

EUROPE.

Tuesday.—For all countries without a pure Gospel, or an open Bible, such as Russia and Spain. For the persecuted Stundists. For Roman Catholics.—Isa. lvi. 18.

AFRICA.

Wednesday.—With only a sprinkling of missionaries among its unnumbered millions. For the slave.—Ps. lxxix. 10; lxxviii. 31.

CHINA.

Thursday.—With only one missionary to every 300,000 inhabitants. For those parts unreached as yet by the Gospel.—1 Kings viii. 43.

INDIA.

Friday.—With only one missionary to every 285,000 inhabitants. For the thousands of widows and child-widows.—Isa. liii. 4, 5.

JAPAN.

Saturday.—With only one missionary to every 70,000 inhabitants. For all heathen islands and smaller countries, especially wicked Persia.—Ps. lxxvii. 8.

“Go ye therefore, and teach all nations.”—Matt. xxviii. 19.

M. J. MILLER.

A SUGGESTION.

God's ships of treasure sail upon the sea
Of boundless love, of mercy infinite,
To change their course, retard their onward way,
Nor wind nor wave hath might.

Prayer is the tide for which the vessels wait
Ere they can come to port; and if it be
The tide is low, then how canst thou expect
The treasure-ship to see?

—Anna Tennyse.

CHRIST SANCTIFIES HUMAN RELATIONS.

THE first act of the public life of our Saviour was to go to a marriage. He consecrates marriage, and the sympathies that lead to marriage. He declares the sacredness of feelings that had been reckoned carnal, low, and human. He loves all things human but sin. His truth was never hard, His kindness never weak. His justice was not cold law, His tenderness no effeminate good nature. His love was deep and tender, yet it had an edge to it; it was no rose-water philanthropy. His severity was filled with warmth, and with that actinic ray that makes all seeds swell, all buds open into blossom. He was human, tender, sympathetic. The ascetic life of fasting austerity, celibacy, singularity, is

far more striking to the vulgar imagination; yet it is a far easier life to lead, far easier to win a character for religiousness, than a life out in the common jostle and undress of the world. Jesus shrouded Himself in no false mist of holiness. He made no solemn affectation of reserve or difference from others; He was found at a marriage feast; He accepted the invitation of the rich Pharisee Simon, and the scorned publican Zaccheus; He mixed with the common crowd of men, using no affected singularity; and yet He was a being set apart, not of this world, in the heart's depths with God. He put the cup of this world's gladness to His lips, yet remained unintoxicated; He gazed steadily on its grandeur, yet remained undazzled; He felt its brightness, yet defied its thrall. Here was the peculiar glory of Christ. He entered into all life and sanctified all life, even its simplest acts. Ah, does the wine of religious trust and strength give out, oh, weary mother, as you try to make your common Christian household life wedded to the higher life? You feel it hard to correlate earth and heaven, household care and religious trust and service. Don't sit down and cry; don't go out and fret. But go to Him who stood in the house of Cana of Galilee, and ask Him to turn the water of life to the wine of life. And all of you, whatever your hopes, your aspirations, your conditions, make life a sacrament by getting the aid of the great Master of life; make it a feast unto the Lord, whether you be rich, poor, high, or humble; be joyful, be festive. Christianity does not clip the wings of the soul; it does not frost the flowers of the soul. There is no innocent beverage too rich for the child of God; no robe too costly for him; no hilarity too great for him; no house too splendid for him. The joys of the earth are his, for he is an heir of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ.

—Parish Reminder.

FARRAR ON DRINK.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR, writing of the awful drink sacrifice, says: “At the entrance of one of our college chapels lies a nameless grave; that grave covers the mortal remains of one of its most promising fellows, ruined through drink. I received not very long ago a letter from an old schoolfellow, a clergyman, who, after long and arduous labor, was in want of clothes and almost of food. I inquired the cause—it was drink. A few weeks ago a wretched clergyman came to me in deplorable misery, who had dragged down his family with him to ruin. What had ruined

him? Drink! When I was at Cambridge one of the most promising scholars was a youth who, years ago, died in a London hospital, penniless, of *delirium tremens*, through drink. When I was at King's College I used to sit next to a handsome youth who grew up to be a brilliant writer; he died in the prime of life, a victim to drink. I once knew an excellent philanthropist, who was a very miserable man. The world never knew the curse which was on him; but his friends knew that it was drink. And why is it that these tragedies are daily happening? It is through the fatal fascination, the seductive sorcery of drink, against which Scripture so often warns.”—*Kind Words*.

WANT OF COURAGE.

THERE are hundreds of men and women, brave enough in other things in life, who simply for the lack of manliness and womanliness stay away from God. They dare not say:

“Forever and forever, Lord Jesus, I take Thee. Thou hast redeemed me by Thy blood; here is my immortal spirit. Listen, all my friends! Listen, all the world!”

They are lurking around about the kingdom of God—lurking around about it, expecting to crawl in some time when nobody is looking, forgetful of the tremendous words of Christ, “Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple.”—*Parish Visitor*.

THE DIVER AND THE TRACT.

A STORY is told of a dissipated diver who was converted by a tract at the bottom of the sea, under the following circumstances: He was on a diving expedition. “They tell me God is everywhere. I do not believe He can be here at the bottom of the sea!” No sooner had these thoughts passed through his mind than his eye lighted on something white lying at the bottom; and on diving close to it he saw that it was a tract in the mouth of an oyster, and this text was written on it: “Thou God seest me!” The rough diver seized hold of this little messenger from heaven, which indeed convinced him that God did see him wherever he was, and knew the very thoughts of his inmost heart. From that time he became a changed man; and ultimately sought and found the only Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who is ever ready to welcome all who will, in their deep need, come to Him—*Selected*.