

NATION, BY THE LORD EXALTED.

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN.



NATION, by the Lord exalted,
 With thy realm from shore to shore,
 Hast thou on thy mission halted?
 Dost thy calling now give o'er?
 Forward thy detachments throwing,
 Press thou onward to the West;
 First to Him allegiance owing,
 With time's movements keep abreast.

Oh the might of this great nation!
 Oh her majesty and power!
 If she knew her visitation,
 If she knew her day and hour,
 If with God's own smile upon her,
 She should her proud office meet,
 She should lay her wealth and honour,
 Humbly down at Jesus' feet.

Oh the might of this great nation,
 In the centre of the world,
 Where the banner of salvation,
 Boldly at her front unfurled!
 Onward, onward, still advancing,
 Should the cross of Jesus go,
 Like the sun triumphant glancing,
 Till all lands His love shall know.

INCIDENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

To shew the difficulty of getting accurately the peculiarities of language among the North-West Indians, Archdeacon Kirkby says, that on one occasion a missionary who thought he had mastered the language pretty well, was interrupted in his sermon by uncontrollable laughter among the Indians he was addressing. This is unusual as they, with natural politeness, as a rule try to conceal any mistakes they notice; but on being asked what had caused the laughter, he was told that he proclaimed to them that God had made Eve out of one of his tobacco pipes!

WHEN Mr. Kirkby was about to leave a tribe of Indians, they were in great grief and asked him why he was going to leave them. "You have cut for us," they said, "a pathway through the woods, and now you leave us to tread it alone." He explained to them that he had to go, but he told them that if they wished to please him, there were certain promises that they must make him. He then made them promise to give up many of their cruel practices, and to keep rigidly to their religious duties. When he returned,—a long time afterwards, they met him with the words, "we are not all true men; we did not do all we said." When asked what promise they had broken they said, "about the prayer day; we were hungry, but would not shoot the moose on that day, till hunger got very bad and then we said, 'we must shoot to

keep us alive.' So we resolved that we would fire one shot and one only on the prayer day, and if it hit we would know that the white man's God was not angry with us. We shot and it did not miss; so we hope God is not angry,—but we are not true men." Of course, they were told that they had acted rightly, and that a work of necessity was to be done on the Lord's day.

AN Indian, when converted, came to Mr. Kirkby in the North-West, and told him that he had two wives, and asked which he should put away from him. He was told that the older of the two should be retained. "But," he said, "I would rather keep the younger one." "No," was the reply, "the older one is more truly your wife." "But," the Indian replied, "the older one has no children, and the younger has two little boys, and I love them dearly. If I turn her away I must turn the boys away too, for they are hers." This was a difficult point to decide, and Mr. Kirkby asked time to consider. To his surprise the younger woman came to him weeping, and saying that she had learned to read, and had found the light, and that her duty was to leave her husband, because he must not have two wives, and she was the younger. "I would rather go away," she said, "with my boys a Christian than stay where I am as a heathen." This shews some of the difficulties that missionaries have to contend with in running counter to established customs among heathen people, and also the strong hold that Christianity takes sometimes in the heart of a heathen.

It is said that the late Isaac Errett, when speaking in the interest of the American Christian Missionary Society, went to a country church in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. It was harvest time, and the weather was warm. The "audience" which had assembled consisted of five or six rich farmers—no ladies being present.

"We won't try to have a meeting," said the good brother with whom Dr. Errett had been stopping.

"Ah, but," said Dr. Errett, with gentle firmness, "I always keep my appointments. I shall hold a meeting."

He held a meeting. He melted those rich farmers to tears as he told of the needs of the missionaries and of the heroic work they were doing, and at the end of the service each one of his hearers contributed five hundred dollars to the cause for which he had pleaded.

The preacher who thinks he can do nothing with a small congregation, will generally fulfil his own expectations. The man who is strong and of good courage, will not labour in vain nor spend his strength for naught.