

to foreign work—for we must ever remember that the "field is the world—" we should bear in mind that the part of Japan now set apart for the Canadian mission is our *special* charge, and that upon us rests the responsibility of Christianizing those millions of souls.

England has her share of the island, the United States her position, and to Canada is allotted the third part, in which we exclusively are to labor. Will not some of our Canadian women give themselves to the work? Not necessarily as nurses: teachers are far more needed, women who will teach the women and children the simplest Bible truths, and by living a consistent, Christian life among these heathen, show them what it means to try to follow Christ with a heart full of love to others because full of love to Him.

THE Venerable Archdeacon Tims, from the Diocese of Calgary, hopes to visit Eastern Canada about the 1st of January, and would like to meet as many of the W. A. branches as he can during his eight weeks' sojourn among us. We have all heard enough of the Archdeacon's grand work among the Blackfoot and other Indians to make us wish to know a great deal more, so we predict a very hearty reception for Mr. Tims.

THE Provincial Dorcas secretary, Miss Halson, has removed from Ancaster, and her address is now 590 Markham Street, Toronto.

THE Provincial Corresponding Secretary has returned to Toronto, and is living at 159 College Street, first door west of the Athletic Club.

A VERY Happy New Year to all our members and readers.

A YOUNG Scotsman was making his way up to the far Northwest of America, and was being conveyed in boats belonging to the Hudson Bay Company. As he journeyed on he was struck by the conduct of some Christian Indians who were of the party. He noticed how at night-time they never retired to rest without kneeling down to pray; he saw how they rested on the Sundays, read some portion from the Holy Scriptures, and offered to Almighty God their simple tribute of praise and of thanksgiving. And the sight started within him deep heart-searching questions, which he was wise enough to strive to answer. How was it that, reared in a Christian home, trained and taught in Christian truth, he could yet "go to bed like a dog" (as the Indians say of a prayerless man), and entirely neglect and ignore his Creator and Redeemer? He felt it was altogether a shame and disgrace, and ere he

reached the end of his journey he was not merely a Christian in name, but one in deed and truth. Thus wonderfully, by God's good providence, the faithful work of a missionary amongst the heathen was directly blessed to the conversion of one who professed to be a Christian, but who had wandered far from the Father's Home.

CHRIST WITH US.

"For the poor ye have always with you."

IN Bethlehem had we been, when Mary came
For shelter from the storm," we muse in pity,
"Our homes had not been shut to her in shame,
She had not been an outcast from the city.

"She had not passed, forsaken and forlorn,
From kindred doors, an exile and a stranger,
Her babe in royal purple had been born,
Nor lain, among the oxen, in the manger.

"On bended knees had many a worshipper
On Christ, the King, in royal love attended,
And subject hands had offered gifts of myrrh
And frankincense and gold and jewels splendid."

Nay, nay, for Christ is ever at our door,
For shelter sweet and kindly pity pleading,
And we—we only, like the blind of yore,
Discern Him not, hard-hearted and unheeding.

With beggar hands He asketh us for alms,
He pines upon the threshold of the palace;
We know Him not, but scorn his outstretched palms,
And while He hungers, drink of plenty's chalice.

Daily we meet Him seeking mercy sweet
With tender eyes of orphans, wan and wistful,
He haunts us in the starveling of the street,
Among the poor, the tearful, and the tristful.

For still He loves the lowly and the poor,
And he who scorns in pride his outcast brother,
Had turned of old the Saviour from his door,
And barred his gates against His maiden mother.

But ah! the crust, the cup of water cold,
For Christ's sweet sake to whoso needeth given,
Will yield us gain of grace a millionfold,
With rich requital in the courts of heaven.

WHEN some Lecky, or Froude, or Buckle passes the literature of the nineteenth century under review, the missionary literature of the last half-century will indeed astonish him. I have been a steady reader for the first half of that period, and an omnivorous reader for the last twenty-five years. . . . There is no parallel to it in the literature of this century, and no precedent in the past centuries. No doubt, it is conducted on both sides of the Atlantic with ability. It consists no longer of goody-goody stories, or dry facts, but kaleidoscopic pictures of the manners and customs, the material and spiritual thoughts, of all the non-Christian nations in the world. Such a disclosure of the mysteries of human life was never made before.—*Dr. R. N. Cust.*