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cause of missions might be strengthened and encouraged by those who from this day might work with them.

Miss King, anxious that nothing should be left undone that might add to the interest of the meeting and arouse a desire to help in the work, had secured several views of the churches in the North-west and bits of scenery of that country.

And as they chatted over their cup of tea and bit of cake, after the close of the meeting, a warm, lasting friendship sprang up among them all; those who had before this felt that they were out-side the church were drawn closer together and felt that they were all brothers and sisters there.

This was the first Thanksgiving meeting of the Stone Street Church Woman's Home Missionary Society and how far its influence may extend none can tell yet, but Miss King said as she went home that afternoon, "I know it will do ever so much good to our society for we were all truly thankful, and several new names are enrolled as members already."

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

THE VALE OF TEARS.

BY FRANK L. DAVIS.



HE great ambition of Lord Nelson was to have a gazette of his own, to record all his brave deeds; that of Napoleon to conquer the world. The great Alsatian artist, Gustave Doré—who has provided us with the best series of Biblical pictures of modern times—also had his ambition, which was to have a gallery of his own, where none but his own paintings and statuary would be exhibited; and where he could gradually educate the taste of the public to the far-reaching meaning of his great conceptions.

His ambition,—which I consider far the greatest of the three,—was gratified, and his memory is revered by countless thousands of grateful hearts, who have felt the refining, ennobling, and uplifting influences of his religious masterpieces; every figure and every detail intensifying the lesson which the artist evidently desired to teach.

One rainy afternoon, taking a "growler," we—a party of four—were soon whirled to the gallery in New Bond Street, and the friend who advised the expedition has my sincere gratitude for one of the most delightful and satisfying afternoons during my visit in London. There are only about fifty paintings in the gallery, and, once seen, very few of them will ever be forgotten; several, I know are stamped on my memory in unfading colors. Oh, what a delight and privilege to see such pictures!

One Art Critic in London says: "The spectator of these beautiful pictures may be assured that he is in good company, when he abandons his mind to the full enjoyment of what may highly delight his special taste in the collection."

We thus "abandoned our minds," and thoroughly enjoyed the pleasure of sitting down comfortably to gaze our fill and not stand first on one tired foot, and then on the other; or, like poor Joe,—of "Bleak House" celebrity,—to be constantly "moving on," as our limited time compelled us to do in the larger galleries.

I can say nothing in this short article about the many other pictures which delighted me, but confine my description to the one, which above all others, attracted and interested me. It was the last, on which the "vanished hand" of the lamented artist was engaged; as in the case of the immortal "Requiem" of Mozart, or "The Transfiguration" of Raphael, it was Doré's "Swan Song." He sighed forth his soul upon his canvas, and his Saviour beckoned him unawares and gave him the rest he longed for. Not being an artist, I will not attempt to describe the coloring of this picture; but quote from *London Society*, which so exactly puts into words my own idea of it: "The coloring of this grand picture is admirable, a subdued and restful tone being particularly noticeable."

The *Art Journal* says: "It is a rendering in color of that beautiful verse, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.'—Matthew xi., 28." Truly the "weary and heavy laden" are all pictured there from the king to the beggar; there is no class of human suffering unrepresented. The painting is enormous in size, measuring twenty-one feet long and fourteen feet high, and its grandeur grows upon you the longer you study it; you cannot fail to see that it is the work of the most serious and earnest purpose of the painter who has done so much in Bible illustration.

The effect produced on the mind by this marvelous picture must be felt, it cannot be described. It is purely ideal, calling out every feeling of the most vivid imagination and inducing serious thought in

the most frivolous mind. Few are so shallow, as to leave that truly great painting without having their minds enlarged, and thoughts elevated by its silent, but eloquent lessons. It is visited daily by crowds of religious and refined people, who go away scarcely able to say by which they have been the most impressed; the skill of the artist, or the sacredness of the subject.

"The Vale," or back ground, is a gorge with rugged walls, it has been reached by toil and travel, and is bare, bleak, barren. The clouds that hide it from heaven, loom overhead; but in the distance is another pass. Down that pass with the light of love around him, and bearing the cross He had born on earth, comes the Saviour of the world. The way in which the light is concentrated on this figure is marvellous. He stands beckoning with His hand, giving a welcome and a blessing to all. Nearest to Him are the poorest of the earth, the rejected and despised of men. Then a group, among which is a hermit who has sought peace and seclusion, and a palmer with "shoon and scallop," who has come from far to see all the places made sacred by Christ's presence; the places where He labored, suffered, died and was buried.

Further off a saintly bishop, with upraised hands, craves a blessing, a poet with laurel-crowned brow, a Crusader wounded in battle for his Lord, a proud king ready to humbly lay aside his crown and regal robes for the blessing of "rest." Here a woman, rich in this world's possessions, made poor by the loss of the dead child beside her; there, a dying mother making a last effort to attract the attention of Him, who has made the "fatherless and orphan" His particular care.

We see types of every nationality, pilgrims of all kinds, footsore and weary, dragging themselves towards the translucent light which surrounds the central figure. A prominent figure is a young girl with a cross in her hand, who seems to be encouraging a motley crowd to toil on.

The light which is attracting even the Pariahs and Magdalenes of the earth, has frightened the serpent,—the arch-tempter of Eden,—who is crawling out of sight.

Beyond all this, is a vale of exquisite beauty and verdure, through which is a "straight and narrow path," which leads to the Golden Gate, to which the benign Saviour is beckoning all these world-weary ones.

A truly great picture, and one to inspire the holiest emotions. As Mahlstick says: "Such as he wrought his soul into his work, such as he painted it with tears in his brush," is "The Vale of Tears," the "Swan Song" of Gustave Doré.

Hamilton.

CONTENTMENT.

BY REV. GEO. W. DELL.

I ask not for broad lands, or riches great
Nor for the honors which this world can give;
I only ask that in my present state,
With what I have I may contented live.

I ask not for the praise of men, nor fame,
Such as the world can give to grace my brow;
Rather would I have an untarnished name—
True wealth—with which my children to endow.

I ask not that life's ills may lightly fall,
Or that my path through life be free from snares;
I only ask that when I on Him call,
He'll lend a listening ear unto my prayers.

Pleasures are empty bubbles at the best,
The soul of man it cannot satisfy;
In Christ alone is he supremely blest,
And Christ alone the soul can gratify.

Long, weary days, and many restless hours,
Were spent in search of what my soul did crave;
Oft did I seek amongst earth's fairest flowers,
Only to find them pointing to the grave.

God only knows what things for me are best,
And for my good all things shall ordered be;
In His good time He'll give the needed rest,
In His bright home throughout eternity.

NOVEMBER.

BY ETHELWYN WETHERALL.

The old year's withered face is here again,
The twilight look, the look of reverie,
The backward-gazing eyes that seem to see
The full-leaved robin-haunted June remain
Through devastating wind and ruinous rain,
A form that moves a little wearily.
As one who treads the path of memory
Beneath a long year's load of stress and stain.

Good night! good-night! the dews are thick and damp,
Yet still she babbles on, as loath to go.
Of apple buds and blooms that used to be,
Till Indian summer brings the bedtime lamp,
And underneath a covering of snow
She dreams again of April ecstasy.

Missionary World.

FELLOW-LABORERS WITH PAUL.

"Those women who labored with me in the Gospel whose names are in the Book of Life."

They lived and they were useful; this we know,
And naught beside;
No record of their names is left to show
How soon they died;
They did their work then passed away—
An unknown band—
And took their places with the greater host
In the higher land.

And were they young, or were they growing old,
Or ill, or well;
Or lived in poverty, or had much gold,
No one can tell.
One only thing is known of them—they were
Faithful and true
Disciples of the Lord, and strong, through prayer,
To save and do.

No glory clusters round their names on earth,
But in God's heaven
Is kept a book of names of greatest worth,
And there is given
A place for all who did the Master please.
Although unknown;
And their lost names shine forth in brightest rays
Before the throne.

Oh, take who will the boon of fading fame!
But give to me
A place among the workers, though my name
Forgotten be.
And if within the Book of Life is found
My lowly place,
Honor and glory unto God redound
For all his grace!

LIGHT IN HONAN.

The following portions of a letter from Rev. D. Macgillivray Honan, China, we are enabled to give our readers through the kindness of Rev. Louis H. Jordan, B.D., to whom it was addressed.—[EDITOR.]

I have just returned from a visit to our country stations. At the first of these six Christians partook of the sacred emblems. One of these, who has been ill a year with dropsy, sat on the bed, from which she was unable to be moved. Our communion table was a native couch, upon which a quilt was spread for a cover. This table was placed next our sick sister's bed. As we have no chapel, meetings are held in member's houses; and on this occasion, in order to have our sister partake, for the first, and, perhaps, the last time on earth, of the elements which signified her Saviour's love to her, her husband's humble house (kitchen, bedroom, dining-room all in one) became for the time being our chapel, yet was not this mud-floored hovel the *very gate of heaven*! How rude the vessels and furniture of this house of God, when we think of similar occasions at home in Canada! But surely the blessing depends not on such accessories. In these six persons, and in the eight or ten believing brethren as yet unbaptized who sat in the room, listeners and spectators, I could see the fruit of prayers in Toronto, perchance of some unknown worshipper in a far corner of your gallery.

At another village they led me out to see the site of the future chapel. The new believers there, who knew none of these things a year ago, had bought it *with their own money*, paying a sum which to people in Canada would be as if they paid \$300 or \$400 for a lot in some village as a site for a church. These people are now waiting to be taken on probation with a view to baptism. If the present is any indication of the future, the fruits *after* baptism will be unto everlasting life.

At another place a young Christian lad wrote in his own boyish hand a hymn on his fan. During this summer that lad will be holding forth his testimony quite as publicly as any wearer of the Christian badge at home. This lad's name, given him by a heathen schoolmaster before he became a Christian means (being interpreted) "*Hold fast to Love*." May it be a prophecy going before him of what he will do down to the end of a bright and useful life.

Now we can in this end of the field, count *seven* points at which lights have been set a burning. Do these relieve the blackness? Certainly this is the day of small things, but those *seven* points will at least prevent the blackness of discouragement from entering our souls and yours. I may add too, Praise the Lord with us.

The native Christians of Uganda are proving increasingly helpful to the missionaries. Two or three of the women are now able to take their stand with most of the men at the capital. Juliya Nalwoga prepares the final classes for baptism, and is thoroughly well up in the Gospels; and there are some twenty other women who can prepare for baptism, but none so good as Juliya. Nikodemo Sebuwato, chief of Kyagwe, whom Bishop Tucker admitted to deacon's orders in 1893, died on March 27th. His death is a serious loss to the Church in Uganda.