

shippers; and as peace in all its phases is the outgrowth of Christianity, so trouble of all kinds is the fruit of heathenism. War and bloodshed run riot through their country, contention and strife fill their homes, sickness and disease prey upon their persons. "The wicked are like the troubled sea," "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." Not unalloyed peace nor unmitigated trouble this side the grave, but the tendency is strongly marked.

Heathen custom banishes literature and music from the home life, these belong distinctively to the outside world, and what a difference it makes! Weary from her cooking and the care of her children, the heathen mother craves rest and a change just as we do, but she cannot go out to call on her friends, she cannot take up an entertaining book or a bit of fancy work, or comfort herself with a hymn as she passes from one place to another or hushes her child to sleep. The only entertainment she has, apart from every day gossip, is to think of what she can remember of the stories of the gods which the Brahmin priests recited at heathen feasts she has attended; for women are permitted to attend those and pay their devotions to the deity of the day. These stories are most demoralizing; they tell of all manner of evil deeds that the god delighted in when he dwelt among men. Instead of the elevating influences of the Bible they have the remembrance of the vicious indulgences of those whom they are taught to worship. What wonder if this makes them worse instead of better. But there is another side to this. Only cultured women know how to make beautiful homes. Women without thought have homes void of refinement, vacant minds and idle fingers and empty houses; but mischief finds room to dwell and idle words a place. Noisy, unadorned, with scolding women and quarrelling children—how different these from the quiet homes we love. Let us thank God, who has given us the Bible, which has brought to us in its train our books and our music, the culture and refinement which give us so much pleasure, our friends around us, and the knowledge of a pure and holy God above. All these things are unknown to thousands of heathen women, who would enjoy them just as much as we do.

H. M. N. ARMSTRONG.

Cornwallis, N.S., June 14th, '81.

### A Missionary Picture.

[Extracted for the LINK from "Africa" by Major Malan.]

There are two sides to the Missionary Picture. It hangs not against any earthly wall. The cord on which it is suspended is fastened to a nail in a sure place in heaven. Only the lowest edge of the frame touches the earth. The world sees but one side of the picture, that is the material. To everything but faith, it is a most discouraging tableau. A few white men, book in hand, are appealing to multitudes, which seem to be for the most part fast asleep. Here and there wars are taking place, and mission houses are burning. The rulers, chiefs and

others who are not sleeping, make little account of the white preachers. Some plan how they can get rid of them, others ridicule them or abuse them. In the distance, representing the land from whence the white preachers come, are people putting money into the mission boxes, and a few praying, while crowds gaily dressed look on laughing. Such is the material part of the great and glorious work of preaching the gospel of salvation to all nations.

The other side of this picture is the grandest masterpiece ever painted. To Isaiah was committed what forms the centre of the picture. It strikes the eye instantly. Unconsciously the head bends, and the beating heart is checked. The Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up. Above the seraphim, each having six wings, one crying to another, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of His glory." Before this throne is one man, he looks up with awe and adoration. A seraph touches his lips and when He who sitteth upon the throne says "Who will go for us?" he replies "Here am I, send me."

The brightness of the divine glory which shines on this heavenly picture no pen can paint. It has not faded in the least though 2500 years old. The halo of light has been carried over all the other parts, and it is nearly completed. Zachariah added the only dark object in this brilliant scene. Satan is standing before the throne. He accuses the men who stand before the throne day and night. "The Lord rebuke thee O Satan," has been eternally spoken, but he still perseveres, so great is his enmity to the ambassadors of God. Angels as ministering spirits, ready to fly on any errand of mercy, surround the throne. The foreground is a mass of figures, men and women, so beautifully arranged that the eye never wearies as it studies each group. Unutterable joy or holy calm fills each face. On the right of the throne and slightly raised above the rest is a scene added by Matthew. One like unto the Son of Man stands in the centre of a small group, blessing them and saying, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and on earth, go ye therefore and teach all nations, and lo I am with you always." In the other figures are recognised all who have obeyed this command, and those who have been helpful in the spread of the gospel at home and abroad. Such is the heavenly, divine, spiritual side of this picture. The Lord God, Man, Satan and the Angels. The world is not seen, except in a few sketches, introduced into the clouds of glory upon which the throne rests. These are in such faint colours that they are only observed by very close inspection. Empires, kingdoms, superstitions, idolatries are represented as falling or dissolving before the preaching of the gospel. One shows Paul preaching at Ephesus, and the temple of Diana a ruin. Luther is seen in another, and the Papal chair tottering. Many would not be understood by any living man. They were mighty results of faith, but the names and works of God's heroes are not known to this generation.

It is on this side of the Missionary Picture that all believers in our Lord Jesus Christ should take their stand in these days. Those who direct missions, those who support them, the missionaries themselves and the native churches.

Baillieboro, Ont.

SOME, at least, are laying themselves liable to the reproach of Bishop Hall, that "those who give not till they die show that they would not then if they could keep it any longer."