

A SONG OF THE BURDEN-BEARER.

"I'll drop my burden at his feet, and bear a song away."



OVER the narrow footpath
That led from my lowly door,
I went with a thought of the Master,
As oft I had walked before.
My heart was heavily laden,
And with tears my eyes were dim.
But I knew I should lose the burden,
Could I get a glance at Him.

It was more than I could carry,
If I carried it all alone;
And none in my house might share it —
Only One on the throne.
It came between me and pleasure,
Between my work and me;
But our Lord could understand it,
And His touch could set me free.

Over the trodden pathway.
To the fields all shorn and bare.
I went with a step that faltered,
And a face that told of care.
I had lost the light of the morning,
With its shimmer of sun and dew;
But the gracious look of the Master
Would the strength of morn renew.

While yet my courage wavered,
And the sky before me blurred,
I heard a voice behind me
Saying a tender word.
And I turned to see the brightness
Of heaven upon the road,
And suddenly I lost the pressure
Of the weary crushing load.

Nothing that hour was altered,
I had still the weight of care;
But I bore it now with the gladness
Which comes of answered prayer.
Not a grief of the soul can fether
Nor cloud its vision, when
The dear Lord gives the spirit
To breathe to his will, Amen.

O friends! if the greater burdens
His love can make so light,
Why should His wonderful goodness
Our halting credence slight?
The little sharp vexations,
And the briars that catch and fret,
Shall we not take to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?

Tell him about the heartache,
And tell him the longings, too;
Tell him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce know what to do.
Then, leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.

—Margaret E Sangster.

At a meeting of the native Christians held at Port Moresby, in New Guinea, recently, the collection (which was for missions) consisted of \$37 in money, 320 spears, 65 shell arm-lets, 92 bows, 180 arrows, besides drums, shell

necklaces, feathers, and other ornaments, all of which have, of course, a marketable value as curios. This, as Canon Scott Holland said at the meeting of the Universities' Mission, in a similar case, may well remind us of those three kings who knelt to offer gold and frankincense and myrrh; for we believe and know that these offerings of New Guinea are as valuable in the eyes of God as those rich gifts of the kings.

A DONOR of \$20,000 to the work of foreign missions was being spoken of as a most magnificent giver. "Not quite so," was the answer. "I know of at least one more generous giver." "Well that gift is known to very few except the Lord. The other day I was calling on a friend of mine, a very aged man, who told me with tears running down his cheeks, that his only son was about to leave home for missionary work in a far-away land. The father had discovered that the young man felt called of God to such service, but was tarrying at home for his sake. 'How could I keep him back,' said the old man, 'I had been praying nearly all my life, "Thy kingdom come;" and with all the pain of parting with my boy, with the certainty I shall never again see him on earth, there is a deep joy in giving him up for Christ's sake.'"

SOME people feel that if they give their children a comfortable home, suitable clothes, proper food and a good education, they have entirely fulfilled their obligations as parents, and yet, children who have had the best of these four requisities, have grown to be men and women and so stingy, so close-fisted, and so small in many ways, that one might almost question whether the world would not have been richer if they had never been born—for the ground they occupy might have been possessed by a nobler type of being. Such people are no benefit to society. * * * These persons may not be wholly to blame for this—a great part of this wrong may have been done them by their parents, whose constant cry may have been, "Get, get, get, never give." A small town in Massachusetts gives the largest contribution of any parish in the State. One year that little church gave for benevolent objects, nearly \$9,000, and it came largely from three brothers. One of them, being asked one day how it was that he gave so liberally and so cheerfully, replied, "We were trained to it when children, and we could not sleep on our beds if we kept back the Lord's money." They were trained when they had little, and when the Master gave them an abundance, the habit was formed and they gave of their fulness, willingly and gladly.—Mrs. J. L. Scudder.