

looked very happy and one realized what a big piece of work these School Homes are doing in helping to make a Christian citizenship for our country.

On the return journey I saw the sun set: on the prairies—a wonderfully beautiful scene—the broad expanse of land, the golden sun gradually fading from sight with a riot of colors spreading over the sky. One could easily imagine the Golden Gates were not far distant; and I found myself longing to peep through and wondering if some faint strains of Heavenly music could not reach us. I seemed, too, to hear a Voice and the Voice said, "And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the Kingdom of God." What a "Union" that will be! No clash of color will be there. Creeds and confessions and denominations all gone! Many will be there who never knew of any denomination. Only the precious name of Jesus will open the Gates. When we gather there how small will seem all our strivings and differences! Even as I mused thus, the train stopped and the conductor called out a station. Not yet can we see the Golden Gates, not yet hear the strains of Heavenly music. The sun has disappeared from sight, night has set in and we remember the words of the hymn:—

"Work for the night is coming,

Under the sunset skies;

While their bright tints are glowing

Work for daylight flies."

May God help us at home and in the foreign field to be faithful to Him in all things.

—The Missionary Messenger.

Mrs. Donald MacGillivray is well known as the Editor of "Happy Childhood" a Christian magazine for the children of China, which is widely read, not only by the children but by Chinese men and women. She has also brought out a Chinese "Life of Christ" in four small volumes, beside translating many stories into Chinese.

Those who have had the privilege of hearing her speak while on her recent furlough, will be especially interested in this charming account of her western trip.—Editor.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE ON FURLOUGH

By One of Them

It is three months to furlough time and the missionary's wife commences to ponder. Does she want to go? Oh, yes, if there are children she knows they need a change. Then perhaps there are children at home and how her heart yearns to see them! Have they changed? Have they forgotten her? Are they now more familiar with some Aunt or Guardian or teacher than with their mother? If old enough to be in college what friends have they made? How about their spiritual life? Has somebody in the churches made a special effort to keep in touch with them in her absence? She longs too to see her own Homeland, to be with her own people, though some have "crossed the line" since she was last home.

Then there is the missionary himself. He is tired—very tired and needs a rest and change. Is she tired? Yes, very tired also, but there is little time to think about it.

Sewing has to be done, household belongings and trunks packed, visitors entertained, and the ordinary work carried on probably until the day before starting.

At last the excitement is over, the farewells regretfully said and the family started. I will not linger on the journey, which may be or may not be restful. At length the shores of Canada are in sight and the missionary's wife feels a thrill,—"This is my own, my native land."

Then there is the landing, the customs, the railroad journey, and at last Toronto, shall we say, is reached. Someone might ask, Where all this time is the missionary? Of course he is along with his wife and family, doing all he can, poor man, to help, but as a secret, let me tell you that when it comes to sewing and mending and packing, and looking after food, and washing and cooking, and planning, the missionary is not in it.

After some hunting a house is found, and the missionary's wife is settled with her family. She has been living in an Eastern land for six, for ten, for fifteen, or twenty years. With a true missionary spirit she has given her time and talents without salary to