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Poetry.

Trust.

I know not if or dark or bright,
Shall be my lot; but I will trust
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best, or not.
It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain; or I may find
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.
Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee; or I may dwell
Be strange to me.
My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine; or I may find
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.
One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board; or I may find
Above the raving of the gale
I hear my Lord.
He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall; or I may find
If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light—
He tempests all.
Safe to the land, safe to the land—
The end is this; or I may find
And then with him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.
Dean of Canterbury.

Religious.

"Not if it was my Boy."

Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only one boy was saved from ruin, it would pay for all the cost and care and labor of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement, and said to him:

"Did you not color that a little, when you said that all that expense and labor would be repaid [if it only saved one boy]?"

"Not if it was my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply.

Ah! there is a wonderful value about "My boy." Other boys may be rude and rough; other boys may be reckless and wild; other boys may seem to require more pains and labor than they ever will repay; other boys may be left to drift uncared for to the ruin which is so near at hand; but "My boy"—it was worth the toil of a lifetime and the lavish wealth of a world to save him from temporal and eternal ruin. We would go the world round to save him from peril, and would bless every hand that was stretched out to give him help or welcome. And yet every poor wandering, outcast, homeless man is one whom some fond mother called "My boy." Every lost woman, sunken in the depths of sin, was somebody's daughter, in her days of childish innocence. To-day, somebody's son is a hungry outcast, pressed to the very verge of crime and sin. To-day somebody's daughter is a worn helpless wanderer, driven by necessity in the paths that lead to death. Shall we shrink from labor, shall we hesitate at cost when the object before us is the salvation of a soul? Not if it is "My boy," not if we have the love of Him who gave His life to save the lost.—*The Christian.*

Where are the churches described by Joseph Cook? He says there are certain churches "where the aristocratic members must be fanned with eloquent sermons, sprinkled with the lavender of ease, and awing in a hammock, one end of which is fastened to the Cross, while the other is held by the finger of Mammon."

It is said of Sir Isaac Newton that he never pronounced the name of God without removing his hat, and otherwise expressing devout respect.

The English Baptist Union.

In our last we gave some account of the Autumnal Session of this body at Newport, South Wales. The following are some further extracts from the *London Baptist*, which will be read with interest.

The Great Missionary Meeting at Victoria Hall on Tuesday evening was no ordinary occasion. Sir Robert Lush was the chairman, and spoke at the opening of the meeting to excellent effect. He said:

We took farewell this morning of many of our brethren who have dedicated themselves to service in the mission field—some of them veterans who have been for years undergoing the toil, and suffering the discouragement of that particular department of work, and they depart, evidently with the same zeal in their work with the same holy trust and confidence in God's promises with which they set out many years ago; others of them young men—it struck me from what they said to-day—young men of great promise, animated evidently with great zeal and possessed of considerable mental power. (Hear.) They have disregarded the attractions of home, of social and commercial life in this country, to dedicate themselves to the same glorious service. (Applause.) I read yesterday an article in a periodical lately issued, written by a gentleman who evidently has an intimate knowledge of India through residence there—as I presume from his writing—all his life. I only wish he had been here this morning to have heard what passed from the lips of our missionaries, particularly the veterans who have been there for years, because if he had, I cannot help thinking that he would have been disposed to correct, in a very essential part, some of the statements or conclusions which he came to in that article. . . . He sums up the results of so many years of labour, and not finding what in that commercial spirit he seems to have sighted for—the present returns which commercial men would look for for their capital and labour bestowed, he ventures to pronounce missions to be a failure. I repeat I only wish he had been here to-day; he would have seen that those of our brethren who know most about mission work, who have had to undergo all the toil, to suffer all the discouragements and all the opposition—they do not think it a failure. (Applause.) They are neither discouraged nor dispirited; they are ready to go forth again, inspired with the same zeal and having the same confidence as they had when they started at the first. I could not help thinking, when I read the article, that the first great missionary, the Apostle Paul—(Hear, hear)—did not view the results of his mission in that light. (Applause.) He could not write when near his end, writing the last letter to Timothy, in view of an impending violent death, he could refer to the persons to whom he had preached. He pointed out several by name who had deserted him. Demas had gone; Alexander had become an enemy. Two others he mentioned, and in such a way as to lead us to suppose his heart was rent by the unfaithfulness of those previously his friends who had left him; and more than all that "all those in Asia be turned away from me." And yet, after that, in what language did he write to Timothy? Why, if the writer of that article had been by Paul's side at that time, what would he have said? He would have said, "Paul, why your mission is evidently a failure; your supposed friends are all turned away from you; they are all gone. Tell Timothy to give it up; tell him he can make nothing whatever of the heathen; have nothing more to do with it." What did Paul write to Timothy, writing immediately after that apparently gloomy statement of the results of his labours? Why, he said to Timothy, "Preach the Word; be instant in season and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-

suffering, and doctrine; watch thou in all things, endure afflictions"—which I take to be a compendious term for trials and every other form of discouragement—(Hear.)—"endure affliction, do the work of an evangelist"—that is a missionary—make full proof of thy ministry. (Applause.) That is the language of Paul speaking at the close of a long and laborious life. "All they in Asia have left me; Demas has gone, others have gone; nevertheless, go on—go on. It is God's work." (Applause.) And this is the spirit which I am happy to find is possessed by our men who are here to-day—our veteran missionaries—and so far as I am aware, the spirit that is possessed by all the missionaries whom we have been honoured to send out to India. (Applause.) Do not let us therefore talk of discouragements. We have no right whatever to demand of God that we should see the present fruit of our labour. Our duty is to sow the seed—sow it in the morning, sow it at midday, and when the evening comes, withhold not our hand. Sow on, and leave it to Him who in His own good time will make that seed germinate, and bring forth the fruit to an abundant harvest. Those who sow may not live to reap, but God treasures up their labours, and they will have their reward; and although they may not reap themselves, depend upon it others will. Therefore do not let us, brethren, be discouraged at anything said. Let them talk down our work, sneer at our converts and question their characters and say they are not consistent, that they are not really Christians? Do they expect in this short time to see large communities transformed from heathenism into exalted Christians? Do not seem surprised at a missionary saying they have a deal to complain of in his converts. Paul did not look at the Corinthians and Galatians thus, nor as this outside critic does. Do not let us look at inconsistencies and other defects of character as showing that our missionary enterprise has failed. Believe it is God's work, and, depend upon it, will prosper sooner or later.

Dr. Landels in speaking on "Our great want" said:

My dear Sir Robert, I am very glad to address a meeting—a missionary meeting—under your presidency. It is not the first meeting I have addressed when you were in the chair, but it is the very first missionary meeting, and I hope it will not be the last. (Hear, hear.)—especially if it be a fine, enthusiastic meeting such as this, which, after all deductions may be made from it, testifies to a real, strong, deep interest in the great work of missions. (Applause.) I am especially glad too, to have the opportunity of addressing a meeting here. I think this is a sort of disputed land. (Laughter.) Some people say it is in Wales, and some people say it is in England. I do not profess to settle that geographical question for a moment, but suppose it is like the border-land from which I came, where they say it is neither England or Scotland, but somewhere between the two. (Laughter.) I leave that question, then, for yourselves; but there is no doubt about this, a very large number of this meeting are Welshmen, and to Welshmen I feel that I owe a very special debt of gratitude.

A few years ago the cry was for funds. Men were offering themselves for the work, and the society had not the means of sending them. More than a quarter of a century ago, I find myself reported as having said, "I fear not for the men, if the society be supplied with the means." Now, that state of things has changed, or we have formed a corrected estimate of our need. The impression has become all but universal that what we want is not so much means as men. With that impression I most entirely concur. (Hear, hear.) Men are what we want. They are, in fact, the great want of the age. They are wanted everywhere. (Hear, hear.) Both Turkey and Russia want them to command their armies and lead them to victory. (Hear, hear.) France wants them to steer her safely through

the perils with which she is now environed, through the self-complacent asses who have audaciously seized the helm of affairs. (Laughter.) England wants them to mould her destinies; specially since the greatest man the century has produced has retired from the position which no one as yet has been found competent to fill. (Applause.) Religion feels the want no less than war and statesmanship. We want them to fill our pulpits at home no less than to occupy our foreign fields. But, unhappily, men are very difficult to find. They ought to be very plentiful so far as appearances go; but in point of fact they are very scarce. They are almost the rarest thing God makes. (Laughter.) Things like men you may find in abundance, bipeds unfeathered, who bear the name of men. (Laughter.) But men are scarcer now even than they were in Solomon's day, when he said, "One man among a thousand have I found." (Renewed laughter.) No wonder then if the great want in missions, as in other things, is men. Not men to count, but men to work; quantity is not what we want, but quality. (Hear, hear.) You may send out a dozen, or a score, or even a hundred agents to-morrow, who have no particular aptitude or passion for their work. You may go to the colleges or to the churches where they are contemplating or content to pursue a different kind of life. You may hold out inducements which will lead them to become missionaries in the technical sense of the word, although the thought or the desire never entered their mind until you put it there by presenting considerations which are fitted to awaken other feelings than those of burning zeal for the extension of the cause of Christ. And you will find your score or your hundred next to useless, all of them combined scarcely doing the work of one such man as you ought to send if you send at all. One of them is scarcely there before he begins to find fault with the doings of veterans whose activity rebukes his indolence. Another, before he begins to work, will violate the conditions under which he has been sent out, and indulge in unlimited abuse of those who try to hold him to his covenant. A third, discouraged by difficulties which he ought to have anticipated, and shrinking from work which he voluntarily undertook, after involving you in the expense of sending him out and supporting him there while he rendered you no service, will return to lay on the committee the blame of his own incompetence. A fourth will abandon his calling, which never ought to have been his, for some more lucrative employment, and so in a short time your staff will have melted away like an army which looked well on parade, but turned coward in face of the foe.

Our ablest, most competent men, other things being equal, will make the best missionaries; and we would gladly welcome such did they come offering themselves in a truly missionary spirit. But while these endowments are good and helpful, the one indispensable acquisition is an irrepressible zeal for the work. I know a man, now a missionary, who during his preparatory course subjected himself to the greatest privations for the love he had to his work. After he had been accepted by the society which first sent him out, he refused, while pursuing a course of medical study, to receive the allowance which the society offered. This he did partly because he thought it undesirable to draw on its resources until he was actually engaged in evangelistic work; partly because he wished to try how far his faith in God would carry him; partly because he wished to prepare himself for the hardships which as a missionary he would have to endure. For six months, while he was walking the London hospitals, his food, incredible as it may seem to you, only cost him three-halfpence per day. He found out the baker who sold the largest loaf of brown bread for a penny—(laughter)—and that divided into two formed his morning and evening meals. His mid-day repast was a halfpennyworth of apples which he ate in the hospital.

He is a missionary now. He is a man of no great physical strength, rather the reverse. His appearance is not very imposing, rather insignificant in fact. But you will not be surprised when I tell you that, so far as my knowledge goes, he has done more mission work than any other living man. (Applause.) I do not say he acted wisely in so starving himself. (Hear.) His constitution might have been stronger to-day had he not subjected it to such a severe strain. I do not commend his methods, for of some of them I cannot say that I very highly approve. Neither would I have others copy his manner; for of that I am not very much enamoured. But oh! I do admire—with a reverence almost akin to worship—as something which I can only contemplate from afar, his singleness of purpose, his whole-hearted consecration, his "God-in-us enthusiasm" for the work of winning souls to Christ. (Applause.) Brethren, what I have told you is no romance. I know the man well. His wife, a woman of kindred spirit, I had the honour of baptizing, and she has been for many years a member of my church. Lately, when she inherited a considerable sum of money, several thousand pounds, it was all given to the mission with which they are connected, and she and her husband live on what the Lord sends.

The Rev. G. Hill, late of Orissa, but now Secretary of the General Baptist Missionary Society, said it was twenty-two years since he had the privilege and honour of going to India as a Missionary, and that if his way was clear he would be most happy again to accompany the brethren now going. He gave an interesting outline of his experience in India, quoting statistics as to the dimensions and population of that country, and enumerating its great religious needs. The total number of Baptist missionaries in India was about forty, but what were they among so many? Hindooism was apparently as strong as ever; but it was honey-combed, it was charged with Divine powder, and it only needed the electric flash of God's Spirit to bring the work of years to a successful issue, for the weapons of their warfare were not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds. (Applause.)

Children in Heaven.

A good woman was attending to her household duties, and, as she labored for those she loved, she softly hummed the familiar words:

"Will any one there, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting and watching for me?"

The next hour she could answer the question, for she had passed from earth forever, and had entered upon the great mysterious future.

Near the spot where the dust reposes is a little mound, with a headstone sunken and worn, inscribed with the name of her first baby, "Henrietta" who, with grief and heart-breaking, was laid there thirty years ago. We fully believe that the baby still lives, and it is delightful to think of watching for her mother, welcoming her as only a heavenly child can do; but how little can we know of the manner of existence of these departed friends.

We think, we wonder, we speculate, but always the same mystery shrouds the subject. Our best loved, those whose every thought and hope was shared with us, pass beyond the thin veil which parts earth from heaven, and from that moment perfect ignorance of the manner of their being is our portion. No one of them ever comes back to unfold the secrets of another life, and if in our heart-yearning and agony we call their names, "they answer not again." Still we question and try, always in vain, to come to some conclusion.

"Did 'Henrietta' meet her mother, still an infant as she was when she left earth? Or, is Longfellow right when he sweetly speaks of a departed little one:—
"Not as a child shall we again behold her,
But a fair maiden, in her 'Father's house.'"