

of our Church, the United Presbyterians of America, have entered that field, and now they have five Stations, eight organized congregations, sixteen out-Stations, twenty-three native preachers, and twenty-nine Schools. It is hard to over-estimate the importance of this Mission in view of the prospective influence of Egypt in Africa.

Our Presbyterian brethren on the other side of the border established a Mission in China in 1844. For the first ten years, there was not a single convert. Our Mission in Formosa is hardly five years old, and yet its converts are numbered by hundreds. Success has crowned the efforts of the English Presbyterian Church in the same inviting field.

Such are some of the encouraging features that catch the eye as we glance over the vast field now open for Missionary effort. We can hardly venture to allude to the perilous position in which Protestant Missionaries and their converts are placed at this moment in the Turkish Empire. Day and night, in the cities and in the small districts, the danger is great and pressing. Nowhere do the heralds of the cross call for more kindly sympathy.

To every member of the Presbyterian Church in Canada we say, Help the Foreign Mission enterprise by your prayers and your money. Follow your own agents in Formosa, in India, in Trinidad, and in the New Hebrides, with ever-growing interest. The work is the Lord's, and when He calls on us for men and women to engage in the work, and for means to support those men and women, it is for us to hear and obey with grateful alacrity.

A Lesson of Contentment.

IN one of the wild gales that swept down from the North upon the coast of Cape Breton late last fall, a vessel which had sought shelter under the lee of Port Hood Island was driven upon a reef and became a total wreck. The fierce blasts were thick with snow, and bitterly cold. On board the

vessel were several men, and one woman with her two little children. Two of the men were washed overboard and drowned. The mother struggled with all her might to save the children, but, one by one, they were wrenched from her grasp by the angry waves. When daylight came, and the people on the island were able to see the wreck, they managed with difficulty to rescue the woman and the men that were left. The poor woman was so terribly frost-bitten that both her feet had to be amputated above the ankles. She is a Christian, and in all her trials and sufferings she acknowledged the hand of the Lord. Her physical condition was such that the surgeon did not venture to administer chloroform, but she bore the amputation of both her feet without a murmuring word. When the pain became insufferably severe, she would ask the surgeon to pause a moment in his work till she could anew gather up all her strength for prayer to the Lord Jesus. She would then calmly bid him "go on." And she is now a helpless, lonely, afflicted cripple: yet she rejoices in the Lord, and bears her affliction with a grateful heart. Sometimes she weeps for her children: "When I hear their dying cry, and see their little hands stretched out to me, their helpless mother, while the icy waves swept them away, my heart is very very sore. But then I think that they are out of storms now, and with Jesus who comforts and shelters them."

Mothers, who gather around you your little ones in peace and safety, what think you of this case in its sorrow and its joy? As you sympathize with this sister in Christ ask yourselves what are you doing, and what more can you do, to spread the "good news of salvation" which alone is able to cheer and strengthen in the day of trouble and distress?

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast,"
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary and worn and sad:
 I found in him a resting-place,
 And he has made me glad.