

LET DOWN YOUR NETS.



LAUNCH out into the deep,
 The awful depths of a world's despair;
 Hearts that are breaking and eyes that weep,
 Sorrow and ruin and death are there,
 And the sea is wide, and the pitiless tide
 Bears on its bosom—away,
 Beauty and youth in relentless ruth
 To its dark abyss for aye—for aye.
 But the Master's voice comes over the sea,
 "Let down your nets for a draught" for Me!
 He stands in our midst on our wreck-strewn strand,
 And sweet and royal is His command.
 His pleading call
 Is to each—to all;
 And wherever the royal call is heard,
 There hang the nets of the royal Word.
 Trust to the nets and not to your skill,
 Trust to the royal Master's will!
 Let down your nets each day, each hour,
 For the word of a King is a word of power,
 And the King's own voice comes over the sea,
 "Let down your nets for a draught" for Me!
 —*Sunday Magazine.*

INCIDENTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

A MISSIONARY in China says: "If there is anything which lays hold of the poor people here, it is the simple story of the crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ. Not His miracles, nor even His wonderful sayings or teachings; but the old story of the Cross, of the blood, of the sacrifice, of the satisfaction of Christ in dying for sinners on the tree, that is the power for good in touching the heart and awakening the conscience."—*Missionary Review.*

THE love of luxury on the part of the Church at home prevents the extension of her divinely appointed work abroad. For example: One church that may be mentioned, pays \$2,500 per annum for a single singer, and gives less than \$300 for foreign missions; one wealthy church member, belonging to one of the wealthiest of Protestant denominations, paid, in 1867, as much for a lot on which to build a house for himself as the "Board of Missions, in his denomination, appropriated that year to its foreign work."—*World-Wide Missions.*

ANY pastor who has influence enough with his Church to be of any service to them in any other line of Christian work can, if he be so disposed, secure the adoption of some plan of benevolence that will be both helpful to the church and to missions. It is not that the churches, even the smallest and poorest, as a rule, are not willing to contribute to these causes, that so large a number give nothing, but it is because they are not informed as to the necessity and given the opportunity. If the pastor is himself interested and informed, he will find a way to interest and inform his people. —*Missionary Herald.*

THERE is a prevalent notion among ill informed people that Africa, so far as the native races are concerned, is inhabited exclusively by negroes of a low type. This is a mistake. The bulk of the people south of the equator belong to the Bantu race, and, strictly speaking, are not negroes at all. The men are finely formed, tall and upright, with delicately formed hands and well shaped feet, high, thin nose, beard and moustache. Like many of the negroes they are born orators. "A sermon that I heard from one of them," says a missionary, "was as fine as ever I heard in Europe or America, not only in point of delivery, but in its clearness of reasoning and in its profound perception of spiritual truth."

I've been in India for many a year, and I never saw a native Christian the whole time." So spoke a colonel on board a steamer going to Bonibay. Some days afterwards the same colonel was telling of his hunting experiences, and said that thirty tigers had fallen to his rifle. "Did I understand you to say thirty, colonel?" asked a missionary at the table. "Yes, sir, thirty," replied the officer. "Because," pursued the missionary, explanatorily, "I thought, perhaps, you meant three." "No, sir, thirty!" "Well, now, that's strange," said the missionary, "I've been in India twenty-five years, and I never saw a wild live tiger all the while." "Very likely not, sir," said the colonel, "but that's because you didn't know where to look for them." "Perhaps it was so," admitted the missionary, after a moment or two of apparent reflection, "but was not that the reason you never saw a native convert, as you affirmed the other evening at this table?"

THE New York *Christian Enquirer* asks:—"What has materialism done to bless mankind? Has it not left mind and soul to starve and perish? Where are its schools? Where are its missionaries? When has it ever tried to enlighten and redeem the heathen? What reforms has it ever started? What is it doing to relieve human suffering? Where are the hospitals it has founded? Where are the asylums for the unfortunate it has built and supported? What sacrifice of 'sweet charity' does it offer upon its altar to the 'unknown God'? Science judges causes from their effects. Is it not a fact that our institutions of benevolence, and all our organized charities and philanthropies, had their inspiration from Christianity? Is it not a fact of history that the purest and noblest lives ever lived on God's earth—lives most conspicuous in usefulness—have been born of Christian faith? Here, then, is an added argument in support of Christianity. A tree is known by its fruits. Christianity is worth what it will produce. Goodness, purity, beneficence, truth, integrity, grandeur, are not the fruits of error and delusion."