

that Christ's name may be glorified. In an address delivered at a missionary conference, the Rev. Canon Smith says: "When our Lord's human soul was bowed to the ground in the prospect of the cruel, cursed, shameful cross, He was cheered and refreshed to see already first fruits of those sufferings in the little band of Gentile sinners who made the simple request, 'Sir, we would see Jesus.' He read in their petition no mere idle curiosity, but the true expression of their souls' deep and dire need; a hunger and thirst which He alone could satisfy; a longing for true wisdom, light, and knowledge which all their boasted wisdom and philosophy could never impart; a yearning for rest and peace which He came to purchase, and leave as His great legacy to His Church. Perhaps they were few in number. No doubt these Greeks were despised at home for going all the way to Jerusalem for worship. But they were not few in His eyes who seeks until He finds the one 'lost sheep.' They were not despised by Him who was Himself 'despised and rejected of men;' and when their request was presented, He seemed to say,—'Here they are, coming already, not only Jews of My own people, but even far-off, out-cast, heathen Gentiles. They do not wait till I have died, risen, ascended,—but they are coming to ME now, as they will come to ME on and on, in ever-increasing numbers to the end of time, till the fulness of the Gentiles be gathered in, when I shall see of the travail of My soul and be satisfied."

Ours may still be the honored hands to lead the seeking ones to Jesus' feet. And before we grow indifferent to the stories from distant lands, and weary of their frequent rehearsal, let us remember that these stories are new every day in the lives of our less favored sisters. We wake each morning to say—

"New mercies each returning day
Hover around us, as we pray."

They rise to new misery, new shame, new degradation and suffering, all the sadder because it is the same thing over and over again.

Now as to our meetings—how can we improve them? We desire to have a larger attendance than last year. Our best meeting numbered 50, while our average was only about 30 present.

Does this really mean that only 30 out of St. James' large congregation care enough about missionary work to come and give it a sympathetic support? Could not each one of us try to bring one or two new people to each meeting; ask them to come; remind them of it; call for and bring them to it; be as much in earnest about it as you would be in getting people to come to something in which you had a personal interest? Then let each one of us feel a personal responsibility about making the meeting bright and interesting. One dull meeting does more harm than we can imagine. Let each of us pray about the coming meeting; and why should two or three supply all the information? It is not fair to let a few monopolise all the blessing that comes from the increased knowledge of missionary work obtained from searching for something to read at the meetings. We might all be looking out, and so it would become to each of us "our meeting," and therefore doubly interesting; for if it should be dull then each would share the responsibility and feel "I am to blame; I must try and make it better next time."

The grand end of our work, even the glory of our Redeemer, makes all these details a most solemn responsibility. The life of a missionary is a high and sacred one. Our work who stay at home to guard "the stuff" is scarcely less honoured, because, humanly speaking, the measure of our effort is the measure of supply and strength and extension abroad.

Some of those who worked with us last year have entered into rest; and truly we pray that God may give us grace to follow their good example, that with them we may become partakers of His heavenly grace. We are at the opening of another year of work; it may be that some of us ere its close shall be among those who rest from their labours; then

let us work while our day lasts, and may it be in the spirit of love and of mutual kindness and forbearance, for we are called to be workers together with Him whose name is Love.

At the close of the meeting the President begged all present to remind their friends that the regular meetings of this Society take place on the second Friday in every month, at 3 o'clock.

Children's Corner.

LADY TEMPLE'S GRANDCHILDREN.

CHAPTER XIX.

(Continued.)

"I think he means every one," answered Dolly with sudden shyness, for she did not quite understand her grandmother's tone, and another subject which lay very near to her heart, but of which she had not been thinking during the earlier part of the talk, now flashed into her mind, and seemed to tie her tongue. For if grandmother thought she wished to allude to that, how angry she would be.

Lady Temple said no more. She gave no sign that she paid any special heed to the child's words, and Dolly's fear slowly abated.

The light was growing dim now. Evening was closing in. Dolly rose and stood by the window looking out into the gathering twilight.

"Can you sing me something, Dorothy?" said Lady Temple's voice, from the shadowy room. "I am told that you sing nicely; but I have never heard you yet. Can you sing without a piano?"

Dolly was greatly surprised at the request. She felt rather frightened, and yet there was a sense of pleasure mingling with her fear.

"I used to sing hymns to mamma sometimes, when it got dark," she answered timidly; "she used to like me to."

"Sing something that you used to sing to her."

"Shall I sing one of her favorites?"

"Yes, if you please."

So in a sweet little childish treble Dolly began to sing—

"Hark, my soul, it is the Lord,
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His Word.
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee,
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"

This and the succeeding verses Dolly sang, and almost as her voice died away, Parker appeared at the door.

"Are you ready, my lady?"

"Yes, Parker. You must say good-night now, Dorothy. Parker shall come to you upstairs presently."

Dolly obeyed with the docility characteristic of her. She only lingered to replace the heavy volume upon the shelf, and then she came and kissed the pale face that bent down towards hers.

"Good-night, grandmother. I hope you will sleep very well."

"Thank you, Dorothy. Good-night."

"I wonder why I used to be so afraid of grandmother." Said Dolly to herself as she mounted the stairs, "she is not a bit different, and yet I do not feel hardly at all afraid. I suppose it is because I love her now."

CHAPTER XX.

A GREAT SURPRISE.

The following days were very happy ones for Dolly. She was allowed to go in and out of Lady Temple's room almost at will. She was so quiet and so handy. Parker told her,

that she did not "worrit" my lady; and the maid, who had been waiting almost by night and day upon the invalid for four long weeks, was very glad to have some of the lighter duties taken off her hands by somebody else.

Most children would have wearied of the monotony of a sick-room tenanted only by a silent grandmother, who never uttered any words of praise or of tenderness, and whose thanks were only of the most formal and frigid kind. But Dolly was not like most children. She had a fund of quiet womanly self-contentedness and contentment peculiarly her own, and she was perfectly happy tending her feeble grandmother, and doing every small service possible to lighten the weary burden of loneliness and sickness.

Then although Lady Temple spoke little of thanks, in her own silent way she thought of the child. New and tempting story books, brightly bound and full of pictures, were continually appearing upon the table, or a curious and beautiful Chinese puzzle would be there, or an old-fashioned scrap-book or album yellow with age, but over which the child would pore delightedly for hours at a time during her quiet watches.

She had too much tact and comprehension to be effusive in her thanks over these tokens of thoughtful consideration, but every now and then, when she came for the good-night kiss, she would whisper softly—

"Thank you so much,—dear grandmother. It is such a pretty story. When Duke comes back I shall read it to him: and he will be so pleased."

(To be continued.)

In thirty years' successful experience in the manufacture of 150,000 instruments, the Mason & Hamlyn Company have accumulated facilities for manufacture without which they could neither produce as good organs as they now make, nor with as great economy. Said an experienced manufacturer in witnessing the operation of a single machine in their factory recently: "One boy with that machine does as much work as ten skilled workmen could do without it, and does it better at that." These accumulated facilities, including experienced and skilled workmen, are the secret of their producing organs which are unquestionably the best, yet can be sold at prices which are little more than those of the poorest.—*Boston Traveller.*

A GREAT NEWSPAPER.—*The Pall Mall Gazette*, of London, England, did not overstate the case when it said that *The New York Independent* "is one of the ablest weeklies in existence." It is as overwhelming as a monthly or quarterly magazine, with all the matter in its many departments. Any monthly might indeed be proud if it could show as distinguished a list of contributors as *The Independent*. In a single department—its story department—we find, among Englishmen, such contributors as Sir Samuel W. Baker, the celebrated Egyptian explorer; Thomas Hardy, W. E. Norris, James Payn, F. W. Robinson and Henry W. Lucy, the well-known and deservedly popular novelists; while among Americans we notice the names of Edward Everett Hale, Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, Sarah O. Jewett, J. S. of Dale, Rebecca Harding Davis and Harriet Prescott Spofford. *The Independent* printed also, recently, the last story from the pen of the late Ivan Tourgenoff, having secured the only translation from the Russian into English. This department is but a sample of the others. It would seem to us that *The Independent* offers not only "fifty-two dividends during the year," but, in addition, a stock dividend with each department. We advise our readers to send for a free sample copy.

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Vol. IX.

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