

was firmly established; and while Hermannsburg remained as the centre, and as a school of preparation for mission life, the emigrants founded new stations. The white families near them showed a wonderful change. Drunkards became sober and diligent; gamblers threw away their cards; where the Bible had never been opened, there was a daily confession of Christ; there were entire families that blessed God for what had been wrought in their households; and these persons had before been incredibly degraded, and almost without a sense of religion.

The horror of the missionaries at the pagan rites of the natives can scarce find expression; they write of every ceremony as the work of the devil; they fight against it as such; if they are invited to a feast, they soon rush out to wrestle in prayer against the kingdom of Satan; their soul is moved within them. "We are often filled with such nausea and

loathing, that we could run away if it were not that love and pity withheld us." But these men have gentle and winning ways, and their good faith and simplicity give point to their words; the heathen Kaffirs like to live near them, the children are diligent and affectionate in the school.

Seven years after the first missionaries sailed for Africa, there were 100 settlers spread over the Eastern provinces at eight stations; there were dwelling-houses, and workshops at every station; there were about 40,000 acres of land; 50 heathens had been baptized; their influence reached from the Zulus on the coast, to the Bechuanas in the centre, and from the Orange river to Lake Ngami. At home, they had a mission house and farm, with 45 persons living in them; the Refuge Farm, with 20 persons; they had their own ship, and printed their own books; and they continue with one accord in breaking of bread and in prayer.

THE MINISTRY OF LOVE.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

There is a silent ministry
That knows no right of book or bell,
That eyes divine alone can see,
And heaven's own language only tell.

It has no altars and no fane,
No waiting crowd, no tuneless choir;
It serves from beds of speechless pain,
From lips that anguish brands with fire.

From homes of want and loss and woe
Its worship rises up to Him
Who hears those accents, faint and low,
Through the loud praise of cherubim;

The dauntless heart, the patient soul,
That faces life's severest stress
With smiling front and stern control,
Intent its suffering kin to bless;

The meek, who gather every hour,
From brier and thorn and wayside tree.

Their largesse scant of fruit or flower,
The harvest of humility.

The tempered will that bows to God,
And knows Him good though tempests
lower:
That owns the judgments of His rod
Are but the hidings of His power;

That sees the sun behind the cloud,
Intent to labour, pray, and wait,
Whatever winds blow low or loud,
Sure of the harbour, soon or late;

Like the small blossoms by the way,
Enduring cold, enjoying sun,
In rain, or snow, or sprinkling spray,
Cheerful till all their life is done—

Dear, homely ministers of love,
Used and forgot, like light and air,
Ah, when we reach that life above
They will be stately scraps there!