

It is not for us here to discuss what the future of those heathen women and children will be. But we are told in God's own Word that they cannot believe in Him of whom they have never heard. When we feel what Christ, our Redeemer, is to us who love him here—what He has promised to be to us as we pass through the valley of the shadow of death, and by faith at times even dimly grasp the thought of what He will be to us—when we see Him as He is, then may we know what we are denying to others. God works by means, and while our years are gliding by, one missionary toils among a million souls, and the worldling looks on, and says how slowly the work of foreign missions progresses. And God looks down into our hearts and sees how little we are doing here in Christian lands, while His chosen ones are toiling—one among a million! Yet they would not exchange places with us, for, as they toil amid discouragement, surrounded with superstition and degradation, they see a fourth form beside them like unto the Son of Man. We may not all be called to go—are not,—but let us by prayer obtain the Spirit of our Master, and then we shall know if we are called to work for Christ on heathen shores, or in our own Canada, for called to labour for Him each child of God assuredly is. It is not enough that we pass idly along, and so seem to ourselves, perhaps, and to the world beautiful in our lives, because we do no harm.

The day of negative Christianity (if such a day ever existed) has passed, and we are bidden to do good and communicate, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased. Let us have the Spirit God gives his children when they ask for it, which he gave to the venerable Dr. Duff, when none would respond to his appeal for India. Turning to the Moderator of the General Assembly, he said, "After twenty-five years of labour in India, I have come home to die; but if there are none to go, I will go back to that people, and let them see there is one Scotchman that can die for them, if he cannot live for them." Living or dying, his heart yearned over India.

We know there are women with that same Christ-like spirit to-day going on such messages of love, but are they from our number? What are we doing? what might we do with such a noble band of workers, each year growing stronger in our work, more tender in our love the one to the other, and to our Elder

Broth
words
mission
ye ha
We tr
God.

V
auxilia
our sc

T
Societ
young
in our
town,
Altho
taken
Presb
donat

V
school

I
Ontari
has ju

V
Societ

V
cided
testan
could
rejoice
their e
and lo
though
work
variou