

been very meagre. The school-house is too small for the congregation, and a building which is used for secular purposes during the week, can never be the object lesson of reverence to the newly converted Indian, that is one entirely set apart for the worship of God.

Mr. Macdonald has labored most devotedly in this mission for several years. Will not our members help him to accomplish his very laudable desire, and give him the means to erect a small church? Six hundred dollars is all he asks.

VISITORS FROM ENGLAND.

The stirring addresses of Miss Tristram and her co-workers in Japan, delivered in Toronto on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 30th, will not soon be forgotten by those who had the privilege of hearing them. The only regret was that all the members of the W.A. had not seen the notices in the daily papers and been able to attend; as it was, the Bible class-room at St. James' was fairly filled by those who felt a deep interest in the work.

Miss Hamilton spoke first, and gave a vivid idea of heathendom by her narrative of a decrepit old woman who kept the shrine of an idol, and who said she "thought the goddess of mercy had forgotten her, as she had neglected to send the angel of death to take her out of the world." She also described some temples as being strewn with the offerings of children's clothes and toys, brought by mothers who sought life for their sick little ones; she has heard the wailing and oft-repeated cry of those who sought mercy from images of wood or stone—for every village has its god, besides the household gods who are objects of worship.

Then came Miss Julius, who spoke of "Why we go as Missionaries," followed by Miss Fox, who, in forcible, clear, decisive utterances, showed that "romantic ideas" had not strength to keep missionaries at their post; the romance was soon gone; even "philanthropic" feelings would fail. It needed something higher and more powerful; the motto of the W.A. expressed it, "The love of Christ constraineth us."

Then came the gentle girl who is starting out for the first time, in whom all felt a sisterly interest; Miss Carleton is on her way to Bishop Ridley's diocese of Caledonia, there to make her home on an island and give herself to the teaching of a tribe of Indians under her.

At the close Miss Tristram kept all minds riveted as she showed the joy of mission work. "I was happy in my work at home, but I have spent my happiest days while teaching these poor idolaters and leading them to know the love of Christ." She has charge of a school

for the higher education of girls, through the means of which some have already been the bearers of glad tidings to their heathen relatives. Miss Tristram also spoke earnestly on the power of prayer, giving a striking instance of the conversion of a doctor, who would not suffer his Christian wife to speak one word to him on the subject of religion, and she could only pray for him, which she did most earnestly and constantly. After an illness he amazed his friends by a request for baptism, and explained that he had been secretly reading the Gospel belonging to his wife and was a believer.

When we knew that these missionary ladies had only reached Toronto in the morning, and had promised to address another meeting in the evening, it was deeply felt that their joy in work for Christ and their enthusiasm was not only in word, but in deed and in truth.

"HAPPY CHRISTMAS."

 HERE is sound of preparation,
There is bustle in the air,
Children's light and happy laughter,
Expectation everywhere.
All the shops are decked in beauty,
All the streets with sleigh-bells ring,
Surely all the world is looking
For the coming of its King.

Now the happy day is dawning,
See, the eastern heavens are bright;
Lo, a new and blessed morning
Springs from out the womb of night!
On the stairs and in the hall-ways
Children's voices gaily ring,
"Merry Christmas, merry Christmas,"
For the child to-day is king.

Then, from every tower and steeple,
Ring the bells with joyous call.
"Come to Bethlehem, see the Christ child,
At His feet adoring fall:
Lo, He comes with royal bounty,
Bringing gifts of countless cost,
Christmas cheer from heaven's storehouse,
Life and hope to those once lost.

But, alas! the Christ child cometh
And His own receive Him not,
For, amidst the joys of Christmas,
Christ Himself is oft forgot.
In His house of prayer He waiteth,
On His board His banquet spread,
Bread and wine, which whoso taketh
Is with life eternal fed.

Come, ye faithful, come to Bethlehem,
Come and worship Christ your King,
Bring your gifts of gold and incense,
And with herald angels sing,
"Glory in the highest, glory,
And on earth good will and peace,"
For God's blessed gift of Christmas.
Shall our praises never cease.