

their beauty by disclosure. It is enough to say that he was most beloved by those who best knew him.

Our readers will no longer read his words or feel the power of his guiding hand in shaping the contents of this REVIEW. His work here was invaluable. Although his duties, as simply *editor*, gave him little leisure as a *writer*, and it was only in an occasional paragraph or a more infrequent article that his hand was seen, even while hidden, it still moved beneath the whole structure of this REVIEW. He was constantly seeking to engage the most competent pens to contribute to its columns, and was always on the alert to improve its quality and increase its circulation and enlarge its influence.

He rests from his labors; we devoutly believe that his works will follow him.

“MORS JANUA VITÆ.”

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It may be well for the editor to add that, being left now in sole charge of this REVIEW, he proposes some minor alterations, which will be noticeable in the present issue. The number of departments will be less, and the fine print, so trying to many eyes, will be abandoned. Instead of letters from abroad, we shall venture often to give only their substance, and notices of books will appear only as editorial notes. The Monthly Bulletin will be simply an appendix to General Intelligence, in the briefest and most compendious form, presenting the latest news from various fields, etc. And, in view of the unselfishness of our work, which is undertaken solely for the promotion of the Kingdom of God, we again ask the prayerful, sympathetic co-operation of all who daily pray

“Thy kingdom come,  
Thy will be done  
In earth as it is in heaven.”

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SYSTEMATIC GIVING.—To raise large sums for missions we have no need to depend on a few large givers, but only to “*organize the littles*.” Dr. Guthrie eloquently urged hundreds of the poorer folk to take subscription cards and fill them up with such sums as they were able, from a sixpence to five shillings; and explained to them how the drops unite in showers, the showers produce rills, the rills, rivers, and the rivers make the sea! Not six hours after his speech a poor woman in Currie’s Close had collected from scavengers and night police and basket-wives and match-sellers—and beings who live no mortal can tell how, over half a sovereign! And a little woman, who sat in all weathers on the street selling eggs from her basket, brought in five shillings, the earnings of many a day’s labor.