

from outward contact with sin and pollution—the world's greatest heroes, we verily believe, in the sight of the great cloud of witnesses who, bending over the battlements of Heaven, rejoice over every new child-victim snatched by them from the jaws of temporal and eternal death—they may be seen here and there threading fearlessly the narrow alleys, plunging into the midst of the untold horrors of human dens underground, or climbing by rickety ladders to festering, loathsome garrets, and ever and anon emerging again to the light with another immortal waif rescued from the thick, choking waters of the great dead sea of human misery. Noble band of human saviour, all hail! Would that the servants of Christ all over Christendom would arise in the spirit and power of their Master and rush to your aid. Could but the masses of abandoned and orphaned, or worse than orphaned, children, in London for instance, be reached within the next five years, and scattered over the rural districts of this Dominion, who can estimate the effects upon the social and moral character of the great city, and through it of the nation, twenty years hence?

This is the good work in which a few noble Miss Ryes and McPhersons are engaged. Do you shudder at the thought of the self-sacrifice involved in such a work—the constant contact with rudeness and filth and general repulsiveness? True, there is much of all this. But has not such a work also large compensations, and a peculiar blessedness? The children in question are not your rosy-cheeked prattlers, with eyessparkling with intelligence, and hearts swelling with love, whom it can scarcely cost the most destitute of sensibility: pang to caress. But is it no joy for the Christian heart to observe the slow and steady growth and unfolding of the first seeds of thought and virtuous feeling germinating in the hitherto barren, weed-choked soil? To watch the first gleams of intelligence stealing over brows beclouded with