

Do Missions Pay ?

A seaman, in returning home to Scotland after a cruise in the Pacific, was asked, Do you think Missionaries have done any good in the South Sea Islands? I will tell you a fact, which speaks for itself, said the sailor. Last year I was wrecked on one of these Islands, where I knew that eight years before a ship was wrecked and the crew murdered; and you may judge how I felt at the prospect before me,—if not dashed to pieces on the rocks to survive for only a more cruel death. When day broke we saw a number of canoes pulling for our poor ship, and we prepared for the worst. Think of our joy and wonder when we saw the natives in English dress and beard, some of them speak in the English language. On that very Island, the next Sabbath, we heard the gospel preached. I do not know what you think of missions, but I know what I do.

Family Worship.

There ought to be no sweeter hour in the day than that in which comes the morning meal and the family worship. Yet it is sorrowful to see what sometimes passes for the latter. A chapter of the Bible hurried through, a rambling stereotyped prayer mumbled over, and the participants rush off to the work which they have been meanwhile thinking about, and which they enjoy a great deal better. The exercise is wrapped in fog instead of being crowned in Heaven's light. It is a mistake to suppose that fluency or education are specially needed in conducting family worship. It wants a heart most of all. Let there not be a single petition that is not born of real desire—even if the prayer be not two minutes long. Blessed be the home where the spirit of song dwells and adds its charm to the morning worship. The exercise need not be long, but it should not be crowded. Break up the formality, carry all the soul and life you have into it, and its savor shall not go through the day alone, but among all the home memories none shall be stronger to hold the grown up children to the faith of their fathers.—*Christian Banner.*

To a Beloved Sister in Heaven.

(Said to have been written by a lady of St. Andrew's, Pictou, on the death of a friend.)

Hail! happy Spirit, hail!
 Celestial heaven-born guest!
 Sharp, sudden, was the gale,
 That wafted thee to rest:
 Awhile the waves impetuous rushed—
 A moment's tossing,—all was lushed!

Hail! happy Spirit, hail!
 To the all-peaceful shore
 Where sin can ne'er assail,
 Nor sickness waste thee more:
 No sadness now shall cloud thy brow,
 No pain, no sorrow, try thee now!

Oh! could I pierce the veil,
 And see thee as thou art,
 My spirit would not fail
 With thine to bear a part:
 Methinks, I hear thee sweetly tell
 That Jesus "hath done all things well."

Methinks, I see thee now
 In yonder ransomed throng,
 Amidst the Seraphs bow,
 And join the sacred song,
 See thee approach Immanuel's throne
 Before His feet to cast thy crown.

The interview,—how sweet,
 To see Him face to face,
 To fall before His feet,
 Transported with His grace:
 Language must fail to speak thy bliss,
 For thou art now where Jesus is!

And shall I grieve for thee,
 And wish (however vain),
 To fill the vacancy,
 And bring thee back again?
 Oh! no.—I feel, I mourn, my loss;
 But, for thy sake, I'll bear the cross.

I would not have thee hear,
 I would not spoil thy rest,
 To dry my mournful tear,
 Or ease my troubled breast;
 No! dearly as I loved thee,—still,
 I yield thee, at thy Father's will.

As thy dear frame decayed,
 Thy beauties ripened fast,
 Shone brighter through the shade,
 And richer lustre cast:
 Yet, thou wast all humility,
 And Jesus was thine only plea!