

shall come from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south, and shall sit down with Abram, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven; but ye yourselves shall be cast out."

It was the same Christ who answered the question, "Who is my mother and who are my brethren? They who do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother."

We have reached one of the joyous heights of Beulah when this grand truth is realized by the soul, that not in any earthly system is Christ's true church. He knoweth them that are His, and His hand will gather them from heathen land and city slum, from State Church and dissenting chapel, for the building of His Temple; and when each precious stone is laid by the Builder's hand, and each jewel has found its place of adornment, the universe will admit the beauty and completeness of Christ's work.

I would not disparage the work done by the churches, nor speak lightly of a good creed, which, next to God's Word, is our best possession. Time would fail us to speak of the good and great in every age; the millions who have lived lives of faith and gone home to God, the tens of thousands of brave servants of God who have borne the standard of the cross, who have laid down their lives for the Master, who, in spite of errors in the creed and false lights on the shore, have moved onward and upward, who, through fire and blood and death, have won for us the freedom we now enjoy. We feel these great truths, but we also know that, even while the apostles were alive, the mystery of iniquity began to work in the early Church, and from the time that coercion was incorporated as a doctrine of the Christian system, and that fated policy, "The end justifies the means," adopted for the extending of Christ's kingdom, from that hour all the beauty and grace departed from the Church, and it became a whited sepulchre. We have all read of the horrors which followed—the rack, the stake, the exiles and excommunications—all for the extension of the true Church. And even since the Reformation the Protestants—the protesters against all that was false and vile in the Romish system—how slow they have been to unlearn the lessons taught by their forefathers. What bitterness of spirit! What maliciousness, what distrust and envy have characterized the intercourse of the different Protestant sects! Thank God, those days are slowly passing away, and charity, the world's great peacemaker, is melting our hardness and widening our narrowness, and making it possible for the different sects to work together.

It has often been admitted that the many divisions of Christ's army were a great hindrance to mission work, that more could be accomplished with less expenditure if the forces were united in one organization. In the past this has not been practicable; but of late good men have been brought to see that if the world is to be won for Christ, there must be more unity and consistency of action. Already from Japan we hear the tidings that several bodies are contemplating union, with a simple comprehensive creed, and we await with deep interest the result. If we could place ourselves in the position of a thoughtful pagan, as he watched the arrival and establishment in his country of the different Christian bodies, we would

understand the conflict they create in his mind. He is told by one sect that through the rites and ceremonies of its church certain graces of the Spirit come to the soul. He is told by another that God cares for none of these things, but that His Spirit works directly on the heart in answer to the prayer of faith. One sect tells him that adult baptism is Scriptural, another that infant baptism or sprinkling is demanded. One sect will tell him that Christ died for those who shall be saved, and we will know in death whether we be saved or no. Another sect preaches full and free salvation to all men, and that we may know *now* that we are saved. If a Romish Church be established in the country, its priests will tell him that every other form of Christianity is false.

On the contrary, let us imagine the servants of one Christian church entering a heathen land. They call themselves Christians, they build their temples, they preach the same doctrines, they believe in the same kind of a God, and the heathen mind grasps its simplicity, consistency and power, and exclaims, "It is the true way." If we read the history of missions in the different countries of the world, we will see that where faithful, earnest workers have gone as one church the results have been wonderful. We give as instances the Fijian Islands, Madagascar, and our own British Isles. We believe that Jesus Christ is with every church that goes forth to carry gospel light to those who sit in darkness, but we believe strongly that the triumphs of the cross would have been far greater if one Christian church had done the work.

Let us, as far as lieth in our power, hasten the day when the Church of God, throwing aside non-essential, and grasping the essential, doctrines of Christianity, shall go forth to subdue the world. Then can the watchman on Zion's walls answer with confidence the anxious query of the weary traveller, "The morning cometh, the shadows of sin flee away." The love of Christ has bridged the chasms that have kept His people apart, the forces are crossing over, and soon will be fought the last great battle between truth and error.

Let consolidation be our motto. If we read the times aright, they mean action. What is done must be done quickly, events are crowding one upon another. The forces of Christ must join, and push the battle to the gates of the enemy. Then will one Captain lead us on to certain victory. The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of one Lord and his Christ, every knee shall bow to Him, and Christ the crucified shall be crowned Lord of all.

JAPAN.

Letter from MRS. LARGE to MRS. E. S. STRACHAN, Cor.-Sec., dated JAPAN, August 24th, 1887.

I AM beginning my letter in the mountains, where we have had a most enjoyable vacation of five and a half weeks. In my last letter to Miss Cartmell I told her of our ascent of Asama-yama. Last Wednesday nine of us started for Kusatsu, distant about thirty miles, on pack-horses. These animals being slow in their gait, it took us twelve hours to make the journey; it was over the most beautiful mountain road