

a life of luxury and wealth, engaged in the glorious deaconess work. O that God may multiply the number of such consecrated women in this our own beloved country! Can you imagine a life spent more beautifully and Christlike than that of a devoted deaconess! Is there any institution more godly and beautiful in itself, and of greater blessing to mankind, than a Deaconess Home and Hospital. Here is a communism of the kind the world wants, but is not able to produce; of the only possible kind, in fact—a communism of love, not to self, but consecrated to the alleviation and salvation of the suffering neighbour. No preference here, nor offensive distinction of rank, descent, intelligence, nationality, and race, I dare to add; and yet at the same time unlimited opportunity for the development and blessed application of the diverse gifts and qualities of all. The deaconess movement has opened the way and door for every Christian woman, no matter how highly or how little cultured, who feels herself divinely constrained to enter into the vineyard of God. Finally, the deaconess work deserves our sympathy and enthusiastic support.

3. *Because it furnishes to the world one of the very best and most irresistible proofs of the Divinity of our Christian religion.* The world is tired of systems, dogmas, creeds. What it wants is deeds. They, being tangible and practical, are the only kind of arguments which it will, and *nota bene*, which it is compelled to, accept. The world resembles the blind man who only reads one kind of print, that which he can feel. It is like unto a dying one, with whom all communication has become impossible except through the tender touch of a loving hand. The ungodly do not come to hear the sweet gospel of love. God bless the noble sisters, who, like their Saviour and

Master, sacrifice everything to go and bring it to them in the form of loving ministrations in the day of distress and sore affliction, at the sick-bed and in the dying hour! A converted Chinaman described the difference between the religions of Confucius, Buddha, and Christ, as follows: "A man had fallen down into a deep, miry pit, where he was not able to move, and in danger to perish any moment. A Confucian priest came along, and carefully approaching the pit, said to him: 'Poor fellow, I am very sorry for you, indeed. How could you ever be foolish enough to get into this awful place? Let me give you a piece of good advice before I go. If ever you should happen to get out, then be sure to be careful not to fall down into such a dangerous pit again!' This, said the Chinaman, is Confucianism. Then, after a while, a Buddhist priest passed by. Looking down to the unfortunate brother, he said: 'Poor fellow, how I do pity you! If you could only climb half or two-thirds of the way up to me, possibly I could help you. But the poor man could not stir, and kept sinking.' This," said the Chinaman, "is Buddhism. But now, attracted from far distance by the perishing man's calls for help, Jesus Christ came to the pit. Without any unnecessary words he went right down upon his knees, and stooping over, reached his hand away down where the sinking man could grasp it, calling to him: 'Take hold!' and pulled him out and saved him. He washed him, put new clothes on him, and pressed him to His bosom, saying: 'Go thy way, and sin no more!' This," said the Chinaman, "is the religion of Jesus Christ." And I conclude by adding that of this wonderful, practical religion of love, there is no more beautiful, convincing proof and illustration than the glorious Deaconess Movement.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

DEAR Lord, I feel my weakness,
But Thou, so strong and kind,
Wilt always let me lean on Thee
And strength for weakness find.

—Parkinson.