

done' to keep singing of the joy of being saved from Hell and of going to Heaven, and never so much as to tell us there was a Hell to be saved from or a Heaven to go to?" "Well done?" Nay, disgracefully done! He *cannot* say it.

Oh, it is hard to leave these our brothers and sisters in misery, and darkness, and sin, with no one to tell them of the Saviour's pardoning love; without any voice, from the time they are born to the time they die, to speak one word to them of welcome to God's Home of Peace!

Why, look at our Churches and Chapels, all over the country, *costing tens and hundreds of thousands*, when places of worship, if not so magnificent, yet quite as *convenient*, and quite as *large*, might be built for a fraction of these sums! Let us have our handsome Churches if we will, but not at the expense of millions of neglected souls.

Again, look at our houses, our lands, our possessions; our entertainments, our amusements, our recreations; our comforts, our luxuries, our extravagances! Surely, as long as we have all these things *for ourselves*, which, whether desirable or otherwise, are certainly not *necessary*, we can scarcely plead with any honesty—"We would help the poor Heathen if we could, but really we have no money!" No money! Nay, God's servants have plenty of their master's money. But they are not willing to part with it. If we *liked* to give the money we should find we had it to give. If we *wanted* to send out Missionaries we should find some way of doing it.

Oh, yes, if it would secure social advantages, or if it were SOMETHING WE CARED FOR, Christians would soon be busy writing their checks, and pouring their silver and gold into the treasury. But as it is—"we really cannot afford it!" True, we *sing* about

my silver and my gold,  
Not a mite would I withhold.

And, perhaps, a *mite* we do not withhold. But, too often (with heaped-up riches) we withhold *all the rest!* We think we may lavish as much as we please upon ourselves, while we expect our master, *Who gave Himself for us*, to be satisfied with any little pittance we may condescend to offer Him!

We sing, and lustily (for is it not one of our favorite hymns?)—

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my *all*.

And then we give Him for Foreign Missions—one per cent of our income? Nay but (taking the average) *one sixteenth of one per cent.* Oh, why do we call ourselves God's servants, and serve Him so badly?

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ARE WE CHRISTIANS? If so, do let us think. If we *think*, we shall be bound, a great many more of us, to go to the Heathen, and to let our children go, and to give our money—if *we are real*.

Throughout the land let Christian workers bestir themselves to use their influence, to labor, and to give, as God enables them. It is an awful thing, in the solemn emergency, for any servant of God to be forgetting the Heathen, or for any man who calls himself a Christian to content himself with giving his paltry trifles, when, God knows, if he chose, he could give liberally, and himself be supporting several Missionaries in the Mission Field.

Beloved Fellow-Ministers! Bear with me if I say a word expressly to you, for, indeed we are not half awake, nor on fire as we should be. Are you not re-

sponsible for teaching your people "to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you"? Has He not commanded us to preach the Gospel throughout the world? Why do you teach your people (quite rightly) to observe the Sacraments and other things, but never teach them to observe this last command, which surely *is* a command as much as any other? Do let it be one of your chief duties to preach Missionary sermons, to circulate Missionary literature, to have Missionary Prayer Meetings, to form your praying people into a Missionary Union, and to seek out from amongst them faithful young men and women for the Mission Field. Be thoroughly satisfied that they are true, dependable Christians, *real soul-winners*. Then encourage them; train them; send them up to the Missionary Societies; interest your people in them; do whatever you think best—*only see that they really do go to the Heathen.*

Remember an unnecessary horse and carriage eat up two Missionaries. Extravagant dressing smothers not a few. A useless hobby runs away with a missionary's rent. A fire you could "do without" burns up his clothes. Conventional dinner parties demolish his food. Many Missionaries are frittered away in odds and ends. Some are worn on ladies' fingers, and locked up in jewel caskets. And many are smoked away through Christians' tobacco pipes. What can be done to rescue some of these? Who will organize something? You will find the Missionary Bureau an excellent medium of linking yourself with others and for obtaining information.

*Fellow-Christians! This is our responsibility!* There are means enough, and there are enough of us to evangelize the world. *But we are not awake!* The world is dying without God. And we might go to them. We *might*, but we *don't*. Oh, why are we not heart-broken? Why are we not on our faces in the dust? Why do not these things move us? Why do we not *do* something? My brothers and sisters, what will *you* do? Will not you do something? Will you go and settle this with God? Settle it with God,—yes, with God, whose matter this is: "To whom all hearts are open, from whom no secrets are hid." Settle it with *Him*.

## BAND WORK.

AN ADDRESS BY MISS LOTTIE STARK AT THE UNION MEETINGS, TORONTO.

SO MUCH has been written, intended as suggestive, for Mission Band Workers, that it would seem as if useful information were well nigh exhausted. And yet as long as the crying need of "something new" exists and Band Workers from experience learn to meet that need, so long will fresh ideas, new modes of work, and better plans for carrying them out, suggest themselves to be acted upon with more or less success according to the individual needs of differently conducted Bands. *Experience* is everything in this branch of work, as has been proven in our own Band. As president of a Boys' Band it must be of the boys, and our work with *them*, that I must confine myself if the few hints I may be able to give are to be from experience.

I believe that a Boys' Mission Band is an institution generally held in fearful respect by young lady-workers. If you enter on your work in that spirit, the writer can heartily sympathize with you. Brotherless, knowing nothing of the traits of these young lords of creation, it