

All that we have done for the meanest of His disciples, He will reckon as having been done unto Himself. Whatever we have done for His Church was done for Him. The poor, the prisoner, the sick are His brethren and if we have done ought for them Christ will hold us as having done it unto Him! How generous! Yet let us take heed to the motive. The action in itself is nothing; the motive is all in all.

Have I thought, spoken, written for Christ? Have I laboured for Him in the shop, or in the field; on the swelling waves of the ocean, or in the silent depths of the forest? Have I given him of my substance, fed his hungry disciples, clothed the naked, sought out the straying sin-sick ones perishing for lack of the bread of life? Have I done what I could, like that good widow in the Gospel who put her little all into the Lord's treasury? Ah! if blessings were as slow as men's returns, what would become of fools? If Christ were as unmindful of us as we are of Him where would we be this day!

Have I prayed and laboured for Christ, and lavished more on his cause than on my own lusts? How many Churches have I helped to establish? How many Sabbath Schools—Prayer Meetings? How many Bibles and Tracts have I distributed? What contributions have I given for the conversion of Jew and Gentile—what for the permanent supply of Gospel ordinances in my own country?

These are plain questions for self-examination. Others of a similar nature will occur to the thoughtful reader. Pass not over them lightly; and your own soul and the souls of thousands may be benefited by the result. We are but stewards of our talents, time, money, influence, everything we possess. All belong to Christ; see what account of them we can render to him! We have but one spring time, one summer, one harvest. The wonderful gift of life is ours but once. We cannot re-live lost days. We cannot go back to enter anew on a career of useful effort. Begin now! Christ is waiting to judge you. The angels are waiting to convey you to bliss or hurry you down to the realms of woe. A useless career can never be redeemed! But if I enter diligently on my allotted task even now I shall be accepted! O boundless grace and mercy, that our poor sin-tainted works are joyfully accepted by our Redeemer as tokens of saving faith in Him, and as precious fruit that will endure to eternal life!

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

LETTER FROM MR. GEDDIE.

ANEITEUM, Aug. 20th, 1861.

PARTICULARS OF MR. GORDON'S DEATH.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—I take my pen to discharge a painful duty, and inform you of the massacre of our much esteemed fellow labourers, Mr and Mrs. Gordon, on the island of Erromanga. I have left no means untried to get at all the particulars of this sad event, and I think you may fully rely on the information which this letter contains. My sources of information are a letter from

Mr. Milne, who has charge of a sandal wood establishment on Erromanga, and also seventeen Erromangans, who have come to this island, most of whom were living with our friends when they were killed, and some of them were eye-witnesses of the scene. Mr. Milne writes as follows: "About 1 or 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 20th of May, I was startled by a native *David-i* rushing across the river, followed by others of the missionary boys, exclaiming that Mr. Gordon had been murdered by the Bunkhill natives. I immediately armed