

est in a work, the comprehensive issues of which can be learned fully only in eternity.

It were easy to write more upon a theme in which I shall now feel a deeper concern than ever, but I have already, I fear, exacted more space than can easily be placed at my disposal. I would like to write something of the late Rev. Mr. Murray and Mrs. Murray, beside whose untimely graves I could not but sadly linger. I would like also to enforce, as strongly as I might, the importance of securing *at once* a new church building for Indore, for the present structure has long outlasted its usefulness. Let me say this, however, in concluding. All our missionaries in India deserve the fullest confidence and the warmest support of every loyal Canadian Presbyterian. Our prayers we give as a matter of course. I would be inclined to doubt the christianity of a man who never sincerely pleaded with God to set His seal manifestly upon the labours of all such servants. We must prepare ourselves, however, to give more *money* to this cause, because it is our bounden duty to send more *men* to toil in this fruitful vineyard. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Wilkie, and indeed every one of our missionaries, declare that, as one of the direct results of their work, there are to-day a dozen or more centres contiguous to every station already occupied where natives are begging for a preacher, and yet there is no one found who is ready to go! Volunteers for service are indeed numerous, but funds must also be forthcoming before these offers either can or ought to be accepted. In particular I desire most cordially to endorse the enterprise which our missionaries are at present working so diligently to bring to a successful issue, viz., the erection of the College Building at Indore. Mr. Wilkie's diligent canvass of our Canadian churches a year ago, the generous gifts of His Highness the Maharajah,* and the contributions of the Prime Minister of Indore and others, have now ensured the result so long and ardently desired. All the more willingly, then, should our Foreign Mission Committee be put in a position to remit to Mr. Wilkie the balance which still remains to be discharged before the College can be opened free of any financial encumbrance.

LOUIS H. JORDAN.

Cairo, March, 1891.

There are now 82 medical missionaries in China. Sixteen of these are from the United States.

Bishop Crowther has recently opened at Bonny, West Africa, a new church built of iron, with seats for 1,000 worshippers. This is on the slave coast and Bishop Crowther, when a boy, was rescued from a slave-ship on its way to America.

Household Words.

"HIS BLESSED WORDS."

There was a time when Jesus' blessed words
Fell on mine ear
Unheeded; for the music in their tones,
I did not hear;
But since the Saviour came to me one day,
And left His Spirit with my soul to stay,
I listen to them o'er and o'er again,
For they have been so dear to me, since then.

Sweet words! they come to me at morning
tide,

In gladsome song;
They whisper something for the coming day,
To make me strong.

When toiling'neath the noonday's burning sun,
They promise sure reward, for work well done,
Like dew to flow'rs, they come at evening's
close,

And hush my weary spirit to repose.
Oh! let me hear them, o'er and o'er again,
For they have been so dear to me, since then.

A. R.

Antigonish, N. S.

A TONIC FOR THE TIRED.

Watch the faces as they go by you on a crowded street, and just notice what a tired look many of them wear. If we could read all the hearts around us, we would find multitudes who are weary in spirit, and sometimes sigh for a pillow in the grave. Some are tired out with life's hard struggles, with bearing the heat and burden of the day. Others persist in piling up anxieties as high as an old-fashioned piddler's pack. They carry a huge load of care as to how they shall make both ends meet, and how they shall "foot the bills" that accumulate and how they shall provide for all the hungry mouths and scanty wardrobe. One is tired from trying to do much, and another of waiting for something to do. A grievous burden of spiritual despondency makes Brother Smallfaith's heart ache, and puts an extra wrinkle in Sister Weakback's countenance. Here is a disciple who is tired of waiting for success, and there is another tired of waiting for answers to prayer.

Do you suppose that the dear Master does not see all these tired bodies and exhausted nerves and weary hearts? To those who are honestly run down with honest toil, he says: "Come ye apart into a quiet place, and rest awhile." God puts a night of sleep after every day of work for this very purpose of recruiting lost force. To Christians with small purses he kindly says; "Your life consisteth not in the abundance of things you possess. I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich. My grace is sufficient for thee; at my right hand are treasures for evermore." There is not really money enough

* A magnificent free site and 1,500 rupees.