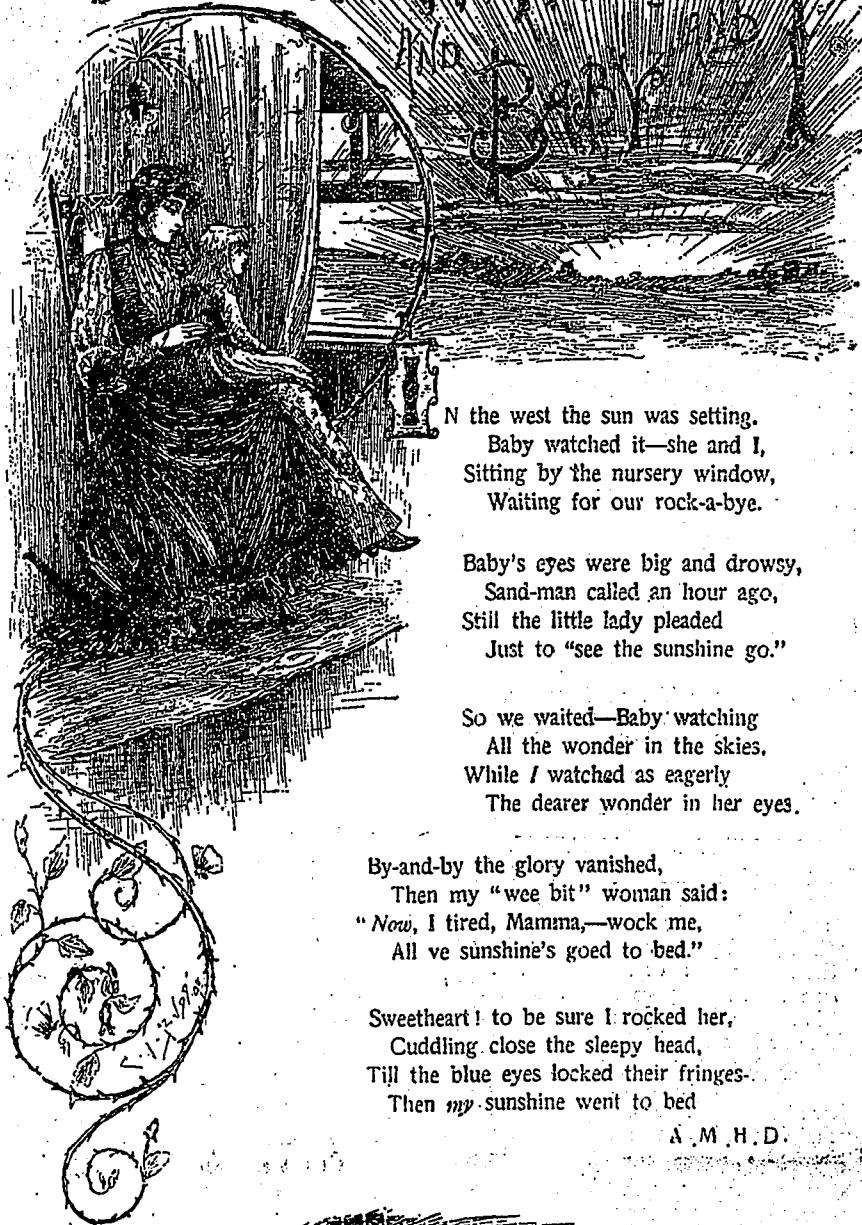


SUNSHINE.



On the west the sun was setting,
Baby watched it—she and I,
Sitting by the nursery window,
Waiting for our rock-a-bye.

Baby's eyes were big and drowsy,
Sand-man called an hour ago,
Still the little lady pleaded
Just to "see the sunshine go."

So we waited—Baby watching
All the wonder in the skies,
While I watched as eagerly
The dearer wonder in her eyes.

By-and-by the glory vanished,
Then my "wee bit" woman said:
"Now, I tired, Mamma,—wock me,
All ve sunshine's goed to bed."

Sweetheart! to be sure I rocked her,
Cuddling close the sleepy head,
Till the blue eyes locked their fringes—
Then my sunshine went to bed

A. M. H. D.



BROTHER GOOD-HEART SLOW-TO-MOVE'S VISION.

BY REV. ERNEST G. WESLEY.

One bright Sabbath afternoon, after a very hearty dinner, Brother Slow-to-move remarked to his wife:

"Charity, you and the children can, if you wish, go to the Second Church this evening; but I think I shall walk over to the Beech Avenue Church."

Mrs. Slow-to-move was her husband's exact opposite, an energetic, whole-souled, earnest woman; often, it must be confessed, annoyed, frequently hindered, at times discouraged, and occasionally just a trifle irritated by her husband's slowness to see the necessity of prompt action in various fields which did not especially interest him, particularly so in the mission field. Suspecting the cause of the remark, and with her natural shrewdness too wise to suggest any special motive for his proposed absence from the evening service, she answered:

"Why not come with us to our own church, husband?"

"Because the elder announced a missionary meeting for to-night. I can't see why in the universe he should bother us about the cannibals and Hottentots and Fiji islanders whom none of us are ever likely to see; I think we have heathen enough near our own doors. Let's first attend to our neighbors; the Gospel of Christ, and not missions, satisfies my hunger."

Mrs. Slow-to-move's idea was correct; she well knew her husband's not exactly hostility to missions, but rather "slowness-to-move" in this direction, and quietly replied:

"Perhaps, Good-heart, the meeting to-night may prove more interesting to you than the last one you attended."

"I don't feel like running the risk! Who wants to hear all about a lot of half-naked savages? For the life of me, Charity, I fail to see the good to come from missions to the Cannibal Islands, and such places as where Bishop Taylor and his wild-goose-chasing followers have gone. Just see how they are dying! As sure as you live these men and women will be terribly glad to see New York once more when they get the chance."

"I confess, husband, that I am at last most willing to admit the positive uselessness of mission work in the Fiji Islands and such places; but we have many fields elsewhere."

"Upon my word, wife, I am glad to hear you admit so much! The day will now surely come when you will no less willingly admit the uselessness of missions in all those other places you have at your tongue's end."

"I hope, Good-heart, it will hasten! It will come when all these places, like the Fijis, have been brought to Christ through the efforts of faithful foreign missionaries," was the quiet reply.

Brother Slow-to-move saw the pitfall into which he had fallen so easily, and, to avoid being caught a second time, rose from his easy-chair and sought the quiet of his study, remarking as he did so:

"Well, well, have your own way, Charity! Send all the blankets you wish to Africa, and mosquito-nets to Greenland and fans to the North Pole, but here, in case I forget, are some quarters for the children to give, and fifty cents as an offering from myself; and, by the way, I may

as well give you this cheque for fifty dollars for those two chairs I ordered; Harris is sure to bring them when I'm out."

Brother Slow-to-move reached his study, selected a favorite lounge, stretched himself upon it, tried to think over the morning's sermon, soon forgot sermon and self, fell asleep, and dreamed a very strange dream.

Before him rose a very high range of mountains whose summits seemed to pierce the very skies. As he gazed upon the precipitous towering cliffs he at length noticed a very narrow pathway, traced, like a thin silver thread, from ridge to ridge, until, reaching the base of the tallest peak, distance made it fade from view.

A stranger now drew near him, the beauty of whose person and sweetness of whose expression at once deeply impressed his heart and mind. Brother Slow-to-move felt himself compelled to obey the sign made by the unknown guide, and followed.

In an incredibly short space of time our friend found himself standing on the very summit of the highest mountain, on the edge of a wide plateau overlooking the world beyond and below. Obeying a sign given by his silent conductor he looked around to behold a wonderful scene, one requiring several minutes' study before the many startling scenic pictures assumed outline and shape. Across the horizon toward which his eye was directed he read, inscribed in letters of inky blackness:

"THE EMPIRE OF HEATHENDOM."

In one part of this empire were hosts of men and women driven to and fro and lashed with merciless fury by the long hissing whips of cruel drivers, all of whom appeared to be under the orders of a being of gigantic stature seated upon a throne, above which was seen, gleaming out of thick murky darkness, the word:

"IGNORANCE."

The crowds, bewildered, frightened, senseless, surged to and fro, rushing frantically and aimlessly in all directions, as though seeking a way of escape, and then, baffled at every point, crowding upon each other until myriads of men and women, boys and girls, with thousands of little children, lay upon the ground trampled to death, while tens of thousands more were crying in awful agony for help until even Slow-to-move could scarcely hold himself from rushing to the rescue.

Again his eye followed the finger of his guide; he now noticed crowds, scarcely less in number, mowed down by monstrous scythes wielded by the arms of demons whose glaring eyes, blood-dripping fingers, and hoarse laughter almost stilled Slow-to-move's heart-throbbings. But the awful work went on, line after line fell before the sweep of those advancing scythes, until the dead and dying, the maimed and tortured, lay before him an awful mass of shrieking, writhing, dying humanity. In the far distance Slow-to-move beheld the throne of the monarch of this realm, and above it he read the word

"LUST."

Once more the finger of his yet silent guide moved, once more his own eye followed from west to east; millions were again before him; the greater number walking, wading, sinking in mire and filth, above the surface of which he saw fingers, hands, and arms stretched in mute, helpless, awful, appealing agony, while here and there appeared many a face sinking beneath the nauseous flood, each one, as it disappeared, seeming to fix on him a look of such intense, beseeching agony that Slow-to-move found himself pressing his hands upon his beating heart as if to still the anguish of its eager throbbings.

In the centre of this putrid quagmire stood another throne, over which he saw the words

"THE THRONE OF THE NO-GODS."

For the fourth time the silent finger moved; a fourth scene assumed shape before his eyes—still uncounted millions in the fourth empire. In one district he saw countless hosts cutting themselves to pieces with sharp knives, falling to the ground gashed and bleeding, shrieking under the self-inflicted torture; beyond this he saw the smoke of countless fires, through the curling wreaths of which were revealed the writhing forms of many women falling into the flames beneath them. Elsewhere ap-

peared the bruised and mangled bodies of long rows of human beings crushed to a bleeding mass of quivering flesh beneath the huge wheels of ponderous machines drawn by yelling fiends. Further on streamed an unbroken procession of mothers, who, bearing their children in their arms, cast them one by one into the open jaws of a ravenous monster whose greed seemed insatiable.

Slow-to-move fell to the ground, unconscious for a few moments, under the weight of accumulating horrors, but not before he read the name of the fourth throne:

"NO CHRIST."

As he came to himself the guide's finger again drew his eye as it still moved along the dark horizon.

A fifth empire lay before him, made known by its utter darkness—terrible, deep, impenetrable. Peals of thunder roared and crashed and rolled around, lightnings flamed and seethed and hissed, and through their gleaming fires Slow-to-move saw yet countless millions hopelessly lost. Deep fissures yawned unseen before them, into which myriads fell; rivers, deep, dark, rushing, swallowing thousands; molten lakes, into which hosts were driven; shoreless oceans of horror and shame, into which millions cast themselves in sheer despair. The scenes revealed by the hissing forks of light were so fearful that Slow-to-move hid his face in terror, to see, ere he did so, the name of the fifth empire:

"SUPERSTITION."

Thus far not a word had been spoken by his guide; but now the pale lips opened and a voice of inexpressible tenderness asked:

"MY SON, IS THIS ENOUGH?"

The tone and accent of the speaker, though so sweet, betrayed such intense suffering that Slow-to-move looked into the face of his guide with deep sympathy, deeper because unexpressed in words. As he did this he started back in horror; from head to foot the body of his conductor was crimson with blood which streamed out of a thousand wounds.

Again the lips moved:

"Is this enough, my son, or do you desire to see more?"

Before Slow-to-move was able to reply the scene once more changed.

Afar off, on a seemingly distant plain, upon which light, love, and peace appeared to smile, stood a home soon recognized as his own. Near by it a small band of young men and women, led by a few scarred veterans; all were evidently waiting in eager, anxious, prayerful expectancy. Slow-to-move was about to ask his conductor the cause of the evident delay, when he heard the words spoken in a tone of unutterable sadness:

"These wait to rescue those whom your eyes have seen."

Slow-to-move asked in wondering accents:

"Why do they wait? Why do they not hasten to the rescue? Will it not soon be too late?"

And the sad answer crushed down upon his very soul:

"My son, they would hasten, but they wait for thee: for thy wealth, for thy interest, for thy prayers, for thy sympathy; shall they be hindered longer?"

Slow-to-move awoke, and beheld it was all a dream; but the interpretation of his dream was at once supplied by what seemed to be the faint echoes, sweet, tender, pleading, of the voice of his guide:

"I have shown you part of my harvest field; will you not henceforth help me to glean for my kingdom?"

In that hour Slow-to-move died, and only Good-heart remained. From that hour Brother Good-heart proved foremost in all mission work, his zeal, earnestness, and love being such that his Master accepted his service as the fragrant tribute of praise, devotion, and deep, whole-souled gratitude.

He had seen the field, and that was enough.—*Gospel in all Lands.*

WHAT WE CAN DO for ourselves will soon be forgotten; what we can do for others may be the vision to cheer the soul when the eyes can no longer behold the loved ones.