

Protestant Christendom expends to-day about \$7,500,000 for missions annually; and what is the return? Thirty thousand converts in Burmah; 40,000 in China; 30,000 in Japan; in South Africa 157,000 communicants, and a Christian population of over 300,000; in Fiji the missionaries have won a population of over 100,000, previously cannibals; in India over 220,000. This is a small part of what is being done, and yet we ask, Does mission work pay? Christian women of the United States are contributing about \$1,000,000—one-tenth the amount they expend upon kid gloves—annually, to Foreign Missions. Mrs. Murray Mitchell tells us that, in India alone, there are thousands of women who are hidden Christians, and yet we ask, Will this work for the women of heathen lands pay?

! Thank God, the cause of missions is a winning one! Bunyan, in describing the wonderful journey of Christian to the Celestial City, relates that in passing through the House of the Interpreter, he saw many things worthy of careful study; among others, a fire burning with bright and steady flame on a hearth, even though one was pouring water upon it. The fire was the kingdom of our Lord on the earth. Since this fire was lighted at the Cross, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, Satan has been pouring water upon it; but the fire has burned on. And blood fresh and hot from human hearts, has fallen upon it, but as the martyr's song has been wafted heavenward, the flame has burned stronger, and mounted higher. Avalanches of formality, indifference, mammon-worship and infidelity have fallen upon it, but still the flame burns on, because fed by the Holy Spirit of God. The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ. Already, whichever way we turn, we see traces of the day-dawn. "The east shows something more than dark clouds fringed with gold." The Sun of Righteousness is arising with healing in His wings. The host of the Lord—the Christian women of the Churches—is encamped beside the great sea of paganism. The command is, speak to them that they go forward—that they go forward to plant Immanuel's standard in every land, on every sea-girt isle, until the Cross, the emblem of Christ crucified for the world, waves from shore to shore from the rivers even to the ends of the earth.

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How bright Thy lowly manger beams!  
Down earth's dark vale its glory streams.  
The splendour of Thy night  
Shines through all time in deathless light.