Yesterday, To-day, and for Ever.

By E. H. Blakeney.

Dark towers where autumn roses linger yet,
Grey walls within whose guarded pages lie
Time's undeciphered secrets, yield awhile
Some message from that missal where is writ
The riddle we are fain to read aright.
Our hands would disentangle from the Past
A lesson for the Future; lift the veil
Of human life, so moving in its long
Pathetic sequences; and hear, behind
The noises of this Present, that still Voice—
Calm as the surface of an inland sea—
Of Him who, silent in the shadow, binds
The scattered ages, even as a reaper binds
His scattered sheaves, waiting the harvest-home.

The Missionary World.

By the Rev. A. J. Santé,
Formerly C.M.S. Missionary in Bengal.

A Suggestion of great importance to workers for the Missionary
cause is given in the November C.M.S. Gazette, and I think it may be
found useful to those who desire to help forward the great work. "In
remitting a contribution recently, a clerical friend in the south of England
made the following remark: 'It costs no courage to C.M.S. writers and
workers to press those who already give, and give continually, to give more;
but the cause requires that its writers and workers should have courage to
break fallow ground and apply to fresh persons... There can be no doubt
that there are untouched resources in every congregation if only a real effort
could be made to reach them.'"

Some weighty words spoken by Sir W. Mackworth Young before the
Church Congress, on the Right Presentation of Christianity to the Peoples
of India, deserve to be reproduced, if only to emphasize their truth. "It has
been stated in some quarters that a Western Christ is being offered to India,
and that this fact constitutes one of the most serious hindrances to the