

Superannuated Preachers.

We are waiting for the Master,
For our sun is almost down,
And its parting radiance gleameth
Like the glintings from a crown;
But He bids us not be idle,
While the daylight seems to stay;
If we cannot do full service
We at least can watch and pray.

We are waiting for the Master,
We have wandered far and wide,
Sown, and reaped, and bound the harvest,
Stood in battle side by side.
Now when heart and courage faileth,
Hands are weak and feet are slow
To our doors our duty cometh,
Round our paths occasions grow.

We can wipe the tear of sorrow,
We can comfort hearts that bleed,
We can plant for future harvests,
Scatter here and there a seed.
We can pluck the tares of error,
Nurture if we can't detest;
We can watch a broken hedge-row
Till a stronger hand can mend.

We must strive with fierce temptation,
Coming with our waning powers,
Serve in waiting, not in doing,
Bear through many weary hours
Doubts and fears, which active labour
In the ranks can never feel;
Wrestling in a broken harness,
Fighting with a blunted steel.

Soon the Master will be calling,
Who who sowed in tears the seed
Will our sheaves be homeward bringing,
Joy and gladness on our head;
And we'll answer, "Welcome, welcome!"
To the message from above;
Lay aside our broken armour,
Rest us in His boundless love.

Mount Baker.*(See cuts on first page.)*

The city of Victoria, British Columbia, is one of the most charming cities which we ever visited. The climate is delightfully mild. Snow and frost are scarcely known. Roses and other flowers are in bloom till nearly Christmas and begin to bloom again early in the spring. In the garden of the Rev. Mr. Pollard, well known to many in Ontario, I was presented in October with a magnificent bouquet of roses, fresh and fragrant as ours in June. The drives around the city are most romantic; great arms of the sea run far inland, through which the tide swirls in and out. These make delightful picnic resorts. High hills rise here and there, from which majestic views are gained of the winding coast of the Gulf of Georgia, an arm of the vast Pacific, and of the many islands far and near. In clear weather a constant object of delight is Mount Baker on the mainland lifting his snowy crown into the sunlight, and the far shining Olympian range, whose exquisite pearly tints no pen can describe.

Sam Jones on Fashion.

I HAVEN'T been living thirty-eight years for nothing. I have learned a few things. I tell you I see just as plain as I see my hand before my face what is the matter in all this land. Parents don't control their children, and you know they don't. Children are controlling parents three times in five all over this land, and whatever your children say you do, and what you tell your children not to do they will do it if they want to. Ain't that a fact? When you let your children get from under your grip you have done fearful damage to your child, to say nothing about adding misery to yourself. If you had done duty to your children that daughter would have been the brightest star in your view, and that boy would have been the pride of your house. I

believe us Christian people ought to be like one of our governors' wives, a country lady but a sensible woman, but who did not know much about town-ways, and when she moved to the capital she started her little children to school in red flannels. Well, they came home just mortified to death, and said, "Mother, if you don't take off these red flannels we won't go to school. Red flannels are not the fashion at the school, and everybody laughed at us." "My dears," said the governor's wife, "I never came to Milledgeville to follow the fashion; I came here to set the fashions." Let us Christian mothers do as she did, not follow the fashion, but set the fashion of righteousness, and make the balance of the world follow us. Let's make it fashionable to love God and keep His commandments. Let's make it fashionable to do right, to stay away from the ball-rooms and worldly places. Let's make it fashionable to go to prayer-meetings, and to have family prayers, and to read the Bible, and to serve God and do right, won't that be a good thing? Oh, if it could be made fashionable to love God and keep His commandments! Let's make it fashionable to do that, and make the rest of the world follow us in the fashion.

The Welsh Girl and Her Bible.

BY G. S. SAVAGE, D.D.

THESE facts are gathered from a little book recently issued by the British and Foreign Bible Society, London, entitled "The Story of Mary Jones and her Bible."

Mary Jones was the only child of Jacob and Molly Jones, pious weavers, living in Llanfihangel, Wales. She was born December 16, 1784. It was the custom at Llanfihangel for the piously inclined to gather once a week in the little Methodist meeting-house, to study the Word of God. Mary's parents were members of this society. Children were not permitted to attend these gatherings, but little Mary became an exception to this rule. Her father was afflicted with a cough, and could not leave home at night, and hence Mary went with her mother, for company, and to carry the lantern to light the difficult way, extending some distance from their humble dwelling. And while her elders discussed the wonderful truths of the Holy Book, this quiet and attentive child reverently hid away in her loving heart many priceless jewels of its precious teachings.

"Why haven't we a Bible of our own, mother?" asked Mary, one night, as she trotted homeward, lantern in hand.

"Because Bibles are scarce, child, and we are too poor to pay the price of one. A weaver's an honest trade, Mary, but we don't get rich by it, and we think ourselves happy if we can keep the wolf from the door, and have clothes to cover us. Still, precious as the Word of God would be in our hands, more precious are its truths and teachings in our hearts."

This longing of the little one for a Bible was blended with intense yearning for an opportunity to learn to read, that she might fully enjoy the study of the sacred pages, which she so earnestly craved to call her own. At last a school was opened within two miles of her home, and Mary was duly entered by her kind father as a pupil. There she soon distinguished herself for fidelity in every regard, and for a sweet amiability

born and cherished by her love of God, and the teachings of His Word.

At the age of ten, upon entering school, she resolved to earn all she could, by doing chores for the neighbours at odd times, and save the small amounts until she should be able to buy the long-coveted Bible, an undertaking which she knew it would require years to accomplish. Meantime, as soon as she had learned to read, Mrs. Evans, a kind neighbour two miles away, generously permitted Mary to come once a week, and read and study her Bible, an opportunity which the pious child improved in committing to memory many precious psalms and chapters, which she would recite at home to her delighted parents. For six years Mary stored in a box which her father made for the purpose, the farthings and pennies of her patient earnings, including the returns from two hens given her before the amount necessary to secure a Bible was accumulated. Then, with her parents' blessing and a happy heart, she set forth—on foot and barefoot—over a rough journey of twenty-five miles, to Bala, to purchase from Mr. Charles the long-coveted treasure. After an all-day's walk, footsore and weary, she reached her destination at nightfall, and spent the night with the family of David Edwards, a much-respected Methodist preacher of Bala. Early the next morning, accompanied by Mr. Edwards, she called on Rev. Mr. Charles, who received her very kindly, and skilfully drew from her her modestly told story. He then regretfully told her that he had only a few copies of the Welsh Bible on hand, and that they were all promised, and that he could not even promise her one in the future, as the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge had decided not to publish any more Welsh Bibles.

"Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious? hath He in anger shut up His tender mercies?" was her cry of agonized disappointment, as with her head bowed the hot tears chased themselves over her cheeks, which had lost their accustomed rosy tint, and coursed between the trembling fingers of her sun-burnt hands, roughened by toil and exposure.

Mr. Charles was silent a few moments, then he approached and laid his hand on the drooping head of the girl, and with a voice broken and unsteady, he said: "My dear child, I see you must have a Bible, difficult as it is for me to spare one. It is impossible—yes, simply impossible—to refuse you."

In the sudden revulsion of feeling, Mary could not speak; but she glaced up with such a face of mingled rain and sunshine—such a rainbow smile—such a look of inexpressible joy and thankfulness in her brimming eyes, that the responsive tears gushed to the eyes of both Mr. Charles and David Edwards. After handing her the Bible, Mr. Charles turned to Mr. Edwards and said:

"David Edwards, is not such a sight as this enough to melt the hardest heart? A girl so young, so poor, so intelligent, so familiar with the Scriptures, compelled to walk all the distance from Llanfihangel to Bala (about fifty miles, there and back) to get a Bible!

From this day I can never rest until I find out some means of supplying the pressing wants of my country, that cries out for the Word of God."

Mr. Charles constantly revolved in his mind the incident above related, until the cry of the child for the Word

of God seemed to him the voice of all Wales. Consulting with some of his friends, who belonged to the committee of the Religious Tract Society, he received the warmest sympathy and encouragement, and was introduced at their next meeting, where he spoke most feelingly and eloquently about Wales and its poverty in Bibles, bringing forward the story of Mary Jones and her Bible, which gave point and pathos to his appeal. Rev. Joseph Hughes arose, and in reply to Mr. Charles's appeal for Bibles for Wales, exclaimed enthusiastically: "Mr. Charles, surely a society might be formed for the purpose, and if for Wales, why not for the world?" In two years the fact was accomplished. And now, after the lapse of a little over three-fourths of a century, this stream of blessing has bolted the earth, and with its sister societies is sending rills of refreshing among all nations, kindred, tongues, and peoples.

Mary Jones married Thomas Lewis, a weaver of Bryncreug, not very far from Llanfihangel. There with a husband and children of her own, with new duties and fresh cares, she beautifully fulfilled the promise of her early life. To the last her love for her Bible grew stronger and stronger. By her consistent Christian walk and example, she influenced for good all who were about her. Foremost in her estimation ever seemed the British and Foreign Bible Society, with the establishment of which she had been so closely connected. Mary was also interested in the Calvinistic Methodist Missionary Society. Many a secret of self-denial could have borne witness to her generosity, in giving of her substance for the furtherance of the Gospel of Christ. "On one occasion," we are told, "when a collection was made at Bryncreug, for the China Million Testament Fund, in 1854, a ten-shilling gold-piece was found in the collection-plate, neatly wrapped up between half-pence, and thus hidden until the money came to be counted. This was Mary's gift."

Mary Lewis died on the 28th of December, 1866, at the age of 82 years. She bequeathed her Bible to Rev. Robert Griffiths, and he to Mr. Rees. This Bible is now in the possession of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and is a thick octavo, published by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, in 1799. Mary Lewis was buried in Bryncreug, and a stone has been erected to her memory by those who love to recall the influence of her beautiful life, and the important if humble part she had taken in founding the great British and Foreign Bible Society. The stone bears, in both Welsh and English, the following inscription: "Mary, Widow of Thomas Lewis, Weaver, Bryncreug, who died Dec. 28th, 1866, aged 82 years. This tombstone was erected by contributions of the Calvinistic Methodists in the district, and other friends, in respect to her memory as the Welsh girl, Mary Jones, who walked from Llanfihangel to Bala, in the year 1800, when 16 years of age, to procure a Bible of Rev. Thomas Charles, B.A., a circumstance which led to the establishment of the British and Foreign Bible Society."

What hath God wrought! God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty. And a little child shall lead them.

THE best power of song should be used in the service of God.