

could reach his earthly one, dying, like Livingstone, alone and unattended.

THE REV. J. WILLIAMS, of the C.M. Society's new Mission in East Africa, has also completely broken down in health, and been obliged to return to England. Mr. Rebman, the old Missionary who has worked alone there for so many years, has accompanied him, to seek the aid of an oculist, as he is nearly blind.

REV. T. E. MANHOOD of Fuchu, China, who some time ago had a sun-stroke from which he seemed to re-

cover, was obliged to leave for England, owing to a second break-down in health, and has died on the return voyage.

MRS. TAYLOR, a young American Missionary, wife and mother, has also been taken to her rest just as she was preparing for a life of devoted labour at Apaiang, Micronesia. She had only been six weeks on the island when typhoid fever carried her off after two weeks' illness.

So the soldiers fall at their posts, one after another, and each vacancy in the ranks seems to cry aloud to others to step out and fill it.

### Facts and Opinions.

[The following hymn, written by Dr. Bonar for Mr. Sankey, is sung with remarkable effect by the latter.]

"Yet there is room!" The Lamb's bright hall of song,  
With its fair glory; beckons thee along;  
Room, room, still room!  
Oh, enter, enter now!

Day is declining, and the sun is low;  
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go.

The bridal hall is filling for the feast;  
Pass in, pass in, and be the bridegroom's guest.

It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!  
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee.

Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate,  
The gate of love; it is not yet too late.

Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;  
That cup of everlasting love is free:

All heaven is there; all joy! Go in, go in:  
The angels beckon thee the prize to win: