

[FOR OUR MISSION.]

"In Memory of Aunt Maggie."

BY KATIE.

SHE is gone, but not forgotten,
Though we miss her here awhile,
For the secret halls of memory,
Yet are brightened by her smile.
She is gone, but not forgotten,
Faith can look beyond the sky—
And behold her, fair and happy,
In the Father's house on high.

Her voice, hushed on earth, now loveth
Songs of praises to repeat,
And her feet, so worn and weary,
Walk, with joy, the golden street.
Hands, forbidden earthly labour,
From a harp sweet music bring.
She is with the white robed army,
In the palace of the King.

We would not wish her back to earth life,
Back to care and pain once more,
But remember all the glory
Waiting us when life is o'er.
At the golden portal watching,
We see *many* a well known face.
Voices call us o'er the river,
To our OWN, *now empty* place.

But brighter than the wondrous vision,
That shall flash upon our soul,
Greater than the joy and blessing,
Waves of peace that e'er shall roll,
Grandeur than the grandest glory,
Sweeter than the sweetest place,
Is to *know our dear Redeemer*.
And to *see Him face to face*.

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From the Pacific Coast.

BURRARD'S INLET, B. C.

HERE I am on the shore of the Pacific, after a very pleasant journey. I went to the Y. M. C. A. in St. Paul, and saw Mr. Hutchinson, whom I was delighted to find was from Toronto. I was a week in Portland, Oregon, and was at the Sunday afternoon meeting of the Y. M. C. A. There is a curious mixture of Chinese and Indians in all the places here, and in Portland. I was in a Joss house, where the most fearful noise was being made, and all kinds of offerings being made to their hideous god.

Victoria is a very dirty place, with more than 1,000 Chinese. I went twice to the Chinese school and taught. There were about 50 in the school, and they seemed so eager to learn, it is quite a pleasure to teach.

I arrived here about ten days ago. It is a most wicked place—utter disregard of the Sabbath among rich and poor; utter contempt for the Chinese, though the whites use them for servants and all kinds

of work. There was a fight yesterday, a Chinese man and woman killed and another badly hurt. The Presbyterians have a small Sunday school at this point, and the poor minister is working as best he can among a very hard lot of people.

I cannot believe I am so far away from Toronto, and I long to be back, though the scenery here is beautiful and the climate mild, though decidedly moist. The terminus will turn this into a large city in a few years, and it is to be hoped some Christian people will emigrate, and bring their religion with them, not turn worse than the heathen Indians and Chinese all around them.

You have much need in meetings to pray for this Pacific coast, for you have no idea what it is. It makes one cling closer to the Saviour to be thrown among such people as I am living among just now. Please tell the Mission folk you have heard from me.

I must stop, as the Chinaman is setting lunch.

Yours very sincerely,

J. A.

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Signal for Salvation.

BY REV. T. BONE.

In crossing the ocean, a great variety of accidents and dangers surround the noble vessel, and her precious passengers and crew; and when these occur, the brave commander, in the hour of danger, thrusts it not beneath his dignity to hoist the flag, or fire a gun, as a signal of distress; and that captain would be unworthy of his position who would disregard the well-known signal, and pass by on the other side. So we, as voyagers on the ocean of life, are beset with innumerable difficulties and dangers, and are also provided with a complete code of signals, which are available by day or by night, on land or water. And what are these signals? "The burden of a sigh, the falling of a tear, the upward lifting of the eye, when none but God is near." And as it is honourable and right for the mariner to signal for deliverance from peril, is it not much more so for the sinner in danger to cry or signal for help, especially when help is near: for God is our refuge and strength, a *very present help in trouble*; and He hath said, "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord *shall be saved*." This is the universal signal, and the assured deliverance. A lake captain was puzzled with this text for a long time, until an incident occurred in his experience which made it plain to him. He said, "My vessel lay at the wharf in Chicago. Going on board one evening, my foot slipped, I fell into the water; and though a sailor, I am not a swimmer. I did not want any of the men to know that I was in the water, so I struggled hard to reach the ship. I sank and rose again; struggled still more, but in vain. I sank again. When I rose I began to think if I did not cry I might be drowned—so the pride being knocked out of me, I cried, 'save me! save