

## Life and Work.

### A BRITISH NATIONAL ANTHEM.

*On the Diamond Jubilee Celebration.*

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

God of our fathers, known of old—  
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—  
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The captains and the kings depart;  
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—  
On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—  
Such boasting as the Gentiles use  
Or lesser breeds without the Law—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard—  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord!

### WOMAN'S WORK.

HOW SYBIL HELPED.

A moment before this little story begins. Sybil Anderson had thrown open the windows and blinds, and the early morning sunshine was flooding her dainty chamber. She stood now at her desk, with a puzzled expression upon her pretty young face, and in her hand a slip of paper which she had torn from her Phillips Brooks calendar. She had just read these words:—

"If you put out your hand and take the task which certainly is waiting for you, then instantly your high emotions know their place. They turn themselves to motives."

Before she had time to grasp the thought, the breakfast bell rang, and she ran quickly down stairs, saying to herself as she slipped the paper in her pocket: "I will ask mother about it."

When the little pause which came after breakfast was over, and her father and the younger children had started for business

and school, Sybil put the quotation in her mother's hand.

"Read that, mother dear, and talk to me about it a little."

A quick smile of sympathetic comprehension passed over Mrs. Anderson's face as she read, but was soon succeeded by a look of grave thoughtfulness.

"A very practical thought, dear. I think the wise man has touched here the very secret of much of the failure in our Christian lives. We are so often content with our emotions in themselves, and do not seek to give them their true place as motives. We feel much, and perhaps talk well, then the impulse dies, and we either do nothing, or, worse still, indulge in actions which are utterly inconsistent with both feeling and speech, and seem to prove that neither were genuine."

As Sybil rose and kissed her sweet-faced mother, with a warm glow of love in her heart, she determined at least to make that emotion a motive at once, by trying to do more cheerfully and faithfully the duties which devolved upon her in the home, and through the day to look earnestly for opportunities of service of the Master to whom she had given her young life.

That very afternoon was the one appointed for the annual meeting of the W.F.M.S., and the president, Mrs. Dunham, had made a great effort to have a large and interesting meeting. A missionary from China had been secured to speak, postal cards had been sent to every one of the fifty members of the society, a notice had been read from the pulpit inviting all, and tea was to be served at five.

Mrs. Dunham had opened her large and beautiful parlors, and it seemed as if no persuasion would be necessary to induce people to accept so pleasant an invitation. But, alas, there were not many women in the large and flourishing church who were deeply interested in missions, and, when the hour came to open the meeting, Mrs. Dunham saw that, although it might be interesting, it certainly would *not* be large, and she determined when the right time came to speak out her mind.

The missionary from China was one who had been on the field for many years. Her pale face had the look of peace and serenity which often comes to those who have devoted their lives to a great cause, and lighted up with a holy enthusiasm as she spoke of the privilege of work among those who know nothing of a merciful Heavenly Father, and told of some of the triumphs already achieved.

Then, reversing the picture, she spoke of the terrible need, of the degraded, wretched lives of the heathen women, and closed with a fervent appeal for increased activity among the women in the home churches.

Sybil who had come to the meeting at her