

Thank God, the cause of missions is a winning one! Bunyan, in describing the wonderful journey of Christian to the Celestial City, relates that, in passing through the House of the Interpreter, he saw many things worthy of careful study; among others, a fire burning with bright and steady flame, on a hearth, even though one was pouring water upon it. The fire was the kingdom of our Lord on the earth. Since this fire was lighted at the Cross, nearly nineteen hundred years ago, Satan has been pouring water upon it; but the fire has burned on. And blood, fresh and hot from human hearts, has fallen upon it, but, as the martyr's song has been wafted heavenward, the flame has burned stronger, and mounted higher. Avalanches of formality, indifference, mammon-worship and infidelity, have fallen upon it, but still the flame burns on, because fed by the Holy Spirit of God. The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ. Already, whichever way we turn, we see traces of the day-dawn. "The east shows something more than dark clouds fringed with gold." The Sun of Righteousness is arising with healing in His wings. The host of the Lord—the Christian women of the Churches—is encamped beside the great sea of paganism. The command is, speak to them that they *go forward*—that they go forward to plant Immanuel's standard in every land, on every sea-girt isle, until the Cross, the emblem of Christ crucified for the world, waves from shore to shore from the rivers even to the ends of the earth.

Toronto, May, 1883.

THE SOWER AND THE HARVEST.

THE seed of a single word
Fell among the furrows deep,
In their silent, wintry sleep,
And the sower never an echo heard.
But the "Come!" was not in vain:
For that germ of life and love,
'Neath the blessed Spirit's quickening rain,
Made a golden sheaf of precious grain
For the Harvest Home above.