

**THE GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS.**—We are not receiving subscriptions at present for this paper, as the Editor declines to furnish it at a reduction. The price of the paper is \$2.00 per year, and those wishing to subscribe should send their names and money directly to the Editor, 805 Broadway, New York.

**MR. CRAIG'S PAPER.**—The paper by Mr. Craig which we publish this month, was addressed primarily to the Yfe Missionary Society of Toronto Baptist College. It sets forth very forcible the pressing need of men and money for the efficient carrying on of our Foreign Mission. We trust that his appeal may not be in vain.

**THE NEW SECRETARY.**—The friends of missions in Ontario and Quebec regret sincerely the departure of Rev. J. W. A. Stewart from Canada, and his consequent withdrawal from the secretaryship of the Foreign Mission Society. Under his wise and enthusiastic management the present prosperity of the Society has been reached. His place has been filled by the appointment of Rev. James Grant, of Paris, who is eminently qualified for the work. We bespeak for him the most cordial co-operation on the part of all.

**THE MISSIONARY REVIEW.**—This valuable magazine has removed its headquarters to New York, and with the January number changes from a bi-monthly to a monthly. In its new form it contains more interesting and important missionary reading than any publication with which we are acquainted. Sixty-four closely printed pages a month, filled with concentrated information in the form of statistics, news items from the entire mission field, and articles on current missionary topics; the Editor, and by noted writers on missions representing the various denominations, are furnished at the small price of \$1.50 a year. We have made arrangements with the Editor whereby we are enabled to furnish the *Review* and the *LINK* to my address for \$1.50, the price of the *Review* alone. This applies as well to our old subscribers who renew their subscriptions as to new subscribers. We trust that many will avail themselves of this opportunity to secure the *Review* at a reduced rate. Send at once and secure the January number.

**SHALL I GO?**—In the January number of the *Missionary Review* is a very impressive article under the above caption. It contains full statistics of the work of various societies, and draws important conclusions from the facts. We quote some striking sentences: "Our table shows that 12 societies have given \$48,470 20 less in 1885 than in 1884. The total income gives an average of less than \$86 for each auxiliary—the average gain of the year being less than \$1 for each auxiliary. For American societies the average gain is \$1.34. One dollar and thirty four cents, not the increase per member but for each auxiliary, and this while heathens are dying at the rate of 100,000 a day. This is our advance under the banner of Jesus. What is the advance in Satan's host? Careful statistics tell us that there are some 200 millions more heathen in the world to-day than when Carey went to India. With these facts must be remembered also

another: The majority of Church communicants are doing nothing. If but ten millions out of our fourteen million Church communicants would so work as that during the next 14 years each would reach 100 souls, the whole unevangelized world would hear of Christ before 1,000. In answering the above question, *Shall I go?* let us remember, dear girls, that failure to realize or acknowledge responsibility does not diminish it—that woman was made the first herald of resurrection news. Above all, let us remember the word of the Lord Jesus, how he said—"*Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother and my sister and mother.*" This paper has been published also in pamphlet form, and can be secured at 5 cents each by sending to Miss Wilder, 436 W. 20th Street, New York.

## "And He said unto them, 'Go,'"

BY R. WRIGHT HAY.

Hast heard the voice, my brother,  
That pleads from above—  
"Bear out among the nations  
The message of my love?"  
Hast heard it pleading—pleading,  
In the stillness of the night,  
And above the din of doing,  
When the day is long and bright?

And dost thou know it, brother,  
That voice that pleads with thee?  
'Tis the voice that sobbed thy pardon  
In gloom-girt Gethsemane;  
'Tis the voice that sang Salvation,  
To thy soul when welched with woe,  
Thou hast heard its *Come* obedient,  
Wilt thou not obey its *Go*?

By Bethlehem's humble manger,  
Where the world's Redeemer lay;  
By Calvary's cross where, dying,  
He the world's sin rolled away;  
By the sceptre which he claim'd  
O'er a subject world to wield,  
He is pleading with thee, brother,  
He is pleading—wilt thou yield?

By the eyes that watch and weary  
For the morn that does not wake,  
By the hearts with nameless longings  
That in darkness beat and break,  
By the need of living missions,  
And the need of those that die,  
He is pleading with thee, brother,  
Canst thou then stand idly by?

Go tell thy dusky kinsman,  
As he bows by Ganges' tide,  
Of the sacred stream that courses  
From a Saviour's riven side;  
Go kneel where China stretches  
Her hands into the night,  
And teach her say, "My Father,"  
To the God who reigns in light.

And Afric, sunny Afric,  
Where the sand has drunk hot tears,  
From the brimming eyes of millions,  
Through the long ungracious years,  
Go, call her children brothers,  
Bid their dark eyes dash with glee,  
As they list the wondrous story,  
Christ hath made them men and free.