

maintained in the cabin morning and evening, whether any missionary be on board or not, and every man who is not on duty is expected to attend worship, and generally does attend. Wherever she goes, the natives, whether Christian or heathen, are respectfully and kindly treated. They all know the character of the vessel; they always recognise her as a friend; she acts toward them as the virtuous woman does towards her husband, of whom it is said—"She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life." In this way she everywhere secures the respect of natives and Europeans, and continues always to exercise a silent but a never-ceasing influence on the behalf of Christianity.

Foreign Missions

OF THE

UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

THE following is the closing portion of the Report of the Foreign Mission Committee of the United Presbyterian mittee Church of Scotland for the past year:—

"It thus appears that our missions are nine in number, situated in Jamaica, Trinidad, Old Calabar, Caffraria, India, China, Spain, Japan, and Algeria. In these nine missions there are 46 ordained European missionaries, 7 European medical missionaries, 6 European male teachers, 11 European female teachers, 9 ordained native missionaries, 69 native evangelists, 190 schoolmasters, 32 native female teachers, 14 other agents, 61 principal stations, 141 out stations, 8,077 communicants, 1,655 inquirers, 221 week-day schools, 10,741 pupils, with a total educated agency of 384.

Such is a rapid summary of our missions to the heather world. Could we go to some lofty point of view, up towards God's throne, what an impressive and even overwhelming sight of our undertaking would we obtain! The enterprise, indeed, looks immense when we measure the length and breadth of the field over which it stretches, though we are in danger of self deception and of boasting when we say that the sun never sets upon our missions; but this fact illustrates infinitely more the immensity of our opportunities than of our achievements. Still it is literally and absolutely true that the sun is always shining on some one or other of those groups of 384 educated persons, male and female, native and European, whom we number among our missionary agents. We have kindled what we trust will prove an

undying light, at nine different and very distant points, where eleven languages are spoken; and before the sun any day in summer or in winter has set upon the most western portion of our field, it has risen in succession over fifty-eight principal stations where heathen minds and hearts are plied from day to day with Gospel truth.

When the mid day sun has passed from New England to Australia, a both of which not a few of our United Presbyterian ministers are labouring to do their part to lay a Christian foundation for great future empires, that sun has dawned on Ajmere in Rajpootana, and there the hum of 105 town and village schools rises with the kindred sound of those five orphanages, with their hundreds of inmates of our own adopted children. Mr. Martin is there with the care of his agricultural villagers upon his heart, especially of those who have just set up young households of their own; and there Mr. Shoolbred is addressing himself to his large daily task of caring for near two hundred fatherless young ones, or is perhaps taking counsel with Dr. Sommerville about the village schools, or with Umrah or Rati Bam about some fresh itineracy. Meanwhile the morning sunshine has already fallen on Chefoo in Northern China; and Dr. Williamson for an hour or two has probably been at his desk preparing his new treatise in Chinese on Christ and Christianity—a sequel to his work already in the hands of many mandarins, on 'God and His Government of the World.' There Dr. Henderson is dealing with a score or two of patients; and at a distance of two or three hundred miles, Mr. Ross and Mr. Macintyre, both enthusiasts in their work, are craving for more missionaries, of whom there are but four for all Manchuria, with its population of five-and-twenty millions.

But we hasten with this rapid sweep over twenty thousand miles, the length of that girdle which links the two extremes of our missionary line. When the sun sets on Manchuria, where those hopeless twenty-five millions are living and dying, it is mid-day at Lake Nyassa, where, on the shore or on the lake, are to be seen Dr Laws and Inquinana, our little but loyal contingent to the noble Free Church band, who have there planted their tents and launched their steamer on the territory which bears the name of David Livingstone. These agents, with Dr. Stewart at their head, loving the Free Church, and loving the United Presbyterian Church, view them both as being essentially one in the centre of Africa, whatever they may seem to be on this side of the world. When that sun is setting on Nyassa and tinging the tops of those mountains at