

two thousand five hundred human beings at the lowest computation have passed before the bar of God. And though the veil of the Invisible is thick, and our ears are dull of hearing, can we not hear a voice saying to each of us, "What hast thou done?" "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground."

Every minute eighty-three of our Christless brethren and sisters are passing into eternity.

The fields are white unto harvest, but who is to be the reaper? Is it to be the Lord of the harvest, or he who has been sowing tares ever since the world began? Let each of us do our utmost by any amount of self-sacrifice to see that it shall be the Lord of the harvest. And may the constraining memories of the cross of Christ, and the great love wherewith he loved us, be so in us that we may pass that love on to those who are perishing. "We know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor," and we hear his voice to-night, ringing down through ages of selfishness and luxury and neglected duty, solemnly declaring that the measure of our love for our brethren must be nothing less than the measure of his own. May he touch all our hearts with the Spirit of self-sacrifice, and with the inspiration of that love of his, which, when he came to redeem the world, kept nothing back!

THREE summers ago a dear friend, who was a minister in the Society of Friends, said to me in his quaint style, "Thou must remember that thou wast created for the purpose of helping to bring the world to Christ." This startled me; I had never thought of my life in this way; but since that day a sense of the great responsibility of living has grown strong in my soul, and I come to you with these words: "Awake, thou that sleepest!" "Redeeming the time, because the days are evil." . . . Oh that we might echo and re-echo in our hearts and lives the words of the Christ-child when he said, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" I used to think that the emphasis should be upon the words, "My Father's business;" but of late years it rings in my soul with the word *must* sounding clear and strong above the rest. So let us "awake out of our sleep," and take for our watchword, "Redeeming the time, because the days are evil."—*Ex.*

### "PLEASE GIVE ME JESUS."

The season of gift-giving is scarcely yet over. In some families the boys and girls write lists of things they would like given them on Christmas Day, and from these the gift is chosen. Oftentimes toy-merchants have a man or a big boy dressed up as Santa Claus. To him the young people can hand their gift-lists. But in all the catalogues of presents that have ever been written, I do not believe there has been one single request like that made, one Sunday afternoon, of Mrs. Peoples, of Lakawn, Laos, by a little, brown heathen boy.

"This afternoon a boy I had never seen before, came to me and, kneeling down close to my chair, said, in Laos:

'Mother, dear, please give me Jesus!' When I questioned him, he replied: 'My mother is dead. My father does not love me. My stepmother beats me cruelly, and drove me away. I have eaten nothing -day.' You may be sure he was well-fed and his poor,

bruised body cared for, and, as one of our happy school boys, I hope and pray he may soon find Jesus."

### THE RESPONSIBILITY OF NOT DOING.

Am I responsible for what I have not done—for what I am not doing? Conscience, the world, the Bible, decide that I am responsible to my neighbor, myself, and God for neglected or rejected opportunities for work.

In that cheerless attic near you a little child is starving; the pinched face and hungry eyes look pleadingly out at you. From your well-filled table you send not even a crust to the little one.

Yonder a bright-faced boy glides swiftly, joyously over the crystal surface of that beautiful lake. Suddenly a crash, a plunge, and the dark water closes over the sunny face; you see him struggling in the icy water; you offer no help.

One lies dangerously ill in your house. Fever parches the lips and torments the nerves. You give not even a drop of cold water; you call no physician. Death comes to the starving child, the drowning boy, the sufferer in your house. Who would not hold you responsible for such inhuman cruelty, such fatal neglect?

Are these extreme, impossible cases? Indeed the truth outreaches these. Death like this is not half so hard as a heathen woman's life. And Christian women have left these sufferers to their fate. Are you and I responsible for what we have not done for them?

MRS. G. P. DURHAM.

## Work Abroad.

### EXTRACTS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

MISS SIMPSON.—Our high caste school gets more and more encouraging all the time. I have eighteen who can read now, and they are so interested in the New Testament stories. They try too, a good many of them, to put into practice what they learn. The Hindu feasts are sources of contention between our girls and their mothers. Yesterday pilgrimages were made to Bicolé, a village about sixteen miles away, where a festival in honor of some of the gods was celebrated. Several of our girls refused to go, one of the larger girls who did go explained this morning that when she refused to go her mother besought her with tears to go with her, so she yielded.

I am more encouraged about work than ever before.

MISS ROGERS.—I had a little experience in one of the villages. The munriff's wife was down with fever and he came to me for medicine. I gave him a dose of pills intending to follow it up with quinine; in the middle of the night I was roused up and told that after she had taken my medicine she became speechless and apparently unconscious. I knew there was nothing in the medicine I had given, but of course they thought so. I went to see her praying all the way and when I got there I found her conscious and on inquiry found out she had been taking opium. I felt like giving up the case, but concluded to persevere and was rewarded by seeing her quite better before I left the village. You would be surprised to know how common opium eating is, every little village has its shop where one can buy from a pie's worth upward to as much as you want. I do hope that this opium investigation though it seems like a farce may result in good not only to China but to the people of this country. The people do not understand, it gives them relief for a time and the habit is formed, and they cannot stop but have to keep on increasing the dose, and if in addition they cannot buy good food they get fearfully emaciated, but of course you read all about it. This year will