

For the hour of deliverance—the long-promised hour—  
Where His ransomed ones rising in glory and power  
Shall meet Him,

And greet Him,  
And, in that new birth,  
Our sin-darkened, sin-stricken, sorrowing earth  
Shall her Eden like beauty regain;  
And, listening hopefully, can't thou not hear  
More distinctly, more urgently every year,  
The cry of earth's million for bread?—

The stir and the strife  
Of awakening life,  
As light o'er man's darkness is shed?

"FOOD, FOOD FOR THE MILLIONS!" The summons goes forth  
'Tis the voice of the Master that calls—

"Up, grid you for service, and carry the bread  
Of life with which you have so richly been fed  
To the starving wherever they be!  
Haste, haste with the water of life, for men die  
For a draught of your own overflowing supply:  
And all Heaven is waiting to see  
Whether you, for whom I  
Heaven's glory laid by,  
For whom I refused not to suffer and die,  
Will arise to this service for me!"

What of the day? Do you ask?—

Then assuredly know  
That the day which began weary ages ago  
Speeds on to an issue sublime,  
And the King—whose glad coming draws hourly more near  
Will, haply, when least you expect Him appear,  
And the blessed, long prayed-for, Sabbatical year  
Usher in in the fulness of time.

Will you hasten the day?

Will you labor and pray?

Will you trust in the sickle and reap while you may  
The plenteous harvests that lie  
Waiting still for your hand  
In every land,  
And rip'ning 'neath every sky?

Will you gather the stones for His temple divine?  
And the gems in the crown of His glory to shine  
Brighter far than the sun?

And then, when He comes, bowing low at His feet,  
With rapture unspeakable hear Him repeat:—

"WELL DONE, THOU GOOD SERVANT, WELL DONE!"

March, 1887.

PAMELIA VINING YULE.

## The Cyclone in the Bay of Bengal.

THE "SIR JOHN LAWRENCE."

Mr. Craig sends us the following from an Indian paper:

Every hope must now be abandoned of the safety of the Chandballi steamer, *Sir John Lawrence*, with its living freight of about 750 passengers, mostly women, and nearly all pilgrims going to worship at the famous temple of Jagannath at Puri. A large number of the pilgrims were members of the best Bengali families in and around Calcutta, who this year planned a sort of united excursion to the shrine. These have all gone down in the great storm, and there is scarcely a native family in Calcutta that does not bemoan the loss of some near relative. Hoping against hope till the very last, hundreds of families are now mourning with a grief that will not, and cannot be comforted till time, the great healer, brings peace and resignation on his wings. It is, as far as we know, the greatest calamity that has ever befallen the

upper classes of the Bengali community, and no words can picture the agony and the grief of those who have been bereaved. In several cases the blow is perfectly crushing, whose wife and daughters, daughters-in-law, sisters, and widows, have all perished; and empty and desolate houses haunted by the memories of beaming eyes, now closed in death, that looked so kindly, and the echoes of voices hushed for ever, is all that remains of homes in which love and hope and duty mingled their joint influences. One of our best known zemindars whose loyalty has gained for him the title of Maharaja from Government has lost twelve or fifteen of his near relations. In another case the entire family has perished, men and women, and the house is in charge of the *survivors* who were left to keep it. Other cases, equally sad and deplorable, might be mentioned, and the grief that has fallen on these homes is inexpressible. The deep sympathy and sincere regret of every man in India from the Viceroy down through all ranks is with the sufferers by the loss of the *Sir John Lawrence* and *Retriever* in their great bereavement, and the appeal made by the Sheriff of Calcutta to help, where help may be urgently needed, will, we are sure, meet with a hearty and ready response.

## The Case of Rukmibhai.

The British public do not seem to be very deeply interested in the woes or needs of our Indian fellow-subjects, but a recent case in the Law Courts at Bombay ought at least to stir the women of England to deeper sympathy and to more general action. Rukmibhai was a Hindu girl whose parents were able, and moreover willing, to give her a good education. She had, however, attained the exceptional age of eleven, before she was married to a man who is now described as little better than a coolie. Then she returned at once to her father's house—another exceptional act at such an age. She has now grown up into an educated and refined lady, able to write letters to the papers on the miseries of her sex. But suddenly, after some years of estrangement, her nominal husband appeared with the demand that she should come and be his wife indeed. Rukmibhai shrunk very naturally from the union thus forced upon her, but the husband carried the case into Court, with the result that his suit was dismissed. He seems, however, to have been advised that this decision was in accord rather with English sentiment than with Indian law. He accordingly appealed to the High Court; the case was sent back for a new trial, and has just been decided in the husband's favor. The judges sympathized deeply with Rukmibhai, but were forced to declare that she was legally the wife of this man, and must live with him, under a penalty of six months' imprisonment. A hard fate certainly, and one that merits, as it is receiving, the sympathy of many in India, Europeans if not natives. And this sympathy will doubtless secure some way of delivering the lady from lifelong misery, provided she is firm enough to defy the penalty, which the Government will be by no means anxious to inflict. But is not our sympathy needed rather for the millions of Hindu women on whom the same law falls with none the less crushing weight in that they do not rebel against it, but, being crushed, submit?

What does this case reveal as to the Indian marriage system? In the first place, it shows that system to be law. That is inevitable. It would doubtless be denounced as an impotent piece of tyranny to alter, by direct legislation, the social system of even a conquered