

had the power to turn upside down. The little child feels a dislike, a rising hatred against the man who would upset his playthings; but all he can do is to hate and call names. He has no power to punish the man. So the world may hate the power which upsets and testifies against its playthings, but it has no power to harm worthy of being named. Let it carry its hatred to the utmost. Its last cry of hatred will be drowned in the voice of the Master:

"Enter thou into the joy of thy lord."—Matt. 25 : 21.

God has called us, not to please the world, but to please Him. If the Christian will meet the world, he must come down, and he will find it easier to go down alone than to come up again, bringing another with him. In fact there can be nothing in the world which the Christian needs. What he needs, the world hated to the death, and turned out by the way of Calvary, and we must follow by the same way Him who has gone before.

They hated Lazarus, and sought to put him to death, "because" that by reason of him many of the Jews went away and believe on Jesus.

Brother, has the world got any such cause to hate you? How many have believed on Jesus because of your testimony? How much does the world hate you? Let us try, if we may so speak, to cultivate this sort of hatred. Let us tell the world it is wrong and Jesus is right. Then let them hate with all their hearts if they desire so to do. Our course is clear, reward is sure.

"Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of man's sake." "Rejoice ye in that day, and leap for joy: for, behold, your reward is great in heaven: for in the like manner did their fathers unto the prophets."—Luke 6 : 22, 23.

And remember, also, the words of Jesus:

"Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets"—Luke 6 : 26

[For OUR MISSION.]

Notes by a Tourist.

By KATIE.

"ROYAL HOTEL," Blackfriars.

My Dear Friends,—Our hours in the house are very few, so I have not much time for letter writing, but I thought you would like to hear how we all are. We are greatly enjoying our visit to old England, and I don't feel any surprise that Englishmen think their country is the finest in the wide world, and of course it is, if you except Canada. Our rooms overlook the Thames, and the river looks very pretty at night, reflecting the hundreds of lights all along the banks and bridges. We have been all through Westminster Abbey, with its grand old monuments and quaint

architecture in some of the ancient chapels of the kings and queens. When we entered, the service was just concluding, and it must be very improving to the congregation, for unless you are quite near the minister you could not hear a word he said. A guide accompanied visitors, and gives an interesting account of the various tombs.

While passing one of the wharves on our way to the Abbey, Mr. Fegan pointed out to us a little white dog, and told us the following: "Some time ago, some men brought this dog in a miserable state down to the river to drown him, but just as they were about to do so, the men at the wharf, or station as they call it, came up and begged to keep the dog, and they would try and save it—so they nursed it up, and it soon became all right. When lying round, it evidently noticed that the men watched the river for floating wood, and when anything that would do to burn came near, they caught it by means of iron hooks; so, ever since, he lies all day at the end of the wharf watching for the floating wood, and when he sees any, runs and barks till the men come and take it in, and as soon as the tide changes, he shifts his position to the other end, and so spends his days in showing his gratitude for their saving his life." I thought it was a beautiful illustration of real gratefulness. One can't do too much. Life is too short to show our gratitude to "Him who hath called us out of darkness into His marvellous light." The same day we went to Madame Toussaud's. It is really wonderful and interesting to go over all the figures, one at a time, every age and class from the old Saxon king to General and Mrs. Booth. We also visited Kew Gardens. The only thing nice there is the green-house, beautiful flowers and ferns. We also took a 'bus with Mr. F. and drove down to the East end and saw the poor people coming out to do their Saturday night marketing. We don't know what poverty is in our Queen City; the wretched looking people, and taverns, or gin palaces, at every second corner, crowded with men, women and children—open on Sundays, except in church hours—and then to drive in Hyde Park and see money enough on people's backs to keep half the poor. One day we went through Smithfield market, and saw the Memorial Chapel, erected in memory of the martyrs. We have heard Mr. Spurgeon several times. He is a grand man. The church is always full, and holds several thousand. We have been to Croydon, and Downe, and Dorking, and through the Tower, International Exhibition, Crystal Palace, and St. Paul's, and of course to many Salvation Army meetings. Mrs. Booth is certainly a marvellous woman used of God. The days pass only too swiftly, there is so much to see and know in this great city.

CONVERSION is no repairing of the old building; but it takes down and erects a new structure. The sincere Christian is quite a new fabric, from the foundation to the top-stone all new.—*Alaine.*