

been effected. With the introduction of Christianity, and the planting of the Christian Church in their midst, came the gradual but progressive changes that, as it were, have metamorphosed those savage tribes of cannibals into a God-fearing, upright, industrious race of men. This is the work of Christian missions. Does it pay? Keep this picture before your mind, and let its silent testimony answer.

LOST NAMES.

"Those women which labored with me in the Gospel, and other my fellow-laborers, whose names are in the book of life."—*Phil. iv. 3.*

They lived and they were useful; this we know,
And naught beside;
No record of their names is left to show
How soon they died;
They did their work, and then they passed away,
An unknown band,
And took their places with the greater host
In the higher land.

And were they young, or were they growing old,
Or ill, or well,
Or lived in poverty, or had much gold?
No one can tell;
One only thing is known of them—they were
Faithful and true
Disciples of the Lord, and strong through prayer
To save and do.

But what avails the gift of empty fame?
They lived to God.
They loved the sweetness of another name,
And gladly trod
The rugged ways of earth, that they might be
Helper or friend,
And in the joy of this their ministry
Be spent and spend.

No glory clusters round their names on earth;
But in God's Heaven
Is kept a book of names of greatest worth,
And there is given
A place for all who did the Master please,
Although unknown,
And their lost names shine forth in brightest rays
Before the throne.

Oh, take who will the boon of fading fame!
But give to me
A place among the workers, though my name
Forgotten be,
And if within the book of life is found
My lowly place,
Honor and glory unto God rebound
For all His grace!

—*The British Messenger.*

"TELL IT OUT."

To my mind, the strongest source of encouragement in the mission field in China—and I believe it holds good with regard to other places, too—is that the progress is not dependent upon the supply of home missionaries. The progress I have seen has been almost entirely dependent upon the native missionaries and the native Christians themselves.

Let me give an illustration of what I mean. Sometime before I left China I received a letter signed by forty persons, none of whom I knew, asking me to come and baptize them, and inclosing the title deeds of a Buddhist temple, which they wished to turn into a Christian church. At the first service the bishop held at that place the native pastor and myself baptized some thirty men, and they afterwards all gathered round the Lord's Table. The actual table used was a table on which they used to burn incense to idols.

How was this effected? Not by European missionaries. The bishop and myself were the first Europeans to go into the place. The work has been done entirely by natives—not the native clergy, not the lay evangelists or catechists, not the paid schoolmasters, but *the native Christians themselves.*

I have lately heard from the bishop, who said he had just been visiting that district, and the sacred plant had grown into a great tree. He had been spending Sunday in the old idol temple, which was now a nice, simple place of worship, and had been enlarged to contain the Christian congregation. Some three or four district congregations had sprung up from that original centre, and there, again, these offshoots had been founded and built up entirely by native work. The whole experience I have had in China has been that, whilst European missionaries were absolutely essential in the present state of things, for organizing and directing, and especially teaching the native converts, the actual progressive work, the spread of the Gospel, was far better done by the natives themselves, and they did it in the most magnificent way.—*The Rev. J. C. Hoare, M.A., Head of the Mission College, Ningpo.*

LET DOWN BY A ROPE.

By the Rev. L. L. Lloyd, Fuh-chow, South China.

YOU all remember, of course, how St. Paul tells that once during his missionary travels he was lowered down in a basket from the top of the wall which surrounded the City of Damascus and so escaped from the wicked men who were watching the gates to capture him. A few nights ago I had a somewhat similar experience, and I think it may interest you to hear about it.

You all know, I daresay, that in China very high and very thick walls still surround the cities, and they are, of course, gates through which we pass in and out during the daytime. When it gets dark the gates are closed with a heavy wooden bar, and then locked. Nobody is supposed to go in or out of the city all night. They do, however, as I shall show you, sometimes by a ladder, and sometimes, as I did, by a rope. I had been