

THE COMING TIME.

BY GEO. R. WATERS.



HE promised day is dawning,
On darkened heathen lands;
A heaven-illuminated morning,
In glory now descends.
Ere long, by angels guided,
A beaming gospel ray
Will shine on earth's benighted,
A glad and joyful day.

Ye who reflect the glory
Of that eternal light,
Go forth, and tell the story
Of Jesus and His might.
March on, ye sacred forces,
Against the power of sin,
And shout with hallowed voices;
The day you'll surely win.

Oh, day of glad salvation!
Ne'er sink thy rising sun,
Till every land and nation
For Christ and Heaven are won.
Shine more and more thy brightness
On this our earthly way,
Till we in Christ's own likeness,
Behold the perfect day.

INCIDENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

HAVE you read them? We refer to those splendid chapters which have been discovered, that are supplementary to the "Acts of the Apostles." It is a marvellous record. You may have to take a little pains to lay your hands upon them, but they are to be found—scattered through the missionary annals of the past hundred years. The Bishop of Ripon says, "The story of missions is a *continuation of the Acts of the Apostles, with all its essential supernaturalism.*" Go hunt it up, read it, and get saturated with its spirit.

THE new Bishop of Worcester, Dr. Perowne, is not forgetting that he and his brothers (the Archdeacon of Norfolk, and the master of Corpus) are sons of a C.M.S. missionary, and that he was born in the C.M.S. mission house, at Burdwan. He startled some of his clergy by suggesting that foreign missions might be referred to in church and in school once a month. "Nothing," he said, "so enlarges the heart, and carries us out of ourselves, as to think of the great work now being done by missionaries. We feel that we are not any longer units, that it is the whole world that Christ claims as His heritage."

THERE is no lack of "open doors" for Christian work in the great "Dark Continent." But within the rapidly extending sphere of "English influence" there, a specially fruitful and well-sheltered field is being made ready for missionary enterprise. What England now actually claims, and is willing to fight for, is already a vast empire. While shrewdly getting, by diplomacy, the best strategic points on the four sides, she is pushing toward a fourfold conver-

gence in the very heart of Africa. As a late writer has shown, "while Canada, Australia, and even India are gradually moving into political majority and independence, the old metropolis seems bent on laying in Africa the foundations of an empire which may eclipse them all."

LOOK at the artist's chisel. The artist cannot carve without it. Yet imagine the chisel, conscious that it was made to carve, and that it is its function, trying to carve alone. It lays itself against the hard marble, but it has neither strength nor skill. Then we can imagine the chisel full of disappointment. "Why cannot I carve?" it cries. Then the artist comes and seizes it. The chisel lays itself into his hand and is obedient to him. That obedience is faith. It opens the channels between the sculptor's brain and the hard steel. Thought, feeling, imagination, skill, flow down from the deep chambers of the artist's soul to the chisel's edge. The sculptor and the chisel are not two but one. It is the unit which they make that carves the stone. We are but the chisel to carve God's statues in this world. Unquestionably we must do the work. But the human worker is only the chisel of the great Artist. The Artist needs his chisel. But the chisel can do nothing, produce no beauty of itself. The artist must seize it, and the chisel must lay itself into his hand and be obedient to him. We must yield ourselves to Christ, and let Him use us. Then His power, His wisdom, His skill, His thought, His love, shall flow through our soul, brain, heart and fingers. That is working by faith.—*Bp. Brooks.*

A YOUNG slave named Geronimo, who had refused to deny the Christian faith, was placed in a large mould in which huge blocks of concrete were made for building a wall. This was the acme of torture. He was placed face downwards in the mould and the concrete run in upon him. Soon the large block was complete and but few knew that the body of a Christian martyr lay embedded in it. This occurred at Algiers at the building of the Fort des Vingt-quatre Heures and for three hundred years the story was handed from one generation to another, till some people treated it as a romance; but thirty-eight years ago, when alterations were being made, and the wall had to be taken down, the workmen came upon a strange hollow place and some human bones. The governor, remembering this story, directed plaster-of-paris to be thrown into the mould, and very soon the life-size figure of Geronimo appeared, proclaiming at once the truth of the martyrdom. The cast is now kept in the museum at Algiers; it shows a slight figure, a face with the veins all raised, a poor mouth closed with a patient, determined expression; the hands are tied, the legs are swollen, even the very broken ribs are lying there.—*The Spectator.*