

nor Mahomedanism, nor infidelity, nor anything 'let.' Everything that letteth was gradually removed, and not bound in any way, they had 'free course.' These waters have been even filtered by the impurities they encountered in their passage, and made fuller by the very efforts made to diminish or destroy them. They can never be waters that part, for they have invisible communication with the exhaustless river of God's pleasures, and that 'great deep', yonder, of which angelic plumb-lines can take no soundings. Nor can its influence evaporate or its effect be extinguished. It is the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

MUCH REMAINS TO BE DONE

ere this picture be fully realized. We are thankful for what has been done. We are fully alive to the contrast between what it is now from what it was at the beginning of the century. The nineteenth century has been emphatically a missionary one. There are now 2,700,000 subjects of the Kingdom as the fruit of modern missions, and \$10,000,000 a year raised; but what are these amongst so many? The heathen population increases at a much faster ratio. There are many more heathen than when the work began: 300,000,000 heathen in China to 70,000 Christians; 200,000,000 heathen in Africa to 320,000 Christians; 250,000,000 heathen in India to 700,000 Christians, and so on. It's after all 'but a drop in the bucket' at best. We have hitherto been but 'playing at missions.' Surely \$1 a year per member from the most advanced of our Churches is a humbling picture, when we think of what is spent on the luxuries of life and its curses, especially on strong drink.

"We can never prosper in the highest sense, and here I speak of the bulk of our congregations, till we do more outside ourselves. Is it not one of the marks of degeneracy in the latter days on which we have fallen? 'Men shall be lovers of their own selves, covetous.' May those of us who practically exemplify it get it wiped out by copying more closely the great missionary of our profession, who pleased not Himself, but of His great liberality gave not corruptible things such as silver and gold, but His own blood. When he hesitated not to give blood—his own most precious blood for us, should we higgie about money? Is there no force in this appeal

'I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
What hast thou done for me?'

"Brethren, should we not make 'a new departure.' Before our modern missionary era dawned, during the years that elapsed between the great Reformation and the beginning of this century, single individuals, or two or three here and there, shone as lights around the dense gloom of heathendom. Solitary pioneers, they paced their lonely rounds at distant outposts. Then came the society time, associated action, and certainly the missionary societies which came out on the dark sky within the past century, have shed a joyous light. But now are we not beginning to see 'a new thing under the sun?' Single congregations like St. Paul's, Montreal, and St. Andrew's, Toronto, have or are about having their own missionaries in the field. Our colleges, like Knox, in this city, and Queen's, Kingston, are about sending young men from their own halls, whose hearts the Lord hath touched and inspired with missionary zeal. Hail the glad day when 'the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it.'"

Editorial Correspondence.

FLORENCE.

BEFORE taking leave of Naples I am sorely tempted to add a few words about Sorrento and its orange groves, its palatial hotels overhanging the sea, and its charming repose; and about lovely Capri with its twin mountains rising out of the deep blue, its old castles, its enchanting caves and grottoes, its wonderful marine scenery, its lemon gardens, its macaroni, and its pretty flower and coral vendors; but I am reminded that the line must be drawn somewhere, so I draw it here and pass on.

En route to the north, a few more never-to-be-forgotten days were spent in Rome and in visiting Tivoli, Hadrian's Villa, and other places of interest in the neighborhood. We left the Imperial city at noon, and reached Florence, about 264 miles, at 8.30 p.m. Compared with what we had left behind, the scenery seemed tame and flat,