

The Field is the World.

OUR Home Mission field, as we have repeatedly remarked, is of such vast extent and unspeakable importance that it must ever hold the first place in our affections. To make a show of supporting Foreign missions, and to overlook the claims of our Home missions, would be the height of inconsistency; and to say that we have enough to do at home without giving a thought to the regions beyond, is equally indefensible. There is an urgent call on the Church to do the one and not leave the other undone.

Our Foreign missions it is true are a few small specks on the surface of the great round world; yet small as they are, they are precious in the eyes of tens of thousands of our members. What affection, what prayers cluster round the New Hebrides mission, the Trinidad mission, the Formosa and Honan missions, the Central India mission, and our mission to the poor Indians in the North-West! Our sympathies and prayers cannot be limited to any one narrow spot. For when we, in thought, reach the New Hebrides, the vast Pacific expands to our vision. From Trinidad we view South America, if not also India. From Central India we look out upon the great peninsula of Hindustan. Our Chinese stations bring us into communication with the greatest and oldest of kingdoms on earth. Our operations among three thousand of our own Indians naturally press upon our hearts the condition of these hundred and twenty thousand brethren dispersed over this vast Dominion. The field is the world—a world which of right belongs to the Lord Christ, and which we His people are to win for Him.

It is most impressive to read reports and letters from our missionaries, such as we have published in these columns, all telling of work and progress, and these *all*, ALL pleading for more help, more consecrated men and women, more liberal financial support, in order to the enlarging of the work. One writes: "If the churches in the home-land could only get a glimpse of the terrible moral and spiritual condition of these heathen people, and the ocean-wide disparity between the workers and the work to be done, the contributions would be millions instead of thousands!"

Brieflet No. 20.

ONE SUNDAY ABROAD.

IN the course of twelve months' continuous travel we attended ninety-five Sabbath-services in fifty-four different places of worship, listening to sixty-five different preachers. Some of these services were on ship-board, some in hotels, some in floating "Bethels," some in grand cathedrals, some in churches, chapels and school-houses, and some in the open air. The preachers belonged respectively to the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist, Lutheran, Reformed, Roman Catholic, and Greek Churches. Leaving out of count addresses delivered in what was to me an unknown tongue, I am free to state that in all that time I heard nothing objectionable in point of doctrine—but then I am not a heresy-hunter. On the contrary, I found some good in all. I select for this concluding Brieflet one Sunday, chiefly because I have a more distinct recollection of it than any of the others; it was at Lucerne, the 19th of September, 1886. We were early astir and walked before breakfast to the top of the hill behind our villa. Such a beautiful, peaceful morning it was! And such a view!—over the loveliest of all the Swiss lakes surrounded by lofty mountains, beyond which the white peaks of the distant Bernese Oberland bounded the horizon. In front of a little chapel a few young girls were on their knees with eyes intent on a stucco figure of the Virgin Mary supporting a dead Christ. Oh that these simple, devout peasants might come to the Living Christ! A pretty maid in Swiss costume, with a book in her hand, came tripping along the path and answered our "good morning" with "*guten tag!*" We followed her to *Maria Hilf*—a very old church hard by our *pension*—where a number of the poorer class were engaged in their early *matin* service, led by a priest in handsome robes, who had for his assistant a boy in white to ring the little bell and swing his incense pot. We had been led to expect that a Presbyterian service would be held in this church at a later hour, but now we learned that Mr. Minto, who had been officiating here for some time, had just returned to his headquarters at Cannes. 9.30 a.m. found us seated in the *Schweitz-Kirche*—the Swiss