

"BE COURTEOUS."

"We have careful thoughts for the stranger;  
And smiles for the sometimes guest;  
But oft for our own  
The bitter tone,  
Though we love our own the best.

"Ah! lips with curve impatient,  
Ah! brow with that look of scorn,  
'Twere a cruel fate  
Were the night too late  
To undo the work of the morn.

"For though in the quiet evening,  
You may give me the kiss of peace;  
Yet it might be  
That never for me  
The pain of the heart should cease.

"How many go forth in the morning  
That never come home at night;  
And hearts have broken  
For harsh words spoken,  
That sorrow can never set right."

SUN-SHINE AT HOME.

Many a child goes astray, not because there is grievance at home, but simply because home lacks sun-shine. A child needs smiles as flowers need sun-beams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases, they are apt to seek it; if it displeases, they are apt to avoid it. If home is a place where faces are sour and words harsh, and fault-finding is in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. The same will apply to husbands if the wife is always out-of-sorts when he comes home. He will seek other company, and that may possibly be at the saloon or club room.

Our Mission in Central India now embraces four centres, Indore with Mr. Wilkie as missionary, Mhow with Mr. Builder, Rutlam with Mr. Campbell, and Neemuch with Mr. Murray. The missionaries are aided by a large staff of native assistants and teachers, and from these centres the light will radiate until the ten millions of that district of Central India shall hear of that Saviour and His love.

In Greenland there are 7,000 Esquimaux converts under the fostering care of the Danish Missionary Society.

DR. HORATIUS BONAR'S PRAYING.

Dr. Cuyler has told something about his poetry and his preaching in a recent *Evangelist*, and I would like to tell what a gentleman of New York city, who is no stranger among the prayerful, told me about his praying. He went into the noon-day prayer meeting in the city of Edinburgh. An elderly gentleman arose to lead their prayers. And he said to me "I never heard anything like it. I seemed to be raised up to heaven, before the very Throne of God. When he had finished, I asked a person who that was that had prayed. 'That is Dr. Bonar,' was the reply." How perfectly natural that such a one should sing—

"What a friend we have in Jesus,  
All our griefs and sins to bear,  
What a privilege to carry  
Everything to God in prayer." P. W.

"My love is oft-times low,  
My joy still ebbs and flows,  
But peace with him remains the same—  
No change Jehovah knows."

"I change, He changes not;  
My Christ can never die;  
*His love*, not mine, the resting-place  
*His truth*, not mine, the tie."

No soul can preserve the bloom and delicacy of its existence without lonely musings and silent prayer, and the greatness of this necessity is in proportion to the greatness of evil.

In 1714 there were 393,087 Buddhist temples in Japan, while there are now only 57,824. Buddhism in Japan has been virtually disestablished since 1874. The entire system is rapidly declining in that country.

It is fifty years ago since the two first missionaries landed in Zululand, South Africa. There are now there more than 5,000 in full communion, and a Christian population of 30,000.

Satan selects his disciples when they are idle, but Christ chose his while they were busy at work, either mending their nets or casting them into the sea.