

Very serious, indeed, is it to remember, that though in human judgment the "letting alone" of things is but a venial sin if it is *not* to be commended, the indifference which leads to it draws down upon itself a "woe" from the lips of God. "Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion," is the solemn message sounding still in the pages of inspiration; and to every one who will give an ear to it, the further call comes, "*Rise up, ye women that are at ease.*"

It is a terribly ungrateful thing to be slothful in spirit towards God, when He, whom we profess to serve, and to whom we owe everything, is inviting us to share His interests and to carry on His work. There cannot be true allegiance to Christ in a life of selfish indulgence. And it is as injurious to the spirit possessed by it—for see what blessed sympathy with the Lord they lose, who do not hear His voice calling in another strain: "*Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.*" Jesus has so much that is encouraging and pleasant to show those who are ready to lodge with Him in the villages, and to get up early and go with Him to the vineyards, which they never see who "lie upon beds of ivory, and stretch themselves upon their couches," and feed luxuriously and live deliciously, but who "are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph."

And it will be such a *silly disappointing* thing for "the vintage shall fail, the gathering shall not come." When they who have labored with Jesus, though often in tears, shall be reaping in joy, this shall be the lamentable dirge sounded over every careless daughter who would not go forth into the field: "*And the fruits that my soul labored after are departed from thee, and all things which were dainty and goodly are departed from thee, and thou shalt find them no more at all.*"

Let, then, the call of God be heard before it is too late, in every home and in every heart where it is needed. "*Rise up, ye women that are at ease!*" The decided influence of earnest woman is wanted to reinforce all Christian work; to guard the foundations of faith from the insidious undermining of plausible error; to teach diligently to the rising generation the words of the good old Book; to cherish in both sons and daughters—most of all by her own bright example—a care for modesty of demeanor, and purity of thought and speech; and according to the patriotism of the Bible to uphold obedience to lawful authority wherever, under God, it exists.

This, and much more, is the great need of our day, which will never be met except by unslumbering vigilance and prayer; and blessed will she be, of whom, serving her generation by the will of God, He Himself shall say, when she falls asleep in Christ, "*She hath done what she could.*"—*Woman's Work in the Great Harvest Field.*

From the Suez Canal.

DEAR LINK,—The question with me just now is whether or not to send you a note from this half-way spot between Canada and India. Whether I have the worth of an Egyptian postage stamp to give you, and whether, if I send it, it will be worth a place in your columns. But I will leave the Editress to decide the latter point, while with a warm thought of the friends at home who, we believe, are praying for our safe passage, I will send a brief account of how thus far we have fared on our way. You know already perhaps that we had an exceptionally good voyage across the Atlantic. The "*Parisian*" is the finest steamer we ever sailed in—swift, comfortable and beautiful, she is a queen among sea craft. On board we had

the treasurer of the Congregational W. F. M. Society for Maine. She read with interest our "*From Darkness to Light.*" (I hope every Circle in Canada will get the reading of this book.) This led to some pleasant conversation about mission work. It was evening of New Year's day when we landed in Liverpool. From there we went to Glasgow where we had a short visit with the Rev. Mr. Grant's family and with a cousin of Mr. McLaurin's. We then had a few days in the beautiful city of Edinburgh, where lives another cousin, but it was here decided that it would be inexpedient on account of the inclement weather, to visit Aberfeldy and Killin, places of special interest to my husband as associated with his parents' early life. We had a Sunday in Edinburgh, and had the pleasure of hearing the venerable Dr. Bonar preach in the morning and Mr. Moody in the evening. We enjoyed Dr. Bonar's comments on the "*Pilgrim's Psalm,*" the 84th, even better than his sermon. Mr. Moody's was a simple, earnest appeal for Christ. Seeing He has *died* for us, let us *live* for Him. The service was for women only, and in a large hall. It was crowded full half an hour before time to commence.

Then to London, a nine hours ride by express. We had ten days before our steamer sailed, but found the time short enough for the various items of business with which we found ourselves charged. There was no sight-seeing, but there was what we enjoyed more, a visit with J. S. McMaster, Esq., and his delightful family in their beautiful home in Croydon. Then the Sabbath—our last on Christian soil—was all we could have wished it. Our friend and brother A. A. Ayer was in the city, and we went with him to hear Spurgeon who feasted us right royally. "Wherefore we receiving a kingdom which cannot be moved, let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear."—this was his text; 8,000 persons hung with deepest interest on his glowing words, while so peculiarly did his message suit *our* case, that we could almost believe he had known that there were those listening whose faces were turned towards "the dark places of the earth," where there would be special need of such grace and gratitude as he described. We did not part with Mr. Ayer all day, but after the evening service he had tea with us and then came a *last*, long talk together. While we sat apart, two or three fellow lodgers were singing together some of Sankey's familiar hymns. At length we found ourselves joining with them in the dear old airs, and then a warm-hearted Dublin gentleman suggested that we have a chapter and prayer together before separating. So an aged minister from Manchester read the 23rd Psalm, Mr. McLaurin led in prayer, and then we said good-bye to our old and new friends—"Blest be the tie that binds."

On the evening of the 21st we boarded the "*Britannia*" in Liverpool. We find it more a freight than passenger boat, still we have every needed comfort. There are but half a dozen passengers with us, and as far as we know, we are the only Christians, so we feel a little lonely. The dreaded Bay of Biscay was calm and sunny, but in the Mediterranean Sea we had a storm lasting forty-eight hours. The sea arose so high at one time that our captain turned our prow windward and stopped the engine for twenty-one hours. It was a very uncomfortable and anxious time, but it was sweet to feel through it all that even if we went down, we would not sink below "the hollow of His hand." But the gale subsided, leaving us unharmed and the morning of the 5th found us anchored in Port Said, the entrance to the Suez Canal. We learned that the missionary of the place would hold a service on board one of the steamers that Sunday evening, so we