

THE Isles of the Sea!—What missionary associations are called up through these words. Once these isles formed the centre of all manner of degradation and cannibalism. Now many have become "the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." The history of some of them might be written in the blood of their missionary martyrs, whose burials, instead of *extinguishing* the Christian religion, proved but the dropping of the seed which produced and is producing such abundant harvests. To-day in them that prophecy is literally fulfilled, "The isles shall wait for thy law."

The history of missions in the Fiji group is one of the most wonderful object lessons of the transforming power of grace. Two hundred thousand people were steeped in such profound depths of heathenism that cannibalism was a requisite of their religion. Every movement of their chiefs was marked by bloodshed and slaughter. Did they but build a hut or launch a canoe it was over "a sea of living bodies crushed and ground to a jelly." What do we now find after a lapse of fifty-five years? Every village on this group has now its churches, schools and *homes*, and Dr. Pierson says, "Proportionately there are more families observing family prayer and attending public worship here than in the most enlightened centres of Christendom. What, too, hath God wrought in Madagascar, of whom the French governor told the first Protestant missionaries to that country, "that they might as well try to convert cattle as to make Christians of the Malagasy." Again, we quote from Dr. Pierson, who says: "Madagascar *now* stands as the crown of the London Missionary Society, promising to be to the Dark Continent what England is to Europe—an evangelizing centre." And all this within a limit of thirty-five years. We have not space left to cite further incidents. There is still much need of missionary toil among the Isles of the Sea. Still much need for our prayers to ascend, that the gracious work will still go on until each inhabitant of the Isles shall know Him, "whom to know is life eternal."

METHODISM in general, and London Methodism in particular, has sustained a severe loss through the razing by fire of her two foremost churches within a fortnight of each other. The Mother church, Queen's Avenue, went first, and there were those of us who, though not members, heard the sad tidings with blanched faces and eyes that could not keep back a suspicion of mistiness. Queen's Avenue church, sacred with hallowed associations and tender memories, the spiritual birth-place of many a one no more! Verily we felt as if we were standing over the open grave of an old revered friend. Dundas Centre quickly followed in the fiery trail, and now we stood aghast, and with more than saddened heart-beats listened to the pitiful details. Our two largest congregations churchless! Our two finest church properties ruthlessly destroyed by a fiery hand! And two bodies of Church worshippers echoing the sad refrain of the prophet Isaiah, "Our holy and our

beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire; and all our pleasant things are laid waste." But neither congregation is dismayed or completely cast down, for already preparations are on foot for new edifices, but

"We may build more splendid habitations,
But we cannot buy with gold the old associations."

The heavy loss sustained to London Methodism is not without its alleviation. Never was there a time when our Church people were more united, more tenderly considerate for each other's welfare. The learned and illiterate, the rich and the poor, have met on one common platform, each having one common sorrow. Sister churches came forward with proffered aid—graciously, princely tendered. Denominational barriers are being lowered; and we are the better recognizing the fundamental doctrine underlying all our sects and creeds, "One is your Master, even Christ, *and all ye are brethren.*"

We believe that this loss will not detrimentally effect the missionary givings of London Methodism, but rather cause us to increase them, as we perhaps never before so fully realized the meaning of the word "churchless," and perforce our thoughts and means must go out to those whose entire lives are spent without even a knowledge of why churches are erected.

WE have not space for more than a passing mention of the death of that prince of missionary zeal and toil, Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, who, February 2nd, was promoted to broader, higher service in the home eternal.

MIGHT I ask contributors to only write on one side of paper. On account of this simple rule not being observed a number of the reports had to be rewritten; also, please do not send reports on post-cards. A cent stamp will carry the unsealed MS. of any report sent.

WE regret space does not permit us to publish a most interesting account of the Indian work at Kitamaat. Look out for it next month.

A Fireside Chat with Discouraged Workers.

"**F**EAR thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

How well acquainted we are becoming, are we not? We have heard from a number of you within the past month, and are pleased to learn that we are not without representatives from each of our branches; some even of the remote "dwellers by the sea," from the region of keen frosts and oftentimes stern privations, have joined us. We bid you, one and all, a hearty welcome.