

was very deep, four feet on the level. I continued the service until January, but was then obliged to abandon them till spring. Not only were the many miles from the mission-house to these missions impassable, but, when I went there in January, there was no road from house to house, which in some cases are far apart.

Now that the snow has abated, I am able to continue my usual trips, but am fearing, should we be returning to wet seasons, that the Duck Creek, which swells into a deep river and is not bridged, may again prevent regular visits to these parishes. But this is looking too far ahead. At a church meeting held in St. David's Parish, one of the congregation offered to give five acres of land for church, churchyard, and parsonage purposes.

By the unexpected arrival of the school-master's sister-in-law, Miss Phillips, the daughter of a retired British officer, I have the pleasure of sending a sketch of the mission house. The building to the left is the stable. My buckboard stands before the door, in which I have travelled many hundreds of miles.

NO FLATTERY THERE.

OME years ago there was a missionary bazaar held in a Christian city in aid of the African missions. When the bazaar was finished, it was found that a number of articles were left unsold. Some of them, it was thought, would be very handy for the mission, so it was decided to send the lot out to Africa. Among other things was a box of little hand-mirrors that had been given by a merchant. Looking-glasses seemed queer things to send to a foreign mission; however, they were sent, and became the most useful article there. The mirrors took the people's fancy, and their fame was carried far beyond the station. The knowledge of this wonderful thing came to a princess of a distant powerful tribe. She had never beheld her dusky countenance, except as a double silhouette in a placid lake, and she longed to behold all her charms, for, being a princess, she was told by everybody that she was most beautiful; where as, she was one of the plainest women in the whole tribe. A messenger was despatched for one of the mirrors, which he procured and at once returned to his mistress. When she got possession of it she did not look into it at once, but took herself off to her own place, that she might have a good long look at her beauty. When she beheld herself as she was, with one blow of her royal hand she dashed the glass to pieces. She ordered the missionaries off her territory, and published an edict forbidding looking-glasses being brought into the country.

Are there not many in other lands who are

in a similar condition with regard to their souls? When they are brought face to face with God's looking-glass, with the hideousness of their sin, and they cannot deny the fact, they blame the mirror, seek to avoid it, and destroy it, that they may lay the flattering falsehood to themselves that they are not so ugly as they appear.—*Selected.*

WHEN MY FACE SHALL BE CHANGED.

Joh xiv. 26.



T first when my face shall be changed, and I go
To dwell in a silence that cannot be broken,
A few whom I love will lament me, I know,
And eyes will be dim when my name shall be
spoken.

If any have blamed me, their censure will cease,
For when the full light of eternity flashes
There's nothing to do but to whisper of peace,
And no one can war with a handful of ashes.

But, oh, to be gone from the home that was mine,
With no more a share in its joys or its sorrow;
My part in its plans to forever resign,
No thought of to-day, and no care for to-morrow:

All this is beyond me. How strange it will be
To go on a journey that has no returning,
With year after year speeding on without me
To gladden or grieve when the sunsets are burning:

The children will lean their light weight on the stone.
To spell out my name, and question and wonder
What 'tis to lie there in the darkness alone
Through moonlight and starlight and rolling of thunder.

But then in a moment some butterfly gaw
Will hover about them and chide their delaying:
With beautiful wings it will lure them away
And they will forget all the stone has been saying.

And I shall lie patiently there in my place,
The slumber a part of my life and my story:
Till some time the morning will flash in my face,
And I shall awake to its gladness and glory.

—*Ellen M. H. Gates, in the New York Herald.*

DESPITE Church papers, missionary magazines, and pulpit and platform addresses, the majority of the laity are still *profoundly ignorant* of the details of the Church's missionary work, whether at home or abroad. The clergy are directly responsible for their ignorance in so far as they fail to give their people this information, whether from neglect, or because they fear that what may be contributed to some missionary object is so much lost to the parish. The "live" parishes all through the country are those that "look not only on their own things, but also on the things of others"; the dead parishes are those that "live unto themselves."

GENEROSITY does not consist in giving, but in making sacrifices in order that you may be able to give.—*Barrows.*

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