

hope, and encouragement, seasoned with such earnestness as does one good to read of,—

“God works by means, and, while our years are gliding by, one missionary toils among a million souls! and the worldling looks on, and says how slowly the work of foreign missions progresses! And God looks down into our hearts and sees how little we are doing here in Christian lands, while his chosen ones are toiling—one among a million! Yet they would not exchange places with us, for, as they toil amid discouragement, surrounded by superstition and degradation, they see a fourth form beside them like unto the Son of Man. We may not all be called to go—are not—but let us by prayer obtain the Spirit of our Master, and then we shall know if we are called to work for Christ on heathen shores, or in our own Canada, for called to labour for Him each child of God assuredly is.... What might we do with such a noble band of workers, each year growing stronger in our work, more tender in our love, one to the other, and to our Elder Brother,.... We do rejoice that the interest in this work is extending, and that in many towns in Canada, Christian ladies are beginning to feel that now is the time to labour and pray as never before for our own India.”

Active auxiliaries of this Society have been established at Brockville, Waterloo, and Sarnia in Ontario, and also at Dundee and Georgetown in the Province of Quebec. Of the last named, Miss Muir—an accomplished daughter of the manse—is the indefatigable Secretary. Although only organized about a year ago, this branch has been fruitful in good works, having already taken a school and bible-reader in Etawah, India, and contributed towards the support of the most worthy Mission of Labrador.

WHAT YOUNG MEN ARE DOING.

Evangelistic meetings of a most interesting character have been held in Montreal during the past month under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, conducted by Mr. W. P. Crombie, travelling Secretary for the Associations of Ontario and Quebec, assisted by the various ministers and by laymen of the city.

These meetings for two weeks were

held in the Association Hall, where it was found that the majority of the people who attended, were those who came under the influence of the Church, and in order to reach the masses who attend no place of worship, it was decided to lease the old “Theatre Royal,” Coté Street, for a Sabbath evening service. This meeting was attended with such encouraging results, that it was deemed advisable to lease the place for a few weeks, and during that time the attendance has varied from seven to twelve hundred nightly.

It has been the joy of those who are most actively engaged in the movement, to find that invariably, at the after meetings, there has been not less than from fifteen to thirty anxious souls remaining for inquiry.

One of the most pleasing features of this work of Grace is the absence of anything like excitement. The “old, old Story” of the Cross is told in simplicity and earnestness, and the Holy Spirit has been very manifestly present, carrying conviction to the hearts of the unsaved and quickening the children of God into newness of life, and more active service for Christ.

Whole households have been blessed. Prodigals who had wandered into sin of the deepest dye have been reclaimed; and, drunkards, who had been forsaken by friends and relations, as being beyond all hopes of reformation, are now rejoicing in the knowledge of sins washed away in the Blood of the Lamb.

It would be impossible to calculate the number of those who have been hopefully converted. Eternity alone will reveal what good there has been accomplished in this effort to save the souls of men.

NORMAN McLEOD.

Dear Norman's biography, written, or rather edited, by his brother, the Rev. Donald McLeod, of Glasgow, is a book of thrilling interest. It is the plain, unvarnished, delightfully natural story of a good man's life: of one who was consecrated to