

The Bible lessons, overseeing sewing classes, and a great many smaller, but not less important tasks fall usually to the lot of the missionary's wife: but it is a pleasure to be busy with such neat, little, black-eyed girls, who wear little skirts right down to their toes, and sit on the floor.

Aug. 21, 1880.

MAGGIE GARLIDE.

Light Shineth.

BY REV. ERNEST G. WESLEY.

"Light shineth in darkness," to all men declare it,
The night has departed, bright sunlight now gleams:
Ye heralds of Jesus haste, haste to proclaim it—
Earth's millions are waiting salvation's sweet beams:
Which leap o'er the mountains,
And rush forth deep fountains—
Sin-cleansing, eternal,
Life-giving, supernal.

"Light shineth in darkness;" how grand is the story,
How filled with love richness—how glorious and true!
With rapture proclaim it—All brightness and glory—
Make known Christ's redemption, His message e'er new.
With mercy-light beaming,
Uplifting redeeming,
With love overflowing,
And heaven's light glowing.

"Light shineth in darkness," earth's hill-tops are golden—
Salvation illumined their summits are seen;
Sweet tidings of Jesus from story so olden,
Encircle the world with their heaven born-shen.
Bright noonday appeareth
And darkness now fleeth;
Light shineth! Triumphant
Is Christ all exultant.

Providence, R. I.

Her Talent For Christ.

Well, this was how it happened. But we must go way back to the time when Madge had never even heard of Miss Mary Porter's Chinese, nor of Mrs. Logan's Micronesia, nor of the Woman's Board of the Interior.

You see, Madge was one of the brightest, merriest of girls. Her young life had been passed in having a good time generally. And how could she help being a favorite with everybody, with her bright, responsive face and frank, pleasing manner, with never a bit of self-consciousness about her? It seemed as if the sun shone to please her, and the birds sang for her, and the flowers bloomed for her to pick. Ever since she was a little tot she had been a child of out-of-doors. Upon awaking in the morning it seemed as if every voice of nature were calling her out. The waving grasses of the field, the robins in the cherry trees, the breezes from the far-away hills, the merry sunshine,—all seemed to beckon her to join them. The first spring days made her wild with delight.

At breakfast-time she would come in breathless from her early tramp to the woods laden with dewy flowers and vines for the parlor vases, and during the meal she would entertain the grown-up people with tales of her exploits and discoveries on her early rambles.

To the amusement of her parents she took possession of the whole country round about, and spoke of her pine grove, and of her old willow, and of her brook where

her cardinal flowers bloomed in October. Having few playmates she found companionship in the great out-of-door world about her; and storm clouds and lightning flashes often drew her out to the hillside when the flowers were hidden in shadow. Household duties, though not neglected were despatched that she might have more time for her outside plans.

Before she was old enough to go alone her father had held her tiny hand in her walks, at the same time telling her of the Christ child who used to love the hills and flowers about Nazareth; and all along through her childhood he had taught her sweet lessons of God from the pages of nature's open book. As Madge grew older she developed a talent for sketching, and would spend hours under her artist's umbrella, trying to catch the morning light on the hillside where her sheep were feeding, or in copying the haziness about the river, where her pond lilies slept. Long before she had attempted to put on canvas the scenes about her, her love of sunlight and shadow had taught her many of nature's secrets. Her teacher soon saw that she would excel in landscapes, and her father, that she might enjoy and sketch new wonders of nature, took her to Switzerland. There, for the first time in her life, she was surrounded by a circle of young friends of her own age, and merry times they all had climbing the Alps, crossing glaciers, and studying with Swiss artists. And there where the world looked more beautiful to her than ever before, Madge had her first glimpse of its great need and wretchedness; for in the Swiss party there happened to be one of God's workers from Eastern Turkey, who was spending a few months among the Alps in search of needed rest and change. This lady's sympathy for young life had attracted Madge to her, and the two enjoyed many a long day together, exploring mountain heights. One day, after a hard climb to one of the greatest waterfalls, they nestled down in the shade of a mountain side, among a clump of Alpine rose bushes, and there Madge drew from her friend the history of her life in the East, and was surprised beyond measure to learn of the misery and wretchedness of the poor people in that far-away land. The story of the oppression and suffering borne by heathen women opened her eyes to a new and wholly different life from her own, and for the first time she seemed to wake up to the idea that she had been put in the world for a purpose, and that something might be required of her. As she looked out and away from her cozy mountain lodgment, her thoughts went far beyond the opposite snowy peaks, and our Alpine climber did a deal of thinking in a small space of time.

During the next few weeks her face was a study to her friends. She often found herself looking at life more earnestly, and longing to be accomplishing something, and to spend her energy on some one outside of self. Her past life looked like one of extreme selfishness to her. As her new friend told her of her plans for the next year, and of the enormous work expected of her in connection with the new girls' boarding school, Madge, in her impulsive way, wished to go back with her, and said perhaps God intended her to be just there. She was ready and willing to leave her home, and give her life to the work.

But her father and mother knew more of such a life than she did, and felt that the time for her to go as a missionary had not come. She came back to America with memories of her new-made friend and her work. She happened to be in Boston when Mrs. Moses Smith gave one of her delightful talks to young ladies, and there she learned how those who could not go to do this foreign