

Mission Hymn.

MRS. L. G. M'VKAN.

In fair Japan a thousand flowers
Wear lovelier forms and hues than ours,
But saintly pale and pure as snow
Our Easter lilies bloom, to show
That One has risen to realms of light,
Whose love can make our souls as white.

In sapphire Southern skies, afar
Shines many a strange and glorious star,
Planets to Northern heavens unknown;
But we, more blest, can call our own
The radiant "Stars of Bethlehem"—
Brighter than Orient's richest gem.

On India's dusky children shine
Jewels from many a priceless mine;
But we can never envy them
Ruby or diamond diadem.
For, through God's love, we may behold
The gates of pearl, the streets of gold.

The bulbul sings in Cashmere groves
Close hid beside the rose he loves;
But sweeter music we can hear,
As all around us, ringing clear,
The sacred chime of Sabbath bells
Upon the air of freedom swells.

Thus flower, and star, and gem, and song,
Unto the Christian faith belong.
Send forth the Word to other climes
That never heard our Sabbath chimes.
The banner of the Cross, unfurled,
Means happiness to all the world.

A TRIP ON THE "GLAD TIDINGS."

LETTER FROM REV. T. CROSBY.

DURING the trip, which took me away from home about seven weeks, we travelled 1,800 miles, and preached about one hundred times to thousands of people whom I had never seen before. We took in a visit up Knight's Inlet, and preached to many tribes connected with the Fort Rupert nation, and the logging camps near Cape Mudge, when I preached at four large camps, and rowed fifteen miles in a small boat, spent a very pleasant Sabbath, and received much kindness from the white men at all the camps. The next Sunday I spent at the mouth of the Fraser River, among the different fishing camps and canneries. I preached seven times, and closed two other services. I started at 6.30 in the morning, and was through at 6.30 p.m., when I took a good supper, as I had not time to take a bite from breakfast in the morning till that time. This was one of the happiest days I ever spent.

On our way round the west coast of Vancouver Island, we found hundreds and thousands of people, as dark and as dirty, and as low and degraded as they could be; and in many places they urged me to give them a teacher. I met numbers of young men who, the summer before, had come down from Sitka, seal-hunters from the schooners taken in Alaska. They called in at Simpson, and were there, some of them, for weeks. Some of them attended our school a day or two, just to see the change that was going on; so now they said they wished teachers to be sent to them, as they wished to be taught like the people were at Port Simpson.

It was on this trip I saw a young man dying of consumption, and after I had preached to them he said, "You did well to come, and you have told us a wonderful story; but, missionary, why did you not come sooner? why did you not come sooner?" I thought this was the language of thousands, "Why did you not come sooner?"

Along that coast we could place four or five men and women full of faith. Indeed, I would like to see a chain of self-supporting faith-missions all up that coast, so that every place might have the

Gospel. It is reported that up that coast there are between three and four thousand Indians, and nearly at the head of the Island, where the sugar-loafed headed people live, the Qous-kee-noes and the Quat-see-noes, and Flat-kee-noes live.

Why should we not have laymen in the mission field who would trade and preach? There are wicked men who sin and trade, and by their influence do much harm. Surely we can get some who will work and trade, and carry on business for Christ's sake.

Don't forget to say a good word for the *Glad Tidings*. We shall need a good round sum for repairs. She has done such a good work, and we want her to do more. We shall soon need a new boiler, etc.; say, in all, \$1,000.—*Outlook*.

AN EXAMPLE FOR BOYS.

MR. WANAMAKER, the new Postmaster-General of the United States, who keeps the largest retail store in America, is not yet fifty-two years old, and began life without money. He is a religious man, active in church work and Christian philanthropy, and of the quality which does not recognize the word "fail." Philadelphia was Wanamaker's birth-place. His father was a bricklayer and a poor man, and the boy went to work in a clothing store when he was fourteen years old. He took a dollar and a half weekly wages when he began, but the fact that at the end of five years, when he was one of the best salesmen in the house, he had saved two thousand dollars, shows that his pay had become liberal. It was supplemented by work on a publication which he edited and published and for which he solicited advertisements. John Wanamaker was always an indefatigable worker. He had become prominent in church work before the down appeared on his chin. About the year 1859 Mr. Wanamaker went South, travelling for the improvement of his health. When he returned to Philadelphia he was made Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. He held this position two years, then, in 1861, went into business in partnership with Nathan Brown, whose sister he married. The partners put in two thousand dollars each, and soon prospered as the reward of diligence and good business judgment. They were shrewd advertisers, as the surviving partner is to-day; the whole of the first day's profits were spent by them in a single business announcement in the *Philadelphia Ledger*. Brown died twenty years ago. Mrs. Wanamaker is still living.

CLUMSY HEROISM.

WHETHER there really is an "Aunt Nancy" or not, the *Well-Spring* put some wise words into her mouth which may not be out of place for a few—a very few, we hope—of our readers.

"It does make me mad to see the way young folks set up style and finnickiness above everything else now-a-days. You must dress like a fashion-plate, and a new one too, and keep it up every minute, or you ain't got style. You must talk like a grammar and write like a giant and sign your letters with your whole three names, or you ain't got form. And if you hain't style or good form, you might as well walk right out of the universe. There's my sister Clarissa's boys and girls; it's enough to make your blood boil to see them walk over their father and mother.

"Will you feel like coming in, mother?" says Jane, when she's going to have company.

"Why, I don't know. Do you want me?" says her mother.

"Then Jack puts in that softy drawl of his—oh yes, he's good form!"

"Perhaps you will be too tired to come in, mother?"

"And she, poor soul! says yes, she would be too tired, when she knows, and I know, they are 'shamed to have her there. Abomination! From first to last she's given her whole life to them children, and he—you should see him come home at night-time. He's a heavy man, you know, and not always spick-and-span when he first comes home. Them young folks are on the piazza or playing croquet with their stylish friends, and they'll manage not to see him, and will look angry at each other if they see him coming toward them. Yet he has worked and toiled all his life for 'em, and he has money enough now to do 'most anything for them but make himself over.

"I'll tell you what I think," continues Aunt Nancy, warming more and more to her subject: "I think the folks that do the most in this world are not the stylish ones. I think the folks that's loved best and respected most, and the folks that would fill the books if there was a book wrote about every place, would be the plain clumsy, self-denying toilers who has done somethin' and has got somethin' to show for it. But law! The young folks now-a-days don't know good people when they see 'em 'less they're done up in silks and kids and broadcloth."

The Widowed Bird.

BY MRS. J. V. H. KOONS.

A ROBIN'S song the whole day long
In an apple tree was heard.
A thoughtless boy with a deadly toy
Bent over a dying bird.
The song was hushed a heart was crushed,
A widow bird's low moan
Upon the breeze died in the trees,
A nest was left alone.
O would that words, sweet baby birds,
Could soothe her sorrow now!
Nestle and rest in your tiny nest
In the fragrant apple bough.
Her heart would break but for your sake,
Yet mother love is strong;
Her little brood must have its food
Or earth would miss its song.
Sleep, darlings, then, she'll come again
When grief's wild storm is o'er,
Tho' her mate's sweet song that made her strong
Is hushed for evermore.

HOW TO TREAT STRANGERS.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL missionary in the West, while addressing a Sabbath-school, noticed a little girl, shabbily dressed and barefooted, shrinking in a corner, her little sunburned face buried in her hands, the tears trickling between her small brown fingers, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Soon, however, another little girl, about eleven years old, got up and went to her, and taking her by the hand led her towards a brook, then seated her on a log, and kneeling beside her she took off her ragged sun-bonnet, and dipping her hand in the water bathed her hot eyes and tear-stained face, and smoothed her tangled hair, talking in a cheery manner all the while.

The little one brightened up, the tears all went, and smiles came creeping around the rosy mouth.

The missionary stepped forward and said, "Is that your sister, my dear?"

"No, sir," answered the noble child, with tender, earnest eyes; "I have no sister, sir."

"O, one of the neighbour's children," replied the missionary—"a little schoolmate, perhaps?"

"No, sir; she is a stranger. I do not know where she came from. I never saw her before."

"Then how came you to take her out and have such a care for her if you do not know her?"

"Because she was a stranger, sir, and seemed all alone, and needed somebody to be kind to her."