

was made known that three-fourths of the missionaries now working in connection with two or more of our largest Foreign Mission Societies are thus supported. Were not these facts, this new departure which was planned the work of the Holy Ghost, a trumpet call to the pastors and laymen of our Maritime churches to fall into line with the Holy Spirit's teaching and commands. Ought we not with one accord to arouse ourselves from selfish sleep and welcome the power of the Holy Spirit to dwell in us until we are willing to obey his command? Then what joyous times. So many churches at once will each support their own missionary. So many individuals will make a beginning by supporting one missionary.

Was so glad to hear Dr. Manning preach at Amherst. He made it plain that the hope of the future was in churches supporting their own missionaries. Will the churches obey the Holy Spirit's command, and have the resultant showers of blessing, or will they continue to repeat the sad mistakes of the past and have his continued curse? Which shall it be?

DIMOCK ARCHIBALD.

P. S.—Having read this article to a friend, he suggested that perhaps the denomination was really not able to send those ten men. Let us examine. Were there not 500 husbands either at the Convention or in the churches who if asked by wife or daughter for a twenty-dollar new suit would find it perfectly convenient, even a pleasure, to supply it. Why? Because love and self interest makes it easy. Now if these 500 brethren were brought into closer and more intelligent sympathy with Christ in his plans for saving the men of every nation, and that his command, "Go ye," was personal to each one, what a pleasure it would be to each to give the twenty dollars extra, which would at once give us the ten thousand dollars to support the ten men. Also notice further, the same spirit that caused all to give the twenty dollars would lead some of the number to give \$100, and others to give \$1000 each. Now is it not plain that it is not lack of money or ability to support more missionaries, but the lack of intelligent sympathy with Christ in his plans to save the lost.

In response to an enquiry, a note has just been received from Rev. E. F. Merriam, formerly of the Baptist Missionary Union staff, to say—That the Church Missionary Society, representing the evangelical element of the Church of England, have for some years past adopted the policy of promptly sending to the Foreign Field all men and women whom they deemed called by the Holy Spirit for the work, believing that he who called them, would give success to efforts made to obtain money with which to support them.

D. A.

From Heart to Heart—a Plea for Sunshine.

BY PASTOR J. WEBB.

How much brighter we feel when the sun shines especially after a long season of cloudy, rainy weather.

Where there are tall, smoky houses, and high, black-looking walls, and narrow, dirty streets, the people's faces are sallow and cheerless; even the little children look care-worn and tired. People need more sunshine. God has given it free of cost, without money and without price, and he has given an abundance of it.

A good many people have the sun shining on the outside of their houses, but all within is dark and gloomy. The air is stifled and impure. The carpets and upholstery and drapery must be kept bright even at the cost of drooping hearts and faded lives. Open your doors! Let up the blinds! Draw the curtains aside and let the beautiful sunshine in! Healthy lungs, rosy cheeks and cheerful lives are what is needed—let all else go.

Let a little sunshine in in your home-life. How few children there are who can really say: "Home is the best place on earth." Why is it that so many children prefer the unwholesome society of the street rather than that of the home? Is it because father comes home too tired, or too busy to think of such trifling things as home-life, or to enter into the things that help to make life worth living? What are men working for if it is not for wife and children and home? Yet how many dark clouds there are hanging over business places and hearts and minds, all for the want of a little time for home-creation. The cheerful smile and loving words of wife and children have followed many a man to his place of business, and, like dancing sunbeams, have charmed away the gloom and helped him to surmount enormous difficulties. Don't let anything rob your wife and children of those things which are brighter than gold and of more value than diamonds, viz., a cheery voice, a pleasing manner, and an interest in everything that makes home the dearest—the sweetest place—in the world. When men get together they can have a good, hearty, healthful laugh—that is right—God wanted us to laugh, or he would not have given us that peculiar gift. What is needed is a good, hearty laugh in the home sometimes, where wife and children can join in.

How dark and dreary are the homes where there is nothing but business: where every little loss or drawback is magnified and all the blessings of life minimized! Poor children! how much they need—after being shut

in between four sightless, blank walls, with their dear little lifeless forms cramped between a comfortable seat and a hard, wooden desk—a little bright sunshine in their homes! Is it not a miracle that they ever grow to love the beautiful? Is the mother always tired and spirit-crushed so that she cannot enjoy the childish glee and merry prattle of the little ones? Poor mother! how much better it would be if she could spare a little of her life and strength and cheerfulness for the children—how much better she would feel! Don't let anything take the bright smile from your face. Don't allow the work of the house to take the sweetness from your voice, and the tender, loving words from your lips, for no one else can supply these, and life, you know, is so dreary without them.

To enjoy sunshine in the home we must have sunshine in our hearts; and there can be no real happiness without Jesus. There are so many troubles, and anxieties, and worries—but a little talk with Jesus makes it all right.

We need more sunshine in our church life. An ounce of pity or sympathy is worth more than a hundred-weight of righteous indignation. A pleasant smile and a cheering word is of far more value than an eloquent speech made up of grumbling and fault-finding. It is more praiseworthy to reclaim than it is to expel, though it requires more grace and more of the spirit of the Master to do it. A bright smile and a cheerful heart accompanies a forgiving spirit, but a dark frown and troubled thoughts accompany a spirit that is revengeful. Fault-finders, cruel critics, profession-grumblers, and people who boast that they "always speak their mind," are like heavy, black clouds which may burst and send forth thunder, lightning and rain any moment; but people who are good Samaritans; peacemakers, cheerful and forgiving, are like the sunshine which chases the dark clouds into oblivion and makes all nature rejoice.

If we would have more sunshine in our church-life we must try to realize how good and kind and merciful and long-suffering God has been to us, and then show our gratitude in trying to be to others what God has been to us.

"Let us gather up the sunshine,
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff,
Let us find our sweetest comfort
In the blessings of today
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from the way."

Modern Issachars—Crouching Between Burdens.

BY REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.

"Issachar is a strong ass!" So said his father who knew him best. As some one has said, "If Issachar had left no progeny, he might be permitted to sleep under this infamous epitaph: 'He is a strong ass,'" continued his father "crouching between burdens." If he had been a weak one he might have been pitied, or his father might have added an explanatory note as a kind of charitable codicil to his will. But his crime was his servile strength crouching instead of manfully enduring or fighting. His was a strength with his nose in the dust.

Issachar is an example of the evil that results from too easy circumstances. The inheritance of Issachar was very pleasant. It was level and fertile, easily cultivated and exceedingly remunerative. So his descendants came at length for the most part to take things easy and submit to outrages which those in poorer circumstances would have resisted even unto death. They grew indolent and luxurious, caring for little or nothing but their own ease, sinking at last into mere tribute-payers.

It is generally thought well to be born fortunate, rich, well-surrounded, well-favored. But it is not always so—not usually so. It is a serious affliction to a man to be too well off, and many a son has been ruined because he inherited a fortune from his father. We read an excellent article recently entitled "Wrestling with Our Advantages." We all have to struggle with our advantages quite as much as with our disadvantages, with our gifts quite as much as with our defects. No man ever yet worked his way in a dead calm. We all need some hindrances to help us, some retarding winds to drive us forward. "Adversity," says some one, "is the prosperity of the great." Kites rise against the wind, not with it. Not ease but effort, not facility, but difficulty, it is that makes men. The trouble with Issachar was that he did not wrestle with his advantages. He was essentially ease-loving, and his malice was too dear a price to pay for it.

There are not a few modern Issachars to be found among the men who ought to be the best citizens in our country, states or municipalities, or smaller communities. There are good citizens among the poor, and bad citizens among the poor. There are good citizens among the rich and prosperous, and bad citizens among the rich prosperous. But it is sadly true that too many modern Issachars are found among the rich, intelligent and well-situated. They crouch between burdens. They are ease-loving and do not like to take their part in the duties of citizenship. It is to them too much trouble to

vote, to attempt to bring about pure politics or try to enforce the law. Like the descendants of Issachar, they grow indolent, or luxurious, or come to care little or nothing for anything but their own convenience, and so they, like his descendants, sink at last into unpatriotic tribute-payers. They silently and supinely submit to outrages that they ought to resist, and stir up others to resist, and back them up in resisting, to the very uttermost degree of patriotic enlistment.

There are modern Issachars in the ministry, too, we are sorry to say. Some crouch between burdens too early in life, and others are ease-loving and indolent from the first. The "dead line" in the ministry is drawn by itself. "Be thou faithful unto death." The weapons of the minister's warfare should be wrenched from his hands only by death; for there is no comfort outside of service. The modern Issachar who has nothing better than a smoky old manuscript to put in his Bible—let him not forget, if not the manuscript itself the reason for it will be known and read of all men. This means that he is done, that he is stretching his steps, that he is a "strong ass crouching between burdens." Crouching between burdens on the part of any one is failure, discomfort, dishonor. No Christian can do it and be anything but a weakling. No Christian should set a time for laying down his burdens or pushing them aside. He should hold out in the battle for God until he gets his discharge. There are Issachars in all churches and communities—people who crouch between burdens, who shirk duty and shrink from responsibility. They help neither in the finances nor in the spiritual work. They love ease. They see that the church is good, believe in it, sit in the pews; they "enjoy" the services, but that is all that they do.

"Issachar is a strong ass, crouching between burdens." We are sorry that Issachar left such a host of descendants to follow in his ways. Look out! Are you getting comfortable and easy? Then suspect yourself and watch yourself lest your habits of industry fall, lest your patriotism grow languid, your activity disappear and self-sacrifice and usefulness drop untimely out of your life.—Interior.

How to Accept Promises.

In laying hold on promises, we should be careful not to mutilate them. There are enthusiastic persons who gather promises out of the Bible for personal use, much as little children gather flowers from the woods to transplant them in their own gardens: they seize upon whatever delights the eye, and appropriate it without stopping to notice whether it has any roots. As a rule, the "I wills" of God are but the fair flowers of the promises which he would have us transplant into our own lives. The assurance that we are to have a particular blessing is worthless if detached from the conditions upon which the blessing is to be sent, or, as we often need to be reminded, from the accompanying direction as to where it may be found. It matters little whether we accept the promises in the Bible as we are (as we are often exhorted to do), if we do not accept them as they are.—Selected.

Few Things and Many.

Christ's call to special service comes to us when we are engaged in the faithful discharge of our ordinary work. This is a lesson written large across the page of Scripture. It was when Moses was feeding his father-in-law's flocks that he was called to be the leader of Israel; it was when Gideon was threshing his wheat in the winepress that he received his commission to destroy the Midianites; it was from the sheep-folds of Bethlehem that David was called to the throne; it was from their boats and their nets that the apostles were called to evangelize the world. How important is the lesson this teaches us! Faithful discharge of the task nearest us, however humble it be, is the best preparation for the greatest work God can call us to. The man who thinks his present work beneath him will never rise above it. In this may be found the reason why some of us have never been called to any notable service for the Master. We have not been faithful in the few things, and therefore the Lord cannot make us ruler over many things.—Rev. O. H. C. McGregor.

Byron makes the illustrious Bonnivard dig deep footholds in the walls of his dungeon, by which he climbs to the lofty window of his cell to get a look at the impressive mountains of his native Switzerland. For weary years he had been confined in the prison of Chillon, below the level of the waters of Lake Geneva. One day a bird sang at the prison window the sweetest song he had ever heard. It resurrected his heart of stone. It created a yearning for a look over the land which was free to the bird. So the prisoner dug footholds in the plaster of the wall and climbed to the window above. He looked out and saw the mountains unchanged. He saw the snow of a thousand years, and learned patience. That look put new life into him and gave him a vision that lasted him to the end. From that sight he obtained rest, strength, solace. I mean to climb up to God that I may get God's vision of life and be forever consoled by the sight of something grand and inviting beyond this life, in which I am now in a prison. I mean to catch a glimpse of the towering peaks of immortality. I am cutting footholds for my faith in the promises of God.—David Gregg.