

is everywhere eagerly welcomed and is practically without restrictions.

What has been said applies principally to the few who may be called to do personal work in the foreign field. For the many who stay at home the opportunities are just as numerous, the obligations just as binding. Directly or indirectly it is *our* work, the work of every Christian woman in a Christian land. It is possible, may *binding* upon us, by our gifts of time, of money, of enthusiasm, and of prayer, to make ourselves links in a living chain of personalities which will put us into contact with all whom it reaches. Only so can the Gospel be taught, that is to say, as a part of ourselves. And let us remember that our occasional experiences of overflowing pity and sympathy, aroused by some unusually vivid depiction of the need, are not enough in themselves to sustain continuous and effective missionary effort. To these must be added a consecrated and educated will, prompt and decisive action, founded upon honest conviction, and a generous and habitual surrender of the whole self to the directions of the Divine Spirit.

It is so much easier to say than to do so much easier to tell other people what they ought to do, than to do it one's self! The other day a friend came to me and said: "So you're going to read your missionary paper again in the College St. Church, are you? What is the good of your paper? Why don't you go and be a missionary?" The question went home. Now of course there are several ways of being a missionary, but it does seem to me that all our meetings and papers and discussions are in vain unless they show some direct practical result. Increased interest is all very well; sympathy is a good thing; prayer is indispensable; but interest and sympathy alone, or even prayer, will never save the heathen. The command is "Go!" and if we cannot go ourselves, it may be obeyed by sending others in our stead. That means money, and it is just here that the great practical difficulty of missionary work comes in. I would like to tell the story of one of my own experiences as an illustration. When Mr. Keller, travelling in the interests of the I. C. M. A., visited Moulton College and talked to us about the women of India, we were all deeply touched, and our hearts were stirred with the desire to do something for them. Mr. Keller suggested that all present should give up candy and street-car rides, for a month, and devote the money saved to this purpose. Of course the teachers of Moulton College never eat candy, but they do sometimes, by way of relaxation, ride on the street-cars. That very day I found myself on King St. with one ticket in my pocket, and the familiar long stretch of Yonge St. sidewalk between me and home. I determined to walk, and to give that ticket to missions. When I reached home, somewhat tired, but greatly pleased with my sacrifice, especially as I don't mind walking in the least, I felt in my pocket for the ticket and found it was gone! Someone suggested that the Lord knew I wasn't to be trusted and that it was a dispensation to keep me from using it another time. However that may be, *I haven't given that five cents yet; and I don't know when I am going to do so.* I don't mean to say that I haven't given anything since then, but I do mean to say that the direct results of that practical address ended in just the way I have described. The question is how are you going to get that five cents, and all the other moneys, small and great, that belong by right to this work? I think my story shows that a good resolution founded upon a

momentary impulse, amounts to nothing. What we need is to form habits of giving, just as we form other good habits, and took upon it as an important part of the education of life. I might make many a confession of opportunities neglected, of obligations unrecognized, but I pray God to make me and us all, more earnest and faithful in the future.

WORDS OF JESUS.

Read at Cocanada Conference Jan. 1893, by Miss K. MacNeil.

More than eighteen hundred years ago, the Lord Jesus pitying the state of poor lost sinners left His throne in heaven to come and dwell as man amongst men. During His stay upon earth He gave utterances to many gracious words. Let us for a few moments turn our attention to some comforting assurances from the Oracle of heavenly wisdom. Every portion of scripture is designed to strengthen the soul; but surely we may well regard the recorded words of Jesus as "the finest of the wheat."

In Matthew XI. 28, we find the words "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Loving words of a loving Saviour, on which the soul may confidently repose and be at peace forever. It is a present rest—the rest of grace as well as the rest of glory; for not only are there signals of rest hung out from the walls of heaven; but we have the shadow of this "Great Rock" in a present "weary land." Before the throne alone is there "the sea of glass" without one rippling wave; but there is a haven even on earth for the tempest tossed—"We which have believed do enter into rest." To those who have not found this blessed repose in the blood and work of Immanuel, who are going about "seeking rest and finding none, let this word sound like music in their ears—"Come unto me." All other rest is counterfeit, shadowy, unreal. The soul's immortal aspirations can be satisfied with nothing short of the possession of God's favor and love in Jesus. Return then unto thy rest, O my soul! Let the sweet cadence of this "Word of Jesus" steal on thee amid the disquietudes of earth, sheltered in Him, thou art at rest for time, at rest for eternity! There are and will be temporary tossings, fears and misgivings, but may we not as God's children amid all the vicissitudes of our changing life, take as our motto, though originally spoken by Jesus regarding temporal things—"Your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." How it should lull all misgivings, and lead to lowly, unquestioning submission. Where can the believer be better than in the hands of his God. We are under safe guidance with infallible wisdom. If we are tempted in a moment of rash presumption to say, "all these things are against me," let this "word" rebuke the hasty and unworthy surmise. Unerring wisdom and Fatherly love have pronounced all to be "needful." We should cherish a spirit of more child-like confidence in our Heavenly Father, who has not left us unfriended and alone to buffet the storms of life; but has given us a gracious pillar-cloud that we can follow through sunshine and storm. And who is it that speaks this comforting word? It is He who Himself felt the preciousness of the assurance during His own awful sufferings. Every drop in His bitter cup was prepared by His Father, "This cup which Thou givest Me to drink shall I not drink it?" Oh, if He could extract comfort in this hour of inconceivable agony, in the thought that a Father's hand lighted the fearful