

from the courts of Heaven; might it be said to any of these, as was once said of old, "Jesus I know, and Paul I know, but who are ye?"

Forgive me if I am speaking strongly, and believe that I speak to myself as strongly as to the youngest worker among us; but "Is there not a cause?" Has not our God revealed Himself in very significant words, when He says, "I am a jealous GOD among you." Jealousy has nothing to do with strangers, nothing to do with those whose love is a matter of indifference—it is the *rightful* sovereign who demands the undivided allegiance of every subject in His realm, it is the faithful bridegroom who admits of no reserve in the affections of the wife to whom he has given his name; and shall not our bridegroom King claim to the uttermost the love and the life which He has purchased at no less a cost than that of His own most precious blood? "Thou shalt be for me, and not for another," seems to be His language to each of us to-day.

But there is another clause in the verse I have asked you to look at, and we must not pass it over. "I will bless them." Who can measure the fulness of that word? The Almighty GOD, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, blessing, as GOD only can bless, each faithful witness who carries the banner of His cross. The cup of blessing *must* be full, for GOD cannot give scantily; and if He should condescend to put upon us the honour of suffering for His name's sake, because we dare not compromise our testimony, that cup will *overflow* with His wondrous *compensations*. For every loss there will be a gain; for every sneer, a word of tender love; "for every blow a kiss"; for every sacrifice a hundredfold of peace and joy. "Come out from among them and I will receive you"; be separate, and I will be a Father to you; be satisfied to lose the world's favour for the sunshine of My love, and you shall know what I can do for the sons and daughters who loyally bear My name.

There are glories things yet in store—none can say what will be the compensations of eternity; but we do now know a little—GOD grant we may know much more of the reality of the promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world"; and in proportion as this is experimentally understood, we shall find out the meaning of the words, "Great peace have they which love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them."—*Woman's Work in the Great Harvest Field.*

The Missionary Spirit.

We boast of our missionary spirit; but how few Christians have any real conception of the meaning of the words they so glibly roll from their tongues! It is a solemn fact, that uncounted millions, who have immortal souls as precious as ours, have never heard the only Name under heaven whereby we can be saved. It is a startling fact, that, of every three persons on the surface of the globe, two have never seen a Bible. The missionary spirit burned in the heart of John Williams, when he said, "I cannot stay in a single island. Human souls are perishing all around. It grieves me to the very heart. I must have a ship to send a messenger to other islands, to guide the heathen to heaven." Liegenbalg could say of himself and of his fellow-missionaries, "If the Lord grant us but the conversion of a single soul, our journey shall be abundantly rewarded." Carey made his rude map of the world; and as he pointed his customers to one land after another, and said, "That is pagan," and "That is pagan," the tears would steal down his cheeks. And can he have felt the love of Jesus in the depths of

his own heart, or can he know anything of the value of souls, who hears of Christless millions, and whose life at least says, "What care I? What is all that to me?" Can it be necessary to urge upon the Christian to rescue the perishing? Can we look with complacency on the uncounted millions of the heathen? Is ten cents, or ten dollars, or ten times ten dollars a year, all we owe to Christ, and one billion of souls Christless and hopeless?

The earnest Christian, who has caught the missionary spirit of the Master, will rejoice and be glad over whatever is done to advance the glory of Christ, even though its bearing upon that great end may seem at the time only remote. Jonathan Edwards could say, "If I heard the least hint of anything that happened in any part of the world that appeared to have a favorable aspect on Christ's kingdom, my soul rapidly caught at it, and it would much animate and refresh me." This is the true missionary spirit. And surely there is enough to awaken that spirit in the Christian of to-day, and to animate him with a zeal beyond that of all who have preceded him. How can he fail to rejoice over what the Lord hath wrought?—to rejoice that the Bible has been translated into 250 languages; that in India there are 644 missionaries, besides a large number of native pastors and teachers; that in China that are nearly 300 missionaries, with more than 18,000 communicants; that in Africa the missionary is now on the heels of the explorer and traveller; that there are 200,000 under Christian training, and that on the roll of the Presbyterian congregations of the world there are 250 in South Africa; that, of the South Sea Islands, many of which were, a generation or two ago, cannibal, are now Christian and themselves missionary. How, in the light of these grand accomplishments, can any Christian fail to bless God that the Sun of righteousness has already touched the mountain-tops of all heathen lands, and to breathe an earnest prayer that the blessed light may soon girdle the globe?—*Christian at Work.*

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Bobbili.

MY DEAR LINK.—This is Saturday evening, almost nine o'clock. Mr. Archibald is writing, and I have been doing the last few things that usually need to be done before Sunday. All is finished now, and although this is a poor time to begin a letter, perhaps it may help one to reach the end more easily before next mail day.

We were over at Mullumpet again last evening, and I saw the old woman I wrote you of recently. Her first remark was, "The Saviour *will not* come and take me away." I talked to her of being patient, and said He would come when it was best, to which she replied, that she wanted to go soon, for when she prayed to Him the others laughed. I told her she must try to talk to them; she said it was no use, they would not believe, and certainly they did not seem the least inclined to listen attentively. After a time a woman came, who seemed a little civil, and asked what we were talking about. When I told her, she wished to know what she must do, and asked how to pray, and what we prayed for. I told them I would pray if they would keep still, and sitting quietly on the verandah beside the old woman I asked God to bless them by leading them to the light. The woman, Tenkamah by name, who had asked me the questions, seemed touched, and said very quietly, "Will you pray for me?" I told the old woman that she must not quarrel with the others when they laughed, to which she said, "Why, who can stop quarrelling?" I asked her "If