

**"Go Preach My Gospel."**

Go, ye messengers of God;  
Like the beams of morning, fly,  
Take the wonder-working rod—  
Wave the banner-cross on high.

Where the lofty minaret  
Gleams along the morning skies,  
Wave it till the crescent set,  
And the "Star of Jacob" rise.

Go to many a tropic isle  
In the bosom of the deep,  
Where the skies forever smile,  
And the oppressed forever weep.

O'er the pagan's night of care,  
Pour the living light of heaven;  
Chase away his dark despair,  
Bid him hope to be forgiven.

Where the golden gates of day  
Open on the balmy East,  
High the bleeding cross display;  
Spread the Gospel's richest feast.

Bear the tidings round the ball,  
Visit every soil and sea;  
Preach the cross of Christ to all,  
Christ, whose love is full and free.

**Growth of Missions.**

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.

To the Christian Church the world of to-day is indebted for the social and moral achievements which have been now among the peoples and tribes who have carried the black brand of sensuality, cruelty, and animalism for years and generations which it is difficult to name, and though the Church has not, during the present century, worked up to the full measure of her ability, her endeavours have been on a wider scale than in any former period in her long and eventful history.

More has been really done within the past eighty years for the evangelization and uplifting of the great outside, downtrodden, despised, and neglected world, than in all the two thousand previous years put together. In over twenty thousand different places in heathen lands the Gospel is now proclaimed, and about seven thousand ordained missionaries, with thirty-eight thousand native lay helpers, are engaged in this most blessed work.

The Scriptures have been translated into languages spoken by nine-tenths of the population of the globe, and since 1804, about one hundred and sixty millions copies, in whole or in part, have been sent forth among the teeming, busy, enquiring millions who need this light, which is above the brightness of the sun.

Since the commencement of the present foreign missionary operations, about two hundred and seventy million dollars have been spent by the Church in her grand effort to roll away the darkness and gloom of ages from off those parts of the earth where paganism and superstition, cruelties and inhumanities, have ruled and reigned so long. And we are further told that about two hundred millions of this amount has been raised within the last thirty years.

Whatever men may say, one thing is certain and indisputably clear, and that is, that scores and hundreds of tribes are not *what* they were, nor *where* they were, before the humanizing and elevating influences of the Gospel were brought to bear upon them. The barbaric and bloody scenes of purely heathen days have passed away, to return no more again forever.

When the apostle, in the name of his risen Lord, poured strength into the ankle bones of the lame man at the gate Beautiful, it was a striking

symbol and prediction of what Christianity would, in a higher sense, do for the bruised, afflicted millions of our weak and staggering world. When the Redeemer took the daughter of Jairus by the hand and lifted her up from the bed of death, it was a radiant promise of another and grander uplifting yet to be. Ruskin has somewhere said that in a handful of common mud all the elements of the finest crystal are found, and science has proclaimed the fact that even the black heart of the coal contains a treasury of sun beams, a collection of rays gathered in the olden time for the light and comfort of the later days. So in the long neglected tribes and peoples are possessions costlier far than diamonds or worlds, and the Divine Author of Christianity takes them all into the warm embrace of His infinite, undying love. By the agencies of God's appointment, millions of struggling men and women have received strength and healing, and thousands and tens of thousands have already appeared in the temple rejoicing and praising Him for His wonderful works; and the day is coming when the sanctuaries shall be crowded with such as have been emancipated and saved through the same blessed and enduring Name.

Yes, the lever of believing prayer, of elevating educational influences, and of a wide Christian endeavour, has been successfully placed under the very lowest strata of the living human world, and the whole vast bed is rising upward into liberty and light. The fulcrum cannot move, and the lever cannot break, for into their constitution is poured not only all that is best of the human, but also the richest and most abiding of that which is divine. When Trojan, the Roman Emperor, tore from his imperial robe a strip, to bind up the wounds of a bleeding, suffering soldier, he presented an action crowded with the instinct of a common humanity; but there is a Divine One who, for the benefit and healing of sin-stricken and dying men, has made a sacrifice which puts all merely human gifts infinitely into the shade. This work of world-wide uplifting cannot die. The redeeming movements of the age cannot go back, for they are the fruit of the principles which are immortal, and the practical outcome of the teachings of that adorable Saviour who, in the might and majesty of a boundless mercy, came to seek and to save that which was lost.

GARETOWN, N.B.

**The Way to Give.**

BY REV. ARTHUR MITCHELL, D.D.

As I was riding one Sabbath with a farmer to church, we fell into conversation on the subject of giving. He was an elder in the Presbyterian church, a man between fifty and sixty years of age. Said he, "I give a tenth of all I make to the Lord. Every crop of corn, every load of hay, every dozen eggs I sell, I keep account of, and one-tenth of the profit goes to the Lord. It came rather hard at first, but that is past long ago. Now I only have to distribute what is already given. I am ready to listen to any reasonable application, and if I think it a good object, it is nothing but a pleasure to give. That tenth, I have come to feel belongs to God. I never touch it. I should as soon think of spending my neighbour's money as that."

About the same time I met the pas-

tor of this man. Said he, "That farmer is not only the largest giver, but the most cheerful giver, in my parish. I preach in two churches. He helps liberally in sustaining both, and the money he gives is the least of the blessings he brings to us."

Sometime after this I was conversing with a friend in Chicago, a young business man, on the same subject. "Yes," said he, "I determined when I was a clerk, the first year that I earned anything for myself, that I would set aside a fixed percentage of my income for benevolence. I made the resolution and have kept it."

"Well, you began early," I remarked. "So I did," was the reply, "and it was well I did. My salary was small, and to give the proportion I fixed upon was hard; but there has never been a year since when it would not have been harder. A year or two after I went into business for myself, it looked as though every cent was needed for capital. I am afraid I shouldn't have commenced the system that year. But having resolved and made a beginning already, I was ashamed to retreat. Then, the year after I was married. That year I should have begged off, I am sure, if it had not been for the habit, by that time pretty well settled. That carried me through, soon after came our big fire; then hard times, epizootics; in fact, almost every year, something to make that particular year a bad one to begin. Now, I always say to my friends, begin to give as soon as you begin to make, start early." I do not certainly know what proportion of his income the young merchant gives. Probable a tenth; not less I am sure.

So here in Cleveland. A young man just beginning his business life came to me alone a few evening since, and said, "I like this idea of giving a regular proportion, and I am going to begin now. I think I'll give a tenth. This year that will be five hundred dollars. It looks like a good deal to give away; and my business is growing; it will be more yet, I expect next year; but it's the right way. My old Bible class teacher used to talk to us boys about it, and I'm going to do it."

—*Christian Observer***The World for Jesus.**

The world for Jesus—reverently  
Before Thy throne we fall,  
Bring forth the royal diadem  
And crown Him Lord of all.

The world for Jesus—earnestly  
We'll work as well as pray,  
With armour bright maintain the fight,  
The victory crowns the day.

The world for Jesus—patiently  
The cross below we'll bear,  
Till, suffering o'er, we lay it down,  
The crown above to wear.

The world for Jesus—joyfully  
We lift our waiting eyes,  
To wondrous signs upon the earth,  
To wonders in the skies.

The world for Jesus—gloriously  
The shout shall rise, amen,  
The Lord, the God omnipotent,  
On earth has come to reign.

MISS ISABELLA L. BIRD (Mrs. Bishop), in her last book on the Malay Peninsula, entitled the "Golden Chersonese," says, "China is irreligious, a nation of atheists or agnostics, or slaves of impious superstition. In an extended tramp among temples I have not seen a single male worshipper or a thing to please the eye."

**A Methodist Heroine.**

A LITTLE volume of "Sketches of American Methodists" has this characteristic notice of Mrs. Crocker, whose husband was a farmer in New Hampshire. When the Rev. D. McCall was preaching in that State she sat one day an attentive listener to his sermon. The word pierced her heart like a sharp arrow. So deep was her sorrow for sin, that on her return home, she could not restrain her sighs and tears in presence of her husband. Her grief annoyed him, and on learning its cause he said very sternly,

"You shall not go to that Methodist meeting any more."

Fearing his anger she made no reply. But while spending part of a day with a neighbour shortly after, she ventured to attend a meeting held near by, and was so moved that the flood-gates of her penitential sorrow were re-opened, and she returned to her home weeping as before. In the evening her husband, who had been to the mill, came in. Some one had told him that his wife had been to the meeting, and the sight of her tears was to his temper what a crimson cloth is to an unreasoning ox. After a volley of cruel words, he said,

"You must promise me never to attend another Methodist meeting, or leave my house at once!"

This unexpected, unnatural threat startled the trembling woman. She was in truth dumb with astonishment. Her silence enraged him, and lifting his arm into a threatening attitude, he fiercely shouted,

"Say what you mean to do, and be quick!"

It was a crisis in the life of that weeping wife. "What can I do?" she thought. "What ought I do?" she replied.

"If I must comply with your demand, and you will give me no time to think about it, painful as it is, I must leave your house!"

Whereupon her husband opened the door and said, fiercely,

"Go! Get out this instant!"

Fearful lest a blow might be added to these angry words, she stepped out into the pitiless storm. The cold blast, as it swept against her lightly clad form, made her shiver. Her heart throbbed violently as she whispered to herself, "If the Lord does not pity and save me, I have none to help me now."

She threw her apron over her uncovered head, made her way to the log barn, and crept beneath the hay.

Her guilty husband's thoughts troubled him. "I have turned my wife out of the doors," he said to himself. "And for what? Because she was seeking her soul's best good, as I ought to do myself. What if she should perish in the storm? What can I say to my neighbours, my children, to God, if she should die?"

Unable to endure these torturing questions, he lighted his lantern, traced her footprints through the snow to the hovel he called a barn, and in humble tones said,

"Do forgive me, wife, and come back to the house. You shall go to meeting as much as you please, and I will go with you. Do please come back home!"

You may be sure she forgave her penitent husband, and returned to the house from which she had been so cruelly driven an hour before. The man kept his promise, and their home henceforth became the abode of Christian affection.