

ment was made of all the missions, it was found that there were 160 Foreign Missionaries in India, 112 native missionaries, catechists, Bible readers, &c., 52,000 communicants, and about 70,000 boys and girls attending schools. As casting some light on what one man may be able to do for the redemption of our race, it may be mentioned that Dr. John Murdoch has laboured in India for nearly 40 years, during 25 of which he has devoted himself chiefly to the preparing of educational works for the young. These works are permeated from beginning to end with great moral and scriptural truths, and are known to have been blessed by God to the salvation of many. They have been translated into 18 different languages, and have been issued to the number of 10,000,000. They are accepted by 31 societies of all denominations. Dr. Murdoch has made the tour of India and Ceylon 21 times, travelling in all about 250,000 miles, and visiting all the Missionary schools and colleges. Who can estimate the good accomplished by this faithful and devoted labourer?

The total number of Protestant native Christians in India is now considerably over half a million. To us that may seem but a small number indeed, but when we take into account the existence of such strong class and caste prejudices, and also that the religions of India can plead a hoary antiquity in their favour, what it costs a man or woman to cast their lot on the side of Christ and Christianity there; in almost every case having to separate from all near and dear to them; having to wrench the tenderest ties of kindred and affection; to stand continued persecution, insults and dangers, and in many cases to yield up their lives; when we take all these things into account, the wonder is not that so few turn, but that any at all do, and that those who do so maintain their course unbroken to the end.

While these statistics are fitted to encourage the hearts of all who feel an interest in Indian Missions, let us not forget that there is another side we must look at. The latest statistics upon religion in India collected in 1882, show that out of the total of the population of British India, which is given at 254,899,516, the various sects of Hindoos make up no less than 187,937,450; the Mohammedans, 50,121,585; Nature Worshipers, over 6,000,000; and Buddhists, 3,418,844. Who can estimate what these figures mean, or form any idea of the amount of work yet required to be done ere the Great Master's command—even substituting "India" for "the world"—is fulfilled? Surely those who go out taking their lives in their hands to these dark regions, have strong claims upon us,—upon our thoughts, our prayers, and our sympathies. We may not be able to do much for them, but surely we will do all we can. The world is not slow to honour its great heroes and its mighty warriors, its masters in science and philosophy; surely we will not forget the heroes of the cross. Have not some of the

missionaries been among the very noblest of earth's heroes? Men of strong faith, powerful intellects, large, loving hearts, who faced dangers and trials, which many who have been crowned with garlands, never dreamed or thought of. Who can think of Hans Egede, leaving his home in Norway, and enduring all the privations of life among the perpetual frosts and snows of Greenland, out of love to the souls of the Esquimaux, without feelings of admiration. Think of Alexander Duff, the Prince of Indian Missionaries, and all he did for benighted India; of what David Livingstone and Robert Moffat did for Africa; of what John Williams (of whom we heard so recently in our own class-rooms) did for the Islands of the Southern seas; and scores of others, though perhaps less noteworthy, and surely it is fitted to cause each heart to thrill with admiration for these noble men. Have they not been truer civilizers than all the armies that ever were sent forth?

Let us see to it that among the petitions we from time to time present to Our Heavenly Father's Throne, the Missionaries to all lands shall often have a place. Prayer is within the reach of all, and as Hugh Miller well said, "It is so mighty an instrument that no one ever thoroughly mastered all its keys. They sweep along the infinite scale of man's wants and God's goodness." Our God is the prayer-hearing God, and will, in His own time, send such an out pouring of blessing in reply to earnest believing prayer, that the mouths of our miserable missionary revilers and sceptical critics shall be closed with shame and confusion. Let us read of mission enterprises, interest ourselves thoroughly in them, pray for missionaries and all agencies at home and abroad that seek, by ways and means in harmony with God's mind and will, to spread abroad throughout the earth the glad tidings of great joy, through the crucified Redeemer, and thus hasten the time when God's will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven, when no man shall need to say to his brother Know the Lord, but when all shall know Him, from the least even to the greatest.

M. McK.

THE SONG AT EVEN.

All along the western sky
The clouds hung, steeped in glorious light.
From the shadowy sward, near by,
There rose a bird of plumage bright.
Up, up it soared—its happy heart
Bursting forth in melody.
The woodlands all were hushed in awe
To hear such heaven-born ecstasy.
O emblem of Hope on pinion strong
Cleaving the mists thy way along—
Filling the dusky atmosphere
With thy melody sweet and clear,
Tell me where the fountain is
That fills thee with such perfect bliss! T. J. B.