy is the Lamb," they cried,  
 "The glory His alone."

But, fairer far, than all beside,  
 I saw my Saviour's face;  
 And as I looked, He smiled on me  
 With wondrous love and grace  
 Lowly I bowed before His throne  
 O'erjoyed, that I at last  
 Had gained the object of my hopes  
 That earth at length was passed.

And then in solemn tones, He said,  
 "Where is the diadem  
 That ought to sparkle on thy brow  
 Adorned with many a gem?  
 I know thou hast believed on me  
 And life through Me is thine;  
 But where are all those radiant stars  
 That in thy crown should shine?"

"Yonder thou seest a glorious throng,  
 And stars on every brow;  
 For every soul they led to Christ  
 They wear a jewel now.  
 And such thy bright reward had been,  
 If such had been thy deed,  
 If thou hadst sought some wandering feet  
 In paths of peace to lead."